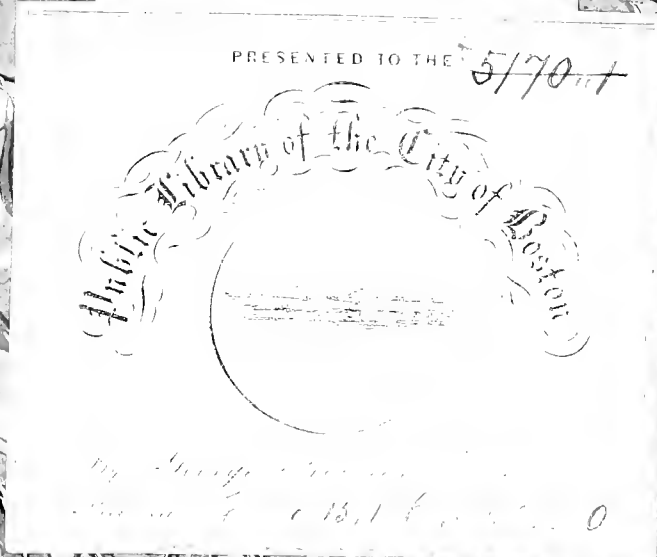
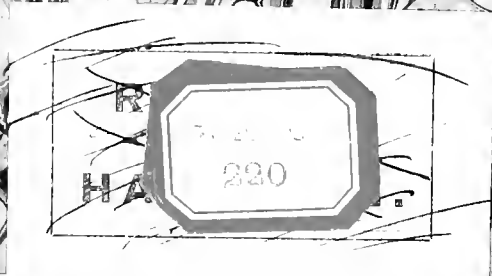
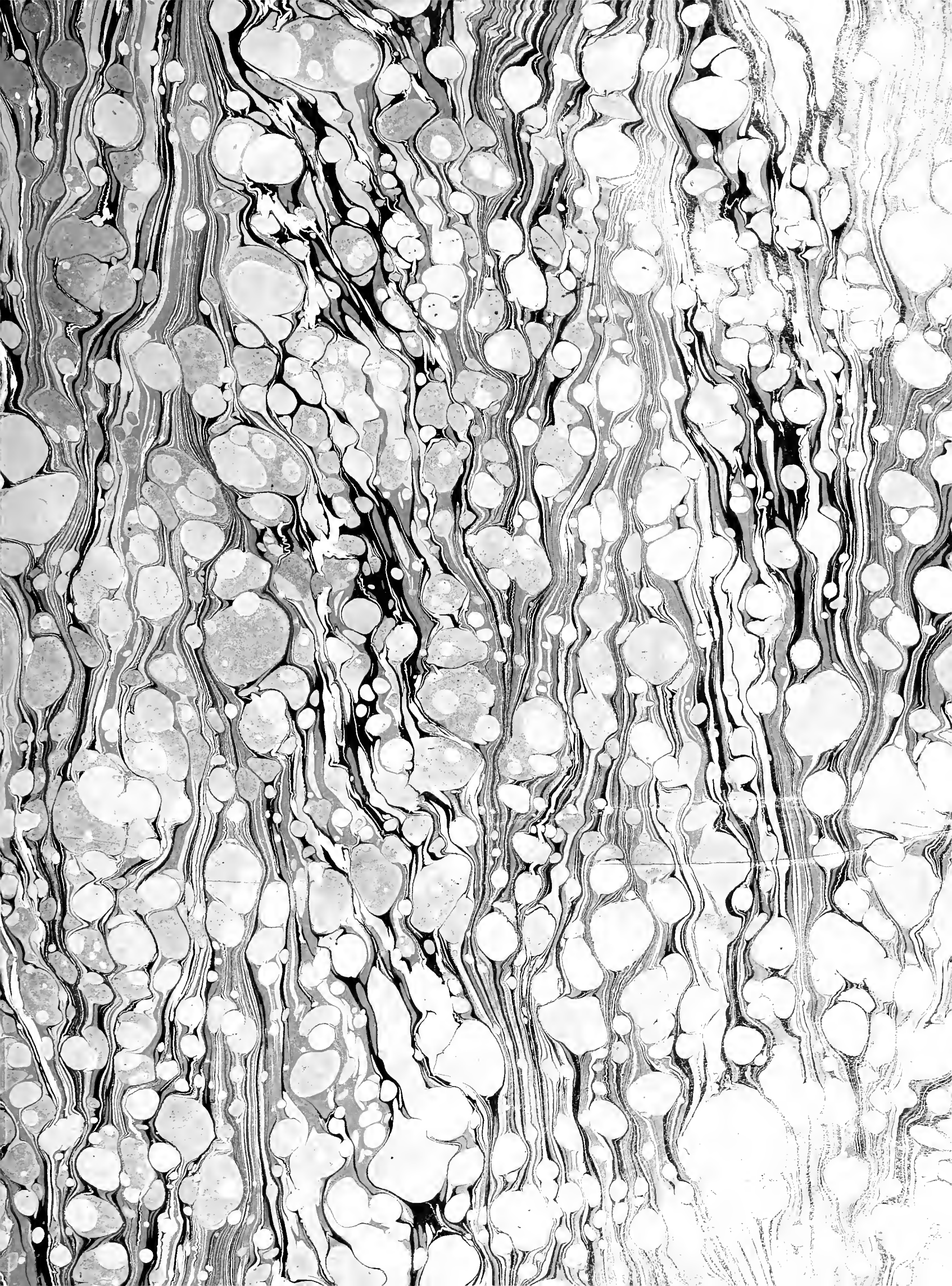




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"FRUEHLINGSNACHT."

Song from the German of EICHENDORF.

O'er the garden, hear the voices!
Birds of passage on their flight!
Spring is coming, earth rejoices,
Grass is springing all the night.

Shouting now, and now nigh weeping,
Feel I that it cannot be!
Wonders of the Past come creeping
With the moonlight in to me.

And the moon, the stars, they tell it,
Dreamy forests lisp the sign,
Nightingales in sweet notes swell it:
"She is thine, is only thine!" J. S. D.

Hector Berlioz.

This famous composer was born at Côte St. Andre, (Isère,) in France, in 1803. The son of a physician of some local repute, he was sent to Paris, after completing his college studies, to attend the courses in law. At that time he knew little of music; the flageolet and the guitar were the only instruments of which he had any notion. Yet, though he was nearly twenty years old, and

scarcely able to decipher a few notes, he was passionately fond of the art, and vainly begged his parents to permit him to devote himself to it exclusively. In such a capital the temptation was not to be resisted; so he took the matter into his own hands, quitted the study of the law, and entered the Conservatory. His father, irritated at this defiance of his authority, cut off his supplies, and M. Berlioz had no resource but to become a chorus singer in the Dramatic Gymnasium. He longed to become a composer, and by the shortest route. To learn the piano, to accustom himself to reading music and to the styles of various schools and masters, seemed too long a task for him. Besides, the music in his head bore little resemblance to all this. For him the history of his art began with himself, and with the exception of the "Vestale" of Spontini, which made an early and lasting impression on him, he knew but little of the celebrated master-pieces of music, and had but slight esteem for what he did know. Of course studies were out of the question. He resolved to have no master but his own experience. His first work proved absolutely strange and unintelligible both to hearers and performers. It was a Mass for four voices, with chorus and orchestra. But the ridicule it called forth only stimulated him to renewed ardor. An overture to "Waverly," another to a drama called *Les Francs Juges*, a *Concert de Sylphes*, a *Symphonie Fantastique*; an overture to Shakspeare's "Tempest," scenes from Goethe's *Faust*, music to some of Moore's "Melodies," &c., marked the development of his tendency. M. Fétis (from whom we glean the above) expresses the pretty general opinion of musicians about these works in the following sentences:—

"His thought, at first uncertain, at length defines itself, so that you may see that the violent passions predominate in it, that the genius of melody is foreign to it, and that the instinct of instrumental effects is the most precious gift with which Nature has endowed Berlioz. Prodigious to him on this side, she has not given him the wisdom to keep him from abusing the gift. Effects, always effects! that is what Berlioz regards in music, and what constitutes three quarters of his own music. It is but justice to admit that these effects are often happy, and would be still more so if their author economized their use. As to plan, I find not the shadow of it in what Berlioz has published up to this date, (1837). Very different in that from Beethoven, by whose example he so

often justifies his own vagaries, he seems never to have comprehended the utility of a certain periodical return of ideas; and when he repeats them, it is in a uniform and monotonous manner. His melodies are devoid of metre and of rhythm; and his harmony—a strange assemblage of incongruous sounds—does not always merit the name. Moreover, charm is wanting in all this, because, entirely wedded to his thought, M. Berlioz has not the art of suspending its course by the introduction of unexpected episodes, as men of genius in all times have done, especially Beethoven."

This opinion, however, is far from unanimous. Berlioz had then, and has still more now, a large party of admirers, composed of those who are charmed by what is adventurous, and free, and new; those who gladly hail any revolution in art; there are more poets, painters, &c., than musicians among them. Berlioz competed several times before the French Institute for the prize in musical composition, and obtained the second prize in 1728, and the first in 1830. Then he wrote under the inspiration of the cannons of the revolution of July, and while the bullets struck the *Palais des Arts*, where he had shut himself up. The subject of the cantata which he then composed was "Sardanapalus." It was performed on the 30th of October of the same year, at a public meeting of the Academy of Fine Arts. As a pensioner of government, he made the tour to Italy; but in his state of mind, Italy, so far as music was concerned, had little for him. Without even entering Germany, but preferring to follow out his own plan, he returned soon to Paris, where, since, he has repeatedly given concerts, bringing out his own compositions with an orchestra of unusual number and variety of instruments; for therein lies his forte. M. Berlioz has also distinguished himself as a literary writer and critic upon music, in the *Gazette Musicale* of M. Schlesinger, and more recently in the *Journal des Debats*. He always pens a brilliant article, and his opinions of new works, singers, players, and composers, which he seldom withholds, are still widely copied. In 1844, he published a "Musical Tour in Germany and Italy," in two octavo volumes, which is full of pleasant musical criticism and gossip. Berlioz has recently been in high favor with Liszt at Weimar, where all that is new and original in music is most encouraged, and where his opera *Benvenuto Cellini*, has been produced successfully during the past year. His overture to "Lear," and his dra-

matie symphony, "Romeo and Juliet," have been the subjects of much discussion of late. The latter was performed, in the summer of 1852, in London, at the concerts of the New Philharmonic Society, the first season of which was signalized by the conductorship of Berlioz, who, among other things, did not fail to bring out that great work of Beethoven, from which, it seems, he would fain date his own artistic career, namely, the ninth or "Choral" Symphony.

Billings's Psalmody.

For one hundred and fifty years after the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, no native son of New England had attempted musical composition. This distinction was reserved for William Billings, a native of Boston, whose works were so much admired in his day, and so much neglected afterwards. He was born October 7, 1746, and died in Boston, September 26, 1800, aged fifty-four. He was the author of six distinct publications, namely: 1. "The New England Psalm Singer," 108 pages, published October 7, 1770; 2. "The Singing Master's Assistant," 102 pages, published 1778, being an abridgment of the former work; 3. "Music in Miniature," 32 pages, 12mo., published 1779—this is principally a collection, containing seventy-four tunes, thirty-one new and original, and thirty-two from his former books, and eleven old standard European tunes; 4. "The Psalm Singer's Amusement," 103 pages, published 1781; 5. "The Suffolk Harmony," 56 pages, published 1786; 5. "The Continental Harmony," 199 pages, published 1794. These, with a few separate anthems, viz., "Except the Lord build the house," &c., "Mourn, mourn, ye Saints," &c., "The Lord is risen from the dead," &c., "Jesus Christ is risen from the dead," &c., comprise all his published compositions; and, excepting the eleven European tunes above mentioned, the whole were his own. Billings was of humble origin, and by occupation a tanner. His opportunities for education of any kind were small, and his literary acquirements of course scant. He had little knowledge of counterpoint, having seen probably no work on the science or rules of harmony, except, perhaps, Tansur's Grammar, a very meagre and imperfect treatise; but his love of music and skill in the art of singing were early manifested, and even in youth he became a popular singing master, and began to compose, and commenced his first publication while quite young. The English publications by W. Tansur, A. Williams, J. Arnold, W. Knapp, and J. Stephenson, had found their way across the Atlantic about the time he came on the stage. The lovers of psalmody here, who had from their youth heard nothing but the slow, isochronous notes of the very few old church tunes introduced in their day in the country, very gladly accepted the more lively and spirited airs which these authors offered them. Billings was foremost in adopting the new style, and formed his taste and took his cue in his compositions from such tunes as the third psalm, thirty-fourth psalm, Milford, Christmas Hymn, and many other similar fuguing and lively compositions, then just becoming popular. His works were of course eagerly adopted, and all the old sacred melodies, however before approved and established, were entirely laid aside for many years. Those who succeeded and imitated him carried this style and taste to a still greater extreme. This music, therefore, so much ridiculed by some, and called, in derision, the American or Yankee style, had not its origin, as has been already suggested, on this side the water. England abounded at that time with the same flashy composition. Volumes were there published, and are still extant, in which not a single solid tune can be found, not one of any description, which has found its way into any respectable collection of music there or here. Though their harmony may be more correct, the melodies bear no comparison with those of Billings, who therefore, in this respect at least, far exceeded his models. His first publication was exceedingly deficient in all the constituent

requisites of good melody, as well as good harmony, and particularly as to accent. It will not bear criticism, and it may amuse the reader to see the remarks of the author himself on his own work. In the preface to his second publication he said, "Kind reader, no doubt you remember that about ten years ago I published a book, entitled 'The New England Psalm Singer;' and truly a most masterly performance I then thought it to be. How lavish was I of encomiums on this my infant production! Said I, Thou art my Reuben, my first born, the beginning of my strength; but to my great mortification I soon discovered it was Reuben in the sequel, and Reuben all over. I have discovered that many pieces were never worth my printing or your inspection." Of course, in his second work, which at length obtained the name of "Billings's Best," and which professed to be an abridgment of the first, he omitted altogether a great proportion of the tunes, and amended very much those he retained, particularly in the point of accent. This work, as well as his fourth, called the "Psalm Singer's Amusement," became very popular, and no other music for many years was heard throughout New England. Many of the New England soldiers, who, during the revolutionary war, were encamped in the Southern States, had many of his popular tunes by heart, and frequently amused themselves by singing them in camp, to the delight of all who heard them. A gentleman in Philadelphia, distinguished for his great literary attainments, as well as for his musical taste, often spoke of the great pleasure he enjoyed from this source during that period, and said that the name of Billings had been dear to him, and associated with the happiest recollections ever since. Billings possessed something also of the spirit of poetry, as well as of music, and was the author of many of the words, as well as the tunes, he published. The following words set to "Chester" were his own:—

"Let tyrants shake their iron rod,
And Slavery clank her galling chains;
We'll fear them not; we trust in God—
New England's God forever reigns."

He was a zealous patriot also, and much attached to Governor Samuel Adams, of Massachusetts, who was also a great lover and performer of psalmody; and it is within the recollection of many now living, that that venerable statesman uniformly was seated at church in the singing choir. One secret, no doubt, of the vast popularity Billings's works obtained, was the patriotic ardor they breathed. The words above quoted are an example, and "Chester," it is said, was frequently heard from every life in the New England ranks. The spirit of the revolution was also manifest in his "Lamentation over Boston," his "Retrospect," his "Independence," his "Columbia," as well as his "Chester," and many other pieces. Finally, whatever may be said of Billings's music, and however deficient it may now be thought to be in good taste as well as in many other respects, it certainly gave great delight in its day, and many now living, who were accustomed to hear it in their youth, are much inclined to prefer it to the more elaborate and learned music of the present time. And who can wonder that, after an age of slow, dull, monotonous singing in our churches, confined at the same time to half a dozen threadbare tunes, our congregations should have been electrified and delighted with the chanting, song-like, spirited style which Billings introduced? Besides, the manner of performance should be considered. In the old way, tunes were set and struck up by the chorister at random; without tuning fork or pitch pipe, and performed by rote, and of course often without tune or time; while the new could be performed only by those who had been instructed in schools and in the art of singing. Billings, therefore, may justly be considered in the light of a reformer, and as having given a new impulse to music generally in our country. Had he lived at the present day, with the superior advantages for obtaining musical skill and science now enjoyed, or had he lived in any other period, there is no reason to doubt he would have been as much distinguished as he was in his own; and though his name and

music (as improvement in knowledge and taste in the art advanced) soon declined, and were almost entirely out of date, yet we now begin to see both his name and his melodies making their way again into respectable notice and the best collections. There is fashion even in music. The style and taste of one period have no charms at another. So we look in vain into the music of the earliest antiquity for the wonderful effects ascribed to it. So is it also with the tastes of the different nations at the same period; what prevails in one is without interest in another. The fugues and divisions, once so common and prevalent, and which abounded even to disgust and satiety in former days, particularly in our American compositions, and which served finally, no less than their violation of the rules of harmony, to cast them into the shade of neglect and derision, are now much disused and out of fashion. In this respect we have gone to the other extreme. Very few fugues or divisions are admitted, into church music at least, and sparingly into any other. Within the last twenty years much has been done to restore a better taste, and introduce a better kind of music among us. The struggle has been to banish the fuguing and frivolous airs which deluged the country, and in doing it we have returned too far, perhaps, towards the exclusive use of the old tunes with notes of equal length, and to the plain chant. This cannot last, and the want of more exciting and animating melodies in our churches begins to be manifested, and must and will be gratified. Besides, they want a more distinctive character. To the great majority of every audience all tunes seem too much alike. Modern harmony being restricted to a few simple rules, which also restrain the freedom of the melodies themselves, and the time and measure of our sacred music having settled down into a slow and solemn uniformity, it requires some practical acquaintance with music to distinguish one tune from another. A greater variety and more characteristic difference seems to be called for. Billings's melodies were certainly many of them very good, and he generally gave something of an air to the bass and intermediate parts. This led him often into errors in his harmony, such as the unnecessary omission of the third, consecutive eighths and fifths, and permitting the inner and inferior parts to transgress their proper limits. These and other rules of harmony and progression were not, however, much known or promulgated with us in his time. Correct musical grammars were then unknown in New England. But it cannot be denied that he had genius and talent, which would in any age, probably, have distinguished him, and raised him above his contemporaries; and he must be allowed the merit of exciting a musical spirit, which gave to New England an impulse that is felt even to this day.

THE "BLACK SWAN." The N. Y. *Tribune* makes the following sensible and humane comment upon this phenomenon.

Metropolitan Hall was well filled on Thursday evening to hear the singing of Elizabeth Greenfield, called otherwise The Black Swan. The person who does the ornithology for her musical regown should remember that, though a black swan is a *rara avis* (we forbear to give the quotation, believing that certain classical allusions, such as that—Scylla et Charybdis, Homo Sum, &c. &c., should enjoy an amnesty,) it does not sing. Its song when dying is the fancy of a poet when lying. But that apart. There is a certain extraordinary interest attached to Miss Elizabeth Greenfield. She belongs to a poor, peeled, defrauded, abused, despised race. A race that in Africa enslaves itself, and has infernal gods that demand human sacrifices. A race that in this country is either manacled or repulsed. To witness this humble creature seeking to be an artist—to enter the arena of a Sontag or Alboni, has its interest. For our part we could not sympathize with the rollicking gaiety of a considerable portion of the audience in seeing her led forward on the platform. Her behavior was strictly in good taste, and gentlemen should not have laughed at

her. Had her auditory been the English House of Lords they would have received her with marked respect.

It is hardly necessary to say that we did not expect to find an artist on the occasion. She has a fine voice, but does not know how to use it. Her merit is purity and fullness, but not loudness of tone. Her notes are badly formed in the throat, but her intonation is excellent. She sings, in a word, like a child. The extent of her voice is great. She takes easily the lowest chalumeau note of the clarinet, and when it is taken it is worth nothing. The idea of a woman's voice is a feminine: anything below that is disgusting: it is as bad as a bride with a beard on her chin and an oath in her mouth. The low note taken in the *Brindisi* might have passed simply as a hint; but the infliction of a whole ballad lying in the baritone region between E and E was quite unendurable. We hear a great deal about Woman's sphere. That sphere exists in Music, and it is the soprano region of the voice.

What culture may do in the case in hand remains to be seen, but it is certainly a voice that ought to be cultivated in Europe, and ought to stay there. The bills of the Concert stated that no colored persons would be admitted, and a strong police was there in anticipation of riot, which did not happen. Under these circumstances we advise Elizabeth Greenfield to go to Europe and there remain. It may be added that she was encoored in singing, and gave satisfaction to her audience, who appeared to recognise her musical position. That she has succeeded to the extent shown is evidence of intellect which merits development. She has had everything to contend against—an education neglected—a spurned thing in social life; but her ambition has thus far triumphed, and we hope to hear a good account of her studies in a country where Alexandre Dumas has learned how to read and write.

[From the Savannah Republican.]

Church Music.

Many strictures have recently made their appearance in the various presses of the country upon the style of music now adopted in sacred worship. The whole repertory of wit, sarcasm and ridicule, has been expended to give effect to these attacks, and extirpate, if possible, the new fangled heresy. These essays, interlarded with oft-reiterated fears of the Romanist tendency of the age, so plainly evinced in this musical revolution, are gems of contradictions and inconsistencies, and will, doubtless, occupy a conspicuous position among antediluvian curiosities of literature. It can surely do no harm to hear both sides before arriving at a conclusion, and I therefore am desirous of representing the reasons which induce the pleasure experienced by those who see no fault in the new system.

Music is, in its very nature, elevating to the human mind. However untutored the taste, or uncultivated the ear, music possesses a voice which speaks sweetly and soothingly to every son of Adam. It may sometimes be perverted, but it lights up no inspiring glow in the bosom clogged up and overgrown with gross indulgence and mere appetite. Like sunlight streaming through the windows of a noble temple, it glorifies and enriches all that is pure in sentiment and taste. Let the heart be saddened by the woes of life, there are chords of harmony to sweep soothingly amid desolation and speak peace to the broken spirit. Let the soul swell with thankfulness for some blessing vouchsafed or danger averted, there are choral anthems of praise to give utterance to the emotions within. In joy or sorrow, in prayer or praise, there is no medium more grateful between the heart and its God.

Until very recently America has been, as it were, destitute of music. Discarding all the little charms and graces which add so much to the amenities of life, the settlers of this country banished, as one of the relics of Popery, all which might truly be denominated music. Shunning the organ because of its apparent identity with the service of the Roman Church, they ex-

patriated with it the immortal works of Mozart and a host of others, whose only crime consisted in having written their works for that Church. Anything—even to Yankee Doodle in long metre, which can be seen by any possessor of a certain old psalm-book published the last century—was preferable and accounted more sacred than the sublime strains of Rossini or Mozart. The more execrable it was, the more acceptable to the rigid Puritan, until it really seemed that religion and refinement were entirely incompatible the one with the other. But this morbid delusion could not last forever. The human mind is necessarily progressive, and, with the advance of other departments of art in America, music has also progressed. Now, if music be elevating in its nature, the higher the style of music the more impressive its effect upon the character. The same frame of mind induces pleasure in listening to the *Te Deum* as in listening to *Old Hundred*. Not that all can at once or to a similar extent enjoy the master pieces of art. The unskilled eye cannot appreciate all the beauties of an exquisite painting; but must I on that account confine my admiration to daubs? The untutored rustic, who has only heard the Fourth of July flourishes of the village prodigy, cannot enjoy with the same pleasure the ornate oratory of an Everett as he who luxuriates not only in the ideas expressed but in the beautiful drapery wherewith they are dressed; but must he on that account be debarred the higher enjoyment which flows from a classical oration? No! no! The whole matter lies in a nutshell. Hear the ideas which they whom I represent entertain upon the subject of church music. And these are comprised in two simple propositions.

First, and before every other consideration, a choir should sing to and from the heart, endeavoring to catch and convey the spirit of praise and prayer, involved in the words. And, this done, it is not necessary to confine themselves to any staid routine of old and worn-out themes, the products of inferior minds. There is as much error in one extreme as in another. The Puritans had their faults as well as the Romanists. Because the tunes of the former are familiar to all, it is no reason why they should be eternally sung. Because the masses of Mozart are used by the latter, it is no reason why they should be cast out of the pale of toleration.

Secondly: in their selections, the members of a choir should not be influenced against a piece merely because it is to be taken from an opera or oratorio, but their judgment should simply be upon the question, whether its style be devotional or not. There are many airs, in our church psalmodes, peculiarly unfit for the rendition of sacred words, and there are parts of operas, which seem especially adapted to express the religious emotions of the soul. Let the distinction be made in the *style* of the music, not in the source whence it comes. Cull the sacred flowers from every garden, and give to God what has too long been monopolized by the world.

Let the Christian choir, then, range through the whole field of classical compositions; let it study the immortal works of Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, Rossini and Handel; let it be careful, in its adaptations, to preserve the identity of the ideas conveyed by both music and words; and the people, however unused to such compositions, will experience vastly more pleasure, in proportion as their taste is developed and improved. But let it avoid "St. Bardolph's" as it would destruction. The greatest injury that the Puritans have done to devotional music, is that while striving to destroy real music, they have fostered and encouraged mines of spurious imitations. Hence sprung the ridiculous anthem on "Aaron's Beard," so justly ridiculed; for which all high aspirations must be made to suffer in the minds of those who jump so hastily to conclusions, and who judge of the compositions of Bellini, which they have never heard, by the sickly trash which they have heard. A penitential psalm to the overture from *Der Freyschütz* is simply ridiculous, and to an imitation thereof absolutely nauseous; but if the soprano aria, from the same opera, adapted to a plaintive hymn, touch not the

religious sensibilities of all who hear it, softening, subduing, elevating the soul, I am very much mistaken.

God never placed within us these aspirations toward the beautiful to be shrouded and shunned with the introduction of Christianity. Christianity was never intended to make anchorites of mankind. Give religion attractions to the human mind. Let not the world and the devil conceal their temptations beneath the innocent yet fascinating garb which Christianity should wear. Too long has religion presented a frowning, rugged, unhappy front to the world. Too long have the high and holy feelings, swelling within a breast burning to proffer its best to God, been pent up by the cold and cruel criticisms of professors. Give the soul its liberty, and you will find that "to the pure and good heart, no sublime appraising, no costly and precious furniture, no incense or ornament, can make the lovely loathsome, the fair foul."

THE BREEZE OF SPRING.

Dull winter hastens to be gone,
He's disappearing fast;
The sunny hours are coming on,
The stormy time is past.
The ice no longer binds the rill,
Nor snows their mantle fling;
For every bleak and barren hill
Has kissed the breeze of Spring.

I hear its music in the wood;
It sighs along the vale,
Where summer flowers in beauty stood,
It lingers in the dale;
It plays upon the primrose banks,
And rests its merry wing;
The drooping snow-drop kindly thanks
The western breeze of Spring.

Ah! well it knows where violets grow
In the lone and shady lane;
It bids its sweet, blue favorites blow,
And onward speeds again.
It wakes the flowers of the field,
And they their offerings bring;
The flowers their sweetest incense yield,
To scent the breeze of Spring.

The blackbird, from the hawthorne bush,
Renews his lively strain;
On topmost branches stands the thrush,
And tunes his throat again;
At close of evening calm and mild,
He makes the forest ring
With native woodnotes, clear and wild—
He loves the breeze of Spring.

The robin leaves his winter friends
For hedge-rows far away—
Above his mossy nest he bends,
And pipes his plaintive lay.
The lark uprising with the light,
On merry mountain wing—
Strains all his might till out of sight,
And hails the breeze of Spring.

A hundred voices fill the air.
The sun shines warmly down;
Away with each intruding care,
And leave the gloomy town.
Come, roam along the woodpath green,
Hear nature's favorites sing,
Enjoy the soul-enlivening scene,
And woo the breeze of Spring.

Zelter's Musical Criticisms.

Translated from the "Correspondence of Zelter and Goethe," by W. J. THOMS.*

NO. 2. SEBASTIAN BACH.

The elder Bach, (says Zelter, in a letter of the 8th of April, 1827) is, with all his originality, a son of his country and of his own times, and yet he could not escape from the influence of the

* London Musical World, 1836.

French—that is to say, of Couperin.* The endeavor to make oneself agreeable as others, gives rise to that which does not last. All that is foreign to him, however, we can take away like a thick scum, and the bright liquid lies immediately below it. Thus I have for myself alone, set to rights many of his sacred compositions; and my heart told me, that old Bach nodded to me, like the good Haydn, "Aye, aye, that is just as I had wished it."

But then some come and say, no one ought to lay his hands upon anything in that way; and they are not quite wrong in saying so, for it is not every one that may venture to do so. However, that is to me a means of arriving at a knowledge and admiration of that which is true; and if I let them have their opinion, what is mine to them.

The greatest impediment, in our time, consists clearly in the totally distorted German Church-texts, which succumb to the polemical earnestness of the Reformation, while they stir up the unbelieving by a dense faith-vapor which no one desires. That a genius in whom taste is innate, should allow a spirit which must be deeply rooted to spring up from such a soil, is now the most extraordinary thing about him. The most wondrous is, however, when he has had haste, yet not pleasure. I possess manuscripts of his, which he has begun three times, and then scratched them out again; he would indeed rather not have proceeded, but the next Sunday a marriage, a funeral procession, was before his door. Even the commonest memorandum paper (*concept-papier*) appears oftentimes to have been scarce; but it must be accomplished,—so he sets forth on his march, and lo! at the end there is the great artist as he lived and loved. When he had finished it, he retouched it, and that too with his close writing, so darkly, indistinctly, and learnedly since he was accustomed to use peculiar signs which every body does not understand, that I am obliged to be cautious about falling upon his manuscripts, since it is not easy for me to come from them again.

[Goethe having expressed his surprise at Zelter's opinion, that the thoroughly original Bach was affected by foreign influence, Zelter enters at greater length on the subject, in a letter dated the 9th of June, in the same year.]

What I called the French scum in Sebastian Bach, is certainly not easily lifted off in order to be laid hold of.

It is like the atmosphere, present everywhere, but no where perceptible. Bach passes for the greatest master of harmony, and that justly. That he is a poet of the highest order, one can scarcely venture to pronounce, and yet he belongs to those who, like your Shakspeare, are lifted up high above all childish things. As a servant of the Church, he has written for the Church only, and yet nothing of what we call Church-like. His style is *Bach-ish*, like everything that is his. That he was obliged to employ the common signs and terms *Toccata, Sonata, Concerto*, &c., has just as much to do with it, as a man's being named Joseph or Christopher. Bach's primal element was solitude, as you once recognized, when you said, "Lay in bed, and let the Burgomaster's organist of Berka, play me *Sebastiana*." Such is he, he will be watched narrowly.

Now was he yet also a man, Father, Gossip, yea even Cantor in Leipsic, and as such, nothing more than another, yet not much less than a Couperin, who had served two kings of France upwards of forty years. Couperin, in the year 1713, printed the first Fundamental Instructions for the Harpsichord, not for striking it,—but for playing (*toucher*), which he dedicated to his king.

A king play the harpsichord, probably the organ, the pedals! who would not do so after that. The new method of Couperin, consisted principally in the introduction of the thumb, by which a rapid certain execution was alone practicable:† Bach and the rest of the Germans had

long practised this method, for it is understood of itself; the work of the right hand and of the left being however still defined, whereby the latter is obviously spared. The Bachish method lays claim to the use of the ten fingers, which are bound to learn the service which their various lengths and powers fit them for; and this method we have to thank for the incredible things which our modern *touchers* attempt.

And since now all men must be French if they would wish to live, Bach allowed his sons to practise the fine little elegancies of Couperin, with all the curling of the head-notes: nay he himself even appeared as a composer in this style with the greatest success; and thus did the French frippery gain upon him.

Bach's compositions are partly vocal, partly instrumental, or both together. In the vocal pieces there often bursts forth something very different from what the words say, and he has been greatly blamed for this; moreover he is not strict in the observance of the rules of Melody and Harmony, which he with great boldness set aside. When however he works up biblical texts, such as, "Brich dem Hungrigen dein Brodt," &c.—"Ihr werdet weinen und heulen," &c.—"Jesus nahm zu sich die Zwölfe," &c.—"Unser Mund sey voll lachens," &c.—I am oftentimes compelled to wonder with what holy freedom from confusion, with what apostolic irony a something quite unexpected breaks forth and which nevertheless arises no doubt against all the rules of sense and taste. A *passus et sepultus* lead us to the last pulsations of tranquil might: a *resurrexit* or in *gloria Dei patris* to the realms of holy sorrow for the hollowness of earthly pursuits. This feeling is however as it were inseparable, and it may be difficult to carry away from it a Melody or even anything material. Now he begins afresh, now he strengthens himself, ever increasing his power at each repetition of the whole.*

Through all this, he is thus far still dependent upon his theme. We should however follow him upon the organ. This is the soul into which he directly breathes the breath of life. His theme is the feeling born on the instant, which like a spark from a flint springs up at once from his first casual pressure with his foot upon the pedal. Thus he proceeds on by degrees until he isolates himself, finds himself alone, and pours forth an inexhaustible stream into the boundless ocean.

Friedeman (of Halle) who died here, said when speaking of this, "Compared with him, we all remain children."

Not a few of his great Organ pieces are *heard through*, but *not out*, for there is no end in them.

But I will leave off, though I could yet say much more concerning him. When everything is considered which can be testified against him, this Leipsic Cantor must be looked upon as a revelation of God; clear but inexplicable. I could address him:

Thou hast shaped out work for me:
I to light again brought thee.

The New Organ at Williams Hall.

[This noble work deserves a tribute, and we cheerfully give place to the following, although without committing ourselves to our correspondent's unqualified preference of one maker over all the others; which is a matter upon which we feel ourselves by no means competent to decide. Free competition and a fair hearing for them all!—for there is plenty and variety of organ-building talent among us. We shall soon be called upon also to appreciate a similar effort from another manufacturer in the new Tremont Temple; and most sincerely we do hope that it will not be very long before there will also be one worthy of such a place, in the Boston Music Hall, which in all other respects has become so consecrated by our highest musical enjoyments.—Ed.]

The trial examination of this instrument took place on Wednesday evening the 30th ult. The examining committee, appointed by the Corpora-

* The Leipsic and Zurich editions of Bach's works, are said in the title to be "*In the strict style*," which they are however, because they are Bachish: i. e. in so far as they belong to him alone.—Zelter.

tion, consisted of Messrs. Thomas Power, Geo. K. Crockett, well known critics, and S. A. Bancroft, the distinguished organist of the Mount Vernon Church.

In behalf of the builders, Mr. Wm. R. Babcock displayed the instrument to great advantage, and closed by performing in a masterly manner a Fugue by Bach. It is worthy of remark that these gentlemen did not desecrate the instrument by a style of performance too generally in use by "*flash*" performers on such occasions, evidently to attract the admiration of a vulgar, although, perhaps, a too popular taste, or to conceal defects which would be apparent in an instrument, by a performance appropriate to it. In the exterior there is not much to admire, and we very much question the correctness of the taste, which excludes from sight in a concert Hall that which, in our opinion, should be a prominent feature. The Organ is the largest yet built in this city, as will appear from the following:

It has three rows of manuals, each from C₂ to G₂. One pedal board from C₁ to D₂, 27 notes. The whole number of stops is 52, and of pipes, about 2200, disposed as follows: Great Organ, 15 stops; Choir, 10 stops; Swell, 14 stops; Pedals, 4 stops, and of couplers, &c., there are 9. When the number, character and quality of the stops are considered, we doubt if an equal can be produced this side of the Atlantic, or a superior, of its size, abroad.

There may be those possessing *parts* equally good, but in this, as is the case with most organs from the same manufacturers, an unusual number of excellencies are combined.

Unfortunately it is rare that we find an organ possessing good diapasons, solo stops, and reeds. It is too often the case that when a builder excels in one department, he is quite sure to be deficient in another. Why this is so, we cannot say. But so it is. In this organ, the only alteration we should propose, would be that the clarion of the great organ be more powerful. However, no organ we have yet examined, combines, as this does, such *grand* and ringing diapasons, with reeds so *truly* magnificent, and flute of such clear, liquid and silvery tones, with other stops truly ornamental, and of such exquisitely delicate finish.

The diapasons, thus surrounded, are indeed like "Grand jewels, set in emerald rings."

When the whole is combined, to analyze its parts seems *impossible*, so perfectly does it chime. With many effects produced we were astonished, especially as brought forth by Mr. Bancroft in his ingenious and elegant performance of the selections from Beethoven's 5th and 7th Symphonies. Such effects from an organ were entirely new to us. The Trumpets, Clarinet, and Oboe, are in character true to their originals.

Some of the new stops introduced, are the Harmonic, Possaune, and Tenoroon Trumpet—all stops of intrinsic value, as have been the many heretofore introduced by the builders of this noble specimen of skill.

We would say in closing that we congratulate the builders on so successful a result of their labors, and the citizens of Boston that they have the privilege of hearing such a noble specimen of American skill and ingenuity.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

From my Diary. No. XXII.

NEW YORK, March 23. The *Express* asks to-day,

"Why should it be thought a thing impossible, Mr. Diarist, for us to have Romberg's 'Song of the Bell' here? Where's the Philharmonic?"

I hardly know whether this querist—who, by the way, prepares a better abstract of the current musical news than appears in any other of our city papers—be not

* Francis Couperin, Organist and Chamber Musician to Louis XIV. and XV., died in 1733. Some specimens of his compositions may be found in Sir John Hawkins' History of Music.—Translator.

† If I mistake not, in Carlo Dolce's Saint Cecilia, the thumbs are idle, if not hanging down.—Zelter.

quizzing the Diarist, asking so sober a question in relation to Romberg's pretty, though hacknied cantata, which has been going the rounds of our New England musical societies for several years past. From its brevity, and the simplicity of the music, save in one or two numbers, it is admirably fitted to form a part of a miscellaneous concert, but hardly for anything beyond this. But why can we not have it, then, here? Sure enough; why not Mendelssohn's "Elijah," and "Paul"; Handel's "Israel in Egypt," "Samson," "Messiah," "Judas Maccabæus," and "Saul"; Spohr's "Last Judgment," Beethoven's "Christ on the Mount of Olives," Mozart's "Requiem"? Why should the noble old Handel and Haydn Society flourish year after year, and that too with rivals continually coming into existence, and some of them attaining a permanent basis, in the provincial town of Boston (!). Why should Portland support a Sacred Music Society? Why various other cities and towns, with populations varying from six to a hundred thousand, all keep alive organizations for the study and practice of oratorio music, and yet New York and environs—with three-fourths of a million of people, not be able to record the performance of one single great sacred piece during the whole winter? Perhaps this is a little too sweeping. We have had *Stabat Mater* sung once on speculation, and I think Mr. Curtis's *Eleutheria* is of the oratorio order, but this I have not heard, and it too was only sung at a charity concert. (Do I err?) It is humbug and nonsense to talk about the musical taste of the public, to make immense flourish about the high condition of Art, to laugh at our neighbors and charge them with affectation in musical matters—and at the same time have nothing to show in the way of music but a few light operas entirely in the hands of foreigners, and two series of classical concerts, all given at prices which are entirely beyond the reach of ninety and nine of every hundred of your vast population. It is nonsense to talk about the high musical cultivation of a people who have let their Philharmonic Society struggle along in a precarious existence, and now after eleven years give it no encouragement to engage a larger place for its performances than the dancing hall at Niblo's!

Why is it impossible to have an Oratorio Society here? Because the people have too much taste [for the 'Daughter of the Regiment,' and 'Don Pasquale,' and 'The Barber of Seville,'] to pay the expenses—or because the Societies which have been formed have been unwilling to trust to a love for music in common audiences, and have tried to make the thing *fashionable* with most fashionable prices. If this is not right, please correct it.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 9, 1853.

The Farewell Concert of the Germanians.

A very large, though not a crowded audience, assembled on Saturday evening to a second hearing of Beethoven's "Choral Symphony," and to the last hearing (for the present) of those admirable interpreters of this as of every other kind of orchestral music. More than a very large audience could hardly have followed within a few hours of that last Afternoon Rehearsal, when the corridors were almost as full as the Music Hall itself, and not far from 4000 persons must have been within the building. But the evening assembly was one of the most earnest, attentive and appreciating ever seen in Boston. The merely curious class, who had condemned a great work as dull or crazy, on the testimony of their own first hearing, were evidently thinned out somewhat, leaving an audience of perhaps 22 or 2300, whose sincere enjoyment outweighed that of the 3000 who sat through the Symphony the first time.

A miscellaneous first part consisted of Gluck's noble overture to *Iphigenia*; a Fantasia of Thalberg's by JAELL, and a Fantasia for violin, by

CAMILLA URSO (neither of them the same as set down in the programme, for which, we dare say, nobody cared, so long as the performers were not changed); and that strong, all-confident, believing chorus from "Judas Maccabæus": *We never will bow down*, well sung by the "Handel and Haydn Society,"—so many of them as were there, for the choir seats looked poorly filled compared with recent oratorio nights:—a bad omen that for the "Joy" Symphony, unless the missing singers should come later.

They did not come! Nevertheless the Ninth Symphony did on the whole go off better than before; and we believe the great majority of the audience comprehended and enjoyed it at least twice as well, and found it twice as great as they did on the previous hearing. So it is and must be always with a great work, which sums up the whole experience and embodies the highest aspirations of a great man of genius. The only wonder is that the Ninth Symphony has found such ready and such earnest audience, and wrought so deeply on the souls of so many, in spite of the warnings of the sceptical. To these it was the musical event of our eventful season, and like Niagara, when we have left it, it will still come back in our thoughts with more and more of majesty and meaning. The orchestral portions were played perhaps even more perfectly than the first time, though the violins were not quite as numerous as then. Of course the largest orchestra would be the best for such a work; but not unless its members were as much one mind and soul as these were.

The two middle movements, Scherzo and Adagio, were doubtless the most widely appreciated, as it is in the nature of those movements to be always. The Scherzo, though very long and for the most part very uniform in its motion, is yet the liveliest possible expression of pure, outward gaiety and careless, reckless, social exhilaration. Not the joy that satisfies, but that in which the deeply unsatisfied soul seeks oblivion of its torturing aspiration in the most desperate abandonment to the philosophy which makes the live-long day and life itself a feast. The ceaseless repetition of the melodic figure, in rapid triple time, delicately *staccato*, like the leaping of the fresh blood in the veins of youth and pleasure, never seems the repetition of mere feeble routine; it is the inspiring rhythm of nature, in which you feel always something rich and new, and with such delicious blending of the instrumental colors and varied distribution of the harmonies, that you never exhaust its charm. The impetuous refrain reminds you of the peasants' dance in the *Pastorale*, and what could be more happy, and more positively jolly, yet with the infallible gracefulness of finest humor, than the introduction of the common time rhythm, where the bassoon plays such a pleasant running accompaniment to the simple tune of the oboe humming as it were so merrily to itself;—both figures being passed round at once in imitative duet through all the members of the orchestra.

But more than any part, the divine melody and harmony of that Adagio seemed to sink into the souls of the audience, as the sound of the Easter Bells sank into the soul of Faust when he was on the verge of self-destruction, and their sudden music brought all the sweet, childlike piety of life back again, and "the kiss of heaven descended upon his brow,"—to borrow Wagner's clever

parallel. The soothing, heavenly comfort of those strains is indescribable. Is it not the most beautiful of all Adagios? The strong, martial chords, which ring out unanimous before its close, so full of cheerful and inspired determination, indicate the heroic, manly, hopeful mood that naturally follows upon communion of so sweet and pure a kind. It is the trumpet warning of that grand resolution of life's discords that is to follow in the last movement, of which the theme is universal Joy, raised to the religious ecstasy of a general embrace and love feast of the myriads of mankind,—the merging of self in the largest sympathies, and therein finding God!

The first movement (*allegro ma non troppo*) is less calculated to interest the many; yet a little familiarity with its themes and the light shed back upon it by the progress of the whole work, once heard through, and the summing up in the fragmentary introduction to the "Joy" chorus, gave it a stronger hold upon the audience this time. The important key to it which lies in the very first bars, (that rustling of naked fifths, conveying such a sense of emptiness and unrest), is apt to escape ears not eagerly upon the watch, since it commences *pianissimo* in a very rapid movement. It is well to have possessed oneself of the theme beforehand, and to have analyzed what seems in the performance a mere rustling tremolo, into its constituent notes. Upon this background of empty and uneasy fifths is soon pronounced with startling emphasis the principal theme, the unison in D minor, which is like the gigantic shadow of Fate interposing itself between the soul and its harmonious destiny. The alternation of this theme with little pathetic, pleading wind-instrument passages, flowing in melodious thirds and sixths, so characteristic of Beethoven, together with an occasional re-exposure of that dark background of barren fifths,—furnishes the substantial ideas out of which this whole Allegro is wrought up. It indicates that same deep, restless, earnest nature, and the same spiritual state somewhat, from which emanated the Allegro to the symphony in C minor:—for there is a singular unity of thought and feeling in the entire development of Beethoven's genius. Those who did not comprehend this Allegro clearly, nevertheless felt its gloomy grandeur and its amazing strength.

The Finale was more clearly rendered this time than it was before; and many, to whom it was then all strangeness and confusion, now recognized some distinct and intelligible outlines of a connected meaning and felt that it was unspeakably sublime. We could have wished a larger orchestra, (say such an one as that of the New Philharmonic in London), to give all the imposing effect of those recitatives of the double basses, which seem suddenly endowed with the gift of human speech in their earnest craving for a fuller utterance of the thought, or rather the desire, with which the whole symphony is teeming, and which reject impatiently the themes of the Allegro, the Scherzo and the Adagio, as they are successively recalled. No, no, that will not do! The sweet Adagio, to be sure, elicits a less petulant response; but the double-basses must pursue their foretaste of human speech still farther and dictate the melody, the simple, beautiful, all-reconciling tune that seems as if predestined in the fitness of all things to an everlasting marriage with the words of Schiller's "Hymn to Joy." Those double-bass recitatives seem to mark the transition from mere

instrumental into human music; and in the whole of this exciting, fragmentary introduction, putting you on the *qui vive* of expectation, the orchestra seems laboring with the presentiment of a marvellous transformation and new birth; it reminds one of the passage: "The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now," &c.

Of course, after this successful *clan* in which the orchestra rises above itself enough to seize the actual form and outline of the human utterance to which all is tending, there is a momentary reaction, or rather relapse into the stormy and chaotic mood again, (the diminished sevenths,) with which the movement opened. But now an actual human voice is heard: "Friends, no more of these mournful sounds, let us sing," &c., and the rich, ponderous bass recites, almost without accompaniment, the tune, (which seems so simple but which proves so pregnant, and clings to the memory with such charm afterwards) to the first verse of Schiller's words. Then the chorus breaks in; and solo voices, singly or in quartet, vary the tune to the succeeding verses, and carry it up higher and higher, as is the natural tendency of such enthusiasm. The change of the 4-4 rhythm to the 6-8 march time, where the full chorus suddenly modulates and ceases, the several measures of the pause being strangely marked by a single bass trombone note, with which a higher note at length chimes in, and then all the wind instruments blend in so deliciously and buoyantly, as a prelude to the verse which tells of heroic youths rushing joyfully to victory,—is one of the most marvellous effects in music. The energetic, closely involved, arm to arm and face to face sort of symphony which follows, indicates perhaps the conflict, the heroic struggle of and for Humanity. And now the strain of Joy breaks out more overwhelmingly and in the consciousness of universal sympathies, ("Embrace, ye millions! 'tis the world's inspiring kiss"), the chorus rises to a pitch of religious sublimity and the thought of Deity, of the "dear Father, that dwelleth above the stars," absorbs all.—To follow this through exceeds our power. But we have here reached the point at which the whole meaning and connection of the symphony become clear. It is only from this acme of the whole, this top-wave of the composer's joy-inspired enthusiasm, that we can look back over the preceding movements, and feel how they were all tending in their order toward one goal.

And here we have the secret of the success or non-success of the vocal part of the performance. The voice-parts climb high, and ordinary singers are dismayed at the task of sustaining themselves so long at such heights. Evidently the one indispensable condition of fairly singing such music, is ENTHUSIASM! Such excitement as in the orchestra made the double-basses *speak*, must here in the chorus carry the singers up above themselves, and make them achieve what in our common-place moods is impossible. How can you interpret enthusiasm, unless you *feel* it? The singers must realize in their own souls the sentiment of the chorus, which is Joy and Unity with all Mankind, all souls. They must be inspired with the idea of the symphony, and animated by a common fervor. Such impossibilities are only achieved in that state of exaltation pervading a united mass, which makes a troop of soldiers move as one man in the carrying of a fort by storm; on the cool morrow each looks back and

wonders what he did in the excitement of yesterday; he could not do the same thing over again now, but then he was greater than himself. It is unfortunate, in the performance of such a symphony that the chorus could not have been made perfectly familiar with the entire work (instrumental parts and all) beforehand, till they were possessed and inspired with the idea of the whole. But this was hardly possible in such a busy state of society as our's. Enthusiasm cannot be forced, nor always "got up" on purpose; therefore we can excuse the absence of at least a third part of the Handel and Haydn Society on that occasion, simply regretting that the absent ones had not more spirit. Nevertheless the chorus-singing was more effectual and more clear than before, and really did credit to those who so bravely stood in the breach. The solo singers, too, deserve thanks for so well studying and rendering their arduous parts. On the whole it was a proud achievement for Boston, to have brought out and appreciated so much of the life and power of Beethoven's Choral Symphony.

And thus ended the most successful season of musical performances ever given here or in this country. The Germanians, by this success, have come to regard Boston as their head-quarters and their home. They have recently been naturalized as American citizens; and a better class of citizens our New World could hardly adopt from the Old. As men, as well as artists, in their long visits here they have won the esteem of the community, by modest self-respect, correct deportment and gentlemanly manners. They number among them some highly cultivated and intelligent men, and all of them appear to be united by a sentiment of genuine fraternity and enthusiasm for Art. Music is a religion with such men. No wonder they succeed. Their success is a moral triumph; it has been due to the cordial unanimity, the spirit of devotion, the merging of the individual in the common interest, the superiority to petty jealousies, of which their little united band has been so refreshing an example, almost if not quite as much as to their skill as musicians.

By the last programme it appeared that the Germanians had given 622 concerts in the United States and Canada. This season (so the *Bee* states) they have given in Boston and vicinity, 40 concerts and 25 public rehearsals, and taken part in 19 concerts given by other artists. Their concert audiences in this city have averaged from 2400 to 3000 persons, and their rehearsal audiences from 2300 to 3200. In 27 concerts in the neighboring cities, the audiences have averaged from 900 to 1500 persons. Add to these the concerts in which they have assisted (Sontag's, the oratorios, &c.), and the aggregate number of those who have enjoyed their music is immense.

As to their programmes, they have mingled various styles, popular and solid, in judicious proportions. During the season they have given 31 interpretations of symphonies, including all of Beethoven's except the 7th (which the Fund Society gave us, so that the list is full), three of Mozart's, and others by Mendelssohn, Spohr, Schubert, Gade and Ries. There is not room to tell how many overtures, and lighter matters, besides the brilliant contributions of JAEHL and CAMILLA URSO, have diversified the feasts.

The Germanians have left us for Philadelphia, Baltimore, Cincinnati, St. Louis, &c. In July they take up their summer quarters at Newport, and will return to this their adopted home in October, with increased strength. Mr. BANDT, their gentlemanly and efficient agent, who comes in also for not a small share of the credit of their success and of their hearers' comfort, intends to go to Germany this summer to engage new talent. The little Urso, and our matchless JAEHL, still continue with them, and we hope will return here with them, though the latter has an eye towards Europe. May these friendly artists sow many seeds of the Beautiful, and wake many undying vibrations of true musical feeling where they go, and

return to find the public interest in the best kind of music not a whit abated in the old city of the Puritans!

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY.—This ancient body too, made a triumphant finale of its season on Sunday evening. The "Creation" was never so well done here, to our recollection, and the audience was immense. But we have left ourselves no room for particulars now. That "Choral Symphony" is a dangerous topic to begin upon!

THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB have commenced a series of six Public Rehearsals, on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. This is a timely move. We need something to fill the vacuum now that the musical season has come so squarely to a close, and it is fortunate that we have something so choice as this left to keep the refined appetite from starving. It will be very pleasant of a Spring afternoon to sit in the Masonic Temple and listen to the Quintets and Quartets of Beethoven and Haydn and Mozart.

We have no time this week to gather up and sift the thousand and one rumors of operas, orchestras, singers and virtuosos coming over to this country; of opera houses building, and seasons of rare novelties in embryo. But we shall take a calm survey of the prospect anon, when we are through the hurry of commencing a new year of our Journal.

OUR STUDENTS OF MUSIC IN FLORENCE.—ROSSINI. The *Atlas* has a pleasant letter from a "Viaggiatore" in Florence, from which we cannot forbear copying the following:

American students of music, I suspect, outnumber those of any other foreign country at present in Florence. Have the vast sums of money, recently amassed in America by Jenny Lind, Catherine Hayes, and others, sent our calculating people abroad into this new field of enterprise? or is it really love for the divine art? The sudden irruption of so many Americans into Italy, for the purpose of studying music, calls for some explanation. Three years ago, I could only hear of two or three American students of music in all Europe; and within the last six months there have been no less than nine American gentlemen and ladies in this city, all ardent devotees of St. Cecilia, and all destined for the public as vocalists. Mrs. EASTCOTT, (formerly of Springfield, Mass.) made her debut some months ago, at one of the theatres here, in the well-known letter-scene of *Il Barbiere*. I witnessed it, and can testify that her success was very decided; none applauded so much as the Italians themselves, though she was a little hoarse at the time. She repeated her efforts several successive nights, with increasing success, and is now singing as a *prima donna* at one of the theatres in Naples.

SUMNER and MILLARD, the young Bostonians, are hard at work. The latter is developing his fine tenor rapidly. I heard him the other evening in a cavatina from one of the operas, at an "Academia." His execution of the difficult passages elicited great applause. He has published several original musical compositions since he came here, that quite surprise these music-loving people, who wonder how any such good can come out of Nazareth. Sumner's splendid baritone is getting to be something "rich and strange." Foreigners and natives listen to it with wonder and delight. He labors day and night, under the best of teachers, to overcome the difficulties of the language, and reach the last point of perfection in musical expression and execution. With his fine person and manners, and his uncommon vocal organ, I do not see why he may not compete with Badiali, Ronconi, and the most noted baritones of the stage. I presume that he is aiming at nothing less than that, as he has already mastered the music of some half a dozen of the favorite operas of the day.

How could you be so cruel as to consign such a splendid old fellow as Rossini, not long since in the *Atlas*, to a residence in Trieste, and the

amusement of selling his own fish in the market? The hale old gentleman may be seen every day promenading through the Via Larga, looking at all the pretty faces and pretty ancles that flit by, and now and then following a fine form at a respectful distance. They say his love for the beauty of flesh and blood, when budding into form in the person of a charming girl, quite surpasses all his passion for the charms of harmony and melody. I showed him the passage in the newspaper which sent him to the fish market of Trieste. The great composer read it with great composure, and then burst into a hearty laugh. "Ah," said he, "those knavish wags! They bring me their silly compositions to correct, and just because I will not bore myself with their stuff, they play off these sort of jokes upon me!"

He seldom goes to the opera,—never will hear his own music if he can help it—never will correct or pass his judgment upon the works of others, though often solicited to do so; and, in short, for a great man, lives a life more like an oyster, than any other great man, passing into his dotage, readily to be found.

Musical Review.

Messrs. G. P. Reed & Co., 17 Tremont Row, are almost daily sending forth numbers of several excellent series of piano-forte compositions. Some of these we have before noticed; namely, the earlier numbers of the Variations by Beethoven, and of the transcriptions of Mendelssohn's and Schubert's songs by Mr. Suck and Stephen Heller. We have yet to tell how far these have progressed.

Another series takes the name of "The Pianist's Album," and is to contain some of these finer modern classics of the instrument, which have become endeared by the real poetry there is in them, rather than by their adaptation to the display of brilliant feats of execution. No. 1, however, already out, is one of the most brilliant things in existence, and difficult enough to play so as to bring out all its beauty and its meaning. It is Weber's *Invitation a la Valse*, long known and loved by not a few among our pianists, and recently familiarized to the many by the orchestral arrangement of Berlioz. It breathes the very soul and sentiment and passion of the waltz, being not merely a waltz itself, but the scene and story of the waltz, in its most sympathetic and inspired hour, with all the dreamy, half ecstatic, half sad, love-sick sense of the swiftly flying moments, in the waltzers. Yet it has all of Weber's purity and delicacy.

Several pieces of CHOPIN figure in the list. This is in answer to the spirit of the times,—at least hereabouts. The past musical winter in Boston has been marked, among other things, by the development of an interest in the compositions of this most exquisite and individual,—we may say most spiritually imaginative, poet of the piano, who, so far as depth and purity of sentiment and originality of ideas go, is far above all his modern contemporaries, the Lisztz and Thalbergz and Dreychocks, and so forth, who have been astonishing the world by their virtuosity. Until this season it has been a rare thing to get any work of Chopin played here, beyond a mere Mazurka or two. Pianists have studied only for effect in the concert room, and for the concert such music has been thought too choice, too *spirituelle*. But Dresel in his chamber soirées, and Jaell even before the vast audiences in the Music Hall, have changed all that. Mazurkas, waltzes, polonaises, nocturnes, études, even his most difficult "Ballades" and Concertos, have had repeated hearing; and we have scarcely entered a private musical circle this winter where Chopin did not figure as principal. So it is and must be in the long run: the soul music will carry the day against the finger music; and the

stars are sweeter than the fireworks. The enterprising publishers do a good moral service to the public in placing the notes of some of the more available of these things before our young piano amateurs in their homes. Already published are:

1. The *Marche Funèbre* from the Sonata, op. 35, now an established favorite, and a creation almost as remarkable in its kind (which is not orchestral) as the two funeral marches of Beethoven.

2. A set of Mazurkas. The title here given, "*Mazurkas in B flat*," is incomplete. There are five of them, each in a different key. The thematic catalogue of Chopin's works shows forty-three mazurkas, and these five form the second set, which is op. 7. The first is the well known one for years past, which every body has played to us, in all sorts of time, from *andante molto* to *prestissimo*, and it took an artist like Mr. Dresel to restore its poor crazed life. This is the boldest of the five, but the others are full as interesting, and the second has more of the delicate reverie of Chopin.

3. The *Grand Waltz in E flat* is also forthcoming. We trust the republication of Chopin will go on indefinitely, for it is the dearest of all music in the foreign copies.

There is also a brilliant waltz by Hunten in this Album, called "*Les Bords du Rhin*," and a right Rhemish, sparkling thing it is.

"*Ossian*," a "Poetic Caprice," by Gottschalk, too, is promised. We shall see how much of Ossian there is in the young Creole's fancies. This is placing his compositions in rather high company.

Foreign Intelligence.

London.

THE OLD PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY commenced its forty-first season, March 14th. Competition seems to have driven it into the promise of several novelties. Among others the names of Schubert, Mehul, Cherubini, Schumann and Gade are mentioned. Costa is still conductor, and the orchestra somewhat reinforced. The following was the programme:

PART I.

Sinfonia in A minor,.....Gade.
Duet, "Ti veggo," Madame Castellan and Miss Dolby,.....Winter.
Concerto, piano-forte, in G minor, Mrs. F. B. Jewson,.....Mendelssohn.
Scena, Madame Castellan, "Vasto! tremendo mare,".....Weber.
Overture, in C, Op. 124,.....Beethoven.

PART II.

Sinfonia Eroica,.....Beethoven.
Aria, "All' idea de' tuoi perigli," Miss Dolby, Jomelli.
Trio, Mr. Lucas, Mr. Hancock, and Mr. Howell, Corelli.
Duet, "Quis est homo," Madame Castellan and Miss Dolby,.....Rossini.
Overture, "Erg-geist,".....Spohr.

Gade's symphony belongs to a very pleasing class of writing, smoothness and fluency being the leading characteristics—cleverness and taste in instrumentation being also distinguishable. The allegretto, the quaint subject of which is treated with consummate elegance, involving certain delicate conceits for the wind instruments, was loudly encored. The finale, though ingeniously constructed, is not unminged with common-places; but the climax is imposing. The wonderful *Eroica* came out with immense force and grandeur.

Beethoven's overture in C, has become new again from having been unaccountably forgotten. It is one of his master-pieces, and will scarcely suffer by a comparison even with the magnificent "*Leonora*." The fine old trio of Corelli was admirably played by Mr. Lucas, Mr. Hancock, and Mr. Howell, and warmly applauded. Madame Castellan's performance of the scena from "*Oberon*" was a superb display of vocal power and impassioned energy. And Miss Dolby, in the scena from the "*Passione*" of Jomelli—a fine specimen of the old Italian school—sang with the pure style and truth of expression for which she is distinguished.

The performance of Mendelssohn's Concerto, by Mrs. Jewson, late Miss A. Kirkham, and a pupil of Mrs. Anderson, is highly eulogized.

THE NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY opened its second season of six concerts on the 16th. The orchestra, by an increase of the strings, amounts to over one hundred performers, mostly artists of reputation.

There are 20 first violins, 20 second violins, and 14 violas, 14 violoncellos, 14 contre-bassi, making in all 66 string to 18 wind instruments. Twelve harps and the drums make up the number. The effect of this change of bal-

ance was striking, and upon the whole satisfactory. The old din of brass was perfectly got rid of, and the lightness, transparency, and brilliancy of tone of the more flexible and expressive strings and bows took the ear at once by storm.

Another novelty was the appearance as conductor of Herr Lindpaintner. This gentleman has for nearly thirty-five years occupied the post of kapel-meister at the Court of Wurtemberg, and is the composer of an infinity of music, of a vigorous, highly-colored, and elaborated class, including many works of sacred music, with upwards of fifteen operas for the Wurtemberg Theatre, and no less than two hundred Lieder, most of which have attained a wide popularity in Germany. Herr Lindpaintner and Dr. Wyde are to conduct the first four concerts, and the venerable Spohr has consented to preside over the two last. Amongst other masterpieces in preparation are Beethoven's cantata, "The Praise of Music" (but in this instance the new will be beaten by the old society, who have announced the work for their next concert); Mendelssohn's "*Walpurgis Night*;" Spohr's Symphony for two orchestras. In the *Iphigenia* choruses, a rich feast of Gluckite music will be found, and the Choral Symphony will not be wanting. An overture by Mr. Macfarren, Cherubini's Requiem, and one of Beethoven's Masses are also to be produced.

The arrangements for the first night included, with one exception, nothing but sterling music. The exception we allude to is the revival of a forgotten battle-piece, composed, we presume, upon some special occasion by Weber, played at Drury-Lane in 1825, dedicated to George IV., and called "*La Belle Alliance and Waterloo*." The other novelties were—first, a concerto (clarinet) by Herr Lindpaintner, evidently with great knowledge of the capabilities of the instrument, and fitly interpreted by M. Wüille, who played at the last series of M. Jullien's concerts; and, secondly, Herr Lindpaintner's highly dramatic overture to his opera of the *Vampire*.

The Symphony was Mendelssohn's in A minor, commonly distinguished as the Scotch Symphony. It was magnificently given by the band, the force of the violins telling with great effect, when the pungent Scherzo with its strong Scotch melodic tendencies was as usual encored. Herr Lindpaintner took the time of the first and latter movements quicker than we have been accustomed to hear them, and not we think to the advantage of the music. The second part of the concert was opened by the re-appearance of Mlle. Clauss, who was greeted with a hearty welcome. She played Beethoven's Concerto in C minor, with an appreciative fervor and a delicacy of light and shade as uncommon as they were charming, while her touch was everything which could be desired, in lightness, rapidity, and flying ring. Mlle. Clauss will form a valuable acquisition to the Loudon musical season.

The remaining portion of the programme consisted of the overture to *Egmont*, spiritedly given, and two of Beethoven's most famous choruses, that of the Prisoners, and that of the Dervishes. The wild and unearthly music of Gluck's Scythian opera, which produced so strong an effect last season, was revived, and formed a conspicuous feature of the second part, which was closed by Mendelssohn's noble march in *Athalie*.

The vocalists were Mr. Lockeey—in default of Mr. Sims Reeves, who was prevented by illness from appearing—Mr. Weiss, Mrs. Endersohn, and Miss Dianelli. The chorus, who are all professional persons, sat, as was the case last year, in front of the orchestra.

The hall was densely crowded. The second concert will be given on the 13th of April.

CLASSICAL CHAMBER CONCERTS are now the order of the day; and the different series given in the names of Sterndale Bennett, Lindsay Sloper, Ella, Billet, &c., &c., are more numerous than ever. Bennett's second drew the largest audience ever seen in London at a concert of the kind. His programme was choice.

First, there was Mozart's Quintet in E flat, for piano, clarinet, oboe, bassoon, and horn, played by Bennett, Williams, Nicholson, Baumann, and C. Harper, and every movement was followed by loud and prolonged applause. Bach's Sonata in B minor, for the piano and violin, was played by Bennett and Molique. Mr. Bennett's Sonatina for the piano and violoncello, was exquisitely played by the composer and Sig. Piatti. The charming "*Minuet caractéristique*" was encored with acclamations. The rest of the instrumental music consisted of Beethoven's well-known Sonata in F, for the piano-forte and horn (in which Mr. Bennett was accompanied by Mr. Nicholson), and several short pieces played by Mr. Bennett alone, composed by Schumann, Mendelssohn, and Mr. Bennett himself. The vocalist was Miss Dolby, who sang a fine recitative and air from Jomelli's oratorio "*The Destruction of Jerusalem*," and an English song composed by Piatti, the great violoncellist.

Russia.

DEBUT OF MARIE LABLACHE. "*Le Menestrel*" gives the following letter from St. Petersburg, dated Feb. 24th.

Yesterday there took place at the Palace of the Hermitage, in presence of His Majesty and all the Court, *en gala*, the most extraordinary representation which those walls have witnessed since the days of the Great Catherine. It was on the occasion of the *début* of Mlle. Marie Lablache, the youngest daughter of the illustrious

basso cantante of the Italian Theatre. This young person, remarkable for her beauty, had already sung in many private saloons with immense success, when his Imperial Majesty, who heard her for the first time at one of the concerts of the Grand Duchess Helena, and who was charmed with her new and brilliant talent, testified to M. Lablache his lively desire to see his daughter on the stage. The great basso refused as long a time as possible, never having had the intention of exposing his child to a career, strewed with flowers, it is true, but as often replete with vicissitudes and disappointments. Finally, it was agreed that the essay should be made in presence of a select audience—and such an audience! There were present, in addition to the Imperial family—who were all at St. Petersburg—all that Russia can boast of great and illustrious, the diplomatic corps, and, to conclude, that swarm of beautiful and graceful women, who render the Court at St. Petersburg the most brilliant and richest in Europe. The opera selected by his Majesty was *La Figlia del Reggimento*. The artists were Mlle. Marie Lablache, Mario, Ronconi, Tagliafico, and Lablache himself, who, to assist at the debut of his daughter, undertook the small part of Ortensio. The general expectation was surpassed, and never *debut*, if any *debut* ever took place under similar circumstances, was so happy, so triumphant.

The voice of Mlle. Lablache is a mezzo-soprano of the utmost wealth of resources, and of the greatest range, with high notes of a silvery sonority, with chest notes, which recall Mme. Albani. What shall I tell you of her method? She is her father's daughter, brought up in the school of Grisi, Persiani, Jenny Lind, and Sontag. Is that enough? His Imperial Majesty has been happy in his *coup d'essai*, and we proclaim him now the most intelligent, as he has already proved himself the nicest and most magnificent of *impresarii*. In the midst of that jewel-box, which is called the Hermitage, in the light of a thousand lustres sparkling in uniforms of gold and silver, and on the necks and shoulders of ladies scintillating with flowers and diamonds, you would nevertheless have imagined yourself in a popular theatre, only to hear the *fricas* of applause and the "bravi" of the *claque*—*Mon dieu!* and what a *chef-de-claque*!

Mlle. Lablache has then entirely succeeded, and, if her vocation carries her off, she will be one of the most brilliant stars in the Ausonian Heaven. Her Majesty has made her come into the middle of the Court, where she has received the compliments of illustrious *dilettanti*; and, at the supper which has followed the representation, each artist has found under his napkin a present of his Majesty as his Majesty knows how to make them.

I was forgetting to tell you that the orchestra was being directed by Balfe, the celebrated *maestro* of her Majesty's Theatre in London. Next week we shall have at the Grand Theatre, for the first time, Meyerbeer's *Prophete*, under the title of the *Siege of Ghent*, with Mesdames Viardot and Murray, and M. M. Mario, Tagliafico, and De Bassini, in the cast.

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Our Military Bands.

MR. EDITOR:—The Concert Season is drawing to a close, and the time hastens on when the ears of those of us who tarry in town must be filled with the brazen music of the streets—and that too, *volens volens*. Now I am not among those who despise all other than the highest manifestations of the Divine Art. On the contrary, every department of it is grateful to me in its proper time and place, and with a confessed passion for symphony in its season, I very much doubt if I should not positively suffer (in a musical sense) if compelled to receive it within closed doors on a summer night. But abroad in the witchery of the warm air, with what delight do my ears drink in all sounds of music! Then even the *yodling* monotony of street minstrelsy hath its charms, and I bless in my heart the itinerant organ-grinder who stops beneath my open window, if he do but grind with a steady hand and upon barrels approximately in tune. But the stirring music of military bands in summer—that is my joy and delight. It was this which, many years

ago, awakened within me my first love of the Art.

Seriously, it is not my purpose to malign martial music, as such. But I do protest most solemnly against the general character and composition of our military bands, at the present day, throughout the country. This is emphatically the age of progress and improvement, and we are a progressing and improving nation in all things else, it may be; but in our excellence of military music—by no means. Fifteen or twenty years since, the field performances of the Old Brigade Band exceeded, by far, anything of which Boston can boast now in this line. It was so, also, in New York and Philadelphia—and why? Because the age of *brass* had not then dawned. And because the so-called improvements in the instruments of martial music were either not then known, or were justly looked upon with suspicion, if purity and excellence of tone must be the sacrifice for their adoption.

But the love of new things becomes a passion with men. All at once the idea of a *Brass Band* shot forth: and from this prolific germ sprang up a multitude of its kind in every part of the land, like the crop of iron men from the infernal seed of the dragon's teeth. And, as if the invention of new and deadlier implements of war, which came out about the same time, had hardened men's hearts, all the softer companions of the savage science were banished. The *wood* went first; bassoons, serpents, oboes, clarinets, flutes—a sad, complaining train. Next, all that mollified and tended to harmonize the fierce clangor of what was left: the mellow bugles gave way to valve trumpets and angry cornets,—and in place of contralto and tenor trombones, came the tuba and ophicleide. Last and most to be deplored, the gentle horns retired, and noise and clamor and cracking brass had full possession of the field. What matter now, if it finds its sphere in the thoroughfares and crowded ways of the city. What are the shoutings of men and the rattle and clatter of paved streets, but a fitting accompaniment to the braying brass?

Nor did the work of innovation rest here. Latest and worse still, if possible, came into being the whole tribe of cornet bands so called, being an assemblage of instruments all of one and the same kind essentially, differing only in size, like a register of metallic pipes in an organ.

One very natural result of this transformation in the character of our military bands was their

gradual decrease in numbers, till at length, from being composed of twenty-five and thirty pieces, they have dwindled down to about seventeen, cymbals and drums included. At the same time the sum total of bands has largely increased. Now all this essential change could not have come about without, at least, some array of reason—and the alleged arguments in favor, as I apprehend, may all come under the two following heads, viz:

1st. The greater facility of execution gained.

2d. The supposed increased power over the old system.

The former has reference to the general introduction of valves and pistons—the latter to the total rejection of the *wood* and the substitution of cornet and trumpet and all their kindred species, in place of the milder accompaniments of former days.

It certainly cannot be questioned that the employment of valves greatly facilitates the performance of difficult passages in music. Of the truth of this we have sad evidence in the readiness with which half-fledged artists essay the execution of compositions wholly beyond their calibre of comprehension, on the one hand; and, on the other, in the performance, by virtuosos, of parts unfitted and never intended for the particular instruments they profess. But however much be gained in ease and rapidity of execution, the full equivalent, and more, is lost in quality of intonation. Like dampers upon vibrating strings, this multiplicity of valves and keys interferes with the free action of the metal and essentially dulls and deadens its tone. In confirmation of this, compare the unsatisfactory effect of the valve trombone with the richness of intonation that belongs to that noble instrument in its original form.

The same is true, though in a less marked degree, in the horn and trumpet and all other instances in which this modern contrivance has been applied. I would not be understood here as doubting wholly the utility of this improvement, but as deprecating rather its indiscriminate use, whereby, too often, genius and skill are made to give way to conceit and incapacity. And as to the idea that more available power is obtained in the present constitution of our bands, I believe it is borne out neither by philosophy nor experience. It is not always the greatest noise that reaches farthest, or produces most effect. The liquid tones of the flute, clarinet and bassoon are clearly heard above all the din of the orches-

tra; and the mellow-voiced horns, in a full band, are observed distinctly at the remotest distance to which the music penetrates, "speaking," as is well expressed by an English writer, "the language of sincerity, and drawing, like a friend, the opposing instruments together into one brotherhood of concordant harmony. Indeed it is a well attested fact that the tones of this instrument have been recognized, in performing even the most delicate passages, at the distance of more than a mile, filling the air with their mellifluous music. And it is more often, whether on the weary march or amid the noise of battle, that the strains of these milder accompaniments of the band are those that pour their alluring notes into the remotest ranks of the column.

Lastly, what can be said in defense of the hordes of cornet bands which threaten to overrun the land? A certain peculiar and pleasing effect invests their music, at first, but it is of a kind which lacks character and durability. For genuine enjoyment I would as soon listen to a Choral Symphony performed with flutes and the voices of eunuchs. But a well balanced band should and does have undue prominence of no particular instrument or class of instruments. Each feels and acknowledges its dependence on the others, and all together produce the grand and harmonious result. It is thus with the splendid bands in the Prussian service; it is so, in a great degree, in the effective music of the English troops at Montreal; and it is so, too, (may we be thankful) with that most excellent band attached to the 7th Regiment of National Guards in New York. That this ere long may be said, with equal truth, of our military music throughout the land, is the earnest hope of your trusty friend,

SACKBUT.

A Chime of Bells.

(An Extract.)

Let us next consider the duties of the bells as they hang, a musical octave, in their airy home. These duties are threefold—to chime, to ring in peal, and to toll; and they are thus defined in some quaint old verses:—

"To call the fold to church in time,
We chime.
When joy and mirth are on the wing,
We ring.
When we lament a departed soul,
We toll."

... Lest any of our readers, however, should not understand what chiming is, it consists of swinging the bell to and fro by the rope, so that it moves like the pendulum of a clock, and comes in contact with the clapper, which remains nearly stationary inside, owing to its weight and the loose manner of suspending it. Nor let any one despise this method as a dull substitute for the wilder peal, which seems to cheer the people on their walk to church by its sonorous changes. It is possible that those who object may never have listened to good chimes. If so, let them withhold their judgment, for we can assure them that eight sweet-toned bells, if well chimed, afford as beautiful music as ever charmed a Christian's ear. The effect, too, being more solemnizing than inspiring, is only more becoming the occasion; and this influence, though varying according to circumstances of place, time, health, and state of mind, will seldom fail to induce feelings in harmony with devotional exercises, and to move the sensitive with tenderest impressions.

Ringin a peal has next to be noticed. This is done on all occasions of congratulation or festivity; such as marriages, births, victories, elec-

tions, the arrival of distinguished persons, &c. A peal, in technical language, is a performance on the bells of more than 5000 changes; and it occupies the ringers a considerable period of time, generally more than three hours. But a touch or flourish on the bells, which is the ordinary method of notifying any joyful occurrence, is round ringing varied by changes at the option of the ringers, or according to the custom of the belfry. It is usual in the first instance to set the bells; that is, to throw every bell, with its mouth upward, in a stationary position in the frame. And then, every ringer being ready in his place, the treble bell is first dropped, and off they all go in quick succession, closing the round with the stroke of heavy tenor. This performance, often repeated, is called round ringing, to distinguish it from change ringing; and formerly it was the custom to close every change, as well as every round, with the tenor bell. But this practice is discontinued, as any bell may conclude a change.

A common peal of rejoicing might be arranged thus: First, round ringing for one hundred times; then firing a number of cannons, which means a simultaneous crash from all the bells; then the bells trip off lightly again, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, from treble to tenor. And again, and yet again they go, quicker, at each rotation, until the sounds flash past the ear just as the spokes of a turning wheel dazzle the eye; and then, on a sudden, they all stop as if the whole peal were demolished. But no; the bells are only set, mouths up again in their cage,—and first one of them drops for a single stroke, and then another, just to prove that they had not lost their voices.

Let us try a wedding peal, which our fair readers may practice for amusement on the piano-forte, since it is certain that they will not attend to it when it gilds their own nuptial morn. We will first ring twelve rounds in regular order, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, then twelve changes on the bells in the following rota, 1, 5, 2, 6, 3, 7, 4, 8, then twelve changes thus, 1, 3, 5, 7, 2, 4, 6, 8, then twelve chords thus, $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{3}{4}$ $\frac{5}{8}$, and conclude the peal with twelve rounds, as at starting.

Al! was it not the merry peal thus described which holds that poor lad's attention, who leans against a mile stone at Halloway on a certain cold November morn? His small wallet is over his shoulder, containing all that he has in the world. He has run away from his employer. He is going he knows not whither; any where to which a chance or a kind word may invite him. But who is there to speak to the lonely runaway? Hark! a voice of Providence through the air seems to greet him. The wind is gently blowing from the south-east, and it wafts the sound of eight bells in full peal into his ears; and, as he listens, his fancy extracts from them a clearer promise than Delphic oracle ever spoke.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Turn	a	gain,	a	gain,	What	ting	ton,
Lord	mayor,	lord	mayor	of	Lon	don	town.

And again in the chords, the notes of which are struck slightly apart, but they soon mingle in their vibrations.

15	26	37	48
Turn	again	Whitting	ton,
Lord	mayor	London	town,

A dumb peal, to commemorate a death, ought always to be conducted in round-ringing order; and it is thus managed. One side of the bulb of the clapper is covered with a thick cloth or felt, and over this a firm piece of leather is tightly strapped. When all the bells are thus prepared, one round is struck with the uncovered side of the clapper, and the usual tone, somewhat deadened, perhaps, is produced. At the next rotation, the padded side of the clapper strikes the bell, and a dull vibration, scarcely perceptible, follows. These alternations produce a very saddening effect.

But the ordinary way of noticing a death or a funeral is by tolling. This is done by a succession of single strokes on one bell. It needs no further explanation. Few who read this will not be able to recall at least one occasion in their past lives when each toll of the bell went like a

shock to their own hearts; and they knew that nearer every stroke was the moment coming when the grave would evermore hold the beloved dead.

There are, generally, rules and regulations for good order in the bell chamber; and it is very desirable to make these conducive to the decorous behavior of the ringers in the discharge of their important duties about a church. In All Saints' Church, at Hastings, a maudlin exertion in this direction seems to have been made by the subjoined inscription, which is painted on the wall:—

"This is a belfry that is free
For all those that civil be;
And if you please to chime or ring,
It is a very pleasant thing.

"There is no music, played or sung,
Like unto bells when they're well rung:
Then ring your bells well if you can—
Silence is best for every man.

"But if you ring in spur or hat,
Sixpence you pay—be sure of that;
And if your bell you overthrow,
Pray pay a groat before you go." (Dated, 1756.)

The growing taste for Classical Music in Boston—and the Causes.

I will by way of text take Henri Herz's assertion: "They prefer classical music in Boston, but don't like to pay for it;" and also your New York correspondent's quotation from a Philadelphia paper, that they have the best music in that city. Now it strikes me that the "boot is on the wrong leg" in both cases. First, the taste for classical music with the many in Boston has been brought about by *paying for it*; (more anon;) and secondly, some may consider *best* that which for a while pleases the million; and, at that rate, the "Mysteries of Paris" ought to be placed above "Paradise Lost," (the Cossack preferring sperm oil to chocolate comes under the item of *de gustibus non, &c.*) *Best* means that whose intrinsic merit gives it permanence. After the "Don Juan" was composed, the operas of Paesello, Cimarosa, Pæer, Winter, Gretry, &c., were quite popular. The "Doctor und Apotheker," by Dittersdorff, was for a while the favorite in Germany, and "Cendrillon," by Nicolo Iscard, made a *furor* all over Europe. All these operas are now *passées*. "Don Juan" stands yet as the opera; so does Handel's "Hallelujah" as the chorus, by the colossal effect from a comparatively few notes. The cultivated, refined and reflecting mind, that can appreciate the *best*, will read Homer, gaze on a Raphael's painting, or listen to a Beethoven's symphony again and again, and will discover each time something new to admire and to enjoy. The red man, aye, and many a white man too, is only attracted by the glaring colors of the Saracen's Head, the noise of drums and fifes, and the roaring, like an infuriated ox, called *acting*.

It is the ignorance of the mass that encourages charlatanism. A Monsieur Canderbeck came out in this country as a modern Paganini and gave "Napoleon's retreat from Waterloo" on the fourth string, which was afterwards out-Heroded by genius No. 2, in giving the "Cataracts of Niagara" on the first string, now and then holding out a high harmonic note, slowly drawing the bow, though already off the string, and causing some of the audience to say: "bless my soul, how fine! I can hardly hear it." (This actually has happened.) When a clown performs his tricks in an adroit style, he becomes an artist in his line; but when an artist, even if it should be a Paganini, has recourse to tricks, he becomes a

clown; and who knows but a third may yet add a *sauce piquante* by giving the event of "Jonah swallowing a whale" as a duet for guitar and ophiclede, the guitar representing Jonah in double harmonies, and the ophiclede spouting "very like a whale."

But *revenons*, &c. How was the taste for classical music in Boston brought about? Eighteen or twenty years ago, some of the wealthy and public-spirited Bostonians had the *notion* to do a lasting benefit for a rising generation, particularly in a comparatively new country, where refinement of the mass required to be forwarded and assisted by efficient means, instead of leaving it to *time*. The Maine Liquor Law will no more prevent excesses in those so inclined, than the iron hand of an Inquisition will make people *morally* religious; the appeal must be to the cultivated reasoning power. Idleness, excesses and vices are not prevented, or cured, by legislation, but by giving the mass an opportunity, in the way of recreation, to cultivate and refine their minds; and if the shopman, mechanic, clerk or laborer, after the day's toil, can be induced to listen to good music, or an intellectual lecture, that same person may by degrees be brought to feed his mind by reading Locke, &c., and if so, the point is gained; and if the point is gained, the sway of the designing ones will lose its power over brutal ignorance and rowdiness, and Astor Place scenes will in future be looked upon as the dark age of the new world, like the *auto da fé* festivals of the old.

To cultivate the taste, it should be planted early. Something more than common schooling for the mass is necessary. Music, even classical music, is not merely, as some will have it, an *acquired*, it is a cultivated taste. I can explain myself to more advantage by giving a few extracts from an address delivered by the Hon. Samuel A. Eliot, on the occasion of the opening of the Odeon, in 1835, as an Academy for Music.

"In a country where the education of the young is so important, and has, from the earliest period, received so much attention, and excited so deep an interest as in our own, it is certainly singular that the aid of music has not been sought to stimulate the attention of the youthful student, and introduce those habits of order and method which are indispensable to the acquisition of the art, and are such important means of progress in every species of knowledge. Music is at once a charming relaxation from the tedious task, the dry drudgery of the grammar, the pen, or the slate, and a mode of discipline scarcely inferior in efficacy to the duldest lesson of the horn book, learned under the fear of the searching experiment of the birch or the ferule. It is a study and an amusement, a discipline and a sport. It teaches, in the most attractive manner, the advantage of combined, harmonious action, of submission to rules, and of strict accuracy. All these are necessary to the agreeable result of the practice; and the attainment of that result is, itself, stimulus and reward sufficient for the required exertion. It produces, in a remarkable degree, the effect attributed by a classic poet to all the elegant arts, of softening the character and refining the manners. Nothing is more obvious than the change of tone, in children of the rougher sex, which follows a moderate proficiency in this exquisite accomplishment. Are these tendencies of no value, or of slight importance? Surely not. The teacher, who experiences so often the want of some agreeable stimulus to the flagging attention, and the need of relaxing his own toil, will seize upon music with grateful avidity; while the pupil will wonder what has become of the weariness he felt a moment before, and his eye will brighten, and his apprehension quicken, at the first sound of the music lesson."

"Throughout the whole extent of northern Germany, every child who goes to school is as sure to be taught to sing as to read. The exceptions are almost

as few to the capacity of learning something of music, as to that of learning to spell; and serve, in fact, only to show the general prevalence of what is erroneously thought so rare—an ear for music. The obstacle in this country, and in some others, which has produced an opposite impression, is, that the attainment of musical knowledge has been deferred till a period of life when the facility of acquisition is diminished, and the organs are less flexible than in early youth; while the instruction has been given on the plan of benefit to the teacher rather than the taught; its difficulties have been unnecessarily magnified; and it has been attempted to make every pupil a first rate solo singer. It has, too, been unfortunately regarded as a mere accomplishment, which might as well be left to the pursuit of the young, the frivolous and the worldly, and was unworthy the attention of the parent, seriously anxious for the education of his child."

* * * * *

"It is not necessary to the understanding or enjoyment of good music, whether vocal or instrumental, that one should be able to perform it one's self, (an idea that has been strangely prevalent in some of our churches,) but some acquaintance with the design of music, and its means of accomplishing its own designs, is necessary; and this knowledge will be very generally diffused, if the academy should be successful in its plans. Part of the effect, therefore, of the operations of our academy, will be to make good listeners, as well as good performers, and one is scarcely less desirable than the other."

Look what effect followed. In Philadelphia, with three times the population of Boston, with a much larger number of resident musicians, and with several "Männer-chor" societies, a symphony, oratorio, or public quartet is yet, I believe, (unless quite recently,) among the things longed for by the few. In New York, in 1840 or '41, several musicians came together and commenced giving symphonies, &c. They persevered *con amore*, and have by this time increased to quite a large orchestra, selected from the cream of the resident musicians. I allude to the "Philharmonic Society." They rehearse every other Saturday, under the efficient Eissfeld, and their performances of the best classical music are most excellent; besides having the assistance of such pianists as Timm and Scharfenberg. They give only four concerts during the season. How are they patronized in a population of over half a million? Instead of having the Metropolitan Hall filled to overflowing, they can accommodate their subscribers in the Apollo or Niblo's saloon, and have room to spare.

When I came to Boston in the winter of 1841-2, I was under the impression, then so common in the southern cities, that Boston in regard to music was *provincial*, nay, a shade worse than that, namely, Puritanical. But I was not a little taken by surprise to find an audience of over fifteen hundred in the old "Odeon," listening to an entire classical instrumental performance, and where the gem of the concert was a Beethoven symphony. The government of the Academy, to follow up their *notion* of cultivating a taste for the best music, made these concerts accessible to *all*, by a mere nominal price of subscription. The list for subscribers was open *to all*. There was no regard to expense; extra rehearsals, at an additional cost of \$80 each, were had as often as thought necessary. These concerts were kept up year after year; from 1841 to this time the taste for classical music has made gradual progress with the many.

My article is already too long to dwell more on particulars, such as the great popularity of the Harvard quartets, under the direction of the late Mr. Herwig, etc. This present season, now nearly closed, music has almost become a mania. Morning, noon, and night, there have been concerts, public

rehearsals (which in fact were concerts), by the "Musical Fund Society," ditto by the "Germanians," oratorios by the "Handel and Haydn" and "Education" societies, public quartets, matinees, soirées,—in short, people had to use some management how and when to take their meals. I have seen crowds going to the new hall two hours before the beginning;* at three o'clock there was an audience of over 2500, and on the evening of the same day the hall was crowded again, and extra chairs placed on the platform of the orchestra—to listen—to what? a Paganini or Jenny Lind for the first or only time?—no; but to a Symphony, classical "Concertstück," &c., and without the attraction of a singer.

"But they don't like to pay for it." True, the price of admission for all these concerts, rehearsals, &c., was moderate. But the rich, naturally the smallest portion, do not all like music, and those who like music (happily the largest portion) cannot all afford to pay dollars every night. But, suffice it to say, they like it, and will go, aye, and take their young ones, too, if the price of admission is within their means. But though the rich ones do not all like music, yet they are not backward in the way of helping along. I will name a few instances. The Academy first brought to public notice the advantage of imparting a knowledge of music to the rising generation, and *at their own expense* furnished teachers for the public schools of the city during the first year that it was so taught. A Miss Ostinelli had a fine voice, but without cultivation. A purse of over \$1000 was raised to send her to Italy. She came back the accomplished singer, Mme. Biscaccianti. A Miss Phillips and a Miss Hensler have been aided in the same way, and are now in Europe for instruction. The Melodeon, considering the population of Boston, is quite a large hall, but was found not sufficient to hold all, and in almost no time \$120,000 were raised for building the present Boston Music Hall, and \$250,000 are now subscribed to build an opera house. So you see, Mr. Herz, they *will* "pay for it," and if you, or if Signora—ending with an *i*,—cannot at all times get a hall filled at a dollar admission, that does not prove that they don't like to pay for it—perhaps they don't like you, or the Signora. The only city in the Union, besides New Orleans, where *Vieuxtemps* was successful, was Boston. Nearly all the classical music that is republished in this country, from a sonata to an oratorio, hails from the music-publishers in Boston.

To show the views with which the best classical music has been cultivated in Boston, I will close with the following extract from the address already mentioned.

"If this be so, is it any thing less than a duty we owe to ourselves and to society to watch well what kind of music is to be cultivated among us, what kinds of passion are to be excited by it, what kinds of feeling are to be stimulated by its sympathetic power? It is for the purpose of attempting our part in the performance of this social duty, that we now dedicate this hall to pure, and elevating, and holy harmony. No corrupting influence shall henceforth be spread from these walls; but here shall the child be early taught the beauty and the charm of an exquisite art. Its own voice shall aid in the development and expansion of the best feelings of its heart;

* There could be no affectation or hypocrisy in the case. On the contrary there are yet plenty of Puritanical ideas left with some who would consider going to a concert in broad day-light (1 o'clock, P. M.) as much a waste of time as playing whist.

and love to its fellow mortal, and a holy fear of its God, shall grow with its knowledge and its stature. Here shall the adult practise on the lessons of youth, and with maturer power bring a stronger feeling, and a more cultivated understanding to the execution of the most expressive music. Here shall the ear be feasted, and the heart warmed, and the soul raised above everything base or impure, by the sublimity, the pathos, the delicate expression which music only can give to language. Here shall be trained those who not only feel, but shall acquire the power of making others feel those emotions of love, gratitude, and reverence to God, and of sympathy and kindness to men which are most suitably expressed in the solemn services of the Sabbath; and here too, shall be sung those anthems of praise to the Most High, which, if they delight us now, will constitute and express the fullness of our joy in the more visible presence of Him whose name is excellent in all the earth."

Let me only add, that, for the first time in my life, I have this winter heard and enjoyed Beethoven's most stupendous work, the Ninth, or Choral Symphony; and this has been in Boston.

WILLIAM KEYZER.

Beethoven's Egmont.

(From the New Philharmonic Programme.)

The music which Beethoven composed for Goethe's celebrated tragedy of *Egmont* comprises an overture, in F minor; a song, in the same key, for Clärchen, "Die Trommel gerühret;" an interlude, or *entr'acte*, for the orchestra, in A; a second interlude in E flat; a song for Clärchen in A, "Freudvoll und Leidvoll;" a third orchestral interlude, including a march, in C; a fourth beginning in C minor and ending in E flat; an incidental symphony, in D minor, accompanying the death of Clärchen; some melo-dramatic music, during which occurs the death of Egmont; and a *Siegessinfonie*, or battle piece for the orchestra, in F, almost identical with the *coda* of the overture. Of these nine pieces the longest and most important is the overture, which many consider the finest of Beethoven, preferring it even to *Coriolan* and *Leonora*. Perhaps it would be nearer the truth to say it is equal in merit to those master-pieces; since to pronounce it superior is to assume that perfection may be surpassed. So celebrated a piece, and one so frequently performed as the overture to *Egmont*, needs no description here. Every musician knows the score by heart. It is enough to add, that the two airs of Clärchen are among the most beautiful songs of Beethoven; and that some of the interludes are worthy of all admiration.

Lindpaintner.

Of this composer, newly called to the conductorship of the "New Philharmonic" concerts in London, we find the following notice:

Peter Joseph Lindpaintner was born on the 8th of December 1791, at Coblenz, on the Rhine. His father, Jacob Lindpaintner, an opera-singer, settled, with his family, in 1795, at Augsburg, where he placed his son at the Gymnasium, to be educated for the medical profession. The early indications which the boy gave, however, of a strong predilection for music, altered the intention of his parents, and Lindpaintner became a pupil of the celebrated composer Winter, who then resided at Munich. Some years later he studied counterpoint with Joseph Gratz, who at that time was reputed one of the most learned masters in Germany. Under such favorable circumstances the progress of the young musician was very rapid, and he speedily acquired a knowledge of all the secrets of his art. He was encouraged by several distinguished persons, and among others by the Elector of Treves, who promised to supply him with the means of making an artistic tour in Italy. The unexpected death of his friendly patron (in 1811), however, prevented the realisation of his plan, and he accepted the post of Music Director at the Opera, which had just been opened at Munich. Although only twenty years of age, Lindpaintner

performed the duties of this office with such success that he rapidly obtained fame as a *chef d'orchestre*, and after six years residence at Munich, he received proposals from Stuttgart to undertake the post of Kapelmeister to his Majesty the King of Wurtemberg. The terms were so highly advantageous that Lindpaintner did not hesitate to accept them. He went to Stuttgart in 1819, and has remained there up to the present time. Besides having been chiefly instrumental in forming an orchestra which holds the reputation of being one of the most efficient in Europe, Lindpaintner otherwise employed his time to good purpose. The largest number of his works for the church, the theatre, and the concert-room, were written at Stuttgart, and established his name as one of the most prolific and successful composers of his country. The music of Lindpaintner has no decided school, but may be said to mingle the characteristics of two of the greatest modern masters—Weber and Spöhr—with the light brilliant "*ad captandum*" manner of the French. The *melange* is of itself highly agreeable, more especially when combined with such clear and masterly orchestration as distinguishes the overtures to *Der Vampyr*, and other operas.

A list of the vocal and instrumental compositions of Lindpaintner would occupy a larger space than can be afforded in this programme. A specification, by name, of some of those which are the most highly esteemed, will suffice to present some notion of their number and variety. Among these are *The Young Man of Nacci*, a short oratorio; *Abraham*, an oratorio in three parts; and *The Lord's Prayer*, for solo voices and chorus; the operas of the *Vampyr*, *Genesirinn*, *Sicilianische Vesper*, *Die Macht des Liedes*, and *Giulia* (the last, which is only just completed); the Ballets of *Joko and Zeila*; and several concert overtures. Lindpaintner has written, in all, fifteen operas and operettas, fifty psalms, and four masses. His instrumental compositions are very numerous, including solos for almost every instrument, two concertantes for wind instruments, twenty concert overtures for the orchestra, besides *entr'actes* and melo-dramatic music. As a song writer he has been no less prolific, having composed no less than 200 *lieder*, some of which have obtained a wide popularity in German. In England one of these *lieder* (known under the title "With Sword at rest" and the "Standard Bearer") has been made famous by the singing of Herr Pischek, who first introduced it at one of the concerts of the Philharmonic Society, in Hanover-square.

Lindpaintner, besides being a member of nearly all the musical societies of Germany, is Chevalier of the Order of the Crown of Wurtemberg, and member of the Royal Academy of Berlin. His Majesty the King of Prussia presented him with the large gold medal of the Arts and Sciences, and H. R. H. the Duke of Coburg with that of the Ernestine Order of Merit. Her Majesty the Queen of England, through Prince Hohenlohe, also presented him with a golden medal, bearing her Majesty's likeness, as an acknowledgment of her Majesty's having received the score of the oratorio of *Abraham*.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

From my Diary. No. XXIII.

NEW YORK, March 31. Here is something from the April number of the *Illustrated Magazine of Art*, which is exceedingly interesting. Is it true? It is from an article on Joseph Vernet, the first of the series of great French painters of that name.

"What he most loved, after painting, was music. He had formed an intimate acquaintance with Pergolese, the musician, who afterwards became so celebrated, and they lived almost continually together. Joseph Vernet had had a harpsichord placed in his studio for the express use of his friend, and while the painter, carried away by his imagination, put the waters of the mighty main into commotion, or suspended persons on the towering waves, the grave composer sought, with the tips of his fingers, for the rudiments of his immortal melodies. It was thus that the melancholy stanzas of that *chef-d'œuvre* of sad-

ness and of sorrow, the *Stabat Mater*, were composed for a little convent in which one of Pergolese's sisters resided. It seems to me that while listening to this plaintive music, Vernet must have given a more mellow tint to his painting; and it was, perhaps, while under its influence, that he worked at his calms and moonlights, or, making a truce with the roaring billows of the sea, painted it tranquil and smooth, and represented on the shore nothing but motionless fishermen, sailors seated between the carriages of two cannons, and whiling away the time by relating their troubles to one another, or else stretched on the grass in so quiescent a state that the spectator himself becomes motionless while gazing on them.

"Pergolese died in the arms of Joseph Vernet, who could never after hear the name of his friend pronounced, without being moved to tears. He religiously preserved the scraps of paper, on which he had seen the music of the *Stabat Mater* dotted down beneath his eyes and brought them with him to France in 1753, at which period he was sent for by M. de Marigny, after an absence of twenty years [at Rome]. Vernet's love for music procured Gretry a hearty welcome, when the young composer came to Paris. Vernet discovered his talent, and predicted his success. Some of Gretry's features, his delicate constitution, and, above all, several of his simple and expressive airs, reminded the painter of the immortal man to whom music owes so large a portion of its present importance: for it was Pergolese who first introduced in Italy the custom of paying such strict attention to the sense of the words and to the choice of the accompaniments."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 16, 1853.

BOUND VOLUMES OF OUR FIRST YEAR. We have a limited supply of these now ready and for sale, at prices varying with the styles. Looking over our year's work, now that we have it all between two covers, we really feel that it contains much which music-lovers will find worth preserving and of use for future reference. Perhaps nowhere can you find, in so compact a form, so much of the living history of the past year of music, hereabouts at any rate, and to a considerable extent in the whole musical world. Our series of concert programmes and reviews, alone, constitutes a complete *catalogue raisonnée* of the music that has been performed or published during this uncommonly active year in Boston. So too, with less fulness of detail and comment, our musical intelligence and correspondence from abroad. The musical features of England, France, Italy, Germany—not omitting "Young Germany," are sketched.

Nor is this all. The book is rich in papers of a less local or temporary interest, relating to the most important questions and personalities of Art, which we should not have taken the pains to translate or procure, if we had not thought them worthy to be preserved and identified with the history of our own musical culture. The series of papers upon CHOPIN, by Liszt, is alone worth the price of the volume to not a few appreciating readers. The able papers on "Acoustic Architecture" embody, and for the first time in any popular form, the best light of the day on that obscure subject, with the addition of many new suggestions. The lives of not a few great composers, and analytical descriptions of not a few of their immortal masterpieces, must have interest to the young student or amateur of music. The interesting reminiscences connected with the opening of our new Music Hall, and other local

events; the farewell strains of Mme. Goldschmidt, the subsequent career of Sontag and Alboni, &c., &c., stand here recorded.

Surely it is no offence to modesty, in *these* times, to hint that such a volume would not be an inappropriate present to a young friend, musically inclined, whose feet one should deem it worth while to direct somewhat towards the sources of true taste and inspiration.

"Sackbut," on our first page, blows a true blast of warning against the degenerate tendency of our military and street bands to run into mere brass. We fully sympathize with his complaint, and trust it will be duly weighed. Are the business and politics of the day so harsh, that the tones of our street music must, in correspondence, renounce all their sincerity and gentleness, and become mere bluster?

Mr. Keyzer's communication, too, is sound and interesting, although we have no wish to contrast our own too glowingly with any other city, as regards the taste for music. The experience of Boston deserves such notice, chiefly as illustrating the cheerful lesson, that any community may be made subject to the charm of the best kind of music, by rightly educating the masses. But the Quaker City, it will be seen by referring to our Musical Intelligence, is even now redeeming herself from our friend's charge of boasting to be music-loving, and yet encouraging no classic concerts.

Mr. K. does no more than justice to the efforts of the old "Academy" in furthering this taste for solid music in our city. But there were also older causes at work, before the date of his acquaintance with us, which we should like to see fitly commemorated. For instance, the oldest oratorio society in America, the "Handel and Haydn," which thirty or forty years ago made some of Handel's choruses familiar as household words, in those days of our musical barbarism. There was an amateur orchestra, too, in Boston, earlier than *our* recollection, and still alive, which had its audience and played the symphonies of Haydn and Mozart.

OPERA AND OPERA HOUSES. It seems now to be almost certain that another winter will see a large new opera house in each of our three great Eastern cities, New York, Philadelphia and Boston. Success of opera enterprise must in the main depend on the excellence combined with the *cheapness* (to the music-loving many) of the entertainments offered. Paying houses must be large houses, and the exclusive system of high prices must yield, in lyric as it has already done in concert music, to the spirit of our democratic culture. When books and newspapers are cheap, and (the latter at least) more excellent the more cheap they are, it cannot be but that the enjoyment of the Fine Arts must follow the same course, and the best artists of every kind seek their remuneration in the small price, gladly paid by thousands of Art-lovers. With this view, we are happy to present our readers with the communication from our friend "E," below, with whose suggestions we entirely accord.

To the idea of cheapness combined with excellence, too, another circumstance looks favorable. With three great opera houses at the points above-named, the operatic campaign will naturally become a triangular one. Or rather, it will be a

unitary organization, with its centre in New York; and its two wings in Philadelphia and Boston; so that by skilful alternation the entire force of a company equal to the wants of a metropolis as big as the three consolidated, may be available in turn at each of the three points. The three cities have a common interest in the matter, and by offering each a suitable *locale* to one common impresario, may share in the largest luxuries of opera, as individuals in a Club House share the luxuries of rich private dwellings. On this point too we find the following good suggestions, in conformity with those of our correspondent, in the *Home Journal*:

Mr. T. S. Arthur, the editor of *Arthur's Home Gazette* thinks the price of opera tickets is unreasonably high. He says, "In this city (Philadelphia) we know that a very large number of opera-goers absented themselves, from principle, during the late series of operas by Sontag—excellent as they were. The system of high prices they regarded as a public evil, and though able to pay the prices, denied themselves a real gratification in order to discountenance a system based on a false estimate of the real value of such performances. If editors and musical reporters would only come out on the right side in this—refusing to let a few tickets of admission influence their opinions or induce silence—a better and more healthy state of things would soon exist. The idea of giving a singer five, six, or seven hundred dollars a night is preposterous." So preposterous, the editor might have added, that it is done very rarely. Good opera cannot be cheap. The expense of producing operas in creditable style is *unavoidably* great. There are forty musicians to pay, at the rate of three, four, or five dollars each per night, and a conductor, whose services are worth from ten to twenty. The chorus ought to number forty persons, and their pay averages about two dollars and a half. The four principal singers demand—and justly demand—from fifty dollars to one hundred and fifty for each performance; the four second-rates, from ten to twenty-five. The advertising is a serious item. Then there are door-keepers, money-takers, ushers, scene-shifters, costumers, carpenters, *agents*, and others, to be paid. The rent of the theatre is seldom as little as a hundred dollars a night. Besides all this, there are several other circumstances to be taken into the account. The opera season is short, and the singers' annual income is all to be obtained in a few months or weeks. Rainy evenings diminish receipts, but *not* expenses. Some operas, produced at great cost, fail to please, and have to be soon withdrawn. The taste of the public is variable, and the popularity of a singer, which is, this season, at its height, may next season be on the wane. A voice is a perishable commodity, and, if that is lost, all is lost. If, therefore, any person is more called upon than any other to make hay while the sun shines, and to make it in prodigious quantities, surely it is a favorite singer. In every profession—law, physic, literature, politics, clerical, mercantile, or mechanical—there are a *few* great prizes to be won, the contention for which gives life to those pursuits. Of the hundreds of public singers, it is only a Lind, a Grisi, a Sontag, an Alboni, and a few more, that realize anything like the sums named by our contemporary; while the fact that those few *do* realize them, stimulates the exertions of the whole musical profession. There is but one way to place the opera within the reach of the million, and that way will probably soon be attempted. When the three large opera houses, now meditated by New York, Philadelphia, and Boston, are built, they are likely to be leased to one great manager, who will, doubtless, be able, by short, brilliant seasons, at each city, to attract a succession of audiences sufficiently large in number to make low prices of admission remunerative.

Since writing the above we notice, in the *New York Tribune*, another view of the three pro-

posed opera houses, evidently from the pen of W. H. Fry;—a long and able article, in which he regards the Philadelphia as a model plan, destined to result in a *national* lyric school. We hope to find room to copy it entire next week.

The New Opera House.

MR. EDITOR:—It may be assumed that all persons who have studied attentively the phenomena of theatrical or operatic enterprises in Boston or in any other city in America, have come to one and the same conclusion as to the cause of their want of success. To be permanently attractive, a theatrical or operatic company must have *merit*. The first constituents of *merit* in this department are *numbers* and high grade of the performers, and these cannot be secured without great expense. It requires but a very simple arithmetical process to show, with the knowledge of a few notorious facts, that a house of 1000 capacity cannot pay a night's expenses unless brim-full at \$2 or \$3 a head. This statement is designedly far within the truth. The Impresarii engage their troupe, chorus included, by the month or season; formerly it was done by the season, until repeated bankruptcies warned the unhappy *entrepreneurs* that the risk was too great. The shorter the engagement the poorer the company and the greater the expense. It is notorious, in other departments of work as in this, that men and women can afford to and will work cheaper by the long than by the short period. It is equally notorious that the highest talent can best command its own terms. Hence the best artists, vocal or instrumental, will most readily work on long engagements. If the Impresario fears (as well he may under present arrangements) to make long engagements, he is driven to a choice of alternatives, each fraught with risk, and all generally terminating in failure and discouragement. 1. He must submit to a short engagement and its increased rate of pay; or, 2. He must put up with inferior artists and even then pay them higher on the short than on the long term. Let us look at the working of each course. He takes a poor company—poor in talent and thin in force. By dint of puffs and handbills, expensive in the ratio of their falsity and exaggeration (for your regular out and out puff-writer has a tariff to his conscience and asks high for the blackest lies in the largest capitals) the company gets one full house. Puff takes his pay in advance, and having a reputation (!!) as well as conscience to care for, can't puff the next day, in the face of the awful performance, and a half house greets the second representation—and—the third, *is not*.

But next time Impresario tries the other expedient. He takes a *good* company, (who must be paid, you know,) and puts his prices at one, two and three dollars. Does he make money at that here in Boston? Ask those who have tried it. They will tell you the class is too small who can afford to pay those prices to fill the house even for a few nights, and twenty nights would hardly pay. He goes off disheartened and the papers cry out, some against high prices, others against the want of taste for music in our public.

In the meantime, if his troupe is a good one, it is probably engaged for a long season. New York is tired; the smaller cities can't keep up the high prices; the troupe is not at work, but *their wages are running*, and either they must be cheated or their employer fail—generally both happen.

Now we are not engaged with the question, "Can the opera be made to pay in this country?" *Nous n'en sommes pas là*. The case does not call for that ruling. We are building opera houses here and in New York and not stopping to ask,

"Can they succeed?" Yet we are interested to know what are the chief obstacles to their success and how we can best avoid them? It would seem to be an almost inevitable thought: "*Have your house so large that half a dollar per seat shall maintain the company.*" We therefore make, with full confidence, based on observation, the following statements of the actual and possible in this matter.

1. No enterprise, musical or theatrical, has ever contrived to pay for any length of time in this city (perhaps we might say in America) where the price of admission has been over fifty cents.

2. More money will be netted in an operatic season, long or short, at this price, where the company is full and good, in a building of 4000 or 4500 capacity, than can be netted in a smaller one at any price. The experiment at Castle Garden goes to prove this, if it proves anything. Therefore,

3. If an Opera House, or First Class Theatre, well conducted, can be permanently successful in Boston at all, it can only be by force of *great capacity, comfort, elegance, first-rate performance, low and uniform price.*

4. If the taste for these amusements is not general enough to ensure paying houses with these conditions, we boldly assert that the amusements cannot be maintained under *any* conditions; for the indisputable fact must not be overlooked that the genuine lovers of music and the drama are not from the wealthier classes. If any discrimination in prices is insisted on, let a given number of seats, *not confined to any section of the house*, but scattered all over it, be held at an advanced price, and let those occupy them who can afford to pay for exclusiveness, but let them not be superior in any respect to the other seats. Every seat in the house should be numbered and sold invariably by number. It is democratic, convenient and economical. It permits people to reach the house ten minutes before the performance, saves an hour's gas and gives the mechanic and the capitalist an equal chance for a good seat.

We have conversed with more than one "Manager" on this topic, and the above are substantially the views we have gathered from them, fully confirmed by our own observation. They all insist upon *four thousand capacity as the minimum.*—E.

A Specimen of London Criticism.

The editorials in the leading musical Journal in England, called the *Musical World*, are often delightfully original; but we have seen nothing in its columns lately that came quite up to the following demolishing criticism upon Schumann and "Young Germany." Certainly it is a gone case with them, and all such geniuses as vainly think to do better than they care to have in England! We quote from an onslaught upon the *Athenæum*, apropos to certain strictures of the latter upon Mr. Ella's programmes to his "Musical Union" and classical "Winter Evenings":

"We are at a loss to explain the sudden hostility of the literary journal, which, ere now, has been so meek. The Director of the Musical Union, however, threw out a sop on Thursday, in the shape of a hideous quintet by Robert Schumann—an intimate *protégé* of Franz Liszt, who stands up manfully for the ugliest music he can find, and who has found Wagner and Schumann, Richard and Robert, the Siamese twins of modern *aesthetic art* (*aesthetics*!—what a fine synonyme for rhodomontade!), ready and willing to furnish him with as much as he wants, *presto and scherzando*, though not ready nor able to put their heads close together, and make up the first bar of a *presto scherzando* like poor Mendels-

sohn's. The sop-quintet in E flat was doubtless thrown out to conciliate the *Athenæum*, which, being of the Leipsic party, and an advocate of "they four" (*Ezekiel*), does not want the *Reformation Symphony* of Mendelssohn, and consequently craves for the *aesthetics*, which are now doing so much to make music mysterious, not melodious, horrible not harmonious. The sop will soapen the *Athenæum*, and in the next number, the Director of the Musical Union will be apostrophised as a *cumini sector* instead of being mythicised as a Midas.

Take courage, Mr. Ella, go on with Schumann. Engage Wagner to write a quadruple-quatuor; and though you must sacrifice your performers on the altar of Bel, (poor little Wilhelmine Clauss, we never sympathised with you so much as when your little fingers and your large soul were vainly striving to make music of such miserable mummery,) the steam of their entrails will be a peace-offering to the false god, who now sits on a throne at Leipsic, and the odor will be welcome to the nostrils of the *Athenæum*.

Moreover, the music of Schumann brings with it a second and still greater advantage. It acts as a foil to that of the other composers. Not to speak of Mendelssohn, (the comparison would be 'odorously') the Bohemian melodies of Goldberg, the Guttentburgian, after the purgatory of the quintet, were as the first glimpse of Heaven to a pardoned sinner, and the fair comely Doria, from whose pouting lips they flowed so glibly, as the ministering angel, to lead the way to Paradise. The effect of contrast was never more delicious."

There, reader! now take breath, and congratulate yourself that *you* have lived where the terrors of such learned criticism did not prevent your enjoyment of that "hideous quintet" by Robert Schumann, which you have heard so warmly interpreted at various times by both Scharfenberg and Dresel with the Quintette Club. When we shall have attained that distant height of musical taste and culture that we can, like these English critics, condescend to adopt and father (even against his own less appreciating fatherland) the author of "Elijah," and say "poor Mendelssohn" (!), we shall perhaps discover that these artists have been mystifying our green senses with music that is not the genuine article, inasmuch as it does not pass current in England:—unless it may be with the *Athenæum* party. But here again the *World* upsets our former understanding. The *Athenæum* "of the Leipsic party!" Did we not a few weeks since copy from that paper a critique as satirical, if not as ingenious and refined as this just quoted, upon Schumann, Wagner and "Young Germany?" Then as to Schumann being "an intimate *protégé* of Liszt," we have understood that there was actual coolness in their personal relations, although Liszt is a generous recognizer of what is genuine Art, even if guilty of the crime of being new.

WHAT HAS BECOME OF "HAFIZ"? Since summer went he has not sung to us. For "Hafiz" is an Eastern bird that loves not our wintry clime. But with the new approach of summer listen for his notes again. One who knows all about him sends us this malicious warning of his plans:

NEW YORK, April 14th.

"Any time these six months I have seen a skulking scoundrel who endeavored to avoid my notice, and always turned pale when he saw a copy of D.'s J. of M.—I pursued him rigorously and he confessed to me that he was the chief of sinners and that his name was 'Hafiz.'"

"But," said he, when he saw in my eyes the

firm resolve to acquaint the editor with the fact that his correspondent was still living, 'but, oh! say that ———,' and thereupon he vanished, and I haste to discharge my duty, for, if I have a failing, it is doing my duty. Should you see the editor will you please state not only the fact, &c., but that I have heard the perjured Hafiz swear that not many moons should wane before he wrote to D.'s J. of M. a letter about things in N. Y.—'Our new music, and other things,' for instance.

"Hafiz, who tries to make me believe that he does the music in 'Putnam,'" says that in the May number he has commended your Journal! He is an abandoned fellow."

"Hafiz" is heartily forgiven,—that is, if he will only sing again; but this tell-tale correspondent, who knows him so well and has so little cause to feel ashamed of the intimacy, we forgive not for speaking of him in such disrespectful terms.

Musical Intelligence.

Local.

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB. That *extra* concert, our readers will be glad to know, comes off to-night; when the Club, with the assistance of Messrs. SUCK, EICHLER and MASS, will let us have a second hearing of the Octet that produced so fine an impression on the evening of Mendelssohn's birth-day.

We must warn many of our music-lovers, too, that they are losing much in not attending the Wednesday and Saturday afternoon rehearsals of the Quintette Club, at the Masonic Temple. We have never enjoyed the music or the place so much as in these sunny afternoon Spring hours. Last time they performed the exquisite Quartet of Mozart in E flat, the posthumous Quartet (in F minor) of Mendelssohn, a Quintet by Mr. Ryan, &c. The audience, from a very small beginning, has been rapidly increasing; but there are still many missing who should be there, and three out of the six rehearsals are already gone. We doubt not that a later hour than three would be more convenient for many would-be listeners.

OPERA. The signs and rumors, which it had long become idle to report or trust, are at length coming to pass. MME. SONTAG, as it appears by the official announcement below, is actually to open at the Howard on Tuesday evening, in what has been in New York and Philadelphia her most admired character of *La Sonnambula*. The place is so small, the season promised so short (only two weeks), the chance of prices by auction sale so high, and the dearth of opera here so long, (while the last that we look back upon was no whole opera, but only Alboni, with a few feeble surroundings,)—in short, kid gloves have had so few chances of late, that we may presume the Countess's opera will be fashionable.

There seems every reason, too, to believe that the opera, as a whole, will be excellent;—and that is what we look to most in Boston. A solitary transcendent prima donna does not constitute a lyric drama. SONTAG brings with her the full chorus and the picked orchestra of thirty, which have so contributed to her success in New York and Philadelphia; and the admirable ECKERT is conductor. We have not heard a full list of her principal singers; but Badiali, Pozzolini, Rocco, Mme. Pico, &c., are of the number. The pieces will undoubtedly be those which have been most admired in New York. Yet it would please Bostonians, could "Don Juan" be added to the list. Why is not BOSTO here!

THE MUSICAL FUND SOCIETY have played at their two last public Rehearsals, and with great acceptance, a Symphony of Haydn new to Boston ears, namely the Ninth. These rehearsals still continue every Friday afternoon, and but for them the beauty and the charm of the Music Hall would be entirely shut up from us. The GERMANIA SERENADE BAND add much to the attractions.

NEW CLASSICAL MUSIC STORE. We call attention to the card of Messrs. White Brothers, who have opened an agency for the sale of André & Co.'s editions of the music of Mozart, Beethoven &c. It is their design, we understand, to keep a strictly *classical* music depot, where the lovers of such may find what they want with-

out wading through piles of negro melodies and Woodbury bathos.—The Messrs. W. are well known for their skill as makers and repairers of violins and other instruments.

MASONIC TEMPLE. Our enterprising fellow-citizen, Jonas Chickering, Esq., has leased the ground floor and lecture hall of this building for a term of years, for the purpose of altering the interior of the edifice into grand show and sales rooms for the disposal of his popular instruments. The location of the Temple is very fine for this purpose, as it is near the business centre of the city, and the rooms will be accessible to strangers and lady visitors, without the annoyances incident to a crowded thoroughfare. We cordially wish Mr. Chickering complete success in the new enterprises in which he is engaged. The Temple will be fitted for his use as soon as possible.—*Transcript.*

Philadelphia.

MME. SONTAG has performed in *Don Pasquale*, *Luzia Borgia* and *Lucia di Lammermoor*,—all apparently to the greatest satisfaction of the opera-goers, and closes her season with *Maria di Rohan* and the *Figlia*. It is now our turn in Boston.

The "GERMANIANS" gave four concerts, the concluding one on Monday evening. The adagio to the "Choral Symphony" figured in their last programme. **JAELL**, who was detained in Boston for some time by sickness, joined them in the two last concerts and performed the *Concert-Stück* by Weber, besides lighter things. The assistance of the German "Young Männerchor" is highly commended. The Germanians are now in Baltimore.

MR. L. MEIGNEN, a long resident musician and leader of the Musical Fund orchestra, has composed a grand Mass, which was produced for the first time last Sunday evening at St. Mary's Church. The *Bulletin* says of it:

The choir numbered about thirty voices, and the orchestra was full in all its parts. The work is of a strictly religious character, and the music is in every phrase characteristic of the sentiment of the words. The *Kyrie eleison* is a solemn, majestic movement; the *Gloria in Excelsis* a lofty and exulting strain, and the succeeding passages are properly expressive of the language of the service. The *Credo* is a true representation of the confidence of a well-grounded belief, and as a mere piece of music is one of the most brilliant and effective passages we know of in religious composition. The *Et incarnatus est*, for baritone solo, with chorus, is very impressive and full of fine effects of harmony. A strict *fugue* (*Et vitam*) is the most pleasing thing of the fugue kind that we have heard. The *Benedictus*, (a quartet) will generally be regarded as the gem of the work, and the *Agnus Dei* (a quintet) is not only very ingeniously written, but is the very perfection of the style proper for that most solemn portion of the service. The *Dona nobis pacem*, for full chorus, is in a more cheerful vein and leaves a most pleasing last impression. Mr. Meignen, throughout the work, has proved himself worthy of the first rank as a composer. Not only in the arrangement of the vocal parts, but in the instrumentation also, has he shown his thorough knowledge of the art. The style of his composition is thoroughly religious, but less severe than that of the mass-writers whose works are standards. Still the constant flow of melody and the occasional employment of effects heretofore confined to dramatic writing, while they gratify the senses, are wholly free from meretricious ornament. Mr. Meignen has hit upon a happy blending of the two styles—the old severe and the modern dramatic.

Mme. SONTAG'S ORCHESTRA gave a concert this week at the Musical Fund Hall, with **ECKERT** for conductor, and played, among other things, the Fifth Symphony of Beethoven.

In addition to the above items, a friend in Philadelphia writes us the following:

"Mr. Thorbeck's Private Soirée Musicale, the third and last for this season, took place last Tuesday, (March 25th,) at Scherr's Piano Warehouse.

"It was a rich treat to hear the Piano Trio of Mayseider, Piano quintet of Beethoven and the Piano sextets and septets of Beethoven and Onslow performed in so masterly a manner.

"Mr. T. showed again that he is not only an excellent solo player, but also—and what is more—as excellent a performer of chamber music. The programme I send enclosed. What a pity that such soirées are so rare. In that respect Boston is far ahead of Philadelphia.

"The Singing Academy is making rapid progress. It consists of a chorus of about forty ladies and gentlemen, mostly Germans, who perform the works of Mendelssohn, Kreutzer, &c. with great precision and feeling.

"Mr. Ph. Reiter, the conductor, deserves all praise for the pains he takes in establishing a Society of this kind, which is as yet the only one in this city, where secular music is performed."

London.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA. The season has commenced, and as there is now no rival establishment, there is promise of brilliant times at Covent Garden. The *Standard* for March 22d, thus surveys the prospect:

The advertisement just issued by the enterprising manager of this undertaking, affords proof that he intends to pursue his course with the same activity that has hitherto characterized his connection with the Royal Italian Opera. Grist stands at the head of the soprano; and with this great and unrivalled vocalist will be associated Castellan, so honorably known to opera and concert-room habitués. Madame Jullienne, who made so sensible an impression upon the audience in the great works of the Académie played last year, has been re-engaged; and likewise Mme. Bosio, the agreeable representative of Adina in the *Elisir*, who, though making but little sensation at first, improved in the opinion of the subscribers as the season advanced. Of Madame Medori, Mlle. Donzelli, and Mlle. Albini, we know nothing, though report has been unusually emphatic in its praises of the first-mentioned lady, who has gained laurels, it seems, at St. Petersburg. Only one contralto singer is mentioned—a Mlle. Nantier Didie from the Theatre Italien of Paris. This department, therefore, is anything but promising. The *seconde donne* are Mlle. Bellini and Mlle. Cotti, both useful artists, as we have frequently had occasion to know. Mario, who, we trust, has completely recovered his voice, and Tamberlik, supported by Stigelli, a sound and at all times an available singer, are the principal tenors; besides whom we are to have Luchesi, hitherto unknown in this country, Luigi Mei, and Soldi. The baritones consist of Ronconi and Belletti, the latter a very excellent engagement, remembering the cleverness displayed by him at Her Majesty's Theatre, for several seasons past. Formes and Zelger are the stars of the bassi profondi. The second of these artists came over here with the Brussels company, and three seasons ago was an adjunct of the Royal Italian Opera. His merits, consequently, are well known. This section is also strengthened by the useful Tagliafico, Polonni, Gregorio, and Rahe. The manager entertains "sanguine hopes" that Mlle. Wagner will be enabled by "circumstances" to realize a "limited number of representations."

The foregoing constitutes the list of principal vocalists. The orchestra remains, of course, under the superintendence and conductorship of Signor Costa. Piatti and Bottesini, however, no longer hold seats in it, and by whom their places will be supplied, the advertisement does not inform us. A Signor Panizza, from the Scala, is to be the *Maestro al piano*; Signor Monterasi, the prompter; and the accomplished Signor Maggioni, the poet, as usual.

The advertisement promises the production of at least three out of six new operas which are mentioned. There seems to be no doubt of a version of Spohr's *Jessonda*, which has been arranged expressly for the Italian stage, and which will be conducted by the illustrious composer himself. The *Benedetto Cellini*, of Hector Berlioz, is also among the probabilities. The other operas named are Verdi's *Rigoletto*, "performed with the greatest success at Venice and St. Petersburg," Rossini's *Matilda di Shabran*, Donizetti's *Don Sebastian*, and an opera by one Sig. Bonetti, entitled *Juana Shore*. The great French master-pieces—the *Huguenots*, the *Robert*, the *Prophète*, and the like, which have given such distinctiveness and importance to the Royal Italian Opera, we no doubt shall frequently encounter, and fare like this can never be unacceptable.

The ballet, we observe, is to be more considered than heretofore, and diversissements are to be given in conjunction with the operas which do not occupy the entire evening. The engagements, however, in this department, are not very remarkable. Mlle. Belina Marmet, Mlle. Barville, Mlle. Kolemberg, Mlle. Teresa, Mlle. Le-rieux, and Mlle. Mathilde Besson, suggest a group of light-beeled nymphs, but with whose attainments we are wholly unfamiliar, and of whom, fame, hitherto has not had a word to say. The *maître de ballet* is M. Desplaces, and the leader of the ballet Mr. Alfred Mellon.

The season commences on the 29th with, we believe, *Masaniello*.

SALE AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE. The sale of the valuable properties and effects of Her Majesty's Theatre, adjourned from Monday last, in consequence of no advance having been made on the upset price of £12,000 for the whole in one lot, was resumed yesterday by Mr. James Scott. A goodly assemblage of theatrical managers and proprietors of saloons, with a very large number of brokers, were in attendance. Mr. Scott mounted the rostrum on the stage at 1 o'clock, and commenced by reminding his auditory that this was an adjourned inquisition as to the fate of Her Majesty's Theatre, for, upon the verdict of those present, would depend its future existence. If he failed in obtaining an offer for the whole property, it would be his duty at once to proceed to sell in lots, and then they might rely, the magnificent temple in which they were then assembled, would never more be a theatre. After reading the conditions of sale, and pointing out that the upset price had been reduced from £12,000 to £11,000, Mr. Scott urged his audience to favor him with a bidding, remarking that it was not simply a question of property, but a question of whether the national theatre should be kept open or not. He was earnest in saying, that if he had no bidding, the sale in lots would at once proceed. After a lapse of some

duration, no offer having been made, the auctioneer adjourned to the concert room, where the sale was to be commenced. The articles sold consisted chiefly of a selection from the gentlemen's wardrobe, and most of the lots went at the price of old rags. 140 lots realized about £200. The sale will be continued for eleven days.—*London Musical World.*

Miscellaneous.

Spontini's *La Vestale* is to be revived with great splendor at the Grand Opera in Paris.

Schumann's music to Byron's "Manfred" is to be brought out this month in Dresden.

The Hamburg papers tell a tale of a tenor of marvellous beauty and power having been found by a musician singing to a burdy-gurdy in the streets, of his having been engaged on the spot at a large salary, and placed immediately under accomplished masters.

MISS CAROLINE LEHMANN, our admired cantatrice, is giving concerts, with her brother and other talent, in Cincinnati. May she be encouraged to sing them her best music. The "Germanians" will be there too, anon, so that she need not lack an orchestra.

MADAME BISACCANTI, at the last accounts, was playing in the Italian opera at Lima.

At St. Petersburg, at the close of *La Sonnambula*, in which Mme. Viardot performed, the Emperor of Russia left his box and went on the stage at the close of the second act. He offered Mme. Viardot his arm, and led her to the imperial box, where he presented her to the Empress and the Grand Duchesses. He presented her also with a superb ornament, and she was afterwards called out before the curtain twenty times.

"*A Life on the Ocean Wave! Ho, ho, &c.*"—Mr. Henry Russell, a great charlatan, has put forth a scheme for "ameliorating the condition of the poor," by advertising in the programme of a week's entertainment, just concluded at the Strand theatre, that he will each evening present a ticket to every person on entrance, which will entitle them to a chance of obtaining a free passage to America. The drawing will take place after his entertainment.

BERLIN.—The Conservatory of Music will be opened to the public, on the 11th of April. It is engrafted on the old "Berliner Musikschule," which confined its instruction to the pianoforte, singing, string instruments, and the Theory of Music. To this will be added the organ, wind instruments, and harps, for which twelve new professors have been engaged, and embracing the most talented in our town. Rumor says, that the opening of the Conservatory will be ushered in with considerable *clat* under the guidance of Dr. Theodore Knllak, the esteemed pianist and composer.

Advertisements.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

NEW YORK NORMAL MUSICAL INSTITUTE.

GENTLEMEN and LADIES, who design attending the first term of the NEW YORK NORMAL MUSICAL INSTITUTE, and who wish to have board procured for them, are requested to give early notice to that effect. This will be necessary, in order to secure suitable accommodations; especially, as there is prospect of a large class.

Applications have been made by some who desire to attend the courses of lectures and other class exercises of the Institute, omitting the private lessons embraced in the full course. Notice is therefore given that the price of a ticket admitting the holder to all the lectures and class exercises, will be twenty-five dollars. Including the course of private lessons, the price is fifty dollars.

The term commences on MONDAY, APRIL 25th, 1853, and continues three months, during which time daily lectures and instruction will be given in the various departments of music, the design being to furnish thorough instruction, and especially to qualify teachers of music.

The assistance of THOMAS HASTINGS, Esq., and other eminent musicians has been secured.

Circulars containing further particulars may be obtained on application to MASON BROTHERS, (late Mason & Law), 23 Park Row, New York.

LOWELL MASON.
GEORGE F. ROOT.
WM. B. BRADBURY.

Mar. 5. tf

Pianos and Melodeons to Let.

OLIVER DITSON,

Music Dealer, 115 Washington St., Boston, HAS a good variety of Piano Fortes, Melodeons, Saxophones, and Reed Organs, to let, for city or country, on low terms. If, within one year from the time of hiring, the party should conclude to purchase the instrument, no charge will be made for rent of it, except the interest on its value. 25 tf

TO PRINTERS.

MUSIC COMPOSITOR WANTED. One who is thoroughly acquainted with the business. Apply at this Office.

MADAME HENRIETTE SONTAG'S FIRST APPEARANCE IN OPERA.

The Public are respectfully informed that the First Night of the Opera in Boston will be

ON TUESDAY, APRIL 19th,
AT THE HOWARD ATHENÆUM,
When will be performed Bellini's Opera, in three Acts,
LA SONNAMBULA.

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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

SPONTINI.

[From the French of M. Hector Berlioz.]

On the 14th of November, 1779, was born at Marjolati, near Jesi, in the Marche d'Ancone, a child named GASPARD SPONTINI. All that I know concerning the earlier years of Spontini, and which I have myself heard him relate, are confined to a few facts, which I will reproduce, without however attaching to them more importance than they deserve. When he was between twelve and thirteen years of age he went to Naples to enter the Conservatorio della Pietà. Was it at the desire of the child that his parents opened to him the gates of this celebrated school of music? or did his father, doubtless reduced in circumstances, think by entering him there to open to him an easy as well as a modest career, intending perhaps to make him chapel-master to some convent or church of second rank? Which of these motives might have actuated him, I know not. I willingly incline, however, to the second hypothesis, having in view the disposition for a

religious life manifested by the other members of the Spontini family. One of the brothers was the curé of a Roman village, the other (Anselme Spontini) died a monk a few years since in a Venetian monastery, if I recollect aright, and his sister also finished her days in a convent, where she had taken the veil.

Be it as it may, his studies were sufficiently fruitful at La Pietà to enable him to write as many did, one of those follies, decorated in Italy, as elsewhere, with the pompons name of *opera*, which had for title: "*I puntiglie delle donne*." I do not know whether this first attempt was ever represented or not. Nevertheless it inspired its author with sufficient ambition and confidence in his own talents to induce him to fly from the Conservatory, and repair to Rome, where he hoped to encounter less difficulty than at Naples in the producing of his pieces upon the stage. The fugitive was soon caught, however, and under penalty of being reconducted to Naples was required to justify his *escapade*, and the pretensions which had caused it, by writing a carnival-piece. He had given him a libretto, entitled "*Gli amanti in cimento*," which he promptly set to music, and which was almost immediately represented with success. The public behaved to the young maestro with the enthusiasm common to Romans on such occasions. Moreover, his age and the episode of his flight had disposed the dilettanti in his favor. Spontini was applauded, called out, carried in triumph, and—forgotten in a fortnight. This brief success obtained for him at least his liberty. He was dispensed from returning to the Conservatorio, and received a very advantageous offer to go and *write*, as they say in Italy, at Venice. Here he is then, emancipated, left to himself, after a short abode in the classes of the Neapolitan Conservatory.

Here we think it most fit to attempt to clear up the doubt concerning the question which very naturally presents itself: "Who was his master?" Some say Father Martini—who died before the entrance of Spontini into the Conservatorio, and I believe myself even before he was born. Others, a certain Baroni, whom he may have known at Rome; others still ascribe the honor of his musical education to Sala, to Traetta, and even to Cimarosa.

I have not had the curiosity to question Spontini upon this subject, and he never appeared disposed to speak about it to me. But I have clearly recognized and received as an avowal in

his conversation that the real masters of the author of *La Vestale*, *Cortez*, and *Olympio* were the masterpieces of Gluck, which he first became acquainted with on his arrival in Paris in 1813, and which he studied with passion. As to the author of the numerous Italian operas, the list of which I am to give, I think it of little importance to know what master taught him the manner of composing them. The manners and customs of the Italian lyric theatres of that time are faithfully observed, and the first-come of the *musicastres* of his country might easily have furnished him with a formula which already at that epoch was the secret of comedy. But to speak only of Spontini the Great. I believe that not only Gluck, but also Mehul, who had already written his admirable *Euphrosine*, and Cherubini, by his first French operas, developed in him the latent germ of his dramatic functions, and hastened its magnificent development.

On the contrary, I do not find in his works any trace of the influence which, in a purely musical point of view, the German masters, Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven might have exercised over him. The latter was hardly known by name in France, when Spontini arrived there; and the *Vestale* and *Cortez* already were achieving brilliant triumphs at the Grand Opera of Paris, when their author visited Germany for the first time. No, instinct alone in Spontini guided him, and suddenly revealed to him in the use of vocal and instrumental masses, and in the *enchainement* of modulations, so many riches unknown, or at least less resorted to in theatrical compositions by his predecessors. We will soon see what was the result of his innovations, and how they drew down upon him the hatred of his compatriots, as well as that of the French musicians.

Resuming the thread of my biographical sketch, I must confess my ignorance with regard to the actions of young Spontini after he had produced at Venice his third opera. I am no better informed as to the theatre at which he brought forward those operas which followed his third. Without doubt they were as little productive of money as of glory, for he resolved to seek his fortune in France, without being called thither by the public voice, nor by a powerful protection.

We know the titles of some thirteen or fourteen Italian scores composed by Spontini during the seven years which followed his first and ephemeral success at Rome. They are: *L'Amor*

secreto; l'Isola disabitata; l'Eroismo ridicolo; Tesco riconosciuto; la Finta Filosofo; la Fuga in maschera; I Quadri parlanti; il finto Pittore; gli Elisi delusi; il Geloso e l'Audace; le Metamorfosi di Pasquale; Chi più guarda non vede; la Principessa d'Amalfi; Berenice.

He preserved in his library the MSS, and even the printed libretti of all these pale compositions, which he sometimes showed to his friends with a disdainful smile, as the playthings of his musical infancy.

On his arrival in Paris, Spontini, I believe, suffered much. He contrived to eke out an existence by giving music-lessons, and obtained the representation at the *Théâtre Italien* of his *Finta Filosofo*, which was favorably received. Notwithstanding what most of his biographers say upon the subject, I believe that the opera of *Milton* of M. Jouy, was the first attempt of Spontini to French words, and that it immediately preceded the insignificant work entitled, *Julie, ou le Pot de Fleurs*.

On the engraved title pages of these two scores we find, indeed, that *Milton* was represented at the Opera Comique on the 27th of November, 1804, and that *Julie* appeared March 12, 1805. *Milton* was pretty well received. *Julie*, on the contrary, broke down beneath the weight of the public indifference, like a thousand other productions of the same stamp, which are daily born, and die, without attracting the notice of any one. One air alone has been preserved by the vauville theatres; that is the air: *Il a donc fallu pour la gloire*. The celebrated actor Elleiron, became quite attached to Spontini, and wishing to furnish him with an opportunity for a *revanche*, he procured for him a libretto for a comic opera in three acts: *La Petite Maison*, which the imprudent musician had the weakness to accept. *La Petite Maison* was so completely damned that not a trace of it remains. The representation was not even finished. Elleiron played an important part, and, indignant at one or two isolated hisses, he forgot himself so far as to make a contemptuous gesture to the audience. A most frightful tumult was the result; the enraged pit rushed upon the orchestra, drove away the musicians and destroyed everything that came to hand.

After this double failure of the young composer, every door would necessarily be closed against him. But still he had a high protection, that of the Empress Josephine. She was good to her word; and it is certainly to her alone, that the genius of Spontini, about to be extinguished even before its rising, owed its power two years later to make its wondrous ascension into the heaven of Art. For a long time M. Jouy had preserved in his portfolio a poem for a grand opera, *La Vestale*, refused by Méhul and by Cherubini; Spontini solicited it so eagerly that the author at last decided to give it up to him.

Poor, cried down by the throng of musicians of Paris, Spontini forgot everything, and descended with eagle swoop upon his rich prey. He shut himself up in a wretched garret, neglected his pupils, and regardless of the first necessities of life, he applied himself to his work with that feverish ardor, that trembling passion, sure indications of the eruption of his musical volcano.

[To be continued.]

"Mozart's scores are the fairest in existence; but few as are his blots, he has given us no reason to wish he had blotted more."

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Military Music.

A REASON FOR ITS DEGENERACY—PROPOSED PLAN FOR A CITY BAND.

DEAR DWIGHT,—Allow me to draw on your patience and good nature while I refer once more to the subject of military music. I have been told that other, and more practical reasons, exist for the degenerate condition of our street bands, than those suggested in my communication of last week. And a principal one is, that, in most cities possessing abundant material for the purpose, there is not sufficient occupation for a band of proper construction and dimensions, to warrant the trouble and expense of keeping it up; in other words, *it don't pay*.

This is, no doubt, the true and plain statement of the case. On the ordinary occasions for street music, a few pieces only are engaged, for the very good reason that the price of more cannot well be afforded. Consequently, those few must be of the ear-splitting order, that lack of numbers and variety may be made up in noise. And I see no present probability of a change in this state of things, in our own city.

There appears, then, to my mind, but one way in which we can hope to obtain a properly organized force for out-door music, with a full complement of instruments,—and that is to enlist the patronage of the city in its support. Let an association be formed, which shall be called the Municipal or Metropolitan Band, if you please, with the stipulation that it shall be employed on all occasions of city celebrations, and the like, and to play for the benefit of the music-loving public two or three times a week, or oftener, upon the Common, in the pleasant evenings of summer.

No injustice would be done by this plan to any of the organizations for street music that now exist; for on all occasions of public demonstrations, the whole resident force, and more, will be called into requisition, besides. Nor do I mean any disparagement, by this proposition, to the various bands we already possess. They are excellent of their kind, and will, I venture to say, vie in superiority with those of any other city in the Union, *so far as they go*. But to produce the intended effect of a full instrumental band, in the open air, requires, as I stated in a previous communication, a combination of instruments, differing in kind and far exceeding in numbers any that, at present, exist amongst us.

An organization of the kind in question should number, at least, thirty pieces, exclusive of the instruments of percussion. Objections will, no doubt, be raised on the score of expense. To this I would reply that, in many ways, enough of needless, or, to say the least, questionable expenditures by the city, can be saved every year to provide for the enjoyment of the public, a band equal in capacity and in excellence to any on the Continent of Europe.

Say, citizens of Boston, shall not the attempt be made to carry into execution some such plan as is here proposed? There is especial reason why in this, rather than in most other cities, such a project should succeed. There are scores of excellent musicians who leave us every summer, for lack of employment, and who would gladly remain and labor with a will, as active members of the association, for moderate wages. We are favored with a more than ordinarily salubrious climate, and an atmosphere for the most part clear and

bracing in summer, tempting hither the residents of more Southern cities during the warm months. The nights are wholesome, calling abroad the denizens in narrow streets by thousands to breathe the pure air that comes in, fresh and unobstructed, from many miles of open country to the westward. And our spacious Common is ample enough for all;—so large, too, as to prevent the interference with music from the noise and din of the streets. And who can doubt the beneficial influence of so elevating and rational an enjoyment, thus freely offered, upon the multitudes who would otherwise, perhaps, crowd the lurking places of low dissipation and vice?

SACKBUT.

[From the New York Tribune.]

The New Opera House.

The Legislatures of Massachusetts, New York and Pennsylvania have abandoned their ancient opposition to dramatic performances, and granted what formerly could not be obtained, charters under which stock-holders can unite, and without incurring risk beyond the amount of their subscriptions, build theatres or opera-houses as they have built colleges and cotton mills. The result of this enlightened legislation is beginning to appear. Already the sum of \$250,000 has been subscribed for the Boston Opera-House, and the building is to be immediately commenced. In Philadelphia considerable progress has been made in subscriptions to stock for a house intended far to eclipse in magnitude and splendor any now existing; and in this City \$165,000 have been subscribed to build an opera-house at the corner of Fourteenth street and Irving place, the building of which will be commenced as soon as a further sum of \$35,000 is obtained, which the parties who have the matter in hand confidently expect will be immediately.

Having carefully read all that has been published in relation to these three projects, and made particular inquiries of those having them in charge, we have little doubt that the Philadelphia one will be the most successful, because it is neither a fashionable nor a real estate speculation, but a design to found and permanently sustain a great National Temple and School of Music, worthy of the era and of the American people. It is to be the National Opera-House, because it is designed for the representation of Operas in our own language, and as a school for rearing our own Artists, and will appeal to the whole people and not to any class for support. It is nearly the same with a project brought forward in Philadelphia in 1839, and from the complete and perfect details of which, as then published, has sprung every improvement introduced into the theatres and opera-houses since erected. Had the project then been carried out, the Art would now be half a century in advance of its present position. The scheme was a vast one and required a capital of nearly half a million of dollars, most of which had been subscribed when the great panic and commercial disasters, suddenly caused by the failure of several of the Philadelphia banks, led to its abandonment. We have before us the pamphlets published in 1839, describing the objects proposed in the Philadelphia Academy of Music and Grand Opera-House—and the system of direction intended to be pursued. All these seem so comprehensive and perfect, that we shall make a brief synopsis of them, in the form of a statement of the requirements of a great operatic and dramatic establishment and call to it the particular attention of the parties about to build the New York and Boston Opera Houses.

Up to this period every attempt to establish the Italian opera has failed. It is not an institution, but an incident dependent on the chance presence of some European prima donna. The Italian opera house in Leonard street failed, and was turned into an English theatre. Next the Astor-place opera house was built, failed, and is about to be demolished to make room for a Library. And now the ACADEMY OF MUSIC, as it is entitled in the Act of incorporation, is in all

probability about to be erected in Fourteenth-st., and although no mention is made in its charter of its use specially, or indeed at all as an *Italian* opera house, yet that is the object of the stockholders, and as an Italian Opera House it is at least to be opened. Whether it can be kept open for that purpose after Grisi and Mario have inaugurated it and the charm of the novelty of their appearance has worn off, and when, as the case will be, scarcely a single world-renowned singer of the Italian stage will remain unheard in this country, forms a question for consideration and suggestion.

We are of opinion that no Fine Art can flourish in a country at second-hand. We believe it must be rendered National, and in the case of Music, be presented through the language the people understand. Basing thus our argument, we further believe, that Europe cannot supply this country habitually with singers. It is as much and more than she can do to afford them to her own principal Opera Houses. Whatever may be the first and absorbing use to which the Opera House may be put, in regard to Italian Opera, in conformity with its title of Academy of Music and the specific provisions of its charter, it should be obliged to educate artists, and to produce original works. It is to be established, says the charter, "for the purpose of cultivating a taste for Music by Concerts, Operas, and other entertainments, which shall be accessible to the public at a moderate charge, by furnishing facilities for instruction in Music, and by rewards of prizes for the best musical compositions." In this view, it becomes an object of national consideration, and we trust accordingly that the small sum comparatively required to complete the subscription will be speedily obtained.

The expense of sustaining an opera house so nurtured at home will be at most not more than one-fourth what it would be if the artists were brought from Europe. American vocalists would be content with some few thousand dollars a-year, and if they were sought for, and educated, boarded and lodged gratuitously the meanwhile, their services could be secured for several years in payment of the expenses of apprenticeship. In that way alone can the exorbitant demands of foreign artists be diminished, and the folly and extravagance of paying them from one to ten thousand dollars a night, as has been done in this city, will be forever avoided. The rule of political economy which makes that cheap and at the same time good, which we produce at home, will be more strongly evidenced in the Fine Arts than even in cloths or calicoes. It may be added, that this country, owing to its Common-School education, possesses more intelligent persons than any other; and there being the full average of fine voices, it enjoys extraordinary facilities for obtaining good subjects, mental and physical, for singers.

We wish, therefore, to see this economical and national feature of the New York plan equally insisted upon with that of the Philadelphia project. The Academy of Music should be above speculation. Its character should be benign and genial. If it be considered a platform for putting money in the pockets of the last adventurers from Europe, it will assuredly fail. We see no reason why wealthy men should not endow such an institution independent of the money principle. Our Colleges are so endowed, and why should not a College for Lyrical Art be equally esteemed? It is true we are on a false road: we have separated Art and Letters, which the great ancient masters of Beauty, the Greeks, deemed inseparable; hence their grandeur and immortality. But why cannot true principles of æsthetics guide us, and the analysis of sight and sound form part of a liberal education? An Opera House on a grand scale, with proper illustrations, magnificent scenery and a pervasively artistic spirit, makes a common appeal to the universal sentiment of the beautiful. It educates the eye and ear alike; it involves, too, through its poetry, the study of letters. In every relation of the fine arts it should be sustained. Separated from intemperance and vice of all kinds, it is a teacher of good morals and good manners. Such may it become, under the possibilities of our political and social institutions.

The permanent attractions of an Opera House are inseparable here from the use of the English language. With its use, the whole repertory of Italian, German and French Operas translated, as well as our own vernacular Musical Dramas, can be produced. The lyrical genius of the world can be presented through our own tongue. It is considered a good run for an Italian opera to be played six times in succession: but *Cinderella* in English was given sixty times in succession at the Park Theatre: and *Amilie* and *The Bohemian Girl* not less than forty times. Christy's Minstrels also have for years been nightly attended by some six or seven hundred people, while their audiences would have counted by tens if the language had been foreign. The reasons therefore for producing American artists are paramount. England can no more afford us a supply of singers in our own language than Italy can of Italians. By rearing American artists we indefinitely enhance the dignity of the profession; and the moral phenomena that our country affords in some other things, may radiate over the stage. In connection with this it may be mentioned that there are some Americans now studying for the operatic stage in Italy, and one, a lady of Boston, has appeared at Naples with success. It may yet come to pass that Art, in all its ramifications, may be as much esteemed as politics, commerce, or the military professions. The dignity of American artists lies in their own hands.

That *Italian* opera management in New York should thus far have failed is not surprising. High rent, making a few nights pay a whole year's rent, has been one of the causes. In London for 20 years, the system of making a season of 60 or 70 nights at the Italian Opera-House in the Haymarket pay a whole year's lease has been pursued. The rent has varied from \$400 up to \$1,000 a night. The latter sum was paid by Mr. Ebers during one season as appears by his published book. In the last 20 years every manager of that house has failed. At present it is unoccupied in consequence of Lumley's failure, and all its library, wardrobe, and fixtures, have been sold at auction. At the rival, Covent-Garden Italian Opera-House, as appeared by the proceedings in bankruptcy against Mr. Delafield, he lost in three years a fortune of five hundred thousand dollars, into the possession of which he had just come when he undertook the management. Lumley has been called one of the ablest managers in Europe: therefore there must be something in the system to cause failure like his and that of all those who preceded him, and it should be our aim to find out what the causes are and prevent their being engrafted on the opera in this country.

The success of the proposed ACADEMY, besides its possession of a National school of artists and composers, depends on various things connected with the auditorium. These may be recited as follows: The seats should be separate arm-chairs, each occupying a space of two by three feet, with ample passage-ways and lobbies. Then, between the acts people could easily leave them and return to their places; and in case of fire and alarm the house could be immediately emptied and without danger. Then there could not be practiced the present system of crowding, on attractive nights, six persons on a bench not wide enough for five, and filling the passage ways with chairs, so as to compel people to remain jammed into them, without possibility of change of position during an entire evening. Bodily torture is not a process to put a man through to enable him to enjoy an opera. A place of amusement should at least possess every comfort and luxury, which one would leave at home on going to it. It should be thoroughly well-furnished, in its lobbies, retiring and refreshment rooms, with pictures and statues to improve and gratify the taste.

All the Fine Arts to triumph individually must go together. For the same reason the scene-painting should be perfect and appropriate to every piece, and the dresses of all the actors, from the highest to the lowest, always historically exact as at the Paris *Académie*. There should be one only price of admission. This is the most

important consideration of all. In Europe all people acknowledge the existence of classes. The *middle* classes speak of themselves as such, and with deference to the *higher* classes, and usually with contempt of the *lower* orders. Here, the case is different; all are sovereigns. No American man will take a lady to a second price part of the house, but he will be satisfied, with any, even if the worst place, if assured that all the places have been fairly allotted on the first-come-first-serve principle. There is no class here, as in Europe, able to pay two, three or five dollars constantly, but the whole community can pay fifty cents. Hence the house must be of the largest size; larger than any in Europe, where the private box system uniformly prevails. The proposed building will seat the enormous number of from 4,000 to 5,000 persons.

The selection of an Architect for an Opera House is a most important matter, as one well acquainted with acoustics in its application to architecture can erect a building of immense size in which all the spectators can see and hear. The objection to a vast theatre does not hold good against an opera house; musical sounds are easily heard at much greater distances than spoken words, and the effect of distance to the sight is almost overcome by the high perfection of opera glasses.

The ventilation, which embraces the cooling of the house to any required temperature in summer, as well as properly heating it in winter, is of the last importance. It is usually and erroneously said that Castle Garden is a model plan for a summer theatre, because of its coolness. Inside it is not cool; the balcony outside is, however. In the original plan of which we have been speaking, a system of ventilation appears to attain the object. It proposes the complete exclusion from the building of the external heat in summer by means of double-cased windows, and a perpetual supply of pure, artificially cooled air, which is to be introduced by pipes leading to shafts containing furnaces at the top of the building. The whole expense of this ventilating apparatus, if erected in the building, is estimated at ten thousand dollars. If it attain its object, as it doubtless can, it will increase the value of the property ten thousand dollars a year.

A wide lot is necessary, so as to have the auditorium, or audience-part, built in the form of a parabola or semi-circle with diverging sides, bringing all the audience near to the stage, and not on the old horse-shoe form, upon which the European opera houses are constructed. The Conservatory, or Musical School, should be in the same building with the Opera; an additional story would give scores of small practising and lodging-rooms for the pupils, who may be supported and instructed at an expense of \$10,000 annually. There are in ordinary opera-houses no proper accommodations for the performers. This should be obviated, and handsome dressing-rooms for all of them, each with a bath-room attached, should be constructed. In a word, the principle to be followed, is to render the opera house artistic and attractive in every detail, before and behind the curtain.

The lot on which it is proposed to build in this city, was lately held by Mr. Phalen, who purchased it for the end in view. It is 204 feet on Fourteenth-st., by 122 feet 6 inches on Irving place. Fourteenth is a street 100 feet wide; Irving-place, one of 80 feet: this is a great advantage. There will be a covered carriage-way, so as to set people down inside, without exposure in bad weather. The vomitories will be ample; the staircases of the colossal order of European palaces. The solidity of the building will be remarkable. The space under the stage will be in this case 60 feet deep, to admit of scenic economies.

In the Philadelphia plan a lot of 150 by 240 feet, giving 36,000 square feet of ground is deemed essential to include all the requirements of such a house; how far the lot on Fourteenth-st., 122 by 204 feet or 25,000 square feet, can embrace the same, is a subject for inquiry.

If Boston, a city one quarter the capacity of New York, and with one-tenth of the transient

population, can raise \$250,000 for an opera, surely we can here. We trust therefore, there will be no delay. It may be added that a year ago, Mr. Lunley was willing to send out a first-rate Italian company, for such a house. One more point should not be forgotten: \$50,000 should be invested as part of the stock, for scenery, dresses, library and properties, so that the cost to the manager should be simply current expenses, or so that he may put on any opera with but little additional outlay. His ability to give performances six times a week, and on yearly salaries, will, of itself, reduce the average expenses one-third each night. The current expenses of an opera are increased one-third or one-half, by its being an occasional and not a systematic thing. The absence of the pragmatical interference of government, as on the European Continent, will much increase the ease and economy of such a foundation fairly put in practice here.

We have presented our views at length on this matter, as we believe the business interests, as well as the popular taste and civility of New York are deeply concerned in having such a first-class lyrical institution self-supported in its artistic supplies, and forming a common growth with the national pursuit of high Art.

Gleanings from German Musical Papers.

[Prepared for Dwight's Journal.]

The *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, published at Leipzig, of Dec. 24, says, the songstress Tedesco, who is now exciting so much attention at Paris, is a German by birth, a native of Brunn, in Moravia. Her real name is Deutsch. In Italy she translated this into the Italian *Tedesco*, and under this name has gained a high fame, especially in America. She numbers at the present time 28 years, and is said, both in her voice (a contralto) and in her person, to resemble Johanna Wagner. She is very happily married to a Creole, but still retains the name by which she has become famous. Cornet and Meyerbeer, who heard her in Paris, have engaged her for Vienna and Berlin.

Meyerbeer's *Prophète* has recently been performed in Riga, Russia, under the title of the "Siege of Ghent, or the Spaniards in Flanders," because the original subject has "too subversive a tendency." John of Leyden is called John of Hamlise, and Fidés, *Sally*. Despotism does not fear the music, it seems, however much the text may displease it.

Richard Wagner has promised an opera, or rather a series of three operas connected together, upon the subject of the "Death of Siegfried" and the "Vengeance of Chreimhild"—a performance requiring three evenings. Gade and Dorn (of Berlin) are both engaged upon the same subject.

The *Neue Zeitschrift* farther informs us that "the Brothers Fries, from Schleswig-Holstein, have founded at Boston a Mendelssohn-Bartholdy-Quintette-Club, the object of which is to awake a taste for classic music." [The editor of the *Zeitschrift* should see this winter's file of our *Journal*—he might possibly think that some such taste was already awakened.]

The authoress of the original text to von Weber's *Euryanthe*, Helmina von Chezy, is living near Vevay, in Switzerland, and has become nearly blind.

In our articles on Richard Wagner, in Vol. II., we mentioned that they were founded upon Fétis'

articles in the *Gazette Musicale*, and that Fétis was for the most part unfriendly to the German composer. The *Neue Zeitschrift*, which may be looked upon somewhat in the light of Wagner's organ, has the following savage paragraph upon the French critic.

"M. Fétis published some months since in the *Gazette Musicale* seven long articles upon Richard Wagner, his life, his system, his works and his party in Germany, of which we have hitherto taken no notice, because that paper is as good as not read at all in Germany, and the French journals would hardly dare to translate and publish any answers which we might write to M. Fétis. In whose interest that gentleman writes the world knows; but that he has no hesitation to falsify in the most shameless manner—of this at least we will give one example in proof. Of *Tannhäuser* he affirms that it could only be produced twice in Dresden. This assertion is sufficient for itself and for M. Fétis; for that opera has, within the period of three years, lived through 19 performances in Dresden."

Whatever may be the real merits of Wagner's operas, it is certain, as we see in our German files *passim*, that both the *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin* are making their way into all the principal opera houses of Germany; and that notwithstanding the excessive disgust with which the English critic of the London *Athenæum* was inspired at a representation of one of them, as they become better known they are slowly winning something more than the approbation of the learned, they are becoming popular. In Breslau, *Tannhäuser* was given seven times during the first three weeks of its performance there, and at the close of January had been given fourteen times. At Leipzig, Feb. 6th, *Tannhäuser* was produced for the fifth time.

On the 7th of April OTTO GOLDSCHMIDT gave a private concert in Berlin. The D minor Trio of Mendelssohn, and compositions by Thalberg, Chopin and himself, were produced. The *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung* says that all that is demanded of the most distinguished virtuoso is fulfilled by him, and that his taste for Mendelssohn and classic music makes his worth as an artist still higher. Mrs. Goldschmidt did not sing, and Johanna Wagner supplied the place which she would formerly have filled.

Miss Westerstrand, the new Swedish singer, has been singing Rode's variations, in the "Daughter of the Regiment," at New Strelitz. Her voice and school are praised in the highest terms.

A correspondent of the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*, says, "The rumor which has been extensively spread by the newspapers of the death of Oulibichéff, the author of the celebrated book on Mozart and his works, can most decidedly be declared untrue. I met him recently in Nichi-Nowgorod and conversed with him, and to-day have received a letter from him. He is about to write a work upon Beethoven." The paper from which this is taken is dated March 14th.

There is getting to be a wonderful-female-child-violinist for every city in Europe. Virginia and Caroline Ferni, rivals of Theresa Milanollo, have just appeared in Paris. Theresa, by the way, has given a long series of concerts in Berlin this winter. She gave *twelve* in the Grand Opera House and at the last the house was filled! Judging

from all we find in the European press she must be one of the greatest violinists living.

The story of Alboni in the Massachusetts House of Representatives has travelled into the German papers, but the scene is laid in the House of Representatives at Washington. One gives the story thus: "Some of the members became aware of Madame Alboni's presence in the spectators' gallery, upon which Mr. Bedford (!) made a motion that the assembly should show her some mark of attention. The motion was greatly opposed and the matter was ended by the President (!) requesting that the orders of the day be taken up, so that the newspapers might take no notice of it. He did not succeed in his wish apparently."

Breitkopf and Härtel of Leipzig have published a new edition of Beethoven's *Leonore* ("Fidelio"), in which the music of the original work as at first performed is given. The edition has been carefully prepared by Prof. Otto Jahn, "out of the original Beethoven Manuscripts, from copies and the original Theatre parts." It is said to surpass the later arrangement known as "Fidelio" in small particulars, but to be greatly inferior to it as a grand and artistic whole.

The Funeral Mass composed by Cherubini in his 77th year was recently performed in the Church *del Carmine*, at Turin, by a chorus of 120 and an orchestra of 80.

Who has not sung the vocal pieces of Conradin Kreutzer? He died in 1849, leaving a widow and daughter. The latter had a fine voice, thoroughly cultivated, but mainly owing to grief at the loss of her father, lost it, and determined to become an actress in the spoken drama, and for this purpose she went to Vienna to study. During the past winter a nervous disorder has forced her to give up the profession. As poor Kreutzer left no property, the widow and daughter are in a most unfortunate condition.

The following is the report of the monthly performances at the opera house in Leipzig for the month of January. Jan. 4. "Merry Wives of Windsor," by Nicolai (German). 6th. "Oberon," Weber (do.). 8th. "Robert the Devil," Meyerbeer, (do.). 9th. The "Elixir of Love," Donizetti (Italian). 11th. "Der Freyschütz," Weber (German). 14th. "Lucia di Lammermoor," Donizetti (Italian). 18th. "Barber of Seville," Rossini (Italian). 31st. "Tannhäuser," Wagner (German).

Theodore Ullig, one of the editors of the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, and of the most zealous champions of Richard Wagner, died on the third of January, aged 31.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

How to Manage the Choir.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:—Knowing your desire to see the love of real church music grow and diffuse itself in our community, I send you herewith, as bearing on the subject, an extract of a letter I lately received from a young Strulldbrug, a particular friend of mine; which you are at liberty to make use of should you think the hints of any value to our dear countrymen. It may possibly incite some of our societies to consider the character of their musical performances, and perhaps

to improve them by a study of what may be recognized as sound authority in the matter. As some of your readers are ignorant of my friend's language I have translated it, but have endeavored to preserve the tone and as far as possible the style, as nearly as our idiom will admit of it.

The letter is dated at Luggnugg, and after telling me the news of the Court and town he goes on to say:

"The society of which I speak is one of eminently *high* principles, a regarder of precedent, and generally opposed to innovations, which are too readily entertained by those of a *low* caste. They have made constant endeavors to bring their music to a point of excellence, in which many organists have been tried and the choir sifted and reformed so often that its complexion has been as changing as a dolphin's, and certainly with the happiest result so far as variety is concerned, though not perhaps with entire success, considering the end proposed to be accomplished. From so many experiments, however, some most valuable truths could not fail to be deduced, which cannot be too widely known.

"In forming and conducting a choir, absolute authority should be vested in a committee chosen for abilities a few of which I will mention.

"They should be long-headed, self-made men, as practical as possible, and withal shrewd at a bargain; for it is too well known to deserve mention, that musicians are, almost without exception, the keenest, sharpest, nearest traders to be found, and so snug that they can generally hold off and treat with a committee-man till he is forced to come to their terms.

"They should have a proper contempt for all music besides psalmody, such as operas, symphonies and even oratorios, which are after all only agreeable to an acquired taste, however some affected people may extol them; and any child can say that the wisest way of attaining to excellence in any one-branch of a science is by eschewing all its others.

"Another excellent rule is that of letting the choir know their place clearly, without that strained delicacy which prompts certain well-meaning but weak people to suggest and opine, merely from conscious ignorance, when they should only command. I have known some of these amiable ones to assert that musicians, even more than other artists, are sensitive and susceptible; but when they tell you in the same breath that the same class are *often* improvident and pressed for money, two such statements merely contend for superior absurdity, and may be passed over by any sensible person without so much as a reply.

"The choir should be allowed no taste or discretion whatever, but should be in the smallest details subject to the direction of the committee, or to that of any dull pedant they may appoint. All members of the church should be encouraged to press upon the committee their individual ideas, which would guarantee a result pleasing to all, and serve more than anything else to perfect the style of performance.

"Our committee are so admirable an example of what I would advocate that I cannot forbear dwelling on them for a moment. They were selected with a foresight and judgment on which our church may well plume itself. They are sharp business men, cool and prompt in trade, and indeed I would not fear to back them at a bargain against almost any dreaming artist I know of. They professedly despise music, and call all singing *squawking* (a mere pleasantry you will of course understand, inexpressibly entertaining to musicians). Their understanding with the organist is of the frankest

nature. His position is anything but equivocal, and his mind kept free from conflicting doubts, which might be prejudicial to his inspiration. He knows that he can either play what he's told to, or clear out. Could anything be more satisfactory? Yet such I grieve to say is the ingratitude and folly of the Luggnuggians, particularly the musical portion of them (who are not as with you, the most yielding, unopinionated, easily managed creatures that ever existed) that several of our hired performers have refused to obey some most reasonable orders, preferring loss of wages to what they facetiously termed *fickle-thickheadedness* and even disrespect.

"I am proud to say that such ludicrous exhibitions of spirit are uncommon, and the class generally allow themselves to be guided with commendable meekness. I may whisper to you that they are too jealous of each other to act with unanimity, which might be fatal to our authority, and until they find this out things will undoubtedly go on in the good old way.

"One happy result of our many experiments has been the bringing to light of several facts, so novel that I long to have them known in your country, where they doubtless will be received with reverence and treated with all the consideration they deserve. One of our committee discovered, one fine day, that Te Deums were of an irreverent tendency, and desecrated the church; which the society agreed to at once, wondering it had not before occurred to the world. They were accordingly proscribed—only, in a mistaken spirit of conciliation to a small minority, it was allowed that once in a while they might be sung, arranged to a modern psalm tune; and once a year, at Christmas, even to the secular music of Boyce or Purcell. This minority is so inconsiderable a fraction of the society that I am ready to apologize for mentioning it. Will you believe, my dear friend, that at this late day some of the most obtuse will still affect to compare the old masters with the modern professors—and actually persist in re-asserting the long-exploded opinion that a life of culture, even from early years, is conducive to pre-eminence in the science of music; and that an old Mus. Doc. is in any respect the superior of a modern free and independent professor, even though the latter may have devoted the larger portion of his life to trade or mechanical pursuits.

"Another committee-man, naturally *piqued* at the *eclat* gained by his colleague, bethought him suddenly that voluntaries were in some respects a desecration, and especially the organ itself, as the author of them, and proposed singing without accompaniment; which, though the impudent minority styled it an innovation, was accepted by nearly the whole of the society, who adopted it with acclamation, and proposed to encourage congregational singing. So the organ was closed, the choir dismissed, and their places supplied by delegates from the pews. The music at once assumed a devotional (some thought even a snuffling) character, but we won't praise it too extravagantly at first. An old lady has probably immortalized herself by suggesting that each of the congregation should sing whatever hymn and tune seemed appropriate to his or her frame of mind. This has not been tried yet, but is almost certain to be, since we've tried every other scheme that has ever turned over.

"As the fairest actions are always open to cavilling, and as even the most insignificant Luggnuggian is suffered to think what he pleases, an insolent fellow ventured to hint that it seemed to him almost as if our music savored in a very slight degree perhaps of a camp-meeting rather than of a church; but he was instantly bullied into eating his words and holding his tongue for the future.

"All things are possible, and it may be that some new notion in the way of church music will be evolved some time or other, when be sure I shall hasten to acquaint you with it."

GULLIVER.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 23, 1853.

Madame Sontag's Opera.

So we write down our text, and not "Madame Sontag in Opera," because in a true work of lyric art the prima donna is not all in all, but the chief interest of the performance lies in the perfection of the *ensemble*. A good *whole* opera is a thing which it is a greater gain to have witnessed, than it is to have heard and seen the greatest singer and actress, or even the three or four greatest on one stage. And we hasten to give credit to Henriette Sontag for studying the unity and integrity of her drama as a work of art, apparently with as much care as she has studied her own individual success;—in short for identifying her own success with that of the opera as a whole. It requires mind and thinking to do that; and that is what, as a general rule, distinguishes a great German from a great Italian singer, whether in theatre or concert, that the former seeks to realize the intellectual enjoyment of a complete, consistent, well-proportioned, perfect *whole*, as complex as it may be without loss of unity; while the latter places *herself* between you and the opera or the composer, invites all your attention to the beauty of her voice, her execution and her personal witchery, and is content with threadbare back-ground, third-rate accompaniments, braying orchestra and bawling chorus, serving chiefly as it were for foil to her own sweetness and artistic finish. Our German may have a less fresh and luxurious voice, less gushing and spontaneous pathos, less personal attraction; yet she invites us to a satisfying whole, in which, though she be the soul and centre, yet there is no part that does not seem equally indispensable to the charm.

In *La Sonnambula*, as given at the Howard Athenæum on Tuesday, Mme. Sontag's opening night, we felt that we enjoyed, for the first time in Boston, a good opera as a whole. We have had operas better in certain specialities. We have had greater excitements. We have had greater aggregates of talent on the stage at once. Nay, (and perhaps here we utter a bold heresy,) we have felt a deeper thrill of soul, imagination, genius, (to say nothing of voice in its fresh prime,) in a prima donna, than we felt here once in a whole evening of artistic beauties of unquestionable excellence;—felt it, we may say, in prime donne of far humbler pretensions than this one. But those things singly do not suffice for that very complex and harmonious pleasure which should result from a good opera. Single gems shine falsely in a bad setting. Your out and out *furori* and champagne intoxications are not the best effects of Art. Many fine artists in one opera do not necessarily make the opera complete, or good;—it might be better and yet contain fewer good things. And the personal magnetism of one badly supported singer of genius, even were she first-rate, excites in you a personal interest and admiration, still leaving you *minus* the artistic satisfaction that you sought.

The *Sonnambula* of the Sontag troupe charmed us as a whole. With the confession of having become somewhat *blasé* to Italian Opera, as we have heard it, we did really experience a fresh sensation and carry away a new satisfaction from the performance of Tuesday night. For the first time in any opera here, we had a chorus, numbering we think twenty-four, which did not bawl and scream. There was little, if any, of that fish-market quality of voice in the female portion of it, which we had grown to believe a fixed peculiarity of the Italian opera. The voices were true and prompt, well blended and subdued. For the first time, too, almost, there was an orchestra that did not bray and crash and smother all with most preponderating brass. Thirty good instruments, under the skilful sway of ECKERT, produced always euphony. They proved their virtue at the outset in the overture to "William Tell," (the *Sonnambula* having no overture of its own,) and afterwards brought out all the beauty of the Bellini accompaniments, while giving full opportunity to the softest modulations of the voice. In a word, the musical ideas (to our taste the freshest and most beautiful in any of Bellini's works), were never murdered or obscured by scrambling hurry or obstreperous noise. The piece was well put upon the stage. A refined propriety pervaded the performance; and this, reflected back from the very large, refined and intellectually well-pleased audience, made the old shell of a theatre look and feel a better place than usual, and actually seemed to transform for the time being that old homely, shabby scenery into a sort of interesting quaintness. It certainly was not a *great* performance; and therefore all the more we mention these things as showing what a power resides in conscientious art, if it be only genuine.

Mme. SONTAG'S Amina was an admirable impersonation; in look, dress, action she was the charming, sincere peasant girl with a refined nature, on the eve of the most interesting event in life. All the little by-play was consistently and gracefully kept up, and there was a development of stronger passion in the tragic second act, which one could hardly credit to her who had only heard her in the concert room. Now and then there was, to our taste, the fault of over-action. Thus the dragging herself upon her knees across the stage, in the struggle with her lover in the Count's chamber, seemed to exceed the bounds of true Art. Nothing, to be sure might exceed the agony of Amina's situation, supposing it real life; but we doubt if all should be represented; a little reserve, we think, is wholesome in ideal representations, as in actual manners. Again, in the extreme reaction of joy and rapture, when the fatal cloud is dissipated, in the finale: *Ah! non giunge*, we felt that that violence of action conveyed less of the contagion of joy, than we have received from a more quiet manner. The fresh, bright tones of rapture ought legitimately and principally to do the work. In this finale, too, the dryness of the singer's low tones was some drawback; and—(we name it from no spirit of fault-finding, but because it is absurd and toadyish to pretend to find all perfect, where in the nature of things it cannot be)—the wear of her voice, wherever the full voice was required in trying passages, was quite perceptible throughout. This it should be no offence to name, for it deducts not one particle from Sontag's merits in the higher

senses as an artist; on the contrary it gives us opportunity again to bear witness to the consummate skill with which she conceals the natural effects of time by the exquisite devices of art. It was music that admitted of much of that fine *sotto voce* embellishment, which is her peculiar skill; while everywhere, in recitative and song, in the tender love passages, and in a thousand little things which go to make up the fair whole of Art, although we may not note them, she approved herself a thinking and consummate artist;—and that is the charm in a lyric singer that should outweigh all others, at least until we can have with it also the magnetism of heaven's rarest gift of *genius*.

Sig. POZZOLINI, the Elvino, had been ill and his voice, in music so severely trying, soon betrayed fatigue; yet as far as it went his tenor was extremely sweet and musical, and (bating a little tendency to sentimentality) he expressed the tenderness and pathos of the Bellini melody as we have seldom heard it. He bore the part of the peasant lover well, and quite won upon the audience by the naturalness of his action, particularly in the jealous part, and in the parting duet (so sweetly sung and acted) with Amina on the night before the wedding. This duet, we believe, has commonly been left out.

The contrast of the two men, this young and sensitive and simple Elvino, with BADIALI'S manly, self-possessed and dignified Count Rodolpho, was one of the happy points of the presentation as a whole. Badiali, always magnificent in voice and manner, was entirely satisfying and himself on this occasion. The parts of the mother and the coquette Lisa were respectably done, never offensive, and the action and grouping of the chorus partook of the ease and refinement of their singing.

The opera *must* have been good to have afforded us so much which it is pleasant to record, when we heard it from the narrowest *minimum* of a seat, which might have been invented for a machine of torture, quite as well as for what is facetiously called "accommodation of the Press."—Speaking of accommodations, we thought it a sin and a shame that the upper gallery (a place heretofore frequented nightly by the best amateurs of opera who have to take the pleasure economically or not at all), was closed up and empty; and we were glad to see that the device of the *one dollar* "Standee tickets" (barbarous term, worthy of the invention) proved not so attractive as to greatly crowd the lobbies.

Opera and other Music in the "Far West."

The city of Milwaukee, in Wisconsin, is in possession of a musical privilege, enjoyed at present by no other city in the Union: namely, a *German Opera*, with full orchestra, chorus and principal singers. And what is more, it is likely to be domesticated there, since the performers are all resident Milwaukians. It is well known that the German element enters largely into the population of that young and growing giant of a city; and wherever Germans make their home,—such Germans as come over in *these* days, not such as settled Western Pennsylvania generations since and always set their faces against the introduction of free schools and all sorts of enlightenment,—they carry with them good seeds of artistic culture and of a cheerful, rhythmical social life.

We met a lady friend at the last Handel and

Haydn Concert, when the "Creation" was performed, who had just returned home on a visit from Milwaukee, who told us that, a week or two before, she had there listened to the same oratorio, performed wholly in German, by a chorus of two hundred resident Germans, and a good orchestra, and that the style of the performance was superior to that of our old Society. Pretty well that for the newly peopled Western wilds! But for the opera.

The piece selected for the first performance was Lortzing's "Czar und Zimmermann" (The Czar and the Ship-carpenter), which *has* been given, we doubt if so well, or on so full a scale, by a company of Germans in New York, and which seems to be the favorite opera of the day among the multitude in Germany. The plot is founded on the life of Peter the Great, disguised as a workman, in the docks of Holland, involving him of course in a love adventure with a young damsel; and many of our readers may have seen the same thing dramatized on the stage of our Museum and other theatres. The first performance was given on Friday evening, April 8th, in Metropolitan Hall, before a public that had long been on the *qui vive* for such a musical treat. We glean the following sentences from an account in the Milwaukee *Sentinel*:

"After a due amount of breathless anxiety, the overture by a full orchestra was given with fine effect. Up rolled the 'baize,' &c., and behold as romantic a crowd of ship-carpenters meet one's eye, as it would expect to see in dream land. Amid broad axes and grins, and strange apparel, it was pleasant to behold many a well known friendly face and form metamorphosed for the nonce. In this scene the genuine Peter (Mr. Brackel) trolls a merry lay, and a fine chorus, performed with much spirit, brings it to a close. The success of the Opera was, at this early stage of its progress, a fixed fact. As a work of art it must stand well the test of criticism; for the untutored ear it is filled with gems which cannot fail to give delight. To the amateur its harmonies and rich clustering beauties, vocal and instrumental, will ever render its performance and study a rich and satisfactory treat. In plot and general interest it is superior to any comic opera of the Italian school that has been performed in the States. Its humor is more human and less clown-like than that which pervades the southern musical comedies; at the former you laugh understandingly; at the latter if at all, ridiculously. It would be impossible in a sketch like this, to note all the good points made by the actors in its first performance here. They were all good, and might have trod the board for years for all the audience might have seen to the contrary. The self-complimentary song of Von Bett the Burgomaster (Mr. Balatka) was given with rare gusto. That gent's inimitable 'getting up' and acting was applauded to the echo throughout the evening; not overdone even to a hair's breadth, it was the embodiment of the self-conceited, pursed up, greedy, and greasy old official; a very dogberry of a Burgomaster. What could be more admirable than his acting and singing before the carpenters, in teaching the music lesson (what a gem that was by the way!) where he finally comes under suspicion, and his quarrel with the Czar—his duet with Peter, No. 2. How wonderfully good it all was! Mr. Brackel, as the Czar, of whom much was expected as a vocalist, though but little as an actor, surprised the audience in the latter qualification and displayed with much discrimination the deep feeling, pride and generosity which belong to the character. His fond recollection of childhood was given with a pathos and power which reminded me of Bettini; his farewell song was a fitting finale to his praiseworthy effort. He has a fine baritone voice, which approaches in its compass to the tenor and seems to blend with it;

it is capable of rendering music which touches the heart with great effect. Nothing but a slight huskiness mars its beauty, and it is to be hoped use will do away gradually with this throat difficulty.

Mrs. Mahler appeared before her numerous friends, as Maria, the heroine of the opera. She dressed the part admirably, and displayed much self-possession; acting and singing with that delicacy and taste which shows refinement of feeling and intense love of art. Surely our society is much indebted to this talented and amiable lady for her devotion to the cause of music. Mr. Richter went through his rôle in a manner very creditable to him as an amateur. Mr. Beiderman, the French Ambassador, presented a very courtly appearance; his voice was more flexible and potent than usual, and occasionally took one of those *hoists*, (to use an unmusical expression) which are an agreeable relief to the usual dead ealm of his solo singing. The Russian and English Ambassadors did the little they had to do well. The Sextet in the second act was one of the gems of the evening and was rather overlooked by the audience, no doubt to the surprise of the performers. Praise of the chorus and orchestra was in every mouth. Natural genius and severe drilling produced a result which our city has reason to be proud of, a result perhaps never equalled in the country, certainly not by local talent; it might have been shown Maretzek himself, as a musical wonder from a *wooden* country, where but a few short years ago "the rank thistle nodded in the wind and the wild fox dug his hole unscared."

Mr. Balatka, after the fall of the curtain, was loudly called for and acknowledged the compliment in a few appropriate remarks. Mr. Brackel also obeyed a similar call.

H.

JENNY LIND'S LETTER. The *N. Y. Tribune* gives the following improved version of the extract from a private letter to the Swedish consul Habicht, which appeared first in the *Musical World and Times*, and which completely sets at rest the idle and malicious rumors to which we have before referred.

The extract from Madame GOLDSCHMIDT'S letter, recently published in the city papers, seems worse than Coptic to readers generally. The mis-translation of the last word, and the erroneous printing of the original have bewildered the sense altogether. We give below a correct version of the extract, accompanied by a literal translation, which may serve to clear up the doubt as to Jenny's meaning, and prevent ridiculous surmises of domestic infelicity. Otto's hard work is undoubtedly musical composition, which would naturally keep him closely at home. What "changes" are referred to we cannot guess, but the idea of discord is out of the question. After stating that they are both well, Madame G. says:

"Otto är mycket god och snäll. Han arbetar jemt; Otto is very good and sweet. He works constantly; är hemma jemt; vänlig jemt; densamma till is at home constantly; kind constantly: the same to beförlidliga vännen alljemt; tänker bara på min vä, och depended-upon friend always; thinks only of my weal, and min förnöjsamhet; och blir et lugt stilla mod my contentment-of-mind; and bears a serene, still spirit i alla växlingar." in all changes.

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB. The Extra Concert, given in the Lecture Room of the Music Hall, last Saturday evening, was one of the most satisfactory chamber concerts of the season. It opened grandly with that never-failing old favorite, Beethoven's Quintet in C, op. 29, and closed with the Ottetto of Mendelssohn, for four violins, two altos, and two violoncellos, whose full, strong tide of harmony seemed to bear the composer's thoughts proudly along, and the imaginations of the audience sympathetically with them. The work more than confirmed the favorable impression of the

former hearing. Both the Quintet and the Octet were performed in the best manner of the Club, assisted in the latter by Messrs. Suck, Eichler, and Mass, of the Musical Fund Society. So too were the introduction and two first movements from Mendelssohn's Quartet in E flat, op. 12, including that quaint and fascinating little "Canzonet," which sounds so wild and ballad-like, as if it had sprung into being like one of the primitive melodies of the people, at the same time that it has all the refinement of modern art.

The violoncello solo by Mr. WULF FRIES was quite the model of what a solo should be in such a concert. It was short, select, simple,—entirely free from clap-trap variations and embellishments;—just a neat, artistic and expressive rendering of one of Mozart's perfect little melodies, which has had no opportunity here to become hacknied; namely *Wie schön ist die Liebe*, (in Italian, *Un'aura amorosa*) from "Cosi fan tutte." Mr. RYAN, too, gave a pleasing and not too ambitious clarinet solo by Müller, on themes from *Il Pirata*.

The Lecture Room seemed to impress everybody as an excellent place for music of this kind. Such certainly was our own experience, quite contrary to our impression at Mr. Dresel's concert in the same room. Was it owing to so small a change as the placing of the instruments this time upon a platform, a foot or more above the floor? The audience was a most attentive and delighted one, of about the number that was usually assembled at the Masonic Temple. The Lecture Room well filled (it holds some 900 persons) would be just the audience which the Club need and deserve, and we trust another winter will see it realized.

Our Carrier for the West end of the city distributed last Saturday some eighty copies of No. 1, instead of No. 2, before he discovered that he had snatched up the wrong bundle. The mistake was at once rectified so far as serving each house again with the right number. But as our supply of No. 1 runs short, we shall feel obliged to any of the twice served subscribers, if they will send us back the extra copy, unless it be too late.

Musical Intelligence.

Local.

The last of the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB Rehearsals takes place at three o'clock this afternoon in the Masonic Temple. They have been choice and delightful opportunities of hearing much of the best of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven and Mendelssohn in a genial, unceremonious, social way. Go this afternoon, for we see no more prospect of Chamber Music this Spring, since Mr. AUGUST FRIES, the leader of the Club, is to take the steamer next Wednesday for Europe. Could any arrangement be made to supply his place, we are quite sure that such Rehearsals would find larger and larger audience for a month to come.

Mme. SONTAG, with her principal singers, and fine orchestra, is to join the HANDEL and HAYDN SOCIETY to-morrow evening, in another performance of Rossini's *Stabat Mater*;—the whole under the conductorship of ECKERT. Of course it will be admirably rendered, but we wish that the "Sacred Concerts" of prime donne did not *always* mean Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, as if the brilliancy of that had quite extinguished all other religious music.

PORTLAND, MAINE. This city seems to be lifting up its head in classical music, with a degree of enterprise that promises right well for "Down East." Such societies and programmes, as we have here to mention, are an honor to the Portland population if they give them good support, and certainly an honor to the artists and professors who evince such faith in good music and the public capacity of learning to appreciate it. In the first place they have a—

SACRED MUSIC SOCIETY, which gave a concert on the evening of Fast Day, under the direction of Mr. ARTHURSON, formerly of this city, and produced selections from the "Messiah," and the whole of Haydn's Third or Im-

perial Mass, (to English words, we are sorry to say). Mr. KOTZSCHMAR presided at the organ, and Mr. ARTHURSON sang the tenor solos. (We have received from a correspondent a long criticism upon this performance, in many respects sound and just, we doubt not, but of so personal a character that we must decline to publish it.)

But what is most remarkable and promising for such a place is a Series of Chamber Concerts, under the direction of Mr. KOTZSCHMAR (an ex-Germanian, we believe) and Prof. CROUCH, the author of "Kathleen Mavourneen," who seems to be the most active and public-spirited musician resident in Portland. The Prospectus to these concerts is so unique that we are sure our readers will be glad to see it copied here in full, as follows:

CLASSICAL CHAMBER CONCERTS.

For the perfect rendering of unimpaired works of the great Masters, Vocal and Instrumental.

In conformity with the desire of many friends, admirers of the more Classical branches of Musical Science, Messrs. KOTZSCHMAR and CROUCH have determined upon giving a Series of Classical Chamber Concerts, every Wednesday Afternoon, commencing at 3 o'clock, P. M., to take place at their respective Music Rooms alternately, LANCASTER HALL, and EXCHANGE STREET.

The Piano-Forte expositions will include master pieces from SEBASTIAN BACH, SPOHR, MOZART, HUMMEL, HAYDN, CHOPIN, WEBER, BEETHOVEN, HANDEL, MENDELSSOHN.

The Vocal Readings, selections from PALESTRINA, Dr. BLOW, Dr. PEPSH, Dr. ARNE, PURCELL, Dr. HORSLEY, HANDEL, HAYDN, MOZART, BEETHOVEN, MENDELSSOHN, Dr. CROUCH, SPOHR, WEBER, MEYERBEER, SCHUBERT, &c. &c.

In addition to the truthful rendering of these works, the Executants propose giving introductory remarks to such of the Pieces, as require historical exposition, all of which will be duly notified in the Programmes of the day. The undertaking springing from a pure love of their profession, and a desire to elevate the musical taste of the City, Messrs. KOTZSCHMAR and CROUCH, beg their friends and patrons to distinctly understand there will be no postponement on account of weather, or mutilation of an Author's Work to court meretricious approval.

Single admission, Twenty-five Cents. Tickets can only be procured of J. S. PAINE, and of the Deleitators, Messrs. KOTZSCHMAR and CROUCH.

Auxiliary aid will be called into requisition when presenting itself, or necessary for the development of a Composition.

We append also the programmes of the first four Concerts.

For March 23d.

PART FIRST.

1. Songs without words—Piano Forte, *Mendelssohn*. Mr. KOTZSCHMAR.
2. Air, *Qui s'adonne*, *Mozart*. Mr. CROUCH.
3. Polonaise, in E flat—Piano Forte, *C. M. Weber*. Mr. KOTZSCHMAR.
4. German Song, *Serenade*, *Schubert*. Mr. CROUCH.
5. Duet—Piano Forte, *Mozart*, Miss PAINE & Mr. KOTZSCHMAR.

PART SECOND.

1. Scene, *Angel of Life*, *Dr. Callcott*. Mr. CROUCH.
2. Sonata, in E flat—Piano Forte, *Haydn*. Mr. KOTZSCHMAR.
3. Song, *Wave from Wave*, *Handel*. Mr. CROUCH.
4. Lullaby—Piano Forte, *Henselt*. Mr. KOTZSCHMAR.
5. Scene, *Mad Tom*. Mr. Purcell.

For March 30th.

PART FIRST.

1. Souvenir de Vaise, *Chopin*. Mr. KOTZSCHMAR.
2. German Song, *The Exile*, *Keller*. Mr. CROUCH.
3. Introduction and Fugue, *Handel*. Mr. KOTZSCHMAR.
4. Air, *Qui s'adonne*, *Mozart*. Mr. CROUCH.
5. Duet—Piano Forte, *Mozart*, Miss PAINE & Mr. KOTZSCHMAR.

PART SECOND.

1. Air, *Lord remember David*, *Handel*. Mrs. CROUCH.
2. Sonata, in E flat—Piano Forte, *Haydn*. Mr. KOTZSCHMAR.
3. Recitative and Air, *And God said*, *Haydn*. Mrs. CROUCH.
4. Polonaise, in E flat—Piano Forte, *C. M. Weber*. Mr. KOTZSCHMAR.
5. Duet, *I would that my Love*, *Mendelssohn*. Mrs. and Mr. CROUCH.

For April 6th.

PART FIRST.

1. Overture, four hands, *Il Flauto Magico*, *Mozart*. Miss PAINE and Mr. KOTZSCHMAR.
2. Recit. and Air, "What tho' I trace," *Handel*. Mr. CROUCH.
3. Air, "Lovely is Nature's Book," *Gluck*. Mrs. CROUCH.
4. Introduction and Fugue, *Handel*. Mr. KOTZSCHMAR.
5. German Song, "Knowest thou the Land," *Beethoven*. Mr. CROUCH.

PART SECOND.

1. Offertory, "Ave Maria," *Schubert*. Mrs. CROUCH.
2. Grand Sonata, C minor—Piano Forte, *Mozart*. Mr. KOTZSCHMAR.
3. German Song, "Down a thousand fathoms Deep," *Keller*. Mr. CROUCH.
4. Elegie—Piano Forte, *Ernst*. Mr. KOTZSCHMAR.
5. Duet, "The May Bells," *Mendelssohn*. Mrs. & Mr. CROUCH.

For April 13th.

PART FIRST.

1. Sonata, in F—Piano and Violoncello, *Beethoven*. Messrs. Jungnickel and KOTZSCHMAR.
2. Air, "My Dream of Love," *Spoher*. Mr. CROUCH.
3. Air, "Holy, Holy," *Handel*. Mrs. CROUCH.
4. Romance—Piano Forte, *Ch. Voss*. Mr. KOTZSCHMAR.
5. German Song, "Knowest thou the Land," *Beethoven*. Mr. CROUCH.

PART SECOND.

1. Air, "Voi che Sapate," *Mozart*. Mrs. CROUCH.
2. Sonata, in D—Piano Forte, *Mozart*. Mr. KOTZSCHMAR.
3. Serenade, "Could I thro' Ether fly," *Moliere*. Mr. CROUCH.
4. La Melancolie—Violoncello and Piano, *Felicien David*. Messrs. Jungnickel and KOTZSCHMAR.
5. Duo, "La ci darem," *Mozart*. Mrs. and Mr. CROUCH.

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Mar. 5. tf

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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

SPONTINI.

From the French of HECTOR BERLIOZ. (Continued.)

The score finished, the Empress immediately caused it to be put to study at the opera; and then the protégé of Josephine began to experience the agony of rehearsals—frightful torture for a novice without acquired authority, and to whom the entire *personnel* of performers is naturally and systematically hostile—a perpetual struggle against malevolent intentions; heart-rending efforts to obliterate limits, warm icicles, reason with fools, talk of love to eunuchs, of imagination to idiots, of art to common laborers, of sincerity to liars, of enthusiasm to the envious, of courage to cowards. Every body revolted against the pretended difficulties of the new work, against the unusual forms of that great style, against the impetuous movements of that incandescent passion, lighted at the purest rays of an Italian sun. Each wished to abridge, cut out, prune, and mould to rude exigencies this noble music, which wearied its interpreters by requiring ceaseless

attention, sensibility, vigor, and a scrupulous fidelity. Madame Branchu herself, that inspired woman, who so admirably created the rôle of Julia, has since acknowledged to me, and not without regretting this culpable discouragement, that she once declared to Spontini that she never could learn his *unsingable* recitatives. The revising of the instrumentation, the suppression and restoration of phrases, and the transpositions had already cost the Opera enormous copying expenses. Without the indefatigable kindness of Josephine, and the will of Napoleon, who always exacted the *impossible*, there is no doubt but that the *Vestale*, refused as absurd and inexecutable, would never have been performed. But while the poor great artist writhed amid the tortures which they so cruelly persisted in inflicting upon him at the Opera, the Conservatory was preparing melted lead to pour upon his open wounds on the grand day of the first representation. All the embryo-contrapuntist-brats, swearing on the authority of their masters that Spontini ignored the first elements of harmony, that his melody was balanced upon the accompaniment like a *lock of hair upon a dish of soup*, (for more than ten years I heard in the classes of the Conservatory this noble comparison applied to the works of Spontini,) all the young manufacturers of notes, as capable of understanding and feeling the *noble* in music, as Messieurs the porters, their fathers, were of judging of literature and philosophy; all clubbed together to effect the downfall of *La Vestale*. The system of hisses and whistling was not admitted. That of yawns and laughter having been adopted, each one of these myrmidons agreed on the end of the second act to put on a night cap, and feign to sleep.

I hold these details from the chief of the band of sleepers. He had associated with himself for the direction of the sleeping a young ballad singer, since become one of the most celebrated of our Opera Comique composers. The first act passed off without any grievance, and the cabaliers not being able to refrain from acknowledging the effect of this fine music, so badly written, according to them, contented themselves with saying, in a tone of *naïf* astonishment, devoid of all hostile intent: "*cela va!*" (it succeeds!) Boieldieu, being present 22 years after at the general rehearsal of Beethoven's symphony in C major, ejaculated also with the same feelings of surprise: "*cela va!*"—the Scherzo had appeared to him so oddly written, that in his opinion it

could not go at all. Alas! there are many things which have succeeded, do succeed, and will succeed, despite the professors of Counterpoint, and the authors of *opéras-comiques*.

At the end of the second act of *La Vestale*, the steadily-increasing interest of the temple scene gave no chance to the conspirators of thinking for an instant of the wretched farce which they had prepared, and the finale drew from them, as well as from the impartial public the warmest applause; for which they had, no doubt, to make *amende honorable* the next day, by continuing in their classes to despise the ignorant Italian, whose music, nevertheless, had so vividly affected them. Time is a great master! The adage is not new; but the revolution which twelve or fifteen years have made in the ideas of our Conservatory is a striking proof of its truth. No longer in this establishment do we find prejudice, or parties hostile to new works; the spirit of the school is excellent. I believe that the Society of Concerts, by familiarising the young musicians with a great number of *chefs-d'œuvres*, written by masters whose hardy and independent genius has never known even our scholastic reveries, has had a great hand in the accomplishing of this result. Also the execution of fragments of *La Vestale*, by the Society of Concerts, and pupils of the Conservatory has always obtained an immense success, a success of applause, of tears, a success which affects the performers and the public to such a degree that it has sometimes been found impossible to continue the concert for half an hour. One day, on a similar occasion, Spontini, hidden in the recess of his box, was observing philosophically this tempest of enthusiasm, and was, doubtless, asking himself on seeing the tumultuous manifestations of the orchestra and chorists, what had become of all those petty contrapuntists, all those little rogues of 1807, when suddenly the pit, having perceived him, rose in a body turning towards him, and the whole hall resounded with cries of recognition and admiration. Sublime enthusiasm, with which earnest souls salute true genius; and its most noble recompense! Was there not something providential in this triumph awarded to the great artist in the very bosom of the school in which during more than thirty years were taught hatred of his person and contempt of his works!

And, nevertheless, to those (and their number is large) who have not heard it at the Opera, how much the music of *La Vestale* must lose, being

thus deprived of the illusions of the stage. How is it possible to imagine at a concert that multitude of different effects in which dramatic inspiration bursts forth in so great abundance and depth? What those listeners can seize, is a variety of expression which they imagine from the commencement of each rôle, the intensity of passion which renders this music luminous by the ardent flame concentrated therein, (*sunt lacrymæ rerum*), and the purely musical value of the melodies and groups of chords. But there are ideas which can only be seized at the theatre; one, especially, among others is of rare beauty, in the second act. In the air of Julia: *Impitoyables Dieux*, an air in the minor mode, and full of desperate agitation, there occurs a phrase heart-rending in abandon and sorrowful tenderness: *Que le bienfait de sa présence enchante un seul moment ces lieux*. At the end of this air, and the recitative: *Viens, mortel adoré, je te donne ma vie*, when Julia retires to the back of the stage to give entrance to Licinius, the orchestra takes up a fragment of the preceding air, in which the accents of the passionate trouble of the vestal still predominate; but at the very instant in which the door opens, giving admission to the friendly rays of the evening star, a sudden *pianissimo* brings back to the orchestra, rich in wind instruments, the phrase—*que le bienfait de sa présence*; immediately a delicious atmosphere seems to pervade the temple, a perfume of love is exhaled, the flower of love is bursting forth, the heavens are opened, and we readily conceive that the *amante* of Licinius, discouraged by her struggle with her heart, should tremblingly sink at the foot of the altar, willing to give up her life for a moment of transport. Starting with this piece, the musical and dramatic interest increases in grandeur; and we could almost say that, taken altogether, the entire second act is a gigantic *crescendo*, of which the *forte* only bursts forth at the final scene of the veil. How is it possible not to note, *en passant*, marvels of expression like those at the beginning of the lovers' duo:

LICINIUS. Je te vois.

JULIA. Dans quels lieux!

LICINIUS. Le Dieu qui nous rassemble,
Veille autour de ces murs, et prend soin de tes jours.

JULIA. Je ne crains que pour toi!

What a difference in the accent of these two persons! The words of Licinius crowd upon his burning lips; Julia, on the contrary, has no inflection to her voice, her strength fails her, she sinks down fainting. The character of Licinius is still better developed in his cavatina, of which it is impossible to cease admiring the melodious beauties; he is at first gentle, consoling, an adorer, but towards the end, at these words: *Va, c'est aux dieux à nous porter envie*, a kind of pride is manifest in his accent, he contemplates his beautiful conquest, the joy of possession becomes greater than the happiness itself, and his passion is slightly tinted with self-pride. As to the duo, and especially to the peroration of the *ensemble*,

C'est pour toi seul que je veux vivre!

Où pour toi seule je veux vivre!

they are are indescribable; they contain palpitations, exclamations, passionate caresses unknown to you, pale lovers of the North. It is an Italian love in all its furious grandeur and volcanic ardor. In the finale, at the entrance of the people and the priests into the temple, the forms of rhythm enlarge beyond all measure; the orchestra

pregnant with tempest, swells and undulates with a terrible majesty; here the question in point is, religious fanaticism.

O crime! ô desespoir! ô comble de revers!
Le fen éclipse éteint! la prêtresse expirante!
Les dieux, pour signaler leur colère éclatante,
Vont-ils dans le chaos replonger l'univers?

This recitative is truthfully frightful in the development of its melody; in its modulations, and its instrumentation it is of monumental grandeur. Everywhere there is clearly manifest the threatening power of Jupiter Tonans. And in the phrases of Julia, successively full of distress, resignation, revolt, and audacity, there are accents so natural that it seems as if no others could be used, and yet they are so rare that the finest scores contain but very few. Such are:

Eh quoi! je vis encore.....
Qu'on me mène à la mort.....
Le trépas m'affranchit de ton autorité.....
Prêtres de Jupiter, je confesse que j'aime.....
Est-ce assez d'une loi pour vaincre la nature.....
Vous ne le saurez pas.....

At this last reply of Julia to the question of the pontiff, the thunders of the orchestra burst forth with violence; we feel that she is lost, and that the touching prayer which the unfortunate one has just addressed to Latona will not save her. The measured recitative: *Le temps finit pour moi*, is a master-piece of modulation, with regard to that which precedes and follows it. The high priest has ended his phrase in the key of E major, which will become that of the final chorus. The chant of the vestal deviating gradually from this key, reposes upon the dominant of C minor; then the altos commence alone a sort of tremolo in B, which the ear takes to be the *note sensible* of the last established key, and bring about by this same B,—about suddenly to become the *dominant*,—the explosion of brass instruments and cymbals in the key of E major, which vibrates anew with redoubled sonorousness; like those lights, which, in the night, re-appear the more brilliantly, when an obstacle has for a moment excluded them from our sight. With regard to the anathema, with which the pontiff crushes his victim, as well as to the *Stretta*, all description is as powerless as it is useless for whoever has not heard them. There, especially, you recognise the power of that orchestra of Spontini, which, notwithstanding the various developments of modern instrumentation, has stood erect, majestic, draped in the antique, and as brilliant as the day on which it issued arrayed in armor from the head of its author. You palpitate with pain under the incessant *repercussion* of the pitiless rhythm of the double syllabic chorus of priests, in contrast with the moaning melody of the weeping vestals. But the divine anguish of the listener arrives at its climax when, abandoning the use of the precipitate rhythm, the instruments and the voices,—the former in tremolo, the latter in sustained sounds—pour forth in continuous torrents the strident chords of the peroration. That is the culminating point of the *crescendo* which increases so grandly during the second half of the second act, and to which, in my opinion, no other is to be compared for its immensity, or the formidable slowness of its progress. During the grand performances of this Olympian scene at the Conservatoire and at the Grand Opera of Paris, all shuddered, public, performers, the edifice itself, which, metalized from base to roof, seemed, like a colossal gong, to send forth

sinister vibrations. The means of small theatres are insufficient to produce this strange phenomenon.

[To be continued.]

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Julius Knorr's Instructive Works on Playing the Piano.*

I.

Among musical instruments the Piano is that most in use. For it the greatest number of works have been written, from Bach down to our days. "Methods" for it have multiplied since C. Ph. Em. Bach wrote his "Essay on the true manner of playing the Piano," in the last quarter of the 18th century. The convenience of the instrument for the reproduction of orchestral works, the facility of executing harmonical combinations, and hence the necessity of being familiar with it (in some degree at least) to every composer, have induced most who study music, either for their profession or for amusement, to acquire some mastery of the Piano. Such an universal cultivation of necessity has led to the most extensive application of all known, and the invention of innumerable new, musical forms and figures. Difficulties have increased not only as to mechanical execution, but as to spiritual conception; chiefly since Beethoven, who carried the whole instrumental world to a point so far above anything before him, that he will forever stand out the landmark of a new era. Upon him the whole development of modern music is founded, and the ideas laid down in his latter works will furnish abundant food for musical centuries to come. He was the first to introduce in Piano music a melody with a distinct and separate accompaniment,* and thus opened a field, which the entire modern school has not by any means exhausted. He first employed chords more widely laid out, fuller arpeggios, than his predecessors. It is not too much to assert, that his and John Sebastian Bach's works are study enough for a lifetime, and if one would devote himself exclusively to those two authors he would have included in his studies the whole compass of the art in its application to the Piano.

This is said with no intention to underrate a Mozart, a Haydn, a Dussek, a Mendelssohn, Weber, Chopin, and many others. But after all, with all due reverence for their immortal works, Bach and Beethoven will remain the greatest attraction to the Piano-player who is a true musician, the main object of his devotion and cultivation. The difficulties of execution by the introduction of new and more complicated passages, have greatly increased even since Beethoven. But the root and germ of all the new forms created by a Kalkbrenner, Ries, Thalberg, Chopin, Liszt, are contained in Beethoven's works.

The player who plays Beethoven's greater works artistically, is *eo ipso* master of all that has been written before him, and little trouble will enable him fully to do justice in mechanical execution and spiritual conception to all that has been written after him, up to the immense mechanical difficulties created by Chopin and Liszt.

We have arrived now at a point from which at present a new climax of mechanical difficulties seems impossible. Such periods, when a certain *cyclos* of artistical labors is closed, are the time

* See even among his first works the *Largo* of the 2d Sonata of op. 2 dedicated to Father Haydn or the *Adagio cantabile* of his great *Sonate pathétique*, op. 13.

for collecting the materials, for reducing them to certain fundamental formations, in short, for preparing them to the use of the musical student. This task, which a Method for the piano has to carry out in our days, has been marked out by JULIUS KNORR in the preface to his "Materials" so distinctly that it seems best to quote his own words. He says:

"Already in the first volume of the musical paper (*Neue Leipziger Zeitschrift für Musik*) founded by R. Schumann and myself, of which I was then editor, I maintained the necessity of confining a method for the piano in our days, when the mechanical difficulties in pieces for the piano have increased so much of late, mainly to the nucleus of the different mechanical exercises. This only will enable the player to overcome those difficulties in the shortest possible time. Such a method, I hold, should not be a compilation of all figures and passages existing already, . . . but must exclusively and fully lay the foundation for a sure touch and unerring fingering, without which the study of the larger compositions cannot be undertaken. . . . Such an instruction book cannot and must not contain the more complicated forms which much more advantageously are to be studied from the better études, (in reality only supplements of the instruction book) and the compositions themselves."

This task has been carried out to the satisfaction of certainly every teacher by this same Jul. Knorr, well known to the musical public by his former successful labors and his instruction books in this beautiful department of our Art. Whoever will only glance over his edition of A. E. Müllers "Method for the Piano," will concur in the writer's opinion, that he has accomplished in it all that could be desired for the wants of a rational instruction, as far as the mechanical part of the Art is concerned.

This work, of which there exists no English edition as yet,* came out in Leipzig under the title: "Large Method for the Piano, by A. E. Müller, newly revised edition by Jul. Knorr;" in two volumes; the *first* of which contains, besides the rudiments of music, a systematical exposition of fingering, &c., "and many hints as to modes of expression (musical elocution). For the teacher a very valuable guide for elementary instruction is interspersed between the exercises." After a brief introduction in musical rudiments follows his explanation of the only rational position of the hand, with diagram. The *only rational*, because based upon the anatomical structure of the hand. Then follow some very concise rules on touch and on the motion of the wrist. To the first might have been added, that pressing hard after the key is struck is a great means of soon acquiring strength of fingers; and to the rules on the motion of the wrist might have been added an enumeration of those cases, where the staccato notes are to be played only from the knuckles! Then come five-finger exercises, the hand standing still. At this point already we cannot but admire the *logical* arrangement of this Method, which in this particular has no equal. First one finger at a time is made to strike, then follow two alternately, thus preparing the study of that important mechanical requisite, the trill; then follows an exercise where *two* fingers are playing simultaneously, thus introducing

the study of *thirds*, &c. Only then is the pupil taught the notes. The preceding exercises he has had to study without them. According to a truly practical principle, the pupil learns only treble notes low, and is introduced, in § 42, to works written in little four-hand pieces, on *five* notes, where the hand, constantly in one position, can accustom itself to that regular position, until it has become a settled habit. A most excellent piece of this kind is reprinted there from the Method of Moscheles, Fétis and Kullak, which in connection with those by Diabelli, recommended for use, will fully answer the above purpose.

These five finger exercises are succeeded by similar ones for two hands, where the extent of a fifth is overstepped already, furnished with practical remarks on different manners of fingering, on musical elocution, &c.

Next follows a chapter on time, rests, abbreviations, with a very important, short and comprehensive synopsis of cases where perfect independence of the hands is required. Then follow some theoretical chapters on intervals, chords, together with some practical ones on different manners of execution, viz. legato, staccato, &c., and on rhythm. Sections 97-112 contain some general rules of fingering "necessary for the little pieces the pupil is to play now," as the author says; of far wider bearing, however, so that they really serve as ground work for all possible cases of fingering. With reluctance we abstain from translating the important chapter. Remarkable are the rules for those cases, when the use of the thumb or the 5th finger on black keys is justifiable, and when not.

Then follow, in section 114, some progressive pieces ranging in difficulty after those of section 42. And here a feature of the book is to be noticed which alone would recommend it to every teacher that loves his Art. It is a part of that guide for the teacher mentioned above. In section 114, several pieces by our best masters, such as Haydn, Clementi, C. M. von Weber, Kuhlau, Czerny, J. Schmitt, &c., are recommended to be practised, besides those contained in the Method. The intrinsic value of these pieces forms quite an agreeable contrast to the collections of trashy waltzes, &c., which almost exclusively fill methods like those by Hünten, Burgmüller, &c.

Next comes a chapter on the embellishments, the turn, appoggiatura, mordente, trill and its different ways of termination, double trill, trill accompanying a melody &c.

A short but highly interesting chapter on musical elocution, the use of the pedals, legato, portamento, staccato, with very valuable hints on the character and correct manner of delivering compositions of different composers, closes the first part.

[To be continued.]

IT NEVER RAINS BUT IT POURS.—The musical season proposes to be a wet one, to judge by the following list of *waterworks*. Evening Dew, Osborne. Morning Mist, Calcott. Water Spray, Sloper. Cascade, Szekely. Wasser-fall, Vogel. Ditto, Pauer. Rippling Stream, Spindler. Water Music, Handel. La Source, Blumenthal. Rivulet, Bartholdy. L'Eau Dormante, do. Rain-drop, Gabriel. A Rainy Summer's Day, Szekely. Mountain Streamlet, do. In mercy to suffering mortality, will no good and musical soul write an "Umbrella," as a protection against the above.—*London paper.*

Our Correspondence from Germany.

MUSIC IN LEIPZIG AND BERLIN—BACH'S "PASSION"—GEWANDHAUS ORCHESTRA—SINGERS—LISZT—MARIE WIECK—THE KING OF PRUSSIA AND HIS MILITARY BANDS—MUSIC-PRINTING IN A PRISON—JOHANNA WAGNER.

DRESDEN, April 7, 1853.

MY DEAR SIR: I received your letter this morning, and shall be very happy to keep you *booked up* with regard to musical matters this side of the water, if my letters will afford any one the least pleasure or satisfaction. I arrived at Leipzig in *fourteen days and two hours* from the time I left New York, notwithstanding I was obliged to stop in London twenty-four hours and in Cologne twelve. I think this will be considered a very quick trip for the season of the year.

The first musical performance I have had the pleasure of listening to was the *Passions-Musik* (an oratorio) by BACH, performed in the Pauline church by a chorus of 200 voices, accompanied by an orchestra of 100 performers. Solo parts were sustained by Fraulein MEYER, Frau DREYSCHOCK, Herr BEHR, Herr —, tenor,—cannot remember his name. The whole was directed by the well known music director, RIETZ.

I must say that I have never been so much pleased and charmed by any music of the same character before. The melodies were so classical and beautiful, and rendered so finely by the different artists. Fraulein MEYER is quite celebrated as a classical singer and is the Leipzig favorite; this of course you well knew long ere this. Mme. R. DREYSCHOCK you perhaps have not heard so much about. She possesses a very full, round, and strong Soprano voice and sings with good taste and expression. The several arias she sang that evening gave general satisfaction, and she really deserves much credit. (The same lady has been very successful at the Gewandhaus Concerts the past winter.) The Orchestra, well known as the *Gewandhaus* orchestra, of course was nothing else but good and their part was performed as one would naturally suppose it must have been under the direction of such an eminent composer and director. I really had a favorable opportunity of hearing this orchestra, as the instrumentation of the "Passion" music was of a character that required a well and skillfully trained orchestra to do it justice. Very full, grand, with many most delicious effects.

The chorus had evidently been under a long *drill* to do such justice to themselves. Their part was very difficult indeed, and in fact the whole Oratorio is so difficult and requires such an orchestra and chorus that it is seldom given. When it is performed it draws all the musicians and professors from all the neighboring cities to hear it. The house was crowded from the very top to the bottom. Among other distinguished characters I saw LISZT, squeezed up in one corner, with the *Partitur* in his hand looking over and following along with the utmost attention. The whole performance went off admirably and without any faults that any reasonable critic should notice, when considering the immense orchestra and chorus. An orchestra of from forty to fifty performers, can in a comparatively short time be able to play very well together; but one composed of a hundred must be thoroughly trained in order to keep those *fiddles* any where near together, or those *confounded horns* from making such an awful noise as to drown all the other parts; and a new orchestra must undergo

*An English translation has just been finished in manuscript.

long practise before the corners get well rounded off.

I had the pleasure of speaking with N. W. GADE, the celebrated composer, also with LISZT, both of which gentlemen I met at the office of Mr. Barthol' Senff, who is the editor of the *Leipsic Signale*, also a music dealer. This gentleman is a friend to all musicians, and his office is taken advantage of by musicians and composers, who step in to read the papers and learn what is going on in the musical world. In speaking with Liszt, I told him that his life of Chopin was being translated in America and that part of it had already appeared in our Boston Journal of Music. He remarked that he felt himself quite flattered and that he should feel proud to receive a copy; which I promised to send him.

RAYMOND DREYSCHOCK, who ranks very high as a violinist in Leipsic, has given several concerts with wonderful success. He has a strong idea of visiting America.

After finishing up my business in Leipsic, I visited Berlin, where I had the pleasure of meeting many musicians of celebrity. I called on Mr. SCHLESINGER, who showed me many musical curiosities, portraits, &c. I met here Fraulein MARIE WIECK, the celebrated pianist, who has been giving several concerts with most wonderful success. She is now about to return to Dresden again. After leaving Mr. Schlesinger's my attention was called at once towards the Royal Palace, where I saw a tremendous crowd of people, and a large number of military. I made my way through the crowd, when I saw the King of Prussia just making his appearance from the Palace, on foot, accompanied by some two hundred officers of different grades and from different companies. He walked up and down the street in a most commanding manner, which led a Yankee to suppose that he was "some pumpkins." While reviewing his troops, a Band of something more than a hundred musicians played several marches, and melodies from different operas, most splendidly. However, as my time was somewhat limited, I was obliged to leave to fulfil an engagement with Mr. Bock, music dealer. On my arrival at his place, his carriage was in readiness and waiting. I was introduced to Herr SINGER, a celebrated violinist from Pesh; also to Herr Von MEYER, a young composer of considerable talent.

We all stepped into the carriage and took a survey of the suburbs of Berlin. It being a delightful day, it was very pleasant and agreeable. Mr. Bock conducted us to the Prussian State Prison, which we went all over. I was very much interested, and found every part of the whole establishment in such perfect order, so neat, and clean, that I was about to venture to enquire the price of board, as I am sure it would be a very desirable location to live in, provided one could keep his own keys. After going through several departments we came to Mr. Bock's music printing office, which is in this establishment, *priced by the King*. He has three large rooms. The first is where the lead is melted, and the plates are made. The second is where they are engraved. In the third the music is printed, pressed, and from there sent to his store ready for sale. The rooms are about fifty feet long and twelve wide, and the floor is waxed and polished so nice that it would almost serve as a mirror. Each prisoner is dressed in dark red throughout; stout jacket, vest, knee breeches, and long stock-

ings to meet them, with heavy shoes. Their ages are from twenty to fifty, and every one is sentenced *for life*. Very agreeable occupation that, but rather long time to serve! I think it will be quite interesting to your readers to know that all the music published by Bote and Bock, Berlin, is printed in a prison.

After passing some two hours here we rode to a large coffee garden, where we seated ourselves and indulged in a glass of *Bier*. In the evening I went to the Opera and heard the celebrated WAGNER in the *Prophete*. More perfect acting I have never witnessed; and a more beautiful voice, more finely cultivated, is seldom heard. Her low and middle tones are perfectly wonderful, and such as I have never heard from any other woman's lips. I was completely carried away by her. Yours, &c.

NATHAN RICHARDSON.

Gleanings from German Musical Papers.

[Prepared for this Journal.]

The reorganization of the post office in Berlin has admitted a large number of qualified military men, whose service had expired, into that branch of the civil service. Among the new officers in the general office are about forty who were formerly in the bands. These have united and form an orchestra, which a few weeks since gave a concert to their fellow officials and their families. Beethoven's overture to "Prometheus," and Rossini's to "William Tell" were performed, together with solos for the violin and clarinet. Pretty well for a post office!—at least we should think so if the thing had occurred.

The Barcelona Courier recently published the following notice: "All lovers, wishing to pay court to their ladies, may apply at the bureau of the theatre, which will furnish an orchestra of forty persons, who for five francs, are ready to give serenades before any doors designated."

These are the bills of the fifth and sixth of the *Sinfonie Soirées* of the Royal orchestra at Berlin during the past season:

FIFTH SOIREE.	
1st part.	{ Symphony in G minor,.....Mozart.
	{ Overture to Coriolan,.....Beethoven.
2nd part.	{ Overture to Don Juan,.....Mozart.
	{ Symphony in C (First),.....Beethoven.
SIXTH SOIREE.	
1st part.	{ Overture to Ray Blas,.....Mendelssohn.
	{ Symphony in E minor,.....Haydn.
2nd part.	{ Overture to Oberon,.....Weber.
	{ Symphony in F (8th),.....Beethoven.

We fear it will be some time before an American audience will be satisfied with such programmes, and what is more sit in perfect silence during the entire performances.

Flotow's new opera, "Indra," is going all through Germany.

A German paper says that the new Music Hall at Boston is exquisitely adapted to music. A concert of sacred music given by Mme. Sontag in connection with the Handel and Haydn Society left nothing to be desired. It speaks also of a new statue of Beethoven, to be executed by Crawford, and to be placed in the hall; also of a new Biography of that composer by an American "music-loving dilettant, Taylor." These paragraphs are evidently taken, in part, from the London papers.

The annual report of the Grand Opera at

Munich in Bavaria, shows that 123 operas and musical dramas were performed during the year 1852. They were as follows:

German.	French and Italian.
Beethoven.....1	Spontini.....1
Mozart.....5	Cherubini.....1
Gluck.....1	Cimarosa.....1
Weber.....2	Mehul.....2
Meyerbeer.....3	Gretry.....1
Spohr.....1	Auber.....6
Dittersdorf.....1	Rossini.....3
Flotow.....3	Halevy.....3
Lortzing.....2	Bellini.....2
Lachner.....1	Donizetti.....3
	Verdi.....1
20	24

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

From my Diary. No. XXIV.

NEW YORK, April 17. Though not very fond of his music, the name of Lindpaintner has long had a charm for me, which probably is owing to the associations with which I first became acquainted with it. The few who can read Bettine's correspondence with Goethe, will not need be reminded, that in the portion of her letters written from Landshut, she speaks of him more than once. The particular passage I have in mind, is in the letter of Oct. 16, 1809, and is as follows:

"I have into the bargain an accumulated correspondence with young off-shoots of the fine arts;—a young architect at Cologne; a musician of eighteen years of age, who studied composition with Winter, rich in beautiful melodies, like a silver swan, which sings in the clear blue atmosphere, with swelling wings. The swan has a confounded Bavarian name; he is called Lindpaintner; yet, says Winter, he will bring the name to honor."

In another letter she refers to him in a single sentence, which closes with a sly reference to Goethe's want of musical powers. "The Musician," says she, "is my favorite, and with him I might easily have driven my discourses upon art to excess, for there I expatiate more, and cede nothing to you."

Jacob, the elder Lindpaintner, was a tenor singer, of the school of Bighini, and had a situation under Clemens Wenzeslaus, the last elector of Treves. It is a little curious sometimes to mark the connection between small and great things, and several men who have made their mark upon the musical world might have remained comparatively unknown had the French Revolution been delayed ten years longer! The association in this case is on this wise. The French armies put an end to the Electorate of Cologne and Treves, and the poor musicians of Maximilian and Clemens were dispersed. Beethoven could now remain in Vienna; the two Rombergs had to travel for a subsistence, and lo! they proved to be in the very highest rank—Bernhard as violoncellist, Andreas as violinist; old father Ries, deprived of his situation, sent his son Ferdinand to Vienna; and Jacob Lindpaintner followed his prince to Augsburg, where he settled as a member of Clemens' household, and appears to have given up his profession as a singer. Peter, the son, was kept at the gymnasium until he was sixteen years of age, and pursued the study of music as a recreation. He had two good teachers, Plädterli, a fine violinist and a very excellent music-director, on the violin, and Witzka, the director in the Cathedral, on the organ, and the piano forte, and in the science of music. Augsburg at that time was not the still, sleepy, grass-grown city, which I found in 1851, but was filled with musicians and artists, and young Lindpaintner, once on the way, had every inducement to make himself, what nature intended, a fine musician. Clemens was a great lover of music and through his influence the father finally consented that Peter should give up his intended profession and devote himself to Art. It must have been in the youth's 17th year that the Elector (elector no longer, though) sent him to Munich, to Winter. Winter was in fact no teacher, and his pupils could learn little if anything of him; yet the boy in the space of two or three years wrote an opera (*Demophon*), a Mass and a Te Deum, which were performed in 1811 at Munich.

About the time he came to Munich, came also Bettine, and they soon became acquainted of course, for she was as free as air with everybody, and was studying music and drawing and no one knows what—the pet and play-

thing of all the grave heads of the splendid circle of literary men at that time in Munich. There were Tieck, and Rumalex, and old Jacobi, and Stadion, and Archbishops and Bishops and Counts and so on. And, with them all, Winter. She writes:

"Every morning I pay my old Winter a visit; in fine weather he breakfasts in the garden arbor with his wife; then I must always settle the dispute between them about the cream upon the milk. Then he ascends his dove cote, big as he is! He must stoop to the floor, a hundred pigeons flutter about him, alight upon his head, breast, body and legs; tenderly he squints at them, and for very friendliness he cannot whistle, so he begs me: 'Oh, pray whistle,'—then hundreds more come tumbling in from without, with whistling wings, cooing and fluttering about him; then he is happy and would like to compose music, which should sound exactly so."

There is a picture of the composer of the "Interrupted Sacrifice!" and so at "old Winter's" Bettine and the young musician with the "confounded Bavarian name" became acquainted. And now nearly half a century has passed away, and Bettine is the Baroness von Arnim, a little, lively, black-eyed, handsome old lady, full of life and romance, with the best heart and one of the noblest heads in the world, and the youthful musician is a dignified man of sixty, who has brought his name to honor. Where was I?

Well, the first opera, "Demophoon," succeeded pretty well, and Clemens would have his protégé visit Italy—and the protégé was no ways disinclined—when death stepped in, took off Clemens, and poor Peter (1812) must get a living by his own resources. Just at this time a new theatre was opened at Munich, and Lindpaintner, not yet 21, was invited to the office of Kapellmeister. This was no slight honor, but it led him to neglect theoretical studies, and to compose away, hit or miss, rule or no rule. A German Biographical Sketch of him tells how this was cured. On a certain occasion a new overture by him was performed with extraordinary applause. Delighted and self-satisfied the composer left the hall. Meeting an old friend, a thorough musician, from whom he expected nothing but praise, he was not a little astounded to have the question put to him, how it was possible for him, a young man with so much and such fine talent, to write such miserable stuff! The speaker then proceeded to point out to him some of his more notable failings, and finally closed by telling him that before he wrote anything more, he had better learn something solid, for as yet he knew precious little of the principles of composition! This was what led him to place himself under the instructions of Gratz, as mentioned in the Sketch in *Dwight's Journal*; instructions by which he profited, as all the world knows.

April 22. Looking over a file of German papers this evening, I found the following proclamation in the column of official news:

"So numerous of late have been the applications for the title of *Music-director*, the conferring of which falls within my official duties, that I find myself obliged, for the purpose of preserving the value of this distinguishing mark of excellence in the art, to revise carefully the circumstances under which the aforesaid title shall be conferred. Having obtained the opinion of the musical section of the Royal Academy of Science on this matter, I have for the present come to this decision;—that, for the sake of preserving in future a proper limit to the grant of the title, *Music-director*, notice shall only be taken of the claims of such musicians as possess a general scientific and fundamental musical education, who, through great works of musical composition of acknowledged excellence, have become known, and who have successfully assumed the direction of works of the higher class and of the performances of established musical associations. At the same time I reserve the right in certain cases of conferring the title upon suitable persons upon the recommendation of the musical section of the Royal Academy. I bring the above to public notice, in order that proper circumspection may be used in future applications for the title aforesaid, and to prevent improper and unfounded solicitations, and that those applying may produce the proper witnesses and proofs of their having fulfilled the indispensable requisites to the grant.

VON LADENBERG,

Minister of Ecclesiastical, Educational and Medical Affairs.

Berlin, July 8, 1850."

I could not help thinking, with a feeling of commiseration, of the fate—if some such order should proceed from the Department of the Interior—of not a few of our "Professors!"

April 25. Considering what a teapot tempest was raised by a paragraph in the *Diary* some months since, I was rather glad to see the following in a Pittsburgh paper, which came to hand to-day:

"The third and last grand concert of the Germania Society will take place this evening at Masonic Hall. For the first time in this city a grand entire symphony of the great BEETHOVEN will be performed."

Then follows an account of the *Pastorale*. I hope that this favorite Society will continue in the right path and do something to show people the difference between classic and dance house music.

A correspondent of the *National Intelligencer* a few weeks since seems however to have been not a little dissatisfied with the Germanians' programmes in that city. Hear him:

GENTLEMEN:—This society gave two more of their *Washington Concerts*, &c., &c. It may not be known to the citizens of Washington that when the Germania Society give a concert *here*, they select such music as they deem fitted to the culture of *our* citizens. It is a settled conviction in the minds of these gentlemen that we of Washington are not yet able to appreciate the compositions of Beethoven and other eminent musical composers, all which they play a whole season through in Boston; but, instead of such masterpieces of musical genius, we have the Overture of Weber, in *Der Freyschütz*, which, however excellent, has certainly become stale by repetition. Then we have a Waltz, by Lanner, and so on to the end; and for Thursday evening we had more waltzes, gallops, and such like—the very garbage of their collections. It would be hard to find a more stupid piece of music than the Castilian Gallop, performed on Wednesday evening. Rousseau thought he had done wonders when he wrote the air known by his name on "four notes;" but Lumbye, the author of this Gallop, has excelled him, for his piece is written on "three," and very like those of a hardy-gurdy they are.

Messrs. Editors, we are not so utterly wanting in musical taste as these gentlemen have supposed. And concert after concert would be attended here if they would but give us such bills as they present to the people of Boston and New York.

JAELL is the prince of pianists, and one piece of his in a concert is enough; and as for the young girl, she makes one believe in a pre-existing state, in which she was doubtless an accomplished violinist, taught perhaps by St. Cecilia, and who with ease recovers what she better knew in her former life.

P. S.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 30, 1853.

The Opera.

Since our notice of her opening in the *Son-nambula*, Mme. SONTAG has appeared in the characters of the Daughter of the Regiment, Linda, the Borgia, Rosina, and Lucia. Six widely different rôles in as many nights! And all with a rare measure of both vocal and dramatic success. We cannot but take note of this uncommon *wear* and versatility of talent, this consummate positive economy of strength, in a woman renewing the artistic triumphs of more than twenty years ago, and now already far gone into the second twelve-months of this active *After-Summer*.

Another general note we have to make of the peculiar and enduring charm there is in the quality, the individuality, the color, (so to speak) of her voice, notwithstanding that that voice is the first thing about her that confesses itself overtaxed by such continuous and arduous employment. This rich complexion of her tones (fancy we speak of golden or purpling grapes) has steadily grown upon us and lingers with a deep-reaching pleasantness in the mind. Of marvelous execution, subtle ornament, graceful art of veiling the defect of time, we need add nothing to repeated and full notes already taken by our-

selves and others. A few words of the operas singly.

The high-bred Countess takes the "Daughter of the Regiment"—i. e. so long as she is of the Regiment, through the first act—somewhat daintily. She cannot go into it with the smacking *gusto*, the sincere girl-boyishness of an Alboni. She does not drum, and she does not pour out the liquor to the soldiers with her own hands. And who would have her do it? It is not her nature. She could only be the spoiled child of the army, by ceasing to be the Sontag; and that is an individuality which we can hardly afford to lose. But if Alboni in largeness and out-door haleness of voice, in dashing *abandon*, and power of making herself entirely happy with the part, is her superior in the first act, Sontag gives you a very winning archness and prettiness of a more refined sort, which promises better for better things (for really the music is hardly worth a great artist's trouble); and already when it comes to parting from the regiment, she sings with a sweetness and a pathos, far beyond Alboni; while in the second act, transplanted into the high-bred saloon life, without forgetting her free, frolic impulses, she gives you the ideal of the character as much more perfectly as the Alboni does it in the first act. The music-lesson scene was inimitably fine. Then too the *Salut a la France* was restored, with other things curtailed to the requirements of Alboni's register; so that more and more it grew upon you as a good artistic whole. BADIALI, always good, was less at home than Rovere in the old Sergeant; it was not character enough for him. The Tonio was pretty and feeble; but evidently Signor POZZOLINI was quite ill. The choruses were good again, generally; but we *did* recognize (after all our congratulation last week) that old fish-market tone again in a single very prominent contralto voice in the kneeling chorus, at the beginning.

The same phenomenon again in the opening prayer chorus in *Linda di Chamounix*! But not repeated, that we noticed, in the rest of the performance, either this time or the last. And this was absolutely the only fault that we could find in *Linda*. It was at once forgotten in the charming completeness of the performance as a whole, and in the admirable art with which Sontag conveyed all the music and the individuality of her part. We had remembered *Linda* as a pretty opera, the music thereof gracefully and sweetly commonplace. But this time we were quite fascinated to the end; and we can fully second the general suggestion that this is one of the operas which it would most delight the worthy public to have repeated. It was, so far, Sontag's finest part. The for the most part sweet, florid, birdlike, gently pathetic character of its melody was suited to her voice and skill; while the quiet, every-day, amiable, refined domesticity of the character was native to her. Her simple, filial grace in her peasant home, her faithful love of Carlos, her earnest, respectful listening to the sad, mellow music of her good neighbor Pierotto, her affecting farewell, as she sets out with Pierotto and the Savoyards over the mountains on their winter pilgrimage to Paris, were all chastely beautiful as one could wish. In her sumptuous Parisian dwelling, to which she has been wonderingly persuaded by her now revealed noble lover, and in that elegant old Louis Quatorze dress, she is the most perfect beauty we have seen upon the stage.

Her resistance of the old roué of a Marquis, who finds her in this somewhat questionable position, was a most perfect piece of acting, thoroughly alive with the genuine haughty scorn of a pure, a high-souled and insulted lady; and her recitative was a model of distinctness and impressiveness. The delirium, in which her brain seems musically whirling, under the double effect of her lover's seeming perfidy and her old father's curse, comes on and proceeds in the most natural and life-like manner, and never, in its intense and spasmodic demonstrations, oversteps (as almost all mad scenes are wont to do) the limits of artistic beauty. The sad, dull, utter prostration of mind and body, in which Pierotto leads her back to her village home, were as natural and touching as the sleep of exhaustion that succeeds a raging fever; and the lightning-swift return of joy and reason crowned all with a blaze of glory. One knows not the half of that artistic charm which has so long borne the name of Henriette Sontag, until he has heard and seen her on the stage in a part so perfectly her own as Linda.

Signora PICO VIETTI found out all the advantages of the pretty and poetic contralto part of Pierotto, and sang the quaint and plaintive Romanza with a luscious, Alboni-like largeness and richness of voice. Her husband, Sig. VIETTI, achieved the tenor part very creditably; while BADIALI as the old father, GASPARONI, as the priest, and Rocco as the jolly, sly old Marquis, made three as strong and telling and artistically finished basses as we ever heard together on one stage. The unaccompanied quintet, in which these were joined with Vietti and Pico, was a faultless rendering of a rich, impressive piece of harmony, and merited the encore it received.

On Monday Mme. Sontag again surprised us in a character as opposite as could be to the last. The *Lucrezia Borgia*, the most dramatic of all the modern Italian operas, opened in a style that far surpassed the many representations we had hitherto enjoyed of it. In the first place there was some clever attempt at scenery, showing the grand canal of Venice and its illuminated palaces in the background; and the luxury of that festal music needs the luxuries of sight at the same time,—luxuries long obsolete in that old theatre. Then the spirited rendering of the chorus parts, with good dressing and good acting, and the unusual energy put into that admirably dramatic denunciatory passage: *Maffeo Orsini, Signora, son io*, &c., with the proud, vindictive, Borgia-like rage with which Sontag meets the insult, not falling to the ground as other *Lucrezias* have done, but following her enemies out, shaking her clenched hands at them with the triumph of revenge in store, and so connecting the end with the beginning of the opera,—made this whole scene in its *ensemble* splendidly effective. The solo and duet with Gennaro were exquisitely sung on her part, and this tender episode of maternal feeling was finely, touchingly impersonated; and foreign as it must ever seem for a woman of her nature to assume with any great force or intensity the dark and terrible nature of a Borgia, yet at the first touch of insult she appeared to swell with beautiful, envenomed passion, like the serpent that is trod upon. In the scene with the duke, before the poisoning, she displayed consummate action, modulating with the vivid suddenness of lightning through the whole gamut of conflicting passions. The trio would have been great, but

for the feebly audible tenor of POZZOLINI, who evidently had not recovered his strength. Indeed the want of all effective seconding in a Gennaro was necessarily a damper more than once upon the dramatic power of Sontag. The last scene indeed was nearly ruined by it. Even the drinking scene was poorer than we many times have had it, partly because of the tenor's weakness robbing it of all the fine point of the by-play between him and his poet friend Orsini, and partly because of Mme. Pico's somewhat coarse impersonation of the latter character, and only voluptuous, not refined, rendering of the Brindisi.—BADIALI's singing and acting of the Duke was all superb. GASPARONI made a better Gubetta than we have had before; and the choruses, especially those fine and graphic ones of the Duke's assassins in the street, (which have a touch of the Rossini "Barber" vein in their music—not forgetting that too of the pointed encounter between the two spies,—a sort of Shakespearian incidental wit there is in these little things) were done in praise-worthy style.—On the whole, even with the drawbacks already mentioned, this was the most impressive performance we have yet had of *Lucrezia Borgia*,—though we would have given something for Benedetti's robust, golden tenor in *Di pescator*, and for his general fire and manliness of action; also for such a refined, ideal type of the Maffeo Orsini, as we once had in gentle Rossi Corsi. In Sontag here was revealed a capacity of tragic fire and elevation, which few had suspected; there was not a little of the quickening fire of imagination in it, and it enforced the recognition of more depth of nature than anything we have witnessed from her before. The only pity was, first the want of a Gennaro to conspire with her in much that was not to be done by one alone, and secondly, the fact that her strength hardly held out for such prolonged intensity of action.

Presto! again, and cruel Borgias are forgotten in the charming *espiegleries* of the most arch, most fascinating, most refined, most musical Rosina, we have ever witnessed on our stage, and in the exquisitely witty plot and witty melodies of the immortal "Barber" of Rossini. There are more musical ideas in the "Barber," more fresh, original and individual melodies, and more admirable harmonic combinations, than in all the current Italian operas put together. The music has a summer warmth and geniality, an ever shifting heat-lightning of fancy, an inexhaustible invention, which is quite Mozart-ish. *Lucrezia Borgia* alone has touches of the same quality, in those little incidental passages above referred to. But the "Barber" is all healthy, glorious, invigorating music; and we can conceive of no more perfect luxury than to see and hear it played and sung as well as it is composed. To a high degree we shared that luxury on Wednesday. Never have we enjoyed an opera half so much, with the exception of *Don Giovanni*; and that was never half so well performed here.

For the first time here this opera had good justice done it; and for the first time it fully made its mark upon the public,—the largest audience of the season. The great amount of Recitative in it, and the careless, slovenly, coarsely farcical representations have heretofore been an obstacle to its taking hold of any but those musical enough to direct their chief attention to the orchestra, which Rossini has made an evergushing spring of mingling melodies. This time the whole was lifted above low tares into fine, genial, exquisite comedy, and it was felt, in the perfect marriage of sounds with thoughts, how much of the essential comedy resides in the music itself. When that is so refined, what excuse is there for flat vulgarity

in the action! This time, it was all carefully and conscientiously sung; and all effectively, save Pozzolini's *Almaviva*, who still looks pale and weak, but in whom there is no offensive pretension ever. The recitative on all hands was so distinctly uttered, as to convey even to new ears the charm of the inimitably expressive Italian *parlante*. Then the soul and main-spring of the whole funny plot, the Barber himself, was the first genuine barber we have seen. BADIALI agreeably disappointed us in this. It is not of course his most fitting part; but he did it with an ease, a *gusto*, an ever-active reference to the other actors and the main plot, forgetting himself to make a whole of it; and he sang its rich music, and rolled out its voluble *parlante* with such satisfying tones, that his one part alone seemed to re-make and restore the play.

Rocco's Dr. Bartolo was altogether clever and appropriate, and he did what we see Tagliafico has just done in London,—restored the fine air in which he upbraids his niece: *A un dottore*, &c. GASPARONI's Don Basilio was well made up, and he sang the grotesquely solemn *La Calomnia* and *Buona Sera* with very good effect. The officer, too, (Sig. BARRATINI) gave character to his small part. Signora MORA's Bertha finished out the domesticity of the scene in a style worthy of the whole; indeed in all the plays she is the best old lady we have had. Of Mme. SONTAG herself we have only room to say, that *musically* she was more to us in the Rosina than in any other form in which she has sung to us; while her acting was not inferior to her previous rôles,—unless that it might have been a little more fiery for a Spanish girl chafing against bars;—but we incline to Mme. Sontag's rendering, which subdues the one part to the fresh, bright, unsentimental tone of the whole comedy; the only exaggeration in place here is the grotesque, the comic, not the serious and intense. Real life fitnesses must yield to ideal ones in such a pure artistic humor of the brain.

Works of Great Composers

PERFORMED IN BOSTON DURING THE PAST WINTER.

We thought it would be an easy matter, as well as interesting to our readers, to present in one tabular view the many classical compositions, with a hearing of which our Boston audiences have been favored during this last season. But it is difficult to do it thoroughly. The following list includes the principal, and yet it is by no means complete, except so far as the evening concert programmes furnish the materials. But at the Public Rehearsals there have also been not only many repetitions of much of the same music, but many presentations of other pieces, of which (in the want of programmes) it has been impossible at once to recover anything like a full list. We mention only works of the principal composers, omitting the lighter music, and leaving the operas to be summed up after Mme. Sontag's season. It is quite likely, too, that we have made some errors in regard to the relative number of performances of certain pieces by the different societies and artists.

BEETHOVEN.		
Symphonies:	No. of times.	By whom.
No. 1.....	1.	The Germanians.
2.....	3.	do.
3.....	3.	do.
4.....	2.	do.
5.....	2.	Musical Fund.
6.....	2.	Germanians.
7.....	1.	Musical Fund Soc.
8.....	2.	Germanians.
9, "Choral,".....	3.	Musical Fund.
Overtures: To <i>Egmont</i> ,.....	2.	do.
<i>Leonora</i> ,.....	1.	Germanians.
<i>Fidelio</i> ,.....	3.	Musical Fund.
<i>Men of Prometheus</i> ,.....	1.	Germanians.
<i>King Stephen</i> ,.....	1.	do.
Sextet, op. 81, (Strings and 2 horns),.....	2.	Musical Fund.
	1.	Mendelssohn Club.

Quintet, No. 1, op. 4, in E flat,.....	2.	Mendelssohn Club.
" in C, op. 29,.....	2.	do.
" from Septet,.....	1.	do.
Quartet (strings) No. 3, op. 59, in C,.....	3.	do.
" " No. 1, op. 18,.....	2.	do.
" " No. 4, op. 13,.....	2.	do.
" " No. 6,.....	2.	do.
Trio, (piano & strings) in C minor,.....	1.	Trenkle & Men. Club.
" " " in B flat,.....	1.	Dresel, do.
Sonata, (piano & violin) "Kreutzer",.....	1.	Dresel, Schultze, &c.
" " " in F minor,.....	1.	Dresel and Schultze.
" " op. 29, No. 1, in E flat,.....	1.	Dresel.
" " op. 29, No. 2, in G,.....	1.	do.
" " op. 26, in A flat,.....	1.	do.
Amplius (4 trombones),.....	3.	Germ. Serenade Band.
Songs: <i>Adelaide</i> ,.....	3.	Miss Lehmann.
" <i>Scena from Fidelio</i> ,.....	1.	do.
Oratorio: "Egedi," (Mt. of Olives),.....	4.	Handel & Haydn Soc.

MOZART.

Symphonies: In C, (Jupiter),.....	2.	Mus. Fund & Germ's.
" in D,.....	1.	do.
" in E flat,.....	2.	do.
" in G minor,.....	2.	Germanians.
Overtures: To <i>Figaro</i> ,.....	1.	Mus. Fund & Germ's.
" <i>Don Juan</i> ,.....	2.	Serenade Band Orcl.
" <i>Zauberflöte</i> ,.....	3.	Musical Fund.
" <i>Tito</i> ,.....	2.	do.
Quintets: In C minor, No. 1,.....	1.	Mendelssohn Club.
" in C, No. 2,.....	2.	do.
" in E flat, No. 3,.....	2.	do.
" No. 6, (with clarinet),.....	2.	do.
Quartets: 4th, in E flat,.....	3.	do.
" 6th, in C,.....	1.	do.
" (for piano and strings),.....	1.	Dresel, &c.
Song: "Deh vieni," (Figaro),.....	1.	Mme. Sontag.
" " From <i>Così fan tutti</i> ,.....	1.	Miss Lehmann.
" " From <i>Tito</i> ,.....	1.	Miss Stoebe.

HAYDN.

Symphonies: In E flat,.....	3.	Mus. Fund & S. Band.
" in D,.....	3.	do.
" in B flat,.....	2.	do.
Oratorio: "Creation,".....	1.	Handel & Haydn Soc.
Quartets,.....	(several).	Mendelssohn Club.

HANDEL.

Oratorio of "Messiah,".....	1.	Mus. Education Soc.
" " "Judas Maccabean's,".....	4.	Handel & Haydn Soc.
" " "Jephthah," (in part),.....	1.	Mus. Education Soc.
" " "Joshua,".....	1.	do.
" " "Saul,".....	1.	Under Mr. Hayter.

J. S. BACH.

Concerto for 3 Pianos,.....	2.	Jaell, Scharfenberg, & Dresel.
Fugue, (piano), in F,.....	3.	Dresel.
" " in C minor,.....	2.	do.
" (Organ),.....	1.	G. F. Hayter.

SPOHR.

Symphony: "Wehe der Töne,".....	1.	Germanians.
Overture to "Jessonda,".....	2.	Musical Fund.
Quintet, in E minor,.....	1.	Mendelssohn Club.

HUMMEL.

Septet,.....	2.	At Dresel's Soirées.
Trio, in E flat, (piano and strings),.....	1.	Men. Club & Trenkle.
" " in E,.....	1.	Miss Hill & Men. Club.
Rondo with orchestra,.....	1.	Mr. Perabau.
Sonata (4 hands),.....	1.	Jaell and Dresel.

MENDELSSOHN.

Oratorio: "St. Paul," (selections),.....	1.	Mus. Education Soc.
Symphonies: No. 1,.....	2.	Musical Fund.
" " 3, (A minor),.....	2.	do.
" " 4, (A major),.....	1.	do.
Symphony: Cantata "Song of Praise,".....	2.	Germanians.
Overtures: <i>Ruy Blas</i> ,.....	2.	Musical Fund.
" <i>Atalia</i> ,.....	2.	Germanians.
" <i>Midsomr Night's Dream</i> ,.....	2.	do.
" <i>Meeres-Stille</i> , &c.,.....	1.	do.
" <i>Hebriden</i> ,.....	1.	do.
" <i>Heimkehr aus der Fremde</i> ,.....	1.	do.
Notturmo, Scherzo, &c. (Midsummer Night's Dream),.....	1.	do.
Concertos: In G minor,.....	1.	Jaell and Germ's.
" " in D minor, (op. 40),.....	1.	Dresel do.
Ottetto, (4 violins, 2 cellos),.....	2.	Mendelssohn Club.
Quintets: (Strings) op. 18, No. 1, in A,.....	2.	do.
" " Second in B flat, op. 57, (posth.),.....	2.	do.
Quartets: (Strings) op. 12,.....	3.	do.
" " op. 80, in F minor, (posth.),.....	3.	do.
" " op. 44, No. 2, E minor,.....	1.	do.
" " op. 2, (with piano),.....	2.	do. with Trenkle.
Trios (piano and strings): C minor,.....	1.	Dresel & Men. Club.
" " D minor,.....	2.	do. and Men. Club.
Capriccio (with orch.) op. 22,.....	2.	Jaell and Germ's.
Songs without Words, piano, (selec.),.....	3.	Dresel.
Presto Scherzando, in F & A minor,.....	1.	do.
Variations, (cello and piano),.....	2.	W. Fries and Dresel.
Songs: <i>Spring Song</i> ,.....	1.	Miss Lehmann.
" <i>Auf Fügeln des Gesanges</i> ,.....	2.	do.
" <i>Zuleika</i> ,.....	1.	do.
" From <i>St. Paul</i> ,.....	2.	Miss Lehmann and Miss Humphries.

WEBER.

Overtures: <i>Oberon</i> ,.....	3.	Musical Fund.
" <i>Freyschütz</i> ,.....	2.	Serenade Band.
" <i>Euryanthe</i> ,.....	1.	Mus. Fund & Germ's.
" <i>Jubilee</i> ,.....	1.	Germanians.
" <i>Jubilee</i> ,.....	2.	Mus. Fund & Germ's.
Concert-Stück, (piano and orchestra),.....	2.	Jaell and Germ's.
Invitation to the Waltz, (Berlioz's arrangement),.....	2.	Germanians.
Quintet (clarinet and strings),.....	1.	Mendelssohn Club.
Song: <i>Wie nahe mir</i> , &c.,.....	5.	Sontag, Miss Lehmann, &c.

CHERUBINI.

Overture: <i>Les Deux Journées</i> ,.....	2.	Musical Fund.
" <i>Les Abengerrages</i> ,.....	3.	Germanians.
" <i>Les Abengerrages</i> ,.....	3.	Musical Fund.

GLUCK.

Overture: <i>Iphigenia</i> ,.....	2.	Serenade Band.
" <i>Iphigenia</i> ,.....	2.	Germanians.

MOSCHIES.

Sonata (4 hands),.....	1.	Jaell and Dresel.
" <i>Hommage à Händel</i> ,.....	1.	do.

SCHUBERT.

Symphony in C,.....	2.	Serenade Band.
Overture: <i>Rosamunda</i> ,.....	1.	Germanians.
" <i>Rosamunda</i> ,.....	1.	do.
Trio in E flat (piano and strings),.....	1.	Trenkle and Mend. Club.
Marches, [four hands],.....	1.	Dresel and Jaell.
Songs: <i>Erl King</i> ,.....	1.	Miss Lehmann.
" <i>Wanderer</i> ,.....	1.	do.
" <i>Ungeduld</i> ,.....	1.	do.
" <i>Ave Maria</i> ,.....	1.	Miss Hensler.
" <i>Trockne Blumen</i> ,.....	3.	Miss Lehmann.
" <i>Rauschender Wald</i> ,.....	1.	do.
" <i>Eine Krähe kam</i> ,.....	1.	do.

GADE.

Symphony, No. 1, in C minor,.....	2.	Germanians.
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SCHUMANN.

Symphony, No. 1, in B flat,.....	2.	Musical Fund.
Quintet (piano and strings),.....	2.	Dresel and Mendelssohn Club.
Andante with Var. [2 pianos],.....	1.	Dresel and Jaell.
" <i>Kinderszenen</i> ,.....	1.	do.
" <i>Album für Jugend</i> ,.....	1.	Dresel.
Songs: <i>Du meine Seele</i> , &c.,.....	2.	Miss Lehmann.
" <i>Es grünet ein Nussbaum</i> ,.....	1.	do.
" <i>Frühlingsnacht</i> ,.....	1.	do.

ROBERT FRANZ.

Songs: <i>Er ist gekommen</i> ,.....	2.	Miss Lehmann.
" <i>Willst du mir, du dinkles Auge</i> ,.....	2.	do.
" <i>Mother, O sing me to rest</i> ,.....	1.	do.
" <i>Ave Maria</i> ,.....	2.	do.
" <i>Und die Rosen</i> , &c.,.....	1.	do.
" <i>Stille Sicherheit</i> ,.....	1.	do.
" <i>Nun die Schatten</i> ,.....	1.	do.

CHOPIN.

Concerto in E minor,.....	2.	Jaell and Germ's.
Ballade in G minor, op. 23,.....	2.	Jaell.
Prelude,.....	1.	Dresel.
Polonaises,.....	1.	do.
" <i>Polonaise</i> ,.....	1.	Jaell.
Notturmo,.....	1.	Dresel.
Etude, in E flat,.....	1.	do.
" " in A flat,.....	1.	do.
Valse, op. 64,.....	1.	Jaell.
Mazourkas,.....	2.	Dresel.
Marche Funèbre, [from Sonata],.....	2.	Jaell.
Berçaise,.....	1.	Dresel.

LITTOLE.

Concerto Symphony, No. 3, in E flat,.....	2.	Jaell and Germ's.
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W. STERNDAL BENNETT.

Overture: <i>Waldnymph</i> ,.....	2.	Germanians.
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ONSLOW.

Quintets: No. 15,.....	2.	Mendelssohn Club.
" No. 18,.....	1.	do.

☞ We are glad to see that our City fathers are taking action with regard to music on the Common and Cops Hill this summer. Only let it be music, and not the "Oh Susanna" sort of jingle. Let it refine and educate the millions, and not merely tickle up the idle old whistling, drumming, foot-lifting habit, which is a mere chronic irritation of the rhythmic nerves.

☞ In our German "Gleanings," allusion is made to a Life of Beethoven preparing by an "American named Taylor." The person meant is doubtless Mr. A. W. THAYER, our friend and New York correspondent, "A. W. T."—sometimes—but his shape, as our readers may have suspected, is Protean.

New Music.

The unremitting press of Oliver Ditson, 115 Washington St., has just given us two most valuable republications. The first is a handsome and complete edition of the first of Beethoven's great Masses, that in C, with Latin and English words, and uniform with his octavo editions of Haydn's and Mozart's Masses. Of this most beautiful and profoundly inspired work, to us the most interesting of all the Masses with which we have made acquaintance, we would fain speak more in detail, when we have the time. Meanwhile we should esteem it a great gain to our musical community, if such a work should gain a footing in the affections, not only of choirs and musical societies, but of small amateur circles, who may have the enterprise to study it together with piano-forte accompaniment.

We know one such, to whose members, and their listening friends likewise, the practice of this same Mass in C has afforded ever-deepening pleasure and instruction the whole winter through. 2. The other is a nice reprint of Hummel's piano-forte arrangement of BEETHOVEN'S SEVENTH SYMPHONY, and intended as the *avant courier* of the ENTIRE SERIES OF THE NINE SYMPHONIES, in like style. Of the music itself nothing needs to be said. Of the edition, it is enough to know that it is complete, correct, legible and handsome;—and we may add, *cheap*, here being upwards of thirty solid pages for \$1.25. Of the desirableness of possessing such great works reduced within the two staves of piano-forte music, let two hints suffice. First, there is a great love of Beethoven's great orchestral works in this community, and it is spreading through the land; already they are endeared to thousands who count it their highest pleasure to listen to a noble orchestra in the interpretation of the C minor, the *Pastorale*, or this No. 7. In proof whereof look at our list in another column of compositions lately played in Boston. What we have heard in public on the great scale, it is pleasant through the aid of that musical *microcosm*, the Piano, to recall in our own homes. Secondly, the musical thoughts of Beethoven have that intrinsic force in them, that they preserve their individuality even in an outline copy, and do not depend on mere mass or instrumental coloring for their effect, though they can bear any amount almost of these auxiliaries.

Musical Intelligence.

London.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA. (From the *Times* of April 8.)
The first performance of *Il Barbiere*, last night, was a vast improvement on that of *Masaniello*. Mme. Bosio is an agreeable and clever singer. Her "Una voce," was in the style now universally accepted. Like her contemporaries, she overlaid it with ornaments and *flourishes*, not always in the best taste. In the duet with Figaro, "Dunque lo son," she did the same thing. We are, nevertheless, bound to acknowledge the extreme talent with which she executed both these famous pieces. Her voice is a *soprano* of fine quality and extended range; and, while her intonation is not invariably free from reproach, still less her manner of taking intervals, which, from uncertainty of attack, often leaves the ear unsatisfied—she has many requisites, that, well employed, might have enabled her to become a singer of the first class. A variation of triplets, introduced in the lesson scene, exhibited her powers of execution to great advantage, and elicited warm and repeated plaudits. As an actress Mme. Bosio is graceful and ladylike—she has a very good chance of becoming a favorite.

The new tenor, LUCIES, cannot be pronounced a failure, but he is unlikely ever to make a great impression. He by no means gave a lively portrait of the gay and dashing Almaziva. As we have been used, for so many years, to Lablache's humorous impersonation of Dr. Bartolo (which, whether or not the ideal of Beaumarchais, is assuredly that of Rossini), it is a hard task for any other artist to undertake it. Sig. TAGLIAFICO, however, deserves great praise for the care and pains he has bestowed upon the part. He imparts an idea of the selfish old guardian, the ultimate dupe of his own cunning, the truth and nature of which can scarcely be denied. With regard to the music, had he done nothing further than restore the *aria* where Dr. Bartolo reproaches Rosina—"A un dottore della mia sorte"—which, though one of the most genuine and splendid inspirations in the opera, is nearly always omitted, he would be entitled to the thanks of all amateurs of the great Italian school of music. This *aria* is worthy of Mozart, and it was sung by Sig. Tagliafico with the utmost spirit and discrimination. Such a Basilio as Herr FORMES has not been witnessed for many years on the stage. There was a stiff quaintness in his bearing, a strange mixture of gravity and low cunning in his aspect, and a certain peculiarity in his appearance which admirably befitted the part. The magnificent air, "La Calomnie," was sung for the first time in our recollection as it should be sung. It was, moreover, acted as well as sung, and became almost a little drama of itself. Herr FORMES was equally good in the "Buona sera" scene while in the *finale* to the first act, and other concerted music, the effect of his powerful and resonant voice was of infinite advantage.

RONCONI, who was overwhelmed with applause on his entry, was, as usual, the best of Figaro—the Figaro of Beaumarchais and the Figaro of Rossini. He was in great vein, and kept the audience in roars of laughter whenever he was on the stage. With very little voice, Ronconi is not the less one of the greatest of singers.

A. W. FRENZEL. (late of the Germanians.) Teacher of the Piano-Forte, will commence, with the first week in May, a new class, with scholars in Boston and vicinity. (For address, see Card on last page.)

Advertisements.

(Postponed from last week.)

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Mar. 5. tf

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Feb 26

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VOL. III.

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NO. 5.

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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

SPONTINI.

From the French of HECTOR BERLIOZ. (Continued.)

Observe now, with regard to the disposition of the male voices in this inimitable *Stretta*, that far from being *awkward* and *poor*, as has been pretended, the parcelling of the vocal forces has been profoundly calculated. The tenor and bass voices are, at the commencement, divided into six parts, of which three only are heard at one time; it is a double chorus in form of dialogue. The first part sings three notes, which the second repeats instantly, so as to produce an incessant repercussion of each time of the measure, and consequently without there ever being more than one half of the male voices employed at one time. It is only at the approach of the *fortissimo* that this whole mass unites itself into one chorus; it is at the moment when, the melodic interest and passionate expression having attained their highest power, the panting rhythm requires new forces to dart forth the heart-rending harmony which accompanies the female chorus. This is the result

of the vast system of crescendo adopted by the author, and the extreme limit of which, as I have already said, is found at the dissonant chord which bursts forth when the Pontiff throws over the head of Julia the fatal black veil. It is an admirable combination, upon which we cannot lavish too much praise; and it is not excusable to underrate its value except in a petty fragment of a musician like him who blamed it. But it is natural to criticism, thus guided from low to high, to reproach exceptional men, whose morals she takes it upon herself to form, with *having* qualities, and to see weakness in the most evident manifestation of their knowledge and strength.

When therefore will the Paganinis of the art of writing cease to take lessons of the blind mendicants of the Pont Neuf? . . . The success of *La Vestale* was brilliant and complete. A hundred representations were insufficient to weary the enthusiasm of the Parisians; *La Vestale* was performed *tant bien que mal* at all the provincial theatres; it was played in Germany; it occupied for a whole season the stage of the St. Charles at Naples, where Madame Colbran, afterwards Madame Rossini, performed the part of Julia: a success of which the author was unconscious until long after, and at which he experienced the most profound joy.

This *chef-d'œuvre*, so admired during 25 years by all France, would be almost entirely unknown to us, were it not for the grand concerts which bring it to light now and then. The theatres have not retained it in their *répertoire*; and this is, indeed, an advantage for which the admirers of Spontini should felicitate themselves. In fact, its execution requires qualities which are becoming more and more rare every day. It exacts most imperiously great voices well practised in the grand style; actors and especially actresses endowed with something more than talent. The perfect rendering of works of this nature requires a chorus well practised in singing and acting; it requires a powerful orchestra, a conductor of great skill for leading and animating it, and above all it demands that the *ensemble* of the performers should be penetrated with an appreciation of expression, a sentiment now almost extinct in Europe, where the most enormous absurdities become wonderfully popular; where the most trivial style, and especially that which is the most false, has, at the theatre, the greatest chance of success. Hence the difficulty of finding for these models of pure art listeners and worthy interpreters.

The lowness of the mass of the public, its inability to understand works of imagination and the heart, its love for brilliant insipidities, the baseness of all its melodic or rhythmic instincts have naturally launched the artists upon the way they now follow. The most vulgar mind readily understands that the public taste ought to be formed by them; but, unfortunately, on the contrary, it is that of the artists which is deformed and corrupted by the public. The fact that it adopts, now and then, a really fine work, and causes it to triumph, is not to be argued in its favor. That only proves that a grain of corn would have answered quite as well, that it had swallowed a pearl by mistake, and that its palate is still less delicate than that of the cock in the fable who was not thus to be deceived. Without this, if the public applaud such works because they really are fine, for the contrary reason they should on other occasions manifest an angry indignation; they should require severe accounts of their works from those men who so often come before them to insult art and good sense. And the public is far from having done so. Circumstances, foreign to the merit of the work, must therefore have brought about the success; some sonorous plaything must have amused these great children; or else a performance, captivating by its spirit, or of an unaccustomed splendor, must have fascinated them. For (at least so it is in Paris) by taking the public unawares, before it has had time to form an opinion, you may, by some performance exceptional by the brilliancy of its exterior qualities, force it to admit anything.

We, therefore, readily see how much we should congratulate ourselves for the neglect which the theatres of France show to monumental scores, because the obliteration of the *sens expressif* of the public being evident and proved as it has been, there remains only a chance of success for such miracles of expression as *La Vestale* and *Cortez*, in an execution impossible to obtain now-a-days.

When Spontini came to France, the art of *chant orné*, or elaborate singing, for female voices, doubtless was not so far advanced as it is now; but certainly the *chant large*, dramatic and passionate, existed free of alloy; it existed so, at least, at the opera. We had then a *Julia*, an *Armide*, an *Iphigenia*, an *Alceste*, a *Hypermnestre*. We had Madame Branchu, the type of soprano voices, full and resounding, sweet and strong, capable of predominating over chorus and orchestra, and of

sinking to the softest murmur of timid passion, of fear, or reverie. This woman has never been replaced. Her admirable manner of pronouncing recitatives, and of singing slow, sad melodies, had long been forgotten, when Duprez, at the time of the débuts in *Guillaume Tell*, recalled to mind the power of this art, carried to that high degree of perfection.

But to these eminent qualities Mme. Branchu joined those of an irresistible impetuosity in passionate scenes, and a facility of emission of the voice, which never obliged her to slacken, out of place, her movements, or to add to the measure, as is constantly done now-a-days. Besides, Mme. Branchu was a tragedienne of the first rank—a quality indispensable for the rendering of the grand female rôles of Gluck and Spontini; she possessed fascination, a real sensibility; and, to imitate these, she was never obliged to resort to any trickery. By what she was in *Alceste*, in *Iphigénie en Aulide*, in *les Danaïdes*, and in *Olympie*, I judged of what she must have been, fifteen years previously, in *la Vestale*. Besides, Spontini, in preparing his work for the stage, had the luck to find a special actor for the part of the sovereign pontiff; this was Dérivis, senior, with his formidable voice, his high stature, his classic and majestic gesture. He was then young—almost unknown. The part of pontiff had been given to another actor, who acquitted himself very badly of the task, and grumbled incessantly, during the rehearsals, at the pretended difficulties of this music, which he was not capable of understanding. One day, in the green-room, his want of energy and his impertinence having manifested themselves more pointedly than was customary, Spontini, indignant, snatched the rôle from him and threw it into the fire. Dérivis was present; rushing to the hearth, he plunged his hand into the flame and withdrew the rôle, crying: "I have saved it, and I will keep it!" "It is yours," replied the author; "I am sure you will be worthy of it!" The prognostic was not deceitful; this part was, in fact, one of the best of those created by Dérivis, and even the only one, perhaps, in which the inflexibility of his rough voice showed off without disadvantage.

This score, as I imagine, is of a style quite different from that adopted in France by the composers of that epoch. Neither Méhul, nor Cherubini, nor Berton, nor Lesueur, wrote thus. It is said that Spontini proceeded from Gluck. With regard to dramatic inspiration, to the art of painting of character, with regard to fidelity, and vehemence of passion, that is true. But as to the style of the melody and harmony, as to the instrumentation and musical coloring, he only proceeds from himself. His music has a peculiar physiognomy which it is impossible to mistake. Certain oversights in the harmony (very rare) have given rise to a thousand ridiculous reproaches of incorrectness, launched against the music by the Conservatorians; reproaches originating principally in a new and beautiful harmony, which the great master had found and most happily applied, before the *magistri* of the age had ever dreamed that it existed, or ever found the reason of its existence. This was his great crime. Could he possibly have reflected upon its enormity! to employ chords and modulations which usage had not vulgarized, or before the doctors had decided that it was lawful to make use of them! There was also, I must confess, another motive for this

arming of the Conservatoire. If Lesueur be excepted, whose opera of the *Bardes*, had a great number of brilliant representations, no composer of that epoch had been able to succeed at the opera. The *Jerusalem* of Persuis, and his *Triomphe de Trojan*, obtained that fleeting success which does not count in the history of art; and which, moreover, may be attributed to the pomp of the *mise en scène*, and to the allusions which political circumstances permitted to be established between the heroes of those dramas and the hero of that immense drama which caused the whole world to palpitate. The grand *répertoire* of the opera was therefore almost exclusively sustained by the two operas of Spontini (*La Vestale* and *Fernand Cortez*) and the five scores of Gluck. The old glory of the German composer had no rival, on ours, the first lyric theatre, save the rising glory of the Italian master. Such were the motives for the hatred of the school directed by musicians whose endeavors to reign at the opera had been fruitless.

[To be continued.]

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Julius Knorr's Instructive Works on Playing the Piano.

(Conclusion of Art. I.)

The second volume, constantly referring to the theoretical rules of part the first, is devoted entirely to the mechanical part of piano-playing, written on the same plan as the author's "Materials," only on a broader basis and comprising many things which could not find room there. It begins in its first chapter with five-finger exercises for the hand standing still. For the purpose of getting the fingers accustomed to all positions, the author recommends transpositions of them into keys, that present difficulties to a correct position of the hand on account of black keys occurring promiscuously with white ones; such as for instance: E flat, B flat, B, &c. &c. These, together with exercises based on the chords of the Tonic and Dominant, are given in the Nos. 3—110.

Next follow exercises to make the fingers independent of each other. One or more fingers are kept down, while the others are playing. Then examples in thirds, melodies with accompaniment played by the same hand. Remarkable are 12 exercises (Nos. 149—160) on the fingering of thirds and sixth. With the fingering continued in Nos. 151—153, four and five thirds are played in one position. The author says that those twelve examples, indispensable as they are, are not contained in any other Method. Exception must be made however to H. Bertini Jr.

The second chapter is devoted to the Scales. In no other instruction book are the scales accompanied with so short and full practical advice as to fingering and certain manners of playing them; as for instance, in syncopations, with dotted notes, increasing and decreasing in loudness, staccato, portamento, &c. L. Adam, about the time of the French Revolution, and some thirty or forty years after him Hummel, have perhaps devoted more space, the first to explanation, the latter to examples on the scales; but none of them has in so practical a manner separated the more from the less important. Nor do they give so lucid a synopsis of the ways of playing the scales as our author. Each scale appears

in four different ways in parallel octaves, thirds, sixths, and in counter-movement from the octave. Counter-movements from the third, sixth, &c. are recommended. Very useful are the preparatory exercises to the scales, altered from Kalkbrenner, for passing the fingers over and under each other. Very valuable are also the remarks on fingering the scales in parallel thirds for both hands, and runs derived from scales. The author recommends in such cases a close adherence to the original fingering of the scale, or at least the adaptation of the fingers to it as far as practicable.

The fingering of the chromatic scale is given in three different ways, viz: the German, as used by Moscheles, the French, as used by Kalkbrenner, and the English, as used by Kramer, with remarks on the uses and advantages of each of them.* Next follows the chromatic scale in thirds, sixths and counter-movement.

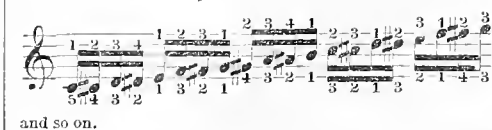
The third chapter treats of those other mechanical operations of the fingers, which, with the passing of fingers over and under each other, are the only ones by which we execute runs and passages; viz: *extending, exchanging and repeating a series of fingers on an ascending and descending figure*. Selecting only the most simple examples, our author with most admirable precision and mathematical accuracy enumerates all the cases in which such an operation can be applied. For the operation of exchanging fingers, for instance: he enumerates ten cases, besides which mathematically no other is possible. Wherever there is an opportunity remarks are made on peculiar manners of fingering, by which to produce different shades (*nuances*) of expression; for instance No. 35 on page 42, where changing fingers on the same key without striking it again is used for aiding to produce a nice *diminuendo*. Two remarkable cases of exchanging fingers on double notes are given on p. 44.

The fourth chapter treats of the trill, double-trill, &c.; the fifth of passages resulting from intervals. Concise rules for fingering the different intervals, also valuable advice for making the fingers familiar with playing on black keys are given. Our room forbids us to enumerate even a small part of those many practical rules and examples that are contained in this chapter alone. Be it sufficient to say, that there has never been a more complete and well condensed exposition of the mechanical part of piano-playing in any method whatever.

The sixth chapter treats of runs and scales in double notes, and contains a full collection of fingerings for chromatic scales and runs, as applied by Moscheles, Hummel, Kalkbrenner, and Chopin. The author very properly advises to play octaves *staccato* exclusively from the wrist, while formerly they used to be played with the fore-arm.

The seventh chapter treats of chords and passages derived from them; the eighth, of the strict style, with examples in three and four parts for *one* hand. The ninth has examples on leaps; the

*There is a fingering of the Chromatic Scale by A. de Kontsky, the originality of which may justify its transcription here from K.'s "l'Indispensable."



and so on.

tenth treats of operations like alternating with, crossing, interlocking hands. This chapter closes a work, which may justly be called a model of its kind. Coming up to the achievements of the present day, it contains the germ and root of all those passages and runs, that occur in the compositions of the masters of all times. It is one of the few works that fully come up to the intentions of the author. One of those that leave that quiet intellectual pleasure upon the mind which one feels, when profound experience, perfect mastery over the subject, and hence logical order, meet one in the smallest particular.

May this (for the importance of the work much too) short exposition of its contents recommend it to many teachers, so that it may supersede those abominable fabrics like a Hünten's or Burgmüller's "abridged" Method. Books that have done good to nobody but the pockets of the trade; but indescribable harm to the taste of the rising generation by their collection of hackneyed pieces for "recreation from study," which has not preceded nor does it succeed such "recreation."

The writer adds the wish, that an English edition might soon make this valuable work accessible to the teacher and student of music. It deserves the patronage of all those teachers, who have a higher aim, than to have their pupils play trash all their lives long.

G. A. S.

Gleanings from German Musical Papers.

[Prepared for this Journal.]

On the second of April the Leipzig Conservatory of Music celebrated the completion of its tenth year. Artists and former members of the institution were invited from all parts of Germany. Among those present are mentioned the concert-masters Zahn and Mortel from Bremen; music-director John from Halle; chamber-musician (*kammer-musikus*) Riccius, von Sahr, van Eycken, Otto Goldschmidt and Fräulein Constanze Jacobi, from Dresden. The concert took place in the great hall of the Gewandhaus, and the programme was prefaced by an account of the origin and efficacy of the Conservatory, of which we have already given a full history in the first volume of the Journal. Thus far it has had 434 pupils of both sexes (317 German, and 117 from other countries). The proceeds of the concert went to found a new scholarship. A large audience were present, and MENDELSSOHN'S medallion, wreathed with evergreen, hung above the orchestra over which he had presided with such glory. Parts of his unfinished oratorio, *Christus*, were performed, under the direction of the chapel-master RIETZ. Then came orchestral pieces; the first movement of a symphony, by JUL. OTTO GRIMM of St. Petersburg, and a festival overture by Em. BUECHNER, scholars of the Conservatory in 1851 and 1843, conducted by the author. For instrumental solos, OTTO GOLDSCHMIDT (pupil in 1843) played Beethoven's Concerto in E flat, RICCIUS a violin cantabile by Spohr, and ZAHN a fantasia by Ernst. All three pieces, says the *Signale*, were treated with taste, dexterity and musical talent. "Herr Goldschmidt particularly delighted us by his solid and adroit play." An aria from Grann's *Tod Jesu* was sung by Frau Dr. RECLAM; a song each of Schubert and Mendelssohn, by Fräulein BLEYEL. But Fräulein CONSTANZE JACOBI, (pupil of the Conservatory in 1843) is said to have borne off

the palm by her deeply feeling and effective delivery of three posthumous songs of Mendelssohn (op. 99) and the *Frühlingsnacht* of Schumann; she is said to be one of the most musical and poetic singers heard in Leipzig for a long time, and as a *Lieder-singer perfect*. After the concert, the professors, pupils, graduates and friends of the Conservatory, to the number of 200 persons, adjourned to a banquet at the Hotel de Pologne, where speeches, toasts and presentations gave an artistic zest to the other good things.

The following is the list of operas in Leipzig for March. March 2, *Indra*, by Flotow. 4th, *Tannhäuser*, Wagner. 6th, *Indra*. 12th, "The Templar and the Jewess," Marschner. 16th, *Tannhäuser*. 19th, "Freyschütz." 27th, "The Vampire," by Marschner. 31st, *Tannhäuser*. This last opera had been performed eleven times within nine weeks, with increasing favor.

Kittl in Prague has finished a new opera, called *die Bilderstürmer*, "the Image-breakers," the text by Julius Hartmann.

Franz Abt, author of "When the Swallows homeward fly," is appointed second chapel-master in Brunswick, and will share the direction of the opera with chapelmaster Müller.

The Leipzig *Signale* says: "ALFRED JAEHL is still in Boston, making continually great success. He plays in his concerts not only his own compositions, and other modern things, but also the classical works of Beethoven, Bach, Mendelssohn, &c., and excites with the latter, (a rare thing in America,) an equally great sensation. In May he thinks of coming back to Europe."

The Bach Society in Leipzig have issued the second volume of Bach's complete works. It contains ten cantatas for the church.

Giovanni Ricordi, the celebrated music-dealer and founder of the *Gazetta Musicale di Milano*, died at Milan on the 15th of March. He is succeeded in his business by his son, Tito Ricordi.

A new theoretical work on music, by the most learned living contrapuntist, Hauptmann, (who we believe never before could be induced to print), is announced by Breitkopf and Härtel. Its modest title is: *Die Natur der Harmonik und der Metrik; zur Theorie der Musik*. (The nature of Harmony and Metre; a contribution to the Theory of Music).

Berlin was promiseously rich in music in the last week of March. At the Royal Opera they had Flotow's *Indra*, with Mme. Köster and Herr Formes in the principal parts; at the Königstädtisches theatre, "The way to get a lover," by Gumbert; at the Singakademie, Grann's *Tod Jesu*, for Good Friday; at the Garrison Church, the same, performed by the Hansmann Song Union; at the Hiennig'schen Song Union, selections from the *Tod Jesu*, from the "Mount of Olives," and Pergolese's *Stabat Mater*, with instrumentation by Alexis Lvoff; at the Gray Cloister, Herder's cantata: "The Stranger at Golgotha," composed by Bellerman; at the concert of the *Tonkünstler-Verein*, quintets, airs from Gluck, &c.; at Kroll's establishment, the operas *Zampa*, *Max and Michel*, *Otello*, *Czar and Zimmerman*; at the Cathedral, under the direction of Dr. Neihart,

old church songs *a capella*, in the sublimest manner. There is also a new singing society, devoted to the practice of choruses, not excluding the connecting solos, of such operas as Gluck's, Mozart's and Spontini's.

"*La Traviata*," a new opera of Verdi, recently brought out in Venice, appears to have called forth various opinions, among which that of the composer himself is probably as near right as any. He writes to the editor of the musical gazette at Milan: "Last evening the *Traviata* made here a complete *fiasco*. Who is to blame, I or the singers, I know not; time will show. Let us talk of other matters." A later account states that the third performance was more successful, and the maestro called out several times.

The Berlin *Musik-Zeitung*, of March 30th, announces Sontag's intention of singing the *Stabat Mater* with the Handel and Haydn Society in Boston. Early news!

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Another Word about Music Halls.

MR. EDITOR:—Hoping that the subject of Acoustic Architecture will be often entertained in your Journal, I venture to offer a few more hints toward its discussion. Your correspondent "U." has devoted to it so much skill and attention that we naturally take him for our text-book; and therefore too it is presumed he will expect an occasional stricture as a matter of course.

The Analogy of nature enters into almost every department of Natural Science. It is especially employed in Theology, and is essential in every branch of Art. Architecture derives its most graceful forms from this source; in that, at least, which is addressed to the eye. Why then, when the ear is to be consulted, should we not look for guidance in the same study, of sounds as they exist in Nature; instead of referring only to the laws of Mechanics or to other branches of science? If a kindred art or science be at fault, and we copy from that, how will not our own difficulties be multiplied! For example, it has been supposed that the laws of sound resemble those of light. Now it is taken for granted that light is a fluid, whence the phrase "sonorous wave," etc. But it has never been proved that light is a fluid. The rising sun gilds my roof and the mountain fifty miles distant at the same moment. And it is more obvious, and more philosophical, to suppose the distinction between sound and light as broad as that between vegetable and mineral, or sand and water, or fish and fowl. We shall get but poor help if we depend upon some other department of science, when the same perhaps rests upon an hypothesis so doubtful, that it can scarce be said to have a bottom of its own to stand upon.

Leaving aside then for the present these complicated and perplexing views of the subject, we take this much for certain, viz. Sound being created, vibration is produced and is propagated indefinitely. This vibration is always of the atmosphere, and more or less of every other substance within range. The question is, how to dispose the latter so that their reverberation shall aid and not obstruct good music.

The echo of the rock or cavern is not very enlivening. That of the forest is better; it is full and sweet. But that of the mountain tops is

sublime. Height and distance, then, appear to be the chief requisites. But "*ars deficit ab operatione natura*," and since it is vain to hope to contrive a sphere for sound, which shall be perfect in respect of the first mentioned condition, the analogy furnished by the forest is most to the purpose. Here nature has placed her own sweet choristers, where, as in a temple, they may sing the praises of the Creator. This too has suggested the architecture of the Gothic Churches of the Middle Age; and these very buildings, it has been remarked, are the best, to this day, for musical effect.

To introduce then into Musical Architecture the "winding lane . . . the dell and bosky bourn" of the forest, we have only to employ the Gothic style, with aisles and transepts *ad libitum*. And if some portions of the latter would be thus excluded from a view of the choir or *scena*, they might be walled off with a kind of screen; which should rise so high as to permit the excluded parts to be serviceable as offices, yet not so high but that it should bear a very diminished proportion to the main ceiling. Perhaps these offices might be finished off with a ceiling of their own, or a strong grating, and used as shops or the like.

I cannot conclude without observing, respectfully, that many of the proposals for absorbing or modifying sound, contain more of the Mechanist than of the Artist. Such appliances are certain and successful where ear-trumpets, hotel speaking tubes and such matters are concerned; but will the "heavenly maid" be wooed in this way?

LEGATO.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

THE POSTILLION.

From the German of LENAÜ. By C. T. BROOKS.

Lovely was the night of May;
Clouds of silvery whiteness,
O'er the blooming spring, away,
Sailed in fleecy lightness.

Meadow, grove and mountain brow
Silent rest were taking;
No one but the moonshine now
On the roads was waking.

Glare and din of day had fled,
Ceased each warbler's numbers;
Spring her fairy children led
Through the realm of slumbers.

Whispering breeze and brooklet crept
Slow with silent paces;
Fragrant dreams of flowers, that slept, —
Filled the shadowy spaces.

But my rough Postillion, now,
Cracked his whip, and flying,
Left the vale and mountain's brow
To his horn replying.

O'er the hill, across the plain,
Loud the hoofs resounded,
As, through all the bright domain,
On the good steeds bounded.

Wood and mead, as on we sped,
Flew with scarce a greeting;
Town and country by us fled,
Like a still dream fleeting.

In this lovely May moonlight
Lay a churchyard nestled,
And the traveller's roaming sight
Solemnly arrested.

On the mountain-side the wall
Seemed with age reclining;
And above, a sad and tall
Crucifix was shining.

Driver, at a slower pace,
Up the wood advances,
Stops, and towards the burial place
Reverently glances.

"Horse and wheel must tarry here—
Sir, 'tis not for danger;
But there lies one sleeping near
Was to me no stranger.

"'T was a lad most rare and true,
Ah! the sorrow ponder!
None so clear the post-horn blew
As my comrade yonder!

"Always must I linger here,
And with mournful pleasure,
To the dead one's waiting ear
Blow the favorite measure!"

Toward the churchyard now he blew;
Such entrancing numbers
Well might pierce the dull ground through,
Stir the dead man's slumbers;

And a blast upon the air,
From the heights came flying—
Was the dead Postillion there
To his song replying?

On again! and faster still
On the good steeds bounded;
Long that echo from the hill
In my ear resounded.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

From my Diary. No. XXV.

May 1. Cut the following from the "Mail gleanings" of some paper or other:

Dr. Schumann, one of the greatest living German Composers, has been appearing in London. A critic remarks with regard to him, "that having an inordinate ambition to be ranked as an original thinker, he gives to the world the ugliest possible music."

I believe it is a mistake about his having appeared in London, and that he strives with an "inordinate ambition" to be ranked as an original thinker. Would it not be nearer the truth probably to say of him and of Richard Wagner, that there is a something within them—great, grand, mighty, huge, or mean and insignificant—what it is matters not—but a something which they feel the musician's longing to produce musically, while the musical forms in use—the means hitherto sufficient for the purposes of others, do not and will not give the expression they desire. They read, study, hear, ponder the great works of past masters. They think not audaciously of rivalling them—but the language used by them to express their emotions is not suited to the ideas, which now are waiting to be clothed in tone. Thus have all the mighty masters wrought—thus many have tried to work and have failed. I do not suppose Father Heinrich has been all his life trying to be original—he has been laboring to give expression to new ideas—we may think as we will of his success—but is not the honest simplicity of the good old man a guaranty that the oddity and eccentricity of his music does not arise from a mere "inordinate ambition" to be original?

I liked Schumann's symphony, on hearing it for the third time last week at the Philharmonic, very much. By that time it had begun to be coherent, and the thread of the discourse—so to speak—to be traceable. It possesses great energy and strength—is certainly novel—and far from being the "ugliest possible music," as it seemed on the first hearing at the rehearsal. Now Schumann may never have succeeded, he may never succeed, in bringing out that unknown something; the reflective and imaginative faculty may be stronger than the so called creative—really producing—genius, which clothes the thought so that the next man can comprehend it; and the music, which he would write, may only be found in Hawthorne's cabinet of a virtuoso, or be heard in that hall in the clouds, where the Man of Fancy met his strange guests. Schumann may be all wrong—but if so I believe honestly. We all know how Mozart was ill wrooged and how the Emperor was obliged to let the singers and others concerned know that they must do their best with the composer's music. So was Gluck before him, all wrong, and Beethoven afterwards, but—*queer*, is n't

it?—they are all right now! So Schumann's wrong may twenty years hence prove a right—and so may Wagner's. I find the following upon Schumann in a file of the *Augsburg Allgemeine Zeitung*, which comes to-day by the Baltic. It is a communication from Düsseldorf—not Mr. Düsseldorf, the painter, Madam, whose pictures you admire so much. The letter is as follows:

"So far as I know, our art-loving city does not possess a single competent person, who takes the trouble to impart his opinions upon our music in the public prints. And yet we have here a great number of by no means ordinary performances, the real spirit of which is a product of our own soil. If I venture to say a word upon them, it is only as a layman. Among other things of course I must speak of Robert Schumann, who forms the real kernel—the central point of our music. As a music director, I cannot give him unqualified praise. To say nothing of Mendelssohn and Hiller, in the particular talents necessary for a kapelmeister, Julius Rietz surpasses him indisputably, though it is well known he is far behind as a composer. Schumann is throughout and throughout a Tone-poet. Such natures are at the same time dreamers, and dreamers are seldom fitted for practical activity. However, as an offset, he poetizes and dreams at times in a truly genial manner. But, to speak the truth, in the case of one person, a clear understanding of the tones he marshals very often fails. They seem over-laden, inundated, wanting in simplicity. I admit that this was thought to be the case once with Beethoven; and it is said that not his generation, but one that came after and whose ears were accustomed to other melodic movement and chords, understood him. Whether it will be the same with Schumann, as his ecstatic admirers say—this must be decided by the future. At all events he succeeds in introducing here and there passages which so surely and powerfully tell, that nobody can withstand their effects. He comes forth on these occasions as an artist, who moves forward and excites us in the grandest manner.

"And so during his residence here, with indefatigable productiveness he presented us a multitude of the noblest compositions, among which "The Pilgrimage of the Rose," "The King's Son," by Uhland, and "The Page and King's Daughter," by Geibel, for chorus and orchestra, a symphony, and the overture to "The Bride of Messina," and several truly noble trios, are conspicuous. In these works, as well as in the personal character of the composer himself, is exhibited a large artistic nature, which marches forward in its path, never wavering, always boldly and securely. This is already producing an effect. A band of disciples, true and confident, have joined the master. Albert Dietrich, H. von Sahr and Julius Tausch are named as talented scholars of Schumann. Mrs. Clara Schumann, his wife, (Clara Wieck) the most perfect pianist of the present time, plays as ever in a truly ravishing manner.

"I take this opportunity also to mention a symphony by our former music-director, Ferdinand Hiller, which was produced under his guidance at our last concert, and rejoiced in universal applause. Its title is "Im Freien," ("In the open air,") and its character was remarkably idyllic. It represented, in its pleasant and easily comprehended melodic and harmonic movements, a village history. The amiable and popular composer received a most friendly reception on the part of the public. We had at the same time a cantata, "Tasso in Sorrent," by Karl Müller, music-director at Münster, and produced under his direction. He was formerly music teacher and member of the orchestra here, and earned by this work, fresh and rich in melody, stormy applause. I mention before closing, that at Pentecost the Music Festival of the Lower Rhine is to take place here, the triumphal performances at which are to be Handel's "Messiah" and Beethoven's "Ninth Symphony." Schumann and Hiller are to direct, and Clara Novello and other celebrities are to take part.

GOETHE'S DESCRIPTION OF HIS SISTER.—Her eyes were not the finest that I have ever seen, but the deepest; those behind which one expected the most. If they expressed a preference, an affection, their glance was like no other, and yet this expression was not tender as that which comes out of the heart and brings with it something of longing and desire; this expression came out of the soul, it was full and rich, it seemed to wish only to give, not to need to receive.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 7, 1853.

The Boston Music Hall.

We are frequently asked to give our opinion publicly of the new hall, as a place for music. At the opening in December, we simply recorded a few detached first impressions, and postponed a judgment until we should have tried it through a season, "got the hang" of the place, and heard music of all kinds, from all parts of it, enough to know with some degree of certainty whether we enjoyed it more or less from hearing it in that hall. A long musical season of five months has elapsed, during which the Boston Music Hall has monopolized nearly *all* the music of any magnitude; and we are reminded that we have never yet recorded a direct judgment on its merits or demerits, although we *have* recorded a vast deal of musical satisfaction there experienced. We have been frank, journalizing our impressions of particulars, as they struck us at the moment, without considering how they might effect an ultimate conclusion. If we have not found any serious faults in the hall, it was not because we did not try hard enough to find something faulty: for it was of far more consequence to us to maintain a character for impartiality and candor, than it was to find the hall a good one, warmly as we hoped for that result in common with all good music-loving people.

But we are told that our course hitherto may be construed into non-committalism:—and so for a long time we were more than willing that it should be;—and now those who may have heard us speak decidedly in private, call for a more formal and revised edition of the same talk in these columns. With all our heart, so be it! Only with the understanding, reader, that we are not parading here *our* dictum as authority for others, any farther than as they may like to know how the hall *wears* with one who has heard so much music in it as we have, and who may be presumed to have been mainly anxious to realize the best musical effect. Nothing is easier than to give you our individual opinion, if that is all you want; and we are happy to be able to say that we *have* an opinion,—one which we flatter ourselves is not a foregone conclusion.

In a word, then, our experience of the Boston Music Hall, as a place for the clear and just rendering of musical sound, whether of voices or instruments, combined or single, has been one of almost unqualified satisfaction. That hall is endeared to us by more pure musical enjoyment, than any place in which we ever listened to instruments or voices; and that, notwithstanding that our first and freshest perceptions of the divinity residing in great music are everlastingly associated with older and less pretending places, some of which have kindly passed away before the aroma of the old poetry had ceased to haunt their walls, so that they still remain ideal in the memory. We regard the new hall, in reference to its primary intention, as a remarkable success, a triumph;—one of the greatest gains which Art in this locality has realized. If this be so, if it be not a mere idiosyncratic feeling of our own, the Hall is a treasure which this community cannot too jealously guard from all possibility of

being converted into other uses than that for which it was originally intended. It is a glorious monument to the growing love of Art among our people, and the experience of a winter has shown how noble an instrument it may be in the deepening, extending and refining of our musical and artistic culture. We may have other good music halls, and doubtless shall have other excellent ones; but this has fairly earned its title to the love and the support of a community which finds the sweet and harmonizing influences of music a more and more essential element in its daily life,—influences enhanced, too, as they are in this case, by the architectural harmonies of sight. To be more explicit, our observation may be summed up thus:

1. In whatever part of the house we have sat, the sounds from the orchestra have come to us distinctly and without blur. Nowhere have we found an echo, or anything more nearly resembling it than a slight reverberation, to which one is soon reconciled, perceptible immediately over the orchestra, and perhaps at one or two points on the floor; and few will notice even that when the room is well filled. A remarkable neatness of outline, with which tones, separate or blended, reach the ear, seems to us a characteristic of this hall. The softest *fioriture* of Sontag's *sotto voce*, the faintest tinkle of Jaell's silvery trill, the vanishing *pianissimos* of little Urso's violin, have faithfully sought us out and made their full report to us in whatever space or corner we were seated. If there has ever been an exception, it was either where tone was not delivered freely, but with timidity or uncertainty on the part of the performer; or where the voice or instrument was false in pitch or intonation (for everything has since confirmed the observation, which we made upon the opening night, that the truest tones tell farthest); or where there has been external disturbance; for in a room so large, with large, promiscuous audiences, it is of course somewhat difficult to secure always the requisite silence. But many times it has been our experience, and many times we have heard the same thing said by others, that music which we did not fully catch at once, grew perfectly distinct and appreciable as we grew, with our neighbors, into the right state of receptivity.

2. What has been true of single tones, we have found equally so of instrumental symphonies, overtures and choruses, provided they were given with unity of time, tone and accent, and with the several masses well-proportioned. At first we were astonished, until it became a familiar matter-of-course, to find how easily we recognized an instrument out of tune in the orchestra; and we have heard many persons testify to the same experience. Each individual component of the harmony was appreciable. Of course this very fidelity with which the individual sounds sought the ear, accounts for the blurred and confused effect of the whole sometimes, when the instruments or voices were not in tune. The hall, as we long ago intimated our suspicion, is a great truth-teller in these matters.

3. There has always seemed to be plenty of resonance,—quite as much as we could hope to secure without echo. It is true, music does not sound so *loud* here, in proportion to its mass, as in some smaller rooms. But in a choral or orchestral crescendo we have never felt the lack of volume. Many people are not satisfied unless

tones smite and thump upon their tympana; but real music lovers are partial to that that is more subdued and rounded; just as the freshest colors in a painting strike the ignorant, while the cultivated eye demands that the picture shall be *toned down* and harmonized. Nearly the whole complaint upon the score of resonance has come, we believe, from singers on the stage, who felt that their own singing sounded dead to them; that there was no response, no sympathetic sense of the blending of their own tones with those of their neighbors round them. But habit has been found to remove the objection in most cases; they had only to get a little used to singing in a large and strange place; while any one of them, who had the curiosity to go out into the auditorium and listen to his companions, found that what seemed to him dull and dead while he was in the midst of it, was clear, appreciable harmony to those a little farther off. We suppose this phenomenon is in the nature of things. An organist hardly hears himself play. Large masses of tone become more palpable at a little distance, where the ear can take it all in as one whole. Those concert-goers, therefore, who uniformly choose one of the very front seats, just below the stage, can scarcely be said to know how music sounds in that great hall.

4. There is another quality of which we would fain make an item, as forming a large part of our *experience* of the hall, although it is of that evanescent nature that is hard to identify and describe. We mean that music has not only sounded distinct enough and full enough, but it has met us genially; the hall itself has seemed sympathetic to good music. Perhaps it was the harmonizing aspect of the place, the good air, the pleasant *ensemble*, and a multitude of conspiring extraneous circumstances, that made the music seem more musical, than it seemed elsewhere. We were by no means alone or eccentric in the feeling.

5. We do not of course affirm that music sounds *equally* well in all parts of the hall; but we have found no positively *bad* place for hearing; and there is far less to choose between different positions here than in any other large hall we have known, not excepting even the much praised Melodeon. Various considerations dictate the choice of seats with various persons; and those preferences have seemed so well distributed, that every part of the hall has been the chosen place with somebody. A person musically curious likes to hear the same music, sometimes near and sometimes far off; now steeping himself in it and becoming as it were himself part and parcel of the orchestra, and now putting it all at a dream-like distance from him. Under all these circumstances he comes nearer to its soul and essence.

6. To the enjoyment of music yourself, it is essential that those with you enjoy it also. Hence our observation is not complete, without observing the effect on others. We are not unaware that strong opposite testimonies may be heard. It is a fact which one learns more and more not to wonder at, although it never ceases to be strange, that two or more people will see differently and hear differently and report differently of the same thing. Some took a prejudice against the hall at the outset and have never since heard anything right in it. Did you ever know of any great result that satisfied *all*? But we are bound also to confess, that we have heard very honest and very strong dissent from our opinion expressed by persons, for whom we have the highest respect both as competent judges in most musical matters and as men of candor and high character. Still

these have been few enough to pass for exceptions. The great majority of music-lovers hereabouts, we are quite sure, are with us; and the manner in which the hall has been thronged, the attraction it has exercised upon the masses, whatever the musical bill of fare might be, is certainly some argument in its favor. We have heard not a few persons, some of them eminent musicians, who have been familiar with the principal music halls in England, France and Germany, declare that they have never found a better hall than this.

Much more might be said, but this article is already too long. We have no manner of private interest in the Boston Music Hall, save as a simple lover of good music, who is happy that our city at length rejoices in so good a place for music. We have felt it to be a debt of gratitude, which we could not omit without sin, to tell what we and so many others have owed during the past winter to this admirable hall. One naturally trembles about any great public good realized, for fear the privilege should not be enough prized or carefully enough guarded. We do not know that there is any need of caution, or any danger that the Music Hall will ever be allowed to be less to us than it has been. But we are the more moved to say what we have said, because we hear rumors of individuals eagerly buying up and accumulating shares in its stock, now accidentally below par. What the motive of this may be, or who the individuals referred to, we know not; but the hundreds of music-lovers, who hold most of this stock in small amounts, and who took it from a pure desire of securing a good music hall to our city, may properly be on their guard, lest in parting with their small interest, they allow this property, which now possesses a far higher than any money value, to fall into the hands of speculating Philistines, to whom the only music is the clink of dollars.

Music in New York twenty-five years since.

(By a German Musician.)

["To see ourselves as others see us" is no bad plan, and as Gungl has held up the mirror in these latter days to the musical public, here is a sort of retrospective looking glass to go with his, in which we may see ourselves (with a German's eyes) as we looked quarter of a century since. The letter is to be found in Gottfried Weber's musical periodical, "The Cecilia," vol. IX, "printed word for word after the original," and we translate it as literally.]

NEW YORK, July 27, 1828.

The reason why I have not written before, although I have been here since the third of June, is this; I wished to be able to write somewhat more particularly about myself, and especially to be able to give more information respecting the position of music here.

I have been engaged at the Lafayette theatre and received —. I am going soon to Boston, which is reported to be a very musical place. The following will give an idea of music in this city; New York has four theatres, the Park, Bowry, [sic.] Lafayette and Schottam [Chatham]. In these theatres are performed tragedies, comedies, melodramas: also passages from operas, as for instance the Wolf-den scene (in *Der Freyschütz*).—not with the music, however, but melodramatically,—and operettas. A complete and fully appointed opera is not to be thought of; they have no orchestras for that, for the orchestras here are in the highest degree bad, as bad as it is possible to imagine, and not then complete; oft-

times they have two clarinets—but that is a great deal—generally but one. One sees nothing of bassoons, oboes, trumpets or drums (?); perhaps, now and then, one of the former. Oboes are entirely unknown in this country; there exists but one oboist in North America, and he is said to live in Baltimore.

But in spite of all their incompleteness they play the symphonies of Haydn and grand overtures; and when there comes a gap, they think to themselves—only a passing matter—all right as soon as all cracks again.

In every one of the orchestras you are sure to find a trombone; this instrument serves only to strengthen, and therefore never plays its own proper part, but that of the violoncello; and if the subject is suitable, it plays now and then a passage with the violin. This instrument and the double bass are also the best paid; sixteen or seventeen dollars a week is not uncommon; the others have ten; some of the better twelve, and the very highest for a first clarinet is fifteen, because the usefulness of this instrument comes next to that of a contrabass and the trumpet; but the player must be able to *blow strong*.

It is a matter of course that the director of the orchestra accompanies every solo with the violin; therefore one never hears a solo performed alone; one reason of this is probably to strengthen the voice.

In all these theatres they perform six times a week; Sunday is a day of rest. The performances begin at 7½ and last till 12, often till one in the morning. If a rope dancer comes, or one who can play the clown well, or jump about a little something like dancing, and in addition can make up all sorts of faces, and farther, one who can grind a hand-organ, blow the pampipes, beat a pair of cymbals and a big drum, and jingle a string of bells upon his hat, and all this at once,—these are the men that are good for the treasury of the theatrical lessees, and who make enormous sums.

Such is the condition of music here, so far as I have been able to learn it during my short stay in New York. I am now going to see if it is better in Boston; I have my doubts of it.

In a pecuniary point of view, music is a lucrative business for men who in addition to their regular engagements can give lessons on the piano or guitar. Such persons can save up a small fortune in a short time;—but only on these two instruments; nobody finds time for any other. Good teachers get one thaler (75 cents) a lesson; others get eighteen thalers (\$13.50) for twenty-four lessons.

Living is not very dear here; young musicians from Germany, even those with only moderate talents, who could scarcely keep soul and body together at home by their music, find good incomes here, and if economical, make their fortunes; and moreover, they find themselves placed in the first rank of artists. However, for lesson giving, the English tongue is an indispensable necessity.

Next time farther from Boston.

[The letter from Boston is not forthcoming; whether the music was too good to speak of in this city at that epoch or not, we have no intimation.]

THE OPERA.—We missed the first performance of *Lucia*. Of the repetition of *Linda di Chamounix* we heard the middle portion, including the great scene in Paris, in which Linda

rebuffs the marquis, and goes distracted under the curse of her old father,—as fine a piece of acting on SONTAG's part as we almost ever witnessed. But the opera generally went off with less spirit than before. Mme. Sontag's voice seemed weary, and VIETTI's tenor painfully flat; but BADIALI made amends for all.

Don Pasquale, on Wednesday evening, called forth continual and unbounded expressions of delight. Its music is trifling, but happily adapted to the plot; and both in singing and in acting it was an excellent little musical comedy. Musically, of course, it is nothing to the "Barber;" but there was such completeness, such uniform felicity in the performance, that it was probably more unanimously, if less deeply enjoyed. The business upon the stage is all done by the four principal persons, with the exception of a single instance in which the stage is suddenly flooded with a chattering, bustling chorus of maids and servants; and once where instruments and voices behind the scenes accompanied the tenor's hack-nied "Summer night" serenade, (which had to be most tediously repeated,) with the most calthumpian sort of tambourine *obligato*. The only other drawback—we may as well name them all at once—was the inordinate quantity of stunning *fortissimo* on the part of the orchestra, which seemed all brass.

Sontag's Norina was a delightfully natural, graceful and refined impersonation of a bewitching, roguish coquette of a young widow; her dress, her ceaseless *espieglerie* of action, and her rendering of the music made a charming, satisfying whole. Rocco did the testy, gouty old Don Pasquale as well as one so far within the physical dimensions of a Lablache could do it. BADIALI's Dr. Malatesta was an admirable piece of genteel comedy, full of life and truth; while POZZOLINI, in better possession than usual of his sweet, fresh tenor, sustained the lover's part agreeably and in good proportion with the rest.

The *Don Pasquale* is the least pretending of all the Donizetti plays in vogue; but it is one of the most genuine, and felicitous as a whole, most enjoyable, and most perfectly suited to the artistic powers, the lady-like pleasantry and archness of a Sontag. In all of Norina's shifting aspects,—in her laughing soliloquy over the book that tells the coquettish arts of kindling love; in her assumed simplicity of a bashful maiden from a convent; in her sudden revelation of the shrew, tormenting the old man; or in the sincere scenes with her lover, she appears one of the most youthful and fascinating of young widows. The *Don Pasquale* will surely have to be repeated.

We were not present at the performance of the *Stabat Mater* on Sunday evening; but all intelligent reports agree that it was not a very felicitous performance. We can easily believe that the orchestra, (spoiled as all orchestras are by opera habits) proved not as genial to the chorus singers, as the Germania orchestra; and that they were somewhat confounded by its brassy, hard fortissimos.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Letter from "Hafiz."

New York, May 5th, 1853.

An appointment as Purveyor of Pleasure to the Shah, took me home to Teheran at the beginning of last summer, and I should still be there, but

that I heard of Sontag and Alboni singing here. They have made the dull, weary winter of this dreary city musical. While Paris has been pleased with Bosio, and Cruvelli (whom may a kind fate and wise managers permit us to hear) and London has languished in its usual winter silence, New York has had the only soprano who was thought worthy to succeed Jenny Lind at "Her Majesty's," and the contralto who is probably without peer in musical history. If you reflect that, three years since, this same New York was happy to be rapturous about Truffi, and endeavored to like Parodi only a few months ago, you will agree that the signs of the times point to a musical equality with Paris, London, and St. Petersburg. The contracts for Grisi and Mario are signed. The Opera House is fast finishing—upon paper. The public ear has the pitch, and the public will henceforth be only content with the best.

Alboni's opera has not succeeded, as Sontag's did. There were many reasons, and, chief among them, the fact which you so well stated, the greater *unity* of Sontag's representations. She is doubtless the greater artist, in the sense of a conscious devotion to Art; which, as a rule, Italian singers rarely have. Jenny Lind could not speak of her art without enthusiasm. Alboni, probably, has no conception of it. I mean that she has no intellectual appreciation of the value of music, for instance, as a refining and humanizing influence. She has a wonderful voice and a gay nature. She can sing deliciously and enchant every listener. She is applauded and is happy. *Voilà tout*. Sontag has something more than this. I fancy she prefers being a countess rather than an artist. But she cannot entirely escape the feeling for Art that seems to inhere in the German character.

Individually Alboni's *troupe* was superior to Sontag's. Her own voice is far finer, as a voice, and she sings exquisitely; too simply, perhaps, for our pampered ears that love to surfeit upon elaboratedifficulties. Salvi is finer than Pozzolini; Badiali is unmatched by Beneventano; but Marini, Rovere, and San Giovanni, thrown in, make up a good balance. The *Lucrezia*, with the whole company, was very imposing in the fulness of the chorus and the general prestige; but it lacked that indescribable unity essential to success. It was the last great card. The houses were full, but it is now impossible to tell whether a full house fills the managerial pocket, for the determination to impart the prestige of a crowd to the performance distributes a great many free tickets. *Norma* was announced for Saturday. But De Vries was to sing it, and De Vries is not an agreeable singer. Salvi was cast as Pollione, but it was whispered that certain offers had been made from other quarters, and that, thereupon, the great Salvi took airs, did not find it convenient to sing, and the house was suddenly closed.

We have *Don Giovanni* announced for Friday with Salvi as Ottavio and Alboni as Zerlina. But ——— Madame Siedenbarg is to "do" Elvira! That is the way we go on building, three parts gold and one pewter. Can you conscientiously require of us a genuine work of art? The rôle should be omitted rather than committed to a lady who was hissed as Lisa in *La Sonnambula*. There is promise of unparalleled splendor, &c., at incredible expense, but the thoughtful student of opera programmes is not sanguine. When Grisi and Mario come, there will be great disappointment. *Tempora mutantur et voces in illis*. Why do not prime donne enjoy a brevet of eternal youth? Why must Pasta, and Catalani, and Grisi fall, like mere Coliseums and Parthenons, into ruins? In Paris I heard what was Duprez. Once or twice the old sweetness flooded his voice, and restored the prime of the *Académie*. Then it cracked, and split, and

was silent for whole bars. In London I heard Pasta. The mien and the manner were left. It was easy to feel, this once was Norma, as in the Coliseum to-day, to recall the great games of the Emperors. But the one feeling was as pensive as the other. Mazzini stood in a box looking on. I could believe there was a tear in his eye, as he gazed at Pasta and listened; and believed her a symbol of Italy.

I heard Gockel at the Philharmonic Concert. He plays nimbly but not neatly. I found little in his performance that seemed to indicate anything more than a skilful talent, that should be better trained. He has not made a mark here. Gottschalk did. He is, in some ways, a very remarkable artist. But we have much good music very privately—in a way not to be more than hinted, even in your Journal. Choice mornings, such as have been commemorated in these columns, at *Tonwacker's*, and elsewhere; rare evenings, not to be forgotten, too soon to be ended. What a pity that the summer is the pleasantest month for every place and everything! There musical re-unions end, the congress of lovers is scattered,—and a poor Persian remembers the chances of the game, as Mazzini in the box at Covent Garden looked at Pasta and remembered Italy. HAFIZ.

Musical Intelligence.

PHILADELPHIA. At an extra concert of the Harmonia Sacred Music Society, last Thursday evening, was produced an original Sacred Cantata, by a young Philadelphian, Mr. FRANK T. S. DARLEY. The work is called "Belshazzar." There was great curiosity to hear the first public effort of a young composer yet in his minority; all the local musicians, including the veterans, were out. The *Bulletin* says it suffered in the performance, and, to have a fair trial, should be heard again; but all agreed that the cantata would be creditable to any one, while it was extraordinary for one so young. It praises a baritone solo with chorus, a trio, and other concerted pieces, but is not so well satisfied with the solo passages.

CINCINNATI, O.—Miss LEHMANN has been singing with great acceptance in the Oratorio of the "Creation." The GERMANIANS, with JAEHL and UNO, by the last accounts, had given four concerts, greatly exciting the music-lovers, and creating a call for Symphonies in some of the papers.

London.

NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY. The feature of the second concert (April 19.) was Cherubini's Requiem. The work was new to the English public, who have never heard either his great church works, or his operas, which rank among the best in Germany, and know him only as we do, by a few overtures, and parts of masses. This requiem has been thought worthy of comparison with Mozart's, the recent successful performance of which, in the face of a bigoted Protestant opposition, by the Sacred Harmonic Society, is said to have stimulated the New Philharmonic directors to bring out this of Cherubini. The *News* say:

"It was very finely performed. In style it is entirely different from the Requiem of Mozart. It is neither so beautiful nor so pathetic, but it is not less grave and solemn (perhaps more so), and more strictly ecclesiastical. It is wholly choral, and unrelieved by such ravishing movements for solo voices as the "Recordare" and the "Benedictus" of Mozart; broad, simple harmonies of the old Italian school are intermixed with pieces of the most masterly fugal counterpoint; and the whole is enriched by all the charms of modern instrumentation. The music of Cherubini will delight the ear less than that of Mozart; but we are not certain that it is not even better adapted to its real purpose, that of deepening the impression created by the celebration of the Mass for the Dead."

There were two great works of Beethoven: the Concerto in E flat, played in a "masterly style" by M. Alexander Billet, and the Seventh Symphony, "splendidly executed." The *Times* says:

Herr Lindpaintner takes the second movement (A minor) slower, and the *scherzo* quicker, than we have been accustomed to hear. In both instances the music

gains. In the *trio* of the *scherzo* there is a certain passage for the horn, which, when played loud (after the mistaken English tradition,) produces a sound little short of offensive; this passage Herr Lindpaintner makes *piano*, and thereby deprives it of a certain effect (not dreamed of by Beethoven) which, at the old Philharmonic Society, raises an inclination to laughter. Musicians and well-informed amateurs will recognise the passage alluded to. The *allegretto*, in A minor—which stands in the place of a slow movement—was repeated, in obedience to a very ill-judged 'encore.'

The finale to Mendelssohn's "Loreley" was sung by Miss Louisa Pyne, with chorus; and the same lady sang with great effect a *Scena* from an English opera, "Fair Rosamond," by John Barnett, whom the *News* calls "a truly great dramatic composer, whose 'occupation is gone' in consequence of the ruin of the musical stage in England." The overtures, concluding each part of the concert, were Rossini's to the "Siege of Corinth," and Lindpaintner's to "Faust," which is pronounced brilliant and effective, but far inferior in depth of thought to Spohr's on the same subject.—Herr Lindpaintner, as conductor, is warmly applauded.

THE ORCHESTRAL UNION, a new society, similar to the *Société des Concerts* in Paris, gave its first concert April 9th.

It numbers about thirty performers; the conductor is Mr. Alfred Mellon; Mr. Cooper is the principal violin, Mr. Hill the principal viola, and Mr. Howell the principal contra-basso. The number of wind-instruments is in due proportion to the scale of the whole band, and includes Nicholson, Pratten, Rae, Winterbottom, and other distinguished names; every name in the orchestra, we observe, being English.

The concert began with the overture to Mendelssohn's pretty domestic operetta, *The Son and Stranger*, and the second part opened with Mozart's Symphony in G minor. We never listened to this delicious music with so keen an enjoyment of its beauties. The harmony was so clear and transparent, so free from the slightest impurity of sound; the varied combinations of instruments were so finely brought out; and the tender, expressive melodies so sweetly breathed, that we could not even imagine anything more charming. In the two overtures—the fanciful and romantic *Niades* of Bennett, and the light and brilliant *Domino Noir* of Auber—the performance was equally admirable and successful. Mr. Cooper played Spohr's eleventh concerto in a manner which could not be surpassed by any violinist of the day; and its effect was enhanced by the softness of the accompaniments, which supported, without ever overpowering, the principal interest.

The singers were Mr. and Mrs. Weiss; the former sang Schubert's fine song "The Wanderer," and the latter Beethoven's great scena, *Ah perfido*. Arne's famous bravura air, "The Soldier tired," was played as a solo on the trumpet by Mr. T. Harper—an admirable display of beautiful tone and brilliant execution.

QUARTET ASSOCIATION. Messrs. Sainton, Cooper, Hill and Piatti, commenced their second season on the afternoon of April 14th. By constant practice they are said to have reached a rare perfection in the art of quartet playing. The programme consisted of three quartets and a sonata for the piano. The quartets were Hummel's in C. op. 30; Mozart's in D, No. 7; and Mendelssohn's in E minor, op. 44. The last created a *furor*. But one of the great events of the town seems to have been Miss Arabella Goddard's performance of Beethoven's "prodigious Sonata" in B flat, op. 106. One of the critics says:

The execution of the young lady was almost as much a prodigy as the sonata itself, and her reading of each movement was that of an accomplished master. So grand and masculine a conception of a work of such matchless profundity—the ninth symphony of the piano-forte—was little short of miraculous in a girl of seventeen. About the mechanism we can say nothing. The fugue, the longest and most difficult of the four movements, taken at a speed almost incredible, and sustained with astonishing power to the end, electrified the audience—among whom were nearly all the well-known pianists and amateurs of the piano in London—good judges of the extraordinary and almost impracticable difficulty of the work. A more musical audience was never assembled, and a more brilliant and legitimate success was never obtained. It is useless to say more. Miss Goddard has now established herself in the first rank of pianists, without reference to country.

OPERA. The *Barbiere* was repeated for the third night of the season, and our Bosto rose another degree in the estimation of the critics, and still another on the fourth night in the *Elisir d'Amore*. One of them says of her:

We have never had a more charming Adina than Bosio. The part is in every way suited to her;—it is suited to her face and figure, to her style of acting, to the compass and quality of her voice, and her light and brilliant

execution. She enacted to perfection the little rustic flirt, wilful and capricious but not heartless; and her touches of feeling in the latter scenes were sweetly and gracefully given. In her duet with Dalcamara, *Quanto amore!* and in the subsequent scene with her lover, containing the fine air, *Prodi, per me*, her tender earnestness reached the pathetic. Her whole performance was received with the most cordial applause. Luchesi, as Nemorino, deserved a warmer reception than he met with. There is nothing striking about him, certainly; but his appearance is agreeable; his voice, though not powerful, is sweet and tunable; he sang in a pure Italian style, and acted the part in an unaffected and intelligent manner. We have seldom heard the little air, *Un'fortuna lagrima*, sung with greater taste and expression. Ronconi, as the illustrious Dr. Dalcamara, the prince of quacks, was more rich than ever in his inimitable humor.

But the first decided triumph of the season was the performance of Rossini's masterpiece, the "William Tell," in which Tamberlik took Duprez's great part of Arnold, exceeding Duprez (so the *Times* say-) in his best days. Mme. Castellan was the Matilda, Ronconi the Tell. Formes the Walter, Luchesi, the fisherman; and "Costa's directing power, great skill and energy, were never more strongly manifested throughout."

OLD PHILHARMONIC. The programme of the second concert included Robert Schumann's "Overture, Scherzo and Finale" (played by the Germanians a year ago in Boston); that Minna and Brenda sort of duet from the *Freyschutz*, sung by Misses Pyne and Poole; a violin Concerto of Spohr, by M. Sainton; a Cantata of Beethoven: "The Praise of Music," not reckoned among the master's greatest works; Mozart's 5th Symphony, in B flat; an Aria by Hummel: *Deh, calma, amor*; Mendelssohn's "Loreley" finale; and the overture to "Masaniello."

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Mozart's Don Giovanni.

BY THE EDITOR.

[First published in Grahams's Magazine for Jan. 1852]

This masterpiece of MOZART must always stand as the highest type of musical drama. Yet most persons who go to this famous opera for the first time, and look over the libretto, are disappointed in a worse sense than the travellers who complain of the first unimposing view of Niagara. It seems to them a waste of so much fine music, to couple it with a mere story of a desperate rake, (a young cavalier *estremamente licenzioso*, as he is set down in the list of characters), who after running a most extravagant career, is brought to judgment in a marvellous way; namely, by his inviting in jest the statue of an old man, whom he had murdered, the father of the noble lady he had sought to ruin, to sup with him, and by being surprised in the midst of his feast by the statue in good earnest, with the whole *posse comitatus* of the nether world rising to claim him! We are at a loss at first to account for the charm of so vulgar and grotesque a tissue

of absurdities. Yet there is a meaning in it that concerns us all.

Don Juan is one of the permanent traditional types of character; and Mozart's music, sympathetically, instinctively, rather than with any conscious philosophical purpose, brings out the essence of it. The gay gallant, magnetic disturber of every woman's peace that comes within his sphere, is not intended for that vulgar sensualist, that swaggering street-rake, that caricatures the part in most performances we may have seen. The true conception of Mozart's Don Juan is that of a gentleman, to say the least, and more than that, a man of genius; a being naturally full of glorious passion, large sympathies and irrepressible energies; noble in mind, in person, and in fortune; a large, imposing, generous, fascinating creature. Dramatically he is made a little more than human, yet in a purely human direction. He is such as we all are, "only more so," to borrow an expressive vulgarism. Remarkably is he such as Mozart himself was. He is a sort of ideal impersonation of two qualities, or springs of character, raised as it were to the highest power, projected into supernatural dimensions;—which is only the poet's and musician's way of truly recognizing the element of infinity in every passion of the human soul, since not one ever finds its perfect satisfaction. Mozart in his own life knew them too well, these two springs or sources of excitement! They are: (1.) the genial temperament, the exquisite zest of pleasure, the sensibility to every charm and harmony of sense, amounting to enthusiasm, and content with nothing short of ecstasy; that appetite for outward beauty, which lends such a voluptuous Titian coloring to his music. And (2.) as the highest mortal foretaste of celestial bliss, the sentiment of sexual Love,—that sentiment which is the key-note of every opera. In Mozart, music appears as the peculiar native language of these passions, these experiences. His music is all fond sensibility, pure tranquility of rapture, and most luxurious harmony of soul and sense. And therefore in him we have the finest development of the dramatic element in music. The two together make the genuine Giovanni creed,—the creed of Mozart and of Music,—the natural creed and religion of Joy. This free and perfect luxury of passion and fruition Mozart imagines, raised (as we have said) to the highest power, in the hero of the old tradition. His Don Juan is a grand believer in the passions

and in pleasure; he is the splendid champion and Titan of that side of the problem of life, a superb vindicator of the senses. He stands before us in the glorious recklessness of self-assertion and protest against the soul and passion-starving conventionality, the one-sided, frigid spiritualism of an artificial, priest-ridden, Mammon-worshipping society; opposing to these meshes of restraint his own intense consciousness of *being*, (with a blind instinct that it is good, divine at bottom, and only needing to appear in its own natural language of a Mozart's music to prove this); strong in the faith, against the world, that Joy, Joy is the true condition and true sign of life; but blindly seeking to realize this in the ecstatic lawlessness of Love, which necessarily involves sooner or later a proportional reaction of the outraged Law and Wisdom of the Universe.

Excessive love of pleasure, helped by a rare magnetism of character, and provoked by the suppressive moralism of the times, have engendered in him a reckless, roving, insatiable appetite, which each intrigue excites and disappoints, until the very passion, in which so many souls are first taught the feeling of the Infinite, becomes a fiend in his breast and drives him to a devilish love of power that exults over woman's ruin, or rather, that does not mind how many hearts and homes fall victims to his unqualified assertion of the everywhere rejected and *snubbed* faith in Passion. The buoyant impulse, generous and good in the first instance, goes on thus undoubtingly, defying bounds, till it becomes pure wilfulness, and the first flush of youth and nobleness is hardening to Satanic features. The beauty and loveliness of woman have lost to him now all their sacredness; they are mere fuel to the boundless ambition of a passion which knows no delight beyond the brief excitement of intrigue and sensual indulgence. He becomes the impersonation and supernatural genius of one of the holiest springs of human sentiment *perverted*, because *denied*; and he roams the earth a beautiful, terrible, resistless fallen angel, and victim after victim are quaffed up by his hot breath of all-devouring passion. And so he perseveres until Hell claims its own in the awful consummation of the supper scene. Art could not choose a theme more fraught with meaning and with interest.

The character of Don Juan, thus conceived, this splendid embodiment of the free, perfect, unmisgiving luxury of sense and passion, would

be no character at all, but only an absurdity, an impossibility in the spoken drama. There is no prose about it; nothing literal and sober; take away the exaltation, the rhythmical nature of it, and it falls entirely to the ground. Only Music could conceive and treat it; Music, which is the language of the ideal, innermost, *potent* life, and not of the actual life. But music equally does justice to both sides of the fact. In this triumphant career of passion, inasmuch as it is among men and laws and sympathies and social customs, a fearful retribution is foreshadowed. But not in *him*, not in this Titan of the senses, this projected imagination of unlimited enjoyment and communion. It is through the music that the shuddering presentiment continually creeps. Through music, which in acknowledging the error, in laying bare the fatal discord, at the same time symbolizes its resolution. Through music, in whose vocabulary sin and suffering and punishment are never final; in whose vivid coloring the great doom itself is but a vista into endless depths of harmony and peace and unexclusive bliss beyond.

The splendid sinner's end is rather melodramatic in the opera; and yet there is a poetic and a moral truth in it; and the spectre of the *Commendatore* is a creation fully up to SHAKESPEARE. No man ever literally came to that; but many have come to dread it. Beings, as we are, so full of energies and of exhaustless passion promptings to all sorts of union and acquaintance with the rest of being; urged, just in proportion to the quantity of life in us, to seek most intimate relationship all round, materially and spiritually, we dread the mad excess of our own pent up forces. Surrounded by set formulas; denied free channels corresponding to our innate tendencies and callings; plagued by traditions, and chafed by some social discipline, in which the soul sees nothing it can understand, except it be the holy principle of Order in the abstract, do we not often start to see what radicalism lurks in every genuine spring of life or passion, in every thing spontaneous and loveable? Who, more than the pleasure-loving, sympathy-seeking, generous, childlike, glorious, imaginative, sensitive, ecstatic, sad Mozart, would be apt to shudder in dreams, in the night solitudes of his overworked and feverish and wakeful brain, before the colossal shadow of what possibly *he* might become through excess of the very qualities that made him diviner than common mortals? This allegory can certainly be traced through "Don Giovanni." The old governor, or Commander, whom he kills, personates the Law. The cold, relentless marble statue, that stalks with thundering foot-fall into the middle of his solitary orgies after him, is the stern embodiment of custom and convention, which he defies to the end and boldly grasps the proffered stony hand, from an impulse stronger than his terrors.

It is an old Middle Age, Catholic story. Under many forms it had been dramatized and poetized as a warning to sinners, before DA PONTE* found it so much to the purpose of Mozart, when he wanted to do his best in an opera composed expressly for his dear and own peculiar public

at Prague. Coarse as the story seems, perhaps the conflict between good and evil in the human soul was never represented in a better type. It was for Mozart's music to show that. That in adopting it for music he had any metaphysical idea at all about it, there is no need of supposing. His instinct found in it fine sphere for all his many moods of passion and of music. Here he could display all his universality of musical culture, and his Shakspearian universality of mind. Genius *does* its work first; the theory of it is what an appreciating philosophical observer must detect in-it when done. "They builded better than they knew." Love, if it was the ruling sentiment of Mozart's nature, was for that very reason his chief danger. If it was almost his religion and taught his soul its own infinite capacity, so also seemed the danger therefrom infinite, raising presentiments and visions of some supernatural abyss of ruin, yawning to receive the gay superstructure of man's volatile enjoyments here in time. Life, power, love, pleasure, crime, futurity and judgment,—and a faith left beyond *that*!—what dream more natural, what circle of keys more obvious to modulation, to a soul, whose strings are all attuned to love and melody, whose genius is a powerful demon waiting on its will, and whose present destiny is cast here in a world so false and out of tune that, to so strong a nature, there seems no alternative besides wild excess upon the one hand, or a barren sublimity of self-denial on the other!

In this old legend the worldly and the supernatural pass most naturally into one another. Don Juan, gifted with all the physical and intellectual attributes of power, urged by aspirations blind but uncontrollable, full of the feeling of *life*, and resolved to LIVE, if possible, so fully as to fill all with himself and never own a limit, (and this is only a perversion of the true desire to live in harmony *with* all,) finds the tempting shadow of the satisfaction in the love of woman; and the poor bird flutters charmed and trembling towards his fascinating glance. Imagine now the elegant, full-blooded, rich, accomplished and seductive gallant on his restless rout of pleasures and intrigues. At his side his faithful knave, droll Leporello, expostulating with his master very piously sometimes, yet bound to him by potent magnetism, both of metal and of character, (for passion like Giovanni's *will* be served.) Leporello is the foil and shadow to his master; and adds to the zest of his life-long intoxication by the blending of the comic with his exquisite wild fever of the blood. Throughout the whole he plays the part of contrast and brings all back to reality and earth again, lest the history should take too serious possession of us. He is the make-weight of common sense tossed into the lighter scale. He justifies its original title of "Don Giovanni, *un dramma giocoso*;" for this opera is tragedy and comedy and what you please, the same heterogeneous yet harmonious compound that life is itself. He on the one side gives a dash of charlatanism to Don Juan, just as on the other side he borders on the supernatural. Mark the poetic balance and completeness here: this passion-life of Don Juan has its outward and its inward comment; on the one side, Leporello; on the other, the supernatural statue and the bodily influx of Hell. On the one side it is comic, grotesque and absurd; on the other, it is fearful. Seen in one light, he is a charlatan, a splendid joke; seen in the other, he is an unfolding demon and a type of doom; while in his life he is but the

free development of human passion in human circumstances. Man always walks between these two mirrors! One shows his shadow, as of destiny, projected, ever-widening, into the Infinite, where it grows vague and fearful. The other takes him in the act, and literally pins down all his high strivings and pretensions to such mere matter of fact, that he becomes ridiculous.

We come now to the Opera itself, which we can only examine very briefly and unequally, touching here and there. Were we to set about it thoroughly, our article would soon overflow all bounds, since there is not a scene, an air, a bit of recitative from the beginning to the end that would not challenge our most critical appreciation.

And first the overture, composed, they say, in the single night before the first public performance of the opera in Prague, his wife keeping him awake to his work by punch and anecdotes and fairy tales, that made him laugh till the tears ran down his cheeks; and only ready for the orchestra (which had not its equal in all Europe) to play at sight, without rehearsal. He may have *written* it that night, that is to say, have copied it out of his head. It was his habit of composition; his musical conceptions shaped themselves whole in his brain, and were carried about there for days until the convenient time to put them upon paper; and it is not possible that his brain that time could have been without an overture, since there the opera existed as a perfect whole, and in that glow-and creative mood, the instrumental theme and preface to the same must have floated before him as naturally as the anticipation of his audience. Moreover the first movement of it, the *andante*, is essentially the same music with the grand and awful finale of the opera, and is properly put first in the overture (whose office it is to prepare the hearers' minds) as the grand end and moral of the piece. Accordingly it opens with three stern, startling crashes on the chord of D minor, the sub-bass dividing the measure into equal halves, but the upper parts syncopated; then a pause, and then the same repeated in the dominant;—like the announcement of a power not to be trifled with. Then a series of wild modulations, full of terror, enhanced by the unearthly brass and low reed tones, surging through chromatic intervals, which make the blood creep, and presently overtopped by a pleading melody of the first violins, while a low, feeble whiuper of the second violins is heard all the time like the moaning of the wind about an old house. Then alternate sharp calls and low, tremulous pauses; the ground quakes; the din becomes more fearful; the melody begins to traverse up and down all kinds of scales, through intervals continually shifting and expressive of all manner of uncertainty, like the quick and fruitless runs in all directions of a beast surrounded by the hunters. It is like the breaking up of the familiar foundations of things, that unsettling of the musical scale!—all this is brief, for it is but a synopsis and foreshadowing of the last scene in the opera. The string instruments then dash off, in the major of the key, into a wild, reckless kind of allegro, than which there could not be a better musical correspondence of the general subject, that is, of the restless, mischievous career of one outraging all the social instincts and defying all pursuit. This spends itself at leisure, softening at the close toward the genial F natural, the key of nature and the senses, where the overture is merged into the dramatic introduction.

* "Don Giovanni" was composed in 1787. The Abbé da Ponte, who wrote the book, and who enjoyed at Vienna the same distinction with Metastasio as a writer of musical poetry, died in New York, in December 1838, at the age of ninety years, in a state of extreme destitution. For thirty years he had sought a living in that city by teaching the Italian language.

The curtain rises. Scene, a garden in Spain. Time, just before daybreak. Leporello, cloaked, with a lantern, paces watchfully to and fro before a noble villa, and sings with heavy bass of his drudgeries and dangers in the service of his graceless master; kindling half seriously at the thought, how fine a thing it would be to play the gallant and the gentleman himself. The light and exquisite accompaniment of the instruments meanwhile is like the softness of a summer night, and seems to count the moments of pleasure. The dreams of the valet are soon disturbed. Don Juan, his face hid by his mantle, rushes from the house, struggling from the grasp of Donna Anna, who, pale and dishevelled, clings to him convulsively, and seeks to detain and to discover the bold mysterious man, who has dared thus to invade her privacy and her honor. Her hurried and accusing melody, in these snatches of recitative, is full of a dignity and a pure and lofty fire that characterize alike her person and the whole music of her part. With drawn sword in one hand, and a torch in the other, her old father, the Commendatore (Commander of a religious order,) rushes out and challenges the bravo, who deals him a death-thrust. The startlingly vivid orchestral picture, which accompanies and as it were guides these sword-thrusts, is followed by a slow, mournful trio of bass voices, in which are gloomily contrasted the scornful triumph of Don Juan, the dying wail and warning of the old man, and the comic terror of Leporello. Nothing could be more thrillingly impressive; that music could mean nothing else but death stalking suddenly into the very midst of life! Then comes the passionate outpouring of the daughter's grief, and that inimitable scene of the most musical as well as most dramatic dialogue in the whole range of the lyric drama. It is the perfection of recitative. What exquisite tenderness and sincerity of sorrow in that violin figure which accompanies her inquiry for her father (*padre mio*) when she first recovers from her swoon! How sweet and comforting that fall of the seventh where Ottavio tells her: *Hai sposo e padre in me* (Thou hast husband and father in me)! And how fiery and grand the passage where she inspires the tame lover, with that sublimely solemn oath of revenge; and the hot, scouring blast of their swift and wonderful duet which follows it! In all this there is no delicate touch of feeling, no spiritual token of great purpose, possible to voice or instruments, omitted; no note omisable or of slight significance. Here is an opening of most pregnant import. One scene of moderate length has impressed us as by the power of fate to the seeing through of the profoundest drama of life. Here we have witnessed, as it were, the first reaction of the eternal Law, the first hint of destiny in this splendid libertine's thus far irresistible career. Already is this almost superhuman pleasure-hunt of genius past its climax, and the dread note of retribution is already sounded.

The next scene introduces us to one of the personified reproaches of Don Juan's better nature. As the Don and his man are plotting new adventures, a lady passes, in hat and feathers, with excited air, and, as they retreat into the shade to note her, she pours out her most musical complaint against the traitor who has played falsely with her heart. The introductory symphony or ritornel, in E flat major, by its bold and animated strain indicates the high-spirited and

passionate nature now before us, whose song of ever constant though wronged love, to words that would fain threaten terrible revenge, commences the Terzetto, mainly solo, to which the mocking by-play of the Don and Leporello, accompanied by a mocking figure of the instruments, supplies the other two parts. As he steps up to offer consolation to the lady, he recognizes his own simple, loving, poor deserted mistress, Donna Elvira; and while the same mocking instrumental figure leaves the song hanging in the air, as it were, without any cadence or any close, he slips away and leaves the task of explanation to the disconcerted servant. There is an ardent, passionate yearning in this as in all of Elvira's melodies, which climb high and are perhaps the most difficult in the opera. The character is seldom conceived truly by the actress. Interpreted by its music, its intention is distinct enough. Elvira is no half-crazed, foolish thing; but one of the highest moral elements in the *personnel* of the opera; next in dignity, at least, to Donna Anna. However she may appear in the libretto and in the common usage of the stage, Mozart in his music makes her the soul of ardent and devoted love and constancy, still fondly hoping in the deeper, better self of the man who has trifled with her; like a sweet genuine-ray of sunshine always indicating to Don Juan a chance of escape from the dark labyrinthine fatality of crime in which he goes on involving himself; always offering him true love for false.

Let her not listen then, (like the silly girl we commonly see upon the stage, half magnetized out of a weak sorrow into a weaker involuntary yielding to the ludicrous) to the exquisitely comic appeal of Leporello, when the vain-glorious fellow unrolls his tremendous list of his master's conquests among the fair sex, enumerating the countries, ranks, styles of beauty, &c. The melody of this "Catalogue Song" is altogether surpassing. It is the perfection of *buffo*, as we have before had the perfection of serious recitative. After naming the numbers for Italy, Germany, &c., when it comes to the climax (Elvira's own land): *Ma in Spagna mille e tre* [But in Spain one thousand and three] it is ludicrously grave; the orchestra meanwhile has chopped the measure into short units, alternate instruments just touching different points of height and depth, till they seem at last to count it all up on the fingers, first downwards in the tripping *pizzicato* scale of the violins, then upward in gruff confirmation in the basses. In the slow time, where it comes to the specification of the different qualities of beauty, the *grande maestosa*, the *piccina*, &c., the melody is one of the most beautiful and pathetic that could be imagined. One wonders how Mozart could have expended such a wealth of melody upon so slight a theme; it seems as lavish a disproportion of means to end, as when we read of travellers roasting their eggs in the cinders of Vesuvius. But such was the musical fulness and integrity of Mozart; the genial vein, once opened, would run only pure gold; and his melodies and harmonies are not merely proportioned to the specialities of the subject, but are at every moment moulded in the style and spirit of the whole work. Besides, the comedy consists here in the contrast of a pathetic melody with a grotesque thought. Moreover the whole thing is truer in the fact, that not only Leporello's, but Don Juan's own melodies, as indeed the very nature of music, seem mournfully

to rebuke the desperado. In the most comic, and most bacchanalian strains, the music saddens with a certain vague presentiment of the fearful *denouement* of the drama.

The Don's next adventure is the meeting of a gay group of peasants at a wedding festival, where he attempts to seduce away the pretty bride, Zerlina, whose naïve and delicious songs, right out of a simple, good, loving heart, a little coquettish withal, are among the purest gems of the piece, and have mingled their melody with the civilized world's conceptions of truth and nature and the charm of innocence. Those of our readers, who have enjoyed with us the privilege of hearing and seeing a worthy, indeed a perfect personation of Zerlina, by that refined and charming artist, Signora Bosio, will need no words to give them a just conception of the character, and of its music which is as individual as that of Anna or Elvira. Suffice it to say, that the simplicity, the tenderness and the coquetry of this pretty peasant, have the natural refinement of a superior nature. Mozart must have been in love with the part. The rustic chorus opening this scene, in which the bridal pair lead off, is one of perfect simplicity, (Allegro, 6-8 time,) and yet inimitable beauty. The duet: *La ci darem la mano*, in which Don Juan overcomes the hesitation of the dazzled, spell-bound girl, breathes the undoubted warmth of passion; few simple souls could be proof against such an eloquent confession. Indeed the *sincerity* of all this music is a great part of its charm; it has never the slightest symptom of any striving for effect, and yet it is consummate art; it flows directly out of the characters and situations and the dramatic tendency of the whole. The poor girl is rescued this time by the entrance of an experienced guardian angel, who sees through the case at once. It is Donna Elvira, who just as she is tripping away with the fascinator to the gay, consenting tune of *andiam* (let us go,) snatches the bird from his hands. Her song of warning to the simple one: *Ah! Fuggi il traditor*, is a strangely elaborate Handelian aria, so different in style from the rest of the opera, that it is never performed. As if all things conspired to confound the traitor, Donna Anna and her lover also enter (Zerlina having withdrawn) and here ensues that wonderful quartet: *Non ti fida*, in which each voice-part is a character, a melody of a distinct genius, and all wrought into a perfect unity. Elvira warns Anna and Ottavio against confiding in this generous looking Don, whose aid they have unwittingly bespoken in their search for the murderer of the first scene (namely himself); Don Juan declares that she is crazy and not to be minded; the others are divided between pity for her and respect for such a gentleman; and all these strands are twisted into one of the finest concerted pieces in all opera. It is one of those peculiar triumphs of opera, which make it so much more dramatic than the spoken drama; for here you have four characters expressing themselves at once, with entire unity of effect, yet with the distinctest individuality. The music makes you instantly clairvoyant to the whole of them; you do not have to wait for one after the other to speak; there is a sort of soug-transparency of all at once; the common chord of all their individualities is struck. Especially is this achieved in the concerted pieces, the quartets, trios, and so forth, of Mozart, which are beyond comparison

with most of those in the Italian opera of the day, since the harmony in them is not the mere coloring of one thought, but the interweaving of so many distinct individualities.

Zerlina is saved, but by arrangement with her protectors agrees to go up to the Don's palace, whither Leporello has conducted the whole wedding party and even coaxed along the jealous bridegroom. A scene ensues between Donna Anna and her lover. The orchestra in a few startling and almost discordant shrieks indicates the intense excitement of her mind, for, as Don Juan took his leave, she recognized the look and voice of one whom she had too much cause to remember; and in impassioned bursts of hurried recitative, alternating with the said spasmodic bits of instrumentation, she exclaims: *Quegli è il carnefice del mio padre* (This man is my father's murderer,) and in the same grandly lyric style, rising higher and higher, she tells Ottavio the story of her outrage. Having reached the climax, this magnificent recitative becomes melody and completes itself in the sublime aria: *Or tu sai*, "Now thou knowest who attempted my honor, &c." There can be nothing greater, more Minerva-like in dignity and high expression of the soul of Justice outraged, and at the same time full of all feminine tenderness and beauty, in the whole range of opera or drama. And it is music, it is Mozart that has done it all. We have here the character of Donna Anna in its most sublime expression, a character that transcends mere personal relations, that bears a certain mystical relationship with the higher power beginning to be felt in the development of this human history. In this song she rises, as it were, to the dignity of an impersonation of the moral principle in the play, and this high sentiment of her's is like a foretaste of the coming fate and supernatural grandeur, which are to form the never to be forgotten Finale of the piece. Elvira is entirely in the sphere of the personal; she loves Don Juan to the last, and like the simple good humanity that still appeals to him though still rejected. But Anna is superhuman and divine; she reveals the interworking of the Infinite in all these finite human affairs; to heaven, rather than to Ottavio, is her appeal; and from beyond this life look to see the vindicator of her cause appear. The loftiness of the music just considered, and the stately, trumpet tones of the orchestra, which always herald the entrance of Donna Anna and her party, connect her unmistakably with the marvellous elements of the drama; she is Feeling prophesying Justice; she is Faith in the form of woman; and the singer, who could perfectly present Donna Anna, would be worthy to sing Handel's song: "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

From one extreme we pass to its opposite. In strongest possible contrast with the high moral passion of this last is what now follows. We have a song embodying the very frenzied acme of Don Juan's zest of sensual pleasure. He directs Leporello about the feast and trolls off, like one possessed, his famous champagne song: *Finch'an del vino*, whose rapidity and glorious abandon are too much for almost all the baritone; those, in whose dragging utterance it does not become common-place, are apt to give it with a swaggering glibness and a coarseness that has nothing of the fine champagne enthusiasm about it. In this song and that last of Donna Anna's

the two electric poles, as it were, of the whole play, have met. And now for the pretty episode of peasant life again; the inimitably sweet, insinuating, loving song in which repentant little Zerlina seems to invite chastisement from her offended, jealous lover: *Batti, batti, O bell Masetto*, (Beat me, beat me, dear Masetto)! With what soft tendrils of melody, enhanced by the delicious instrumentation, she steals around his senses and his heart! And to what unaffected rapture (to say nothing of a little coquettish triumph) the strain changes when he forgives her, as she knew he would! This seems a very simple song, but it is the perfection of Art. O that Mozart could go into ecstasies with his own pet Zerlina, hearing BOSTO sing this!

(Conclusion next week.)

A MUSICAL REMINISCENCE.—An agreeable Paris correspondent of the Boston *Atlas* says:—The oft heard and ever admired *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, seems as new and gay as ever. Lazy Rossini's masterpiece, which has made the fortune of all the opera managers in the world—from San Francisco to St. Petersburg—would you know how much the great composer received for it? Four hundred dollars and room rent free! Here is the singular contract,—now published in English for the first time.

Nobil Teatro di Torre Argentina,
26 December, 1815.

By the present instrument, made privately between the parties, but which has none the less force and effect than a sealed instrument, and according to the agreements made between the contracting parties, it is stipulated as follows: If Signor Puca Sforza Cesarini, manager of the said theatre, engages the Signor Maestro Gioacchino Rossini for the ensuing season of Carnival, of the year 1816; the said Rossini promises and binds himself to compose and put on the stage, the second *buffo* play which shall be represented in the said season, in the aforesaid theatre, and upon the *libretto*, which shall be given him by the said manager whether this *libretto* be old or new; the Maestro Rossini binds himself to have his partition ready by the middle of the month of January, and to adapt it to the voices of the singers; further binding himself to make all, any, or every change which may be necessary, touching the good execution of the music, as well as talents and the desires of Messieurs the singers. The Maestro Rossini further promises and binds himself to be in Rome to fulfil his engagement not later than the end of December of the present year, and to give to the copyist the first act of his opera, perfectly complete, the 20th January, 1816; the 20th January is determined on, so that the rehearsals and the general rehearsals may be made at once, and that the opera shall be played whenever the Manager pleases, the first performance being at present appointed about the 5th February.—And further the Maestro Rossini must also give to the copyist in the full time, his second act, so that there shall be time enough for all rehearsals sufficient to perfect the work by the aforesaid evening; otherwise the said Maestro Rossini exposes himself to all damages which may ensue, because it should be so, and not otherwise. The Maestro Rossini shall further be obliged to direct his opera according to custom and personally to be present at all the rehearsals of singing and orchestra, whenever it should be necessary, either in the theatre or elsewhere, according to the good pleasure of the Manager; he further obliges himself to be present at the three first consecutive performances, and to direct at the piano the execution of them, and this because it should be so, and not otherwise. In recompense of his fatigues, the Manager binds himself to pay to the Maestro Rossini the sum and quantity *di scudi quattro cento romani*, (four hundred roman crowns,) so soon as the three first performances, which he must direct at the piano, shall have terminated. It is further agreed that in the case of interdiction or close of the theatre by the

authorities or any unforeseen contingency, the parties will conform to the usages which generally prevail in the theatres of Rome and of other countries, in the like cases. And to guarantee the full execution of this contract, it shall be signed by the Manager and the Maestro Gioacchino Rossini; further the said Manager accords lodgings to the Maestro Rossini during the whole duration of this contract, in the same house assigned to the Signor Luigi Zamboni."

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

SPONTINI.

From the French of HECTOR BERLIOZ. (Continued.)

The *Vestale* could never have been performed, said they, without the numerous corrections which learned men condescended to make to this hideous score, in order to render it executable, etc., etc. Hence the laughable pretensions of many persons to the merit of having retouched, corrected, and purified this work of Spontini. I myself know of four composers who pass for having had a hand in it. When the success of *La Vestale* was well assured, irresistible, and incontestable, they went farther: it was no longer question of simple corrections, but of whole parts which each of the composers claimed to have composed for it; one pretended to have made the duo of the second act; another the funeral march in the third, etc. It is singular that in all the duos and marches of these illustrious masters none are to be found possessing the style and lofty inspiration of those of *La Vestale*. Can these gentlemen have pushed their devotion so far as to present Spontini with their finest ideas? Such an abnegation passes the limits of the sublime!—At last, according to the version long admitted into the musical limbo of France and Italy, Spontini had no hand whatever in the composition of *La Vestale*. Spontini was not even capable of producing this work, written in defiance of all good sense, corrected by every one, so crude and confused, and upon which scholastic and academic anathemas had so long been turned loose; he had bought it, already written, from a *grocer*, together with a mass of waste paper; it was from the pen of a German composer, who had died of misery in Paris, and Spontini had only to set the melodies of the unfortunate musician to the words of M. de Jouy, and to add a few measures in order to link the scenes well together. Such being the case, it must be confessed that he arranged them most skillfully—one would swear that every note was written for the word to which it is united. M. Castil-Blaze himself never surpassed this. It was frequently asked in vain, from what grocer Spontini had, sometime afterwards, purchased his score of *Fernand Cortez*, which we know not to be totally devoid of merit; no one could ever find out. How many persons there are to whom the address of this precious merchant would have been invaluable, and who would have hastened to provide themselves at his emporium. It must have been the same who sold to Gluck his score of *Orphée*, and to J. J. Rousseau his *Devin du village*. (The authorship of both these works, of merit so disproportionate, has also been contested.)

But a truce to these incredible follies! No one doubts but that envy is able to produce in the wretch whom it devours, a state bordering upon imbecility.

Master of a position disputed with so much obstinacy and now confident in his own strength, Spontini prepared to undertake another composi-

tion in the antique style. He was about to take *Electre*, when the emperor gave him to understand that he should be pleased to have him take as a subject for his new work, the *conquest of Mexico* by Fernando Cortez. This order the composer hastened to obey. Nevertheless the tragedy of *Electre* had deeply moved him: to set it to music was one of his most cherished projects, and I have often heard him regret that he abandoned it.

I believe, however, that the choice of the Emperor was a great piece of luck for the author of *La Vestale*, because it obliged him a second time to abandon the antique, and seek scenes quite as moving, though more varied and less solemn; to seek that strange and charming coloring, that proud and tender expression, and that happy hardness, which render the score of *Cortez* the worthy companion of its elder sister. The success of the new opera was triumphal. From that day Spontini ruled, lord over our first lyric stage, and could have exclaimed in the words of his hero:

"Cette terre est à moi, je ne la quitte plus!"

I have often been asked which of the two operas of Spontini I preferred; and have always found it impossible to reply to that question. *Cortez* only resembles the *Vestale* in the fidelity and constant beauty of its expression. As to the other qualities of its style, they are entirely different from that of its sister. But the scene of the revolt of soldiers in *Cortez* is one of those miracles almost impossible to find in the one thousand and one operas written up to this time; a miracle which I fear can only be matched by the final of the second act of *La Vestale*. In the score of *Cortez* all is energetic and proud, passionate, brilliant, and graceful; inspiration blazes and overflows, yet it yields to the direction of reason. All the characters are of an incontestable truth. Amazingly is tender and devoted; *Cortez*, passionate and impetuous, yet sometimes tender; *Velasco*, sombre, but noble in his savage patriotism. We find therein great eagle swoops, and lightning-flashes sufficient to illumine a world.

One year after the appearance of *Fernand Cortez*, Spontini was chosen director of the Théâtre Italien. He collected an excellent troupe, and to him the Parisians are indebted for the pleasure of having witnessed for the first time the *Don Giovanni* of Mozart. The parts were distributed as follows:

DON GIOVANNI,..... Tacchinardi.
LEPORELLO,..... Barilli.
MASETTO,..... Porto.
OTTAVIO,..... Crivelli.
DONNA ANNA,..... Mme. Festa.
ZERLINA,..... Barilli.

Nevertheless, notwithstanding the eminent services which Spontini rendered to art, during his direction of the Italian Opera, an intrigue, of which money was the nerve, soon obliged him to abandon it. Paër, moreover, director at the same time of the Court Opera, and little delighted at his rival's success upon the last stage of the Grand Opera, endeavored to disparage him, called him renegade by gallicizing his name *Mr. Spontin*, and frequently caused him to fall into those snares which the Signor Astucio was so skillful in spreading.

Now at liberty, Spontini wrote an *opera de circonstance*, entitled *Pélage, ou le Roi de la Paix*, long since forgotten; then, an *opéra ballet*, *Les Dieux Rivaux*, in collaboration with Persuis, Berton, and Kreutzer. At the revival of *Les Dana-*

ides, Salieri, too old to quit Vienna, entrusted Spontini with directing the study of his work, authorising him to make all changes and alterations which he might deem necessary. Spontini merely retouched in his compatriot's score, the finale of the air of *Hypermnestre*: "*Par les larmes dont votre fille*," by adding a *coda* full of dramatic enthusiasm. But he composed several delicious dancing airs, and a *bacchanale* which will ever remain a model of burning animation, and the type of the expression of sombre and disordered joy.

To these various works succeeded *Olympie*, a grand-opera in three acts. Neither at its first appearance, nor at its revival in 1827 did it obtain the success which I think due to it. Different causes concurred fortuitously to arrest its flight. Politics declared open war against it. The Abbé. Grégoire was then in every mouth. There was thought to be discovered a premeditated intention of making allusion to this celebrated regicide in the scene of *Olympie* where Statira exclaims:

Je dénonce à la terre
Et voue à la colère
L'assassin de son roi.

From that time the liberal party evinced a great degree of hostility towards the new work. The assassination of the Duke de Berry, having caused a little while after the theatre of the Rue de Richelieu to be closed, interrupted the course of the representations, by violently turning the public attention from questions of art, and gave a last blow to the success which was struggling so hard to establish itself. When, eight years later, *Olympie* was again brought forward, Spontini, chosen in the interval director of music to the king of Prussia, found, on his return from Berlin, a great change in the tastes and ideas of the Parisians. Rossini, powerfully sustained by M. de la Rochefoucauld and by the entire direction of the Beaux Arts, had just arrived from Italy. The sect of pure dilettanti went delirious at the mere name of the author of the *Barbier*, and most unmercifully tore to pieces every other composer. The music of *Olympie* was considered sing-song, and M. de la Rochefoucauld refused to prolong for several weeks the engagement of Madame Branchu, who alone was able to sustain the part of Statira, which she played only at the first performance, for her farewell benefit,—and there was the end of it. Spontini, his soul ulcerated by other acts of hostility too long to mention here, set out for Berlin, where his position was, in every respect, worthy both of himself and of the sovereign, who was capable of appreciating him.

On his return from Prussia, he wrote for the court festivals, an opera-ballet, entitled, *Nurmakal*, the subject of which is borrowed from Moore's *Lalla Rookh*. To this graceful score he added his terrible *bacchanale* of *les Danaïdes*, having developed it and enriched it with a chorus. Afterward he re-wrote the last act of *Cortez*. I saw in Berlin this new denouement, which they did not deign to receive at the opera in Paris, at the revival of *Cortez*, six or seven years later. It is magnificent, and much superior to that known in France. In 1825 Spontini produced in Berlin a fairy-opera, *Alcidor*, which the enemies of the author ridiculed exceedingly, on account of its instrumental noise, said they, and also of an orchestra of anvils which he had made to accompany a chorus of blacksmiths. This opera is entirely unknown to me. I have been able, however, to indemnify myself by perusing the score of *Agnès de*

Hohenstaufen, which succeeded *Alcidor*, twelve years later. This subject, called the *Romantic*, was of a style entirely different from those employed by Spontini up to that time. He has introduced therein for the *morceaux d'ensemble* some very curious and arduous combinations; such, among others, as that of an orchestral storm, executed while five persons sing a quintet upon the stage, and while a chorus of nuns is heard in the distance, accompanied by sounds imitating those of an organ. In this scene, the organ is imitated so as to produce the most complete illusion, by a small number of wind instruments and bass-voils, placed behind the scenes. Now-a-days, organs being found as frequently in the theatre as in the church, this imitation, interesting on account of the difficulty overcome, seems useless.

To close the list of the productions of Spontini, I must mention his *Chant du peuple Prussien*, and various compositions destined for military bands.

The new king Frederick William IV. has preserved the traditions of generosity and benevolence of his predecessor towards Spontini; notwithstanding the unfortunate *éclat* of a letter, doubtless imprudent, written by the artist, and which drew upon him a judgment and a condemnation. The king not only pardoned him, but allowed Spontini to settle in France, when his nomination to the Institute obliged him to remain there, and gave him an evident proof of his affection by permitting him to retain his title and salary of chapel-master to the court of Prussia, although he had renounced the fulfilment of his functions. Spontini was induced to seek repose and academic leisure, first by the persecutions and hostilities heaped up against him at Berlin; and afterwards by a strange disease of the ear, the cruel effects of which he suffered at intervals during a long space of time. During the periods of the perturbation of an organ which he had exercised to such an extent, his sense of hearing was almost extinct; yet every isolated sound which he perceived seemed to him an accumulation of discord. Hence an absolute impossibility for him to bear any music, and the obligation to renounce it, until his morbid period had passed away.

[Conclusion next week.]

THE VOICE.—The organ of voice or larynx, has been compared to a clarinet, and similar instruments. It is composed of a mouth-piece, the aperture of which admits of expansion or dilation, and of a tube, which is capable of being lengthened or shortened. The tube is situated upon the superior part of the trachea, so that, as the air passes out during expiration, it may cause the edges of the aperture, at the entrance of the larynx from the mouth, to vibrate. If the upper part of the trachea be divided, on looking into the larynx from below, the tube, from being cylindrical, is seen to assume abruptly a triangular prismatic form. The two long sides of the triangle extend horizontally inwards and forwards, to meet at the front of the larynx. The base of the triangular opening is short, and is placed transversely. The mouth or orifice of the larynx is called the *rima glottidis*; the two long edges that meet at its fore part are termed the *chordæ vocales*. On looking into the larynx from above, the epiglottis is seen. It consists of a thin flap of fibrous cartilage, held vertically by its elastic connections against the root of the tongue, but capable of being thrown down to cover the opening of the glottis, the lips of the glottis, or the reflection of the mucous membrane, from the edges of the epiglottis to the posterior margin of the larynx, and the ventriculus laryngis, as the shallow fossa is called, placed immediately above and to the outside of the *chordæ vocales*, which permits these parts to

vibrate freely. The rima glottidis is the mouth-piece of the larynx, and corresponds in some measure with the reed of the clarinet, or with the lips of a person whilst playing the flute. In pursuing the same comparison, we observe a contrivance similar to the stops in these instruments by which the tube may be shortened or lengthened, in the alternate rising and falling of the larynx. When the larynx is raised, the vocal tube is shortened; when it is depressed, the tube is lengthened. Accordingly, when an acute note is uttered, the larynx is felt to rise, and to sink when the voice falls to a grave tone.—*Curtis on the Deaf and Dumb.*

PORPORA.—In the time of Charles the Sixth, the celebrated Porpora lived at Vienna, poor and unemployed. His music did not please the imperial connoisseur, as being too full of *trills* and *mordenti*. Hasse wrote an oratorio for the emperor, who asked him for a second. He entreated his majesty to permit Porpora to compose it. The emperor at first refused, saying that he did not like that capering style; but touched with Hasse's generosity, he at length complied with his request. Porpora, having received a hint from his friend, did not introduce a single trill in the whole oratorio. The emperor, surprised, continually repeated during the rehearsal—"Tis quite a different thing,—there are no trills here." But when they came to the fugue which concluded the sacred composition, he observed that the theme commenced with four trilled notes. Now every body knows that in fugues the subject passes from one part to another, but does not change. When the emperor, who never laughed, heard in the full height of the fugue this deluge of trills, which seemed like the music of crazy people in a play, he could no longer preserve his gravity, and laughed outright, perhaps for the first time in his life. In France, the land of jokes, this might have appeared out of place; but at Vienna it was the commencement of Porpora's fortune.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 14, 1853.

"DON GIOVANNI." As rumor indicates a prospect of our hearing Mozart's masterpiece, next week, presented by the Sontag troupe, reinforced with several new singers, we have thought to prepare some of the opera-goers for a juster understanding of the work, and to remove some common prejudices, by transferring to these pages a lecture, in which we embodied several years ago our own impressions, speculations and results of readings on the subject. The article is long, so that we divide it in the middle, promising the remaining half next week. It grew into its present shape and dimensions, by successive accretions and revisions, made from year to year, since the time that our first very imperfect acquaintance with the work inspired us with the deepest interest. Whatever "Don Juan" may be to the lovers of more modern music, or to mere moral critics of the libretto, who reject the *subject* beforehand, without considering in what spirit it is treated, to us it is full of meaning and one of the worthiest themes of study in the whole world of Art. No doubt, our feeling about it will to many seem extravagant, subjective, fanciful and transcendental. Yet we attribute to it not a particle more meaning than do all the many writers on the subject among Mozart's own countrymen, although our own view may not coincide entirely with any one of them. Certain we are that all these come necessarily nearer to the thought and

true design of Mozart, than the literal, superficial view which sees in "Don Giovanni" nothing but a vulgar, grotesque, licentious, half comical, half tragical melodrama, with a vast deal of musical talent thrown away upon it. We believe no one will ever worthily appreciate or enjoy the work who looks upon it in that light.

While writing out these speculations in their present form for *Graham's Magazine*, a year or two since, we came across the admirable work on Mozart, by the Russian writer, Oulibicheff, and from his minute analysis enriched the detail of our description of the opera itself in several places, although his interpretation as a whole was not entirely reconcilable with our own pre-conceived idea of it. This we mention, because there treacherously appeared in "Graham," soon after our article, a malignant and ill-natured *anonymous* attack upon it, calling it not only "extravagant," "immoral," "transcendental," and "very Boston," but "*plagiarized*," especially from the German writer Hoffmann. Of this attack we never took the slightest notice,—not so much as to inquire the authorship: first, because we were too busy, having our hands full with the preparation and launching of this Journal, and, having said our say about "Don Juan," we were in no mood for controversy about it; secondly, because the attack was of too vulgar and flippant a character to render any notice except that of silence proper; and thirdly, because the only serious charge, that of passing off Hoffmann's writing for our own, professed to substantiate itself by adducing parallel passages, which we could safely leave to the common sense of any intelligent reader as anything but parallel in meaning; while at the same time it upset itself by the incompatible charge of perverting and altering the sense of Hoffmann. The only answer we have ever thought of making to this attack, we make now, having postponed it until a public performance of "Don Juan" should make our readers interested in the discussion of it. We simply republish, what we wrote, for better or worse (and our readers will see it lays no claim to originality, while it would have been wholly wrong to make Hoffmann or anybody else responsible for it as a whole), and design to follow it by as faithful a translation as we can procure of Hoffmann's article entire. Then whosoever cares enough to make the comparison, may do it for himself; and we shall be killing two birds with one stone; first, ridding ourselves of this shadow of an obligation to the past, and secondly helping (as we trust) to interest our readers and opera-goers more deeply and more worthily in one of the greatest monuments of lyric Art.

New York Normal Musical Institute.

This novel enterprise commenced its active existence, according to the announcement which has stood for some time in our advertising columns, at nine o'clock on Monday morning, April 25th. The ground was broken in an introductory lecture by Mr. LOWELL MASON, who had only a few days before arrived from Europe, and who may be considered as the father of the plan, as well as of the whole movement of popular musical instruction in this country. Among psalm-book makers and mass teachers there is no one like him; and the Normal Institute is probably to be regarded as his crowning effort, to concentrate and build up into some distinct form of permanency the results and methods of his extensive

and in many respects original experience as a pioneer in choirs and public schools throughout our once unmusical New England.

We understand that about fifty pupils of both sexes appeared at the opening, designing to attend the classes and enjoy the privileges of the institution, through its session of three months. The scene of operations is Dodworth's large and beautiful Hall in the building upon Broadway next Grace Church. The class exercises occupy the hours from nine to one each morning. Mr. MASON lectures from 9 till 10 on the Art of Teaching; Mr. R. STORRS WILLIS from 10 till 11 (Tuesdays and Thursdays) on Harmony and Composition; Mr. G. F. ROOT from 11 till 12 on the Culture of the Voice; and Mr. W. B. BRADBURY from 12 till 1 on Part-Singing. Besides these, Mr. THOMAS HASTINGS, (author of a treatise just published upon "Musical Taste"), communicates "sound and experienced views as to the *side-culture*—mental and physical—of the musician." Private lessons in singing are given by Dr. BEAMES; and those who wish instruction in the use of instruments can be taught the organ by Mr. HOWE, and all sorts of band instruments by Mr. DODWORTH.

The original and distinctive feature of the Normal Institute is that *it teaches the art of teaching*. Its primary end is not, like that of the European Conservatories to train *artists* but rather to raise up and qualify *teachers* of the first elements of music for the masses, so that the whole rising generation of American society may grow up in some actual possession of the musical faculties implanted in our common nature. This certainly is a most worthy end; and to its speedier and truer realization the Normal School, or nursery of teachers, is as necessary to the popular musical culture as it has been found to be to our whole general system of Free Schools, so indispensable to a Republican society. It would be hardly reasonable to look to such an institution (at least in the outset) for the ripe artistic culture of the Conservatories in France and Germany, which are presided over by the greatest artists, composers and theoretic professors of the age. Probably our time has not yet come for that. But meanwhile here is a great and important work demanded by the times; and for its accomplishment, or for the first successful trial of the way thereto, we look with no small hope to the school so auspiciously commenced in New York.

A people must owe its musical culture to two main sources: first and principally, no doubt, to the inspiring influence of Art itself, to the presence of true artists and the frequent hearing and enjoying of true works of Art. Handel and Mozart and Beethoven and Mendelssohn, with fit interpreters, are of course our best educators. But there is also need of systematic, elementary teaching. The eye must be educated, to learn the whole lesson of beauty from nature or from Raphael. And the ear must be taught how to discriminate shades of tone, before the Mozarts can come home to us. Now it is notorious that musical artists, fine composers, men of genius, hate the drudgery of teaching. It needs to be proved and practically illustrated that teaching itself, even of the simplest rudiments, may be made an *art*; so that if any have an inborn talent for it they may find it as attractive and as enlivening an employment as the creation of poems, songs or pictures. Perhaps this Institute may do something to present the teacher's function in a more worthy and attractive aspect, to artists who in this country have to live by teaching, as well as by the practice of their art.

The Normal Institute may be regarded as the ultimate consolidation of those summer "Musical Conventions," which for many years have so stimulated the popular interest in music. It offers the best benefits, without the hurry and the crudities of the Conventions. The pupils remain together three months, in the company of those earnestly pursuing the same end with themselves, in a musical metropolis,

where there are multitudes of opportunities of hearing such good music as they might never hear at home; and where they are likely to be thrown much in the way of artists and enter circles that are pervaded by an artistic tone: so that, besides learning the mere rudiments and how to teach them, those who are apt for it may possibly receive some deeper notions of artistic culture, and even unfold some germs of a creative talent as composers. Such a school, if liberally and wisely managed, might draw in more or less the aid of all the most accomplished musical teachers and musicians residing in or visiting the city. We see not why such a movement may not gradually grow and ripen into something quite as formidable as a Paris or a Leipsic Conservatory, while it should still retain its distinctive feature of the Normal School, or school for teachers. We shall be glad to receive reports from time to time of its progress.

SINGERS AND THEIR PRICES.—We think there is a great deal of justice in the following strong remarks of the N. Y. *Tribune*, apropos to the benefit given last week to manager Le Grand Smith, who has come off a loser by his liberality in the "Grand Combination (Marezek—Alboni) Opera," simply on account of the exorbitant demands of the principal singers. That a reformation is surely needed is most certain:—but how shall it be brought about, in a thoroughly competitive system of society? is the grand question. One would think, however, that the singers themselves might be taught to see their own interest to coincide with that of the music-loving public, in placing opera upon a permanent, regular and wholesome basis. Surely it were better for them all to be secured regular employment on good salaries, than to take such lottery chances as they now do, in brief seasons of excitement, which recklessly consume the soil, and disastrously for the managers, and destroy all hope of opera again perhaps until some new flaming meteor comes along and galvanizes the thing again into an equally baleful existence for a few weeks. But here is the extract. We say Amen to it all, except the coupling of the true artist name of Jenny Lind with "quackery and pharasaic parade."

We deem it creditable to Mr. Le Grand Smith and equally discreditable to the company he employs, that he should have lost money. It seems to us that in the illustration of Operatic art, which will here and now afford a reasonable recompense to all the performers, it borders on the morally hideous and religiously atheistic, that artists can be found whose sense of salary so far outweighs their sense of justice that they will see any worthy gentleman deliberately pay out more than they can draw into the house.

As much as we desire to see lyrical art flourish in the country, we would sooner a thousand times see it blasted from existence and consigned to oblivion, than to find it habitually connected with avarice, jealousies, quarrellings, and the bankruptcies of the high-minded and liberal. And if, in the maelstrom of trade, the public could arrive at an anchorage of ethical observation, they would see the necessity of setting the seal of terrible reprobation upon all grasping cupidity, and the quackery and pharasaic parade of a Jenny Lind crusade would never be repeated. The difficulties of Mr. Le Grand Smith arise simply from the fact that operatic art is not systematized with us. There is no combination among capitalists to set it in regular motion. There is no religious feeling among artists to save it from habitual wreck. The idea that the generous gifts of God may be rewarded by something else than gold in excess never appears to be felt on the operatic stage.

The divine fire which made Correggio devote himself to a single portrait for years, and be paid in pennies; the equally sacred enthusiasm that doomed Mozart to such a life of poverty that, at the time he was writing his Don Giovanni, he was arrested for a debt of five dollars—has no more existence than if human nature in creative genius was a different thing from the same quality in performing talent. The profanity of paying four, five, or six hundred or more dollars a night for a single

voice, is submitted to by the public, who, if dignity were as pervasive as folly, would fully assert the claims of justice, and see that a right division of rewards was determined. They would even find out that at least one-half of the success of an opera depends upon the composer, and would not let singers prey upon his works without giving him the rights of authorship under an international law of Copyright.

We think the duty of this public is to support Mr. Le Grand Smith. We think that they should force the artists under him to come to reasonable terms, or not let them sing at all. We can never have any art in this country so long as crazy cupidity fires every artist, based on the Jenny Lind auctioneering, charity-giving, angelic charlatanism. Singers should be paid here as they are in Italy, so much per cent. only added for the voyage, and the public should refuse to give more; otherwise art can have epileptic spasms, but no continuous growth for the benefit even of the artists themselves.

ITALIAN OPERA. Night after night in the performances of the Sontag troupe, we feel how much pleasure may be given, even with limited means, when there is a presiding intelligence and good taste to lend character and unity to each performance as a whole. This has been the secret of the charm. As the centre and mainspring of the whole has been one of the world's most refined and thoughtful artists, who is always and thoroughly a lady, and who impresses her own artistic feeling and conception upon the whole drama that is moving and singing around her. The *Lucia*, which we did hear the second time, depends more than any opera almost on a robust, manly tenor; and here the tenor was light and feeble. Almost all the tenors we have ever heard have been sentimental, lacrimose, effeminate and overstrained. When shall we ever hear a tenor? Bettini's was manly, rich in volume, golden in quality, and he often carried the house by storm; but he relied too much on special outbursts, in the climaxes of passion, while all the rest was indifferent. Benedetti should have been, had it in him to be a great tenor, and there was a certain manly weight and dignity (not merely physical), a magnetism of genius in his Edgardo,—the first we ever heard—which still remains to us an ideal of the part to the disadvantage of his successors. But Benedetti abused his voice, and relied on native talent, without being in any thorough sense a musician. Pozzolini is not a man of weight enough for Edgardo. Yet the opera, as a whole, was better performed than we have ever heard it. Sontag's *Lucia* for the first time realized in some sense our ideal of the character. Her first appearance was wonderfully youthful, beautiful and maiden-like; we could not believe it was the Countess Rossi; and her singing and acting throughout, especially in the mad scene, were exquisite in conception, style and finish.

Maria di Rohan, as music, seems to belong to the bed-ridden period of Donizetti's creative faculty; but as a play it is intensely, terribly dramatic, with dread catastrophes foreshadowed, the hands of a clock creeping visibly toward the fatal twelve, duels impossible to prevent, manly friendship transformed into jealous fury, &c., &c.;—only the plot is too complicated and does not fully explain itself to the spectator. It was finely performed, especially by SONTAG, and by BADIALI, save that the latter rather overdid the furious frenzy of Chevreuse's jealousy in the last act; yet it was truly a magnificent display of power. Pozzolini sang and acted the part of Chalais with uncommon vigor, substituting for the confession of his love in the first scene the corresponding solo out of *Il Giuramento*, and with good effect. Pico's Armando di Gondi, (in which part there is some of the freshest and most piquant melody) was her best part thus far. But we are not partial to these intensely passionate, overstrained, tragical, loud, brassy operas. We like the exaggerations of humor better than those of serious passion.

Hence it was refreshing to come to the pretty, sparkling comedy of the *Elisir d'Amore*. Of course Mme. Sontag was perfectly felicitous in the charming little rustic coquette of an Adina; but she is too lady-like a rustic for such a perfect simpleton of a lover as that clownish Nemorino, the music of whose part by the way was just suited to the tenor

of POZZOLINI. Rocco's Dr. Dulcamara was not quite imposing enough for such a mighty quack; its humor was too much like boy's play; and the real zest of the comedy did not begin to be felt before the barcarolle between him and Adina at the end of the second act. BADIALI, in the bully, gallant sergeant, Belcore, maintained the most military *aplomb*, and was as satisfactorily Badiali as the small part admitted.

¶ We request the attention of our Boston readers to the advertisement of Mr. KEYZER's Musical Soirée. We hope that after an absence of six years, he will find that his many friends have not forgotten his good services in those memorable concerts of the old Boston Academy. The artistic spirit shown in a Chamber Concert, which he gave us at that time, shortly before his removal to New York, will be remembered as a pledge of something true and genuine in whatever he may announce of the same sort now.

The pieces selected are, we understand, all of the highest classical order. Among others, Spohr's celebrated *double Quartet* will be heard for the first time in Boston. Also Mr. Lange will perform one of the choicest compositions of Chopin.

London.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA. (From the *Chronicle* of April 22.) Last night Grisi returned, in *Norma*, looking as well, acting as nobly, and singing as gloriously as ever. The house—the most crowded and brilliant of the season—welcomed the great *prima donna* with a succession of those long-continued bursts of greeting which few, save Madame Grisi, can evoke; and then there went round a universal buzz of satisfaction to the effect that "The Diva" looked younger, and that her figure had improved in slowness of symmetry since last season. The opening notes which Madame Grisi sung, added another source of gratification. The old voice—so pure, so sonorous, so sympathetic in its tone, so noble in its volume—stole on all hearers in its wonted freshness and power. * * * As she went on, her voice became, if possible, more and more rich, and more and more flexible, and her whole performance was one long triumph.

We have now obtained an *Adalgisa* superior, we think we may say, to any of the representatives of the character at the Royal Italian Opera since CORBARI. Mlle. BELLINI, who, the other night, took firmer ground than she had previously occupied—as *Jenny* in *William Tell*—made another and more decided advance still in *Adalgisa*.

TAMBERLIK was in excellent voice, and made a most artistically energetic pro-consul, managing to endow that unpopular Roman with more sympathy than he generally receives. FORMES resumed his old part of *Oroveso*, and, as usual, did the little he had to do characteristically and effectively.

The chorus and orchestra performed their duty manfully, only we think that Mr. COSTA detracted somewhat from the due solemnity of the rites of the Druids, by taking their hymns and marches too fast. The people who built Stonehenge would not have been likely to go about things in a hurry. The stones are too ponderous for the supposition.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—Of the third concert the *Times* reports as follows:

The selection was composed for the most part of works with which the Philharmonic orchestra is so familiar, that, under such a conductor as Mr. Costa, it would have been almost impossible for them not to go well. Haydn's symphony—No. 10 of the Saloman set of twelve, and Beethoven's No. 2—were both admirably executed. The *nocturne* of Mozart, for two oboes, two clarinets, two bassoons, and two horns, lost half its effect by being curtailed of its first and most important movement. It opened with the *minuetto* and *trio*, in both of which Mozart's wonderful command of the resources of counterpoint is exemplified in highly ingenious forms of canon. The performance was excellent on all hands, more especially of the last movement, a kind of *air varié*, in which the oboe playing of Mr. Nicholson, and M. Baumann's unrivalled execution on the bassoon, elicited constant marks of approval. The beautiful overture (to *Lodoiska*) of Cherubini—which, at one time the rival of Kreutzer's more familiar prelude to an opera of the same name, has found a place, denied to the other, in the "classics" of the art—deserved a better position in the programme. The great feature of the concert was the overture of Mendelssohn to Victor Hugo's play of *Ruy Blas*—in vigor and brilliancy of orchestral effect equal to any of the overtures of Weber. A performance entirely up to the Philharmonic mark roused the enthusiasm of the audience, and elicited an *encore* that there was no resisting.

The trombone concerto of M. David, of Leipsic, though better than such things in general, presented little to interest beyond the clever playing of Mr. Winterbottom, who was loudly applauded. The vocal music was good enough in its way; but Madame Clara Novello being "out of voice," the duets from *Roberto* and *Fidelio*, and the hacknied air from the former, fared worse

than they would have fared had the lady been well-disposed. Herr Formes gave a vigorous German reading of Schubert's popular *Erl König*; and the orchestral accompaniments, by whomever supplied, were exceedingly clever. But Schubert intended them for the piano-forte; and his own version is decidedly preferable.

PESTH (HUNGARY.) A correspondent of the *Transcript*, writes thus of a concert given in this city in the early part of April by DREYSCHOCK:

The concert took place at 12½ M.—a very singular hour for a concert, you will think. The hall, which held 1500 persons, was very crowded, principally with the nobility of Hungary. On the appearance of Dreyschock, he was greeted with such applause as rarely falls to the lot of a pianist. The first piece was the Sonata patheticque, by Beethoven, which was played with a delicacy and smoothness of touch, and clearness of expression, and a tone so liquid and even, that the artist really seemed inspired. Then followed three pieces of his own composition, played as no one but himself can play them. The prelude and Fugue, composed and played by himself, was a very classical and effective composition, and received encores after encores, and every time it was repeated the applause seemed to increase. No. 3 was a Presto, Op. 25 by Mendelssohn, well known and admired by all musicians. This was received by a unanimous cry of "Bravo! Bravo!" "Da capo! Da capo!" The concert ended with his celebrated Rhapsodie, (Wintermarchen.) Taken either as a whole or separately, it was decidedly the best piano-playing I ever heard. He had no assistance from orchestra, but was the sole performer and attraction, and such has been his success that he has only to announce a concert to ensure a crowded house wherever he may go. N. R.

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Applications have been made by some who desire to attend the courses of lectures and other class exercises of the Institute, omitting the private lessons embraced in the full course. Notice is therefore given that the price of a ticket admitting the holder to all the lectures and class exercises, will be twenty-five dollars. Including the course of private lessons, the price is fifty dollars.

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Mozart's Don Giovanni.

BY THE EDITOR.

(Concluded from last Number.)

We have now reached the musical Finale of the first act, though there is much shifting of scenes and characters before the last grand *ensemble*, which is the ball in the Don's palace. But these only suspend, wonderfully to enhance the final stroke. We can only enumerate the delicious series of ever new and characteristic musical ideas preliminary to the feast: (1.) Masetto urging Zerlina to hide herself;—how full of the bustle of approaching splendors is the music during this little hurried duet! (2.) the Don's voice stimulating the peasants to the coming mirth with their responsive chorus; (3.) then his discovery of the shy bird and half reclinal of her love, with his blank surprise (so perfectly depicted in the sudden modulation of the music) as he leads her off only to meet the watchful bridegroom: *Masetto! si, Masetto!* (during all which the light twittering phrases of accompaniment make the whole atmosphere instinct with joys expected); (4.) then, as the instruments

suddenly change to a cautious, half-hushed, tip-toe melody, unflagging in its speed, yet in the minor mood, (for these have no festivity in their hearts, that now come,) the entrance of Donna Elvira, Donna Anna and Don Ottavio, in black dominos, and masked to the outward eye, though each betrayed by a distinctive style of melody;—(5.) then the sounding (from within the house) of that stately *Minuet*, a strain which every body knows and loves, and still as fresh as when first written, here introduced as a mere foretaste of itself and of the ball, and made the musical ground-work of lordly courtesy and hospitality to the salutations of Don Juan and Leporello, who appear above at the window, and invite the maskers in;—(6.) the surpassing Trio, in which the three, lingering on the threshold, invoke Heaven's protection to innocence ensnared. Can any other opera show such an exuberance of musical ideas in the same space? And it is all *en passant*, all incidental to what follows, to what now bursts instantly upon the view as the back scene is withdrawn, and you see all the crowd and splendor of the ball-room, and are transported by the indescribably rich Finale, that ever-climbing, widening *crescendo* and accumulation of all musical effects, till the climax is reached in a general storm and inundation of harmony. The simple, gay, continuous six-eight melody, to which the whole brilliant spectacle moves at first, is the very soul of festivity. Suddenly there is a full chord in C, from the whole orchestra, with trumpets, and a stately, march-like strain, preluding the entrance of the three in masks, with the lordly welcome of the *Amphytrion*. He will have no time lost, however, for into this one high hour he has concentrated all the delights and harmonies of sense; short, bright and strong be the blood-quickenning chorus: *Viva la Liberta!* and now let the dance go on. And now are crowded into a brief but most capacious movement, the re-introduction of the minuet in a bolder key than before, to whose grave, deliberate measure the more elegant company begins to move, in antique, solemn steps; then presently, commingling with the minuet, but not disturbing it, two other tunes, to other rhythms, namely, a rustic contra-dance, and a most rapid waltz, inspiring the heels of the peasants; the droll attempts of Leporello to make Masetto dance, while his master has bespoken the arm and ear of the pretty bride, to win whom he has planned this whole array; the indignant observation of this game by Donna Anna, with diffi-

culty moderated until due time by her companions; the piercing shriek of the music as Don Juan whirls Zerlina away out of the dance; the cry for aid; the general rush to the door, whence the sounds proceed, and when it is broken in, the grotesque brief diversion of the Don dragging Leporello by the ear, and trying to fasten his own crime on him; the incredulous and accusing phrase in which the voices of the trio, now unmasked, confront him successively in *Canon* style; and the outbursting of the general tempest of wrath upon the exposed deceiver, heightened, too, by the sweeping wind and hissing lightnings of an actual physical storm that is supposed to be passing without. The strength of the accusing chorus is splendidly terrific, and like the rush of a whirlwind where all the voices in unison swiftly traverse up and down several times the first five notes of the scale. But he of the dauntless will and the magnetic eye with one sword awes back and penetrates the maddened mob, escaping with a loud laugh of defiance.

Our very slight and hasty sketch has already grown to considerable length, and yet we have examined only one act of the three, into which "Don Giovanni" is usually divided in the performance. One act was enough to show, (if that were all our object), how this opera wells up as from an exhaustless fountain of musical ideas, all of which are of the inspired, enduring quality; we have listened to materials enough already for some twenty of the fashionable operas of our day. We must glance more hastily at the remainder.

Act II opens with one of those half humorous half serious conversations between the Don and Leporello, which ever and anon relieve the story. The servant, stung by the ungrateful and outrageous conduct of his master in the ball-room explosion, announces his determination to quit him; but they are too essential to each other, and the Don soon coaxes, laughs and bribes him out of that motion. This duet is in real Italian *parlando* style, a syllable to every note. Quick and brief, as it is comically expressive; for this enemy of woman's peace has new business on hand; the unlucky night is not too far gone to try one more adventure. So here follows the summer warmth and beauty of the serenade scene under Donna Elvira's window, who sits above there, pouring out her nightingale complainings under the stars, in a melody of ravishing sweetness and tenderness, forming the upper part of a *terzetto*, in which the *solto voce* dialogue of the Don and his man

below grotesquely blends. He changes garments with Leporello, and lending his own voice, while Leporello gesticulates, in strains of feigned repentance and returning love, entices the too easily persuaded lady down into the arms of his counterfeit; while he takes up his guitar to serenade, not Elvira, but Elvira's maid, now that the field is clear, in that most graceful little serenading air, which seems so easy and so off-hand, with its light *arpeggio* accompaniment by violin alone: *Deh, vieni alla finestra*. But the fortunate stars of our all-seducing hero seem this night to have forsaken him; again his business is balked. Mirth and melody, fun and sentiment are strangely mingled in this scene, and indeed in this whole act. The serenade gets finished; the tree as it were is climbed; but before the fruit can be gathered, the game is interrupted by Masetto and the peasants armed, hot from the ball-room scene, in search of the splendid scoundrel. Masetto gets the worst of it; and here we have one of the world's three or four very choicest and purest gems of melody, Zerlina's exquisitely tender and comforting song to her poor bruised and beaten bridegroom: *l'edrai carino*; so beautifully simple, in the homely key of C natural; so innocently voluptuous; so full of blissful love; so like the balsam (*un certo balsamo*), of which she hints with fond and arch significance! And as she makes him place his hand upon her heart, at the words: *Sentilo battere* (feel it beat) you seem to hear its glad and honest beating in the music. We cannot forbear inserting here the following interpretation of this song, which we have read since our analysis of the opera was made. It is from the pen of an intelligent Russian gentleman, who has written in French and German an admirable *Life of Mozart*, with a critical examination of his works. We translate from the German copy:

"*l'edrai carino* is, like so many pieces of our opera, super-dramatic music. When we hear it, we forget the text, we forget the person. There is no longer any Zerlina or Masetto. Something infinite, absolute, and verily divine announces itself to the soul. Is it perhaps nothing but love, represented under one of the countless modifications, by which it is distinguished in each individual, according to the laws of his nature and the peculiar vicissitudes of his fortune? No; the soul feels rather a direct effluence of the principle itself, from which all youth, all love, all joy, and every vital reproduction flows. The genius of the Spring's metamorphoses, he namely, whom the old theosophists called *Eros*, who disembroiled Chaos, who fructified germs and married hearts, this genius speaks to us in this music, as he has so often spoken in the murmurings of the brooks, that has escaped its icy prison, in the rustling of the young leaves, in the melodious songs of the nightingale, in the balmy odors which pervade the eloquent and inspiring stillness of a May night. MOZART had listened to and firmly held this ground-accord of this universal harmony; he arranged it for a soprano voice with orchestral accompaniment, and made of it the nuptial air of a young bride. Zerlina sings surrounded by the shadows of the marriage night, while just about to cross the threshold, at which virginity pauses, with prayer and trembling expecting the confirmation of the holy title of wife. In this place the Aria becomes a genuine *Scena* of Love, the source of life and of eternal rejuvenescence for all nature;—of Love, the Spring-time of souls and the

most unstinted revelation of the all-goodness of the Creator. It is a marriage song for all that loves, conceived in the same spirit with the "Ode to Joy" by SCHILLER, allowing for the difference of tone and style between a Dithyrambic and an Eclogue. The theme, the image of the purest bliss, betrays none the less that inexplicable and seldom justified exaltation, which in the fairest, poetic hours of our existence leads us to that unknown good, whereof all other goods of earth are only shadows and foretastes. A rhythm without marked accent; a harmony without dissonances; a modulation, which rests in the tonics and forgets itself, as if held fast there by a spell; a melody, which cannot separate itself from its ineffaceable *motif*; this tranquil rapture, this soft ecstasy, fill out the first half of the air. After the pause hosts of nightingales begin to sing in chorus in the orchestra, while the voice with exquisite monotony murmurs: *Sentilo battere, toccami qua*. Then the same words are again uttered with the expression of passion; the heart of the young woman beats stronger and stronger; the sighs of the orchestra are redoubled, and the last vocal phrase, which bears the impress of chaste devotion, shows us the wife as she sinks softly upon the bosom of her husband. MOZART seems to have anticipated the desire of the ear, in that he lets the orchestra repeat the whole *motif* and the enchanting final phrases once again. He knew that the piece would be found too short, as it actually is the case."

Good night, then, to this happy couple, whom we leave, to trace the sequel of the comic vein just opened in the "Sartar"-ian exchange of personality between the master and the servant; but also at the same to receive still more distinct and solemn intimations (all the more significant for this very contrast of the comic) of the supernatural reaction that is preparing soon to burst upon the head of the magnificent libertine and outlaw. The Sextet, which now follows, is altogether unique and unrivalled among concerted pieces in opera. The music of this Sextet covers such an ever-shifting variety of action, and so much of a *scene*, that one may hear it once without thinking of its wealth and admirable structure as music. Yet for every point in all this action, and for all shades of relation between the persons, as well as for each separate personality, there is a correspondence in the music. The scene has changed to a *bujo loco*, or dark place, (the libretto says, a porch to Donna Anna's palace). First appear the counterfeit Giovanni and Elvira, who is too happy to walk with him, to the end of the world if need be; while he, (Leporello), tired of imitating his master's voice, is groping about to find an exit. In an *andante* melody, in the same key, and of a kindred character with that by which we first knew her, (*Ah! chi mi dice mai*), she utters her fear of being left alone in this *bujo loco*. Just as her companion finds the door, the groping, cautious music brightens into the bold key and trumpet style which always heralds Anna and Ottavio, who enter amid blaze of torches. Sweet is the consoling appeal of the *tenore* to his grief-stricken Anna, whose response, less fiery and commanding, but not less sublimely spiritual than her last great solo, even hints of death as the only solution of life's riddle for her. Meanwhile the first two, who have lurked unnoticed, are just making good their exit, when Zerlina and Masetto appear, who thinks that now he has the *briccone* at his mercy;

the bluster of Masetto, the surprise of Anna and Ottavio at the sight of the supposed Giovanni, the grotesque crouching plea of the valet, the intercession of still deceived Elvira for "her husband," then their recognition of *her*, then a new brandishing of Masetto's club, and then the ass throwing off the lion's skin and begging mercy, all are made thrice expressive by the music, which varies instinctively each moment, and yet ceases not to weave the unitary complex whole. At last all the six voices join in a swift and wind-like allegro, in which Anna's voice takes the highest and most florid part, Zerlina's the second, Elvira's the third, and so on, and in which there is now and then a wild *Æolian-harp-like* passage of harmony, which seems the fore-feeling of the higher powers which henceforth are to take part in the drama.

But first we have the masterpiece and model of all tenor solos. In it Ottavio commends his *Il mio tesoro* to the care of these friends, and in it he proves himself the truest, tenderest, most devoted and most religious of lovers, if Heaven has reserved it to a stronger force than his to crush the mighty sinner against whom he has taken such an oath of vengeance. But the opera could not rob itself of the statue and its last scene and its whole sublimity, to make him a hero, when it was enough that he should know how to love a Donna Anna.

Passing over a duet between Leporello and Zerlina rarely sung, in fact an after-thought of the composer, which he is said to have added to conciliate the lower taste of a Viennese manager or audience; and passing over (for we must be brief) a truly transcendent solo for Elvira: *Mi tradi quell' alma ingrata*, in whose fluid, ever-modulating melody, her musing sad soul seems dissolved in reverie, we come to the marvellous churchyard scene. Here glimmers the white equestrian statue of the murdered Commander in the background; and here the Don and Leporello seek a rendezvous after their new discomfiture, to re-exchange hats and mantles, and so forth. Their loud levity is suddenly hushed by a voice of warning from the statue, accompanied in strange chords by the unearthly tones of the trombones (which instruments, instead of being lavished, in VERDI fashion, upon all the strong passages, have been entirely kept back till now for this supernatural "beginning of the end,") mingled with the low reed tones. *Di rider finirai, &c.* (Thou shalt cease to laugh before dawn!) A short old-choral strain, in which "the voice ends, speme-like, upon the Dominant of the key (A minor), struck with the major third. This is a church cadence; it belongs to eternity, which knows no minor, no such type of earthly unrest." It freezes to the heart of Don Giovanni, who starts dismayed, but only for a moment; and soon the marble lips break silence once more to rebuke his mockery. So far it has been introductory recitative; but now the orchestra is all life and melody again for the luscious music of the duet in which Giovanni compels the trembling servant at the sword's point to salute the statue and invite him to sup with him. There is no more exquisite fairy-work in the whole opera than the instrumentation of this scene. It were hard to tell whether the impression left by it partakes most of the comic, of the supernaturally terrible, or of the beautiful. All these elements are grotesquely blended in it, yet without seeming incongruity. The beauty of the music harmonizes and idealizes the action; it lends its singular fascina-

tion to the marvellous; it makes the terror doubly real, by expressing the vague charm which every terror has after all to the soul, glad (even its terror) of the excitement of something altogether strange and infinite. MOZART knew better than to freeze the blood up here entirely with unearthly tones of horror, except during those brief utterances of the marble rider; that he reserved for the end of which this is but the beginning. He has lavished all the luxury of melodic invention upon the instrumentation of this duet; the music in the main still gushes warm and genial and human, and hence you feel the supernatural all the more inwardly and powerfully, when shudders of strange awe cross occasionally its placid, sparkling flow. *O statua gentilissima*:—cheerily and bravely the beautiful strain sets out, in the rich key of E major; but as the knave shrinks back in terror, crying *padron! mirate!* &c., the deprecating expression of his voice dropping through the interval of a seventh, with the instruments accompanying in unison, is alike droll and marvellous. Still the cheerful melody goes on, in spite of ghosts, until the statue nods acceptance, when the unearthly modulation and *tremolo* of the music, falling with sudden emphasis upon Leporello's "*Ah--h! che scena!* (ah! what a sight!)" gives the whole scene for the time the superstitious coloring of his soul. But when he comes to tell his master how the spectre nodded, and when his master repeats the strain and gesture with him, the fear has become subordinate to the charm of adventure and the music takes the gay and reckless tone of Giovanni. Life shall be all a feast, is his creed, ghosts and miracles to the contrary; and festally the bright strain dies away, softer and softer, as they depart, to the tune of *Andiamo via di qua* (let us quit this place), to which the servant's voice chimes in as second very heartily.

Here the curtain usually falls, closing a second act, although the composer covers the homeward flight of the pair, fatigued and hungry with that night's adventures and discomfitures, and the preparation of the supper, by a beautiful and elaborate recitative and aria of Donna Anna, addressed to her devoted Ottavio, whose urgent plea for the consummation of their union she tenderly puts off, as with a presentiment that her love is to know no earthly consummation, and that her life is already too much of the other world. This song: *Non mi dir*, bloomed one of the heavenliest and purest in the wreath of JENNY LIND.

Act Third is the grand Finale, with its tremendous music, its apparition, its supernatural vindication of the Law, and the splendid sinner's doom. Remember, day has not dawned yet since that other Finale, to the first act; their supper that time was stormily broken off, and they have little rest in the meantime. But they have got home at last, and *Gia la mensa è preparata*: now the supper is prepared; a smart and animated strain of full orchestra in the bold key of D. The Don has shut himself in by himself with all the harmonies of sense and appetite; it is the pure feast of egoism; there are no guests, but his own appetites and riotous imaginations, for whom all things are provided; and little thinks he of one guest whom he has invited! Droll Leporello, now all appetite, is in attendance, devouring furtive morsels of the rich dishes and unorking the champagne, (a situation commonly too tempting to our buffo, who makes the fun excessively and

disgustingly broad), and making broad allusions at the *barbaro appetito* of his master. There is a band of wind instruments, too, from whom all the while proceed the most enlivening appeals to composite enjoyment, in a succession of rare morsels of melody from well-known operas of the time, for which both master and man show an appreciating ear. The last of these is the famous *Non piu andrai*, from MOZART'S own "*Nozze di Figaro*," to which Leporello may well exclaim: "That I know too well." Through all this the Titian-like, voluptuous quality of MOZART comes out afresh. It is the music of pure, unalloyed sensuous enjoyment; not a shadow of aught serious or sentimental comes over its harmony, until once more his better nature makes one final appeal, entreating him to repentance, in the person of poor, constant Donna Elvira, who suddenly rushes in and kneels at his feet. But the Don laughs at her simple lecture, and preaches up to her his bacchanalian gospel.

Here mark a fine point in the action, a fine touch of poetic truth, worthy of Mozart's genius. It is *she*, his better nature, as we have said, his own rejected truer self, who loves him better than he loves himself;—it is she, Elvira, who, as she leaves the stage, is the first to meet the fearful apparition and by her shriek give warning. That shriek, thrown into the music, has suddenly changed its smooth sparkling surface into fierce boiling eddies, and stirred up the whole sea of harmony from its profoundest depths. The musicians on the stage have vanished. No time now for their toy melodies! Every chord now cleaves the dark veil of the supernatural, like lightnings in the blackest night; the syncopated rhythm tells of vague and wonderful foreboding. *Che grido è questo?* (What noise is this?) and Leporello is sent out to see. Wilder and heavier grows the music, as he returns white and speechless, and only able in his half-wittedness of terror to imitate with his feet the heavy *ta, ta*, the approaching foot-fall of the man of marble, who has descended from his charger in the grave yard. It requires the master's hardihood to open the door for him, and amid those solemn and terrific crashes of the orchestra, with which the overture commenced, the strange guest stalks into the middle of the scene.

With hard, ponderous, marble tones, like blows, falling whole octaves, the statue announces himself as good as his word in accepting Giovanni's invitation. The amazed unbeliever, trembling and yet summoning up his old pride of will, which never yet forsook him, would fain prove as good as his word, too, and orders Leporello, who has crawled away under the table, to get ready another supper. But "not on mortal food feeds" this guest from the other world; "graver concerns" have led him here; and the instruments are again traversing those *unsettled* scales, whose wonderful effect we noticed in the overture. *Parla, parla*, rings out the rich, fresh baritone of the dauntless Amphytrion, as much as to say: "talk on, old fellow! I listen; you are ghost, but I am a substance; I believe in myself, say what you will." All very brave! but listen to the orchestra, (as you cannot help listening), if you would know how nevertheless it goes with him in the inner workings of his soul, in those mysterious depths of consciousness which hitherto he has so wilfully refrained from sounding. That heavy, muffled tread of the sub-bass in triplets, making

the ground quake, means more than the "*tertian ague*" of poor Leporello there, with head thrust out cautiously from under the table, and voice, automaton-like, moving in unison with the *basso profondo* of the orchestra. A pause is filled with a monotonous beat of the basses, when the crashing diminished-seventh chords begin anew, and louder than before, while the spectre again opens its marble jaws, to tender the Don an invitation in its turn, which he, stout-hearted to the last, in spite of Leporello's trembling, grotesque warnings, accepts. The statue asks his hand in pledge; he boldly gives it, starts as if an infinite pang and sense of death shot from the cold, stony hand through all the marrow of his bones; with an infinite audacity of will he refuses to repent; the spectre sinks through the ground; he is a doomed one; the flames of hell burst in on every side, with visions of the damned: a chorus of spectres: *vieni!* (come!) is heard amid the infernal whirl and tempest of the music; he wrestles with the demons and drops dead, the whole phantasmagoria vanishing, just as the other characters of the piece come in in search of the reprobate, who listen to Leporello's chattering story, dispose of their several destinies after the approved fashion of dramatic conclusions, and wind up with chanting a solemn canon over the *Dissoluto punito* to the words: "Such is the end of the evil-doer!"

It is usual, however, to terminate the performance with the fall of Giovanni. The parts which follow, although admirable as music, are plainly superfluous to the action, as a poetic and artistic whole, and must have been added by Mozart out of mere conformity to old dramatic usage, which assembles and disposes of all the surviving characters of a piece in the last scene.

There is great room for melodramatic nonsense and *diablerie* in this judgment scene, in which the theatres have full license. But if the orchestra be complete and efficient, there is no possibility of travesty-ing or perverting the sublime and terrible intention of the music, which from the moment that the statue enters is enough to freeze one's blood, and pre-occupies all avenues of sense or consciousness with supernatural and infinite suggestions. And yet does Music's sweet and faithful prophecy of reconciliation, like the "still, small voice" out of the inmost heart of things, still reach us somehow through it all!

The reader, who has followed us through this review of "*Don Giovanni*," clinging always to the musical thread of interpretation, will find himself as little able as ourselves to sympathize with the regret so frequently expressed, that Mozart should have prostituted his genius in this composition by the false marriage of so much divine music with an unworthy subject. We believe the marriage was a true one. He did not merely cater to a low, licentious taste, in the selection of this story. Never was a choice made more heartily. Or, if he did not himself choose the plot, yet he fell in most heartily, and as it were by a providential correspondence, with the invention of Da Ponte;—as heartily as he afterwards fell in with the terrific images of the old Latin hymn, when he composed his own "*Requiem*," in writing a Requiem to order for another. In these two works the life and genius of Mozart found their highest expression. "*Don Juan*," written in the hey-day of his genial faculties, in his hour and scene of greatest outward success, in the city

of Prague, where he was understood and loved as no where else, surrounded by devoted friends, and with an orchestra and troupe of singers worthy to be his interpreters, represented his sunny side, his keen sensibility to all refined delights of sense and soul, and his great faith in joy, in ecstasy, in all material and sensual harmonies. The "Requiem" bears to "Don Juan," as a whole, the same relation that the last scene of that opera bears to the preceding parts; it expresses the religious awe and mystery of his soul, his singular presentiment of death, his constant feeling of the Infinite. The opera in its last scene rises to a sphere of music kindred with the "Requiem;" there vibrated the same deep chords of his nature. It was the very subject of all others for him to pour the whole warm life-tide of his soul and music into, and thus lift up and animate a poor old literal fiction, that somehow strangely kept its hold upon the popular mind, with all its weight of grotesqueness, extravagance, vulgarity and tomfoolery, into a vivid drama of the whole impetuous, bewildered, punished, yet far-hoping and indomitable experiment of human life.

Here are the two elements, which seem in contradiction. Here, on the one side, is this bold, generous passion-life, with its innate gospel of joy and transport and glorious liberty: how well could Mozart understand it, and how eloquently preach it in that safe, universal dialect of Music, which utters only the heart-truth, and not the vulgar perversion of any sentiment! Here, on the other hand, is the stern Morality of being, frowning in conflict with the blind indulgence of the first. The first is false by its excess, by losing Order out of sight; while Order, sacred principle, in its common administration between men, in its turn is false through its blind method of suppression and restraint, blaspheming and ignoring the divine springs of passion, which it should accept and regulate. The music is the heavenly and prophetic mediator that resolves the strife.

Hence the music of "Don Giovanni" presents two sides, two parts in strongest contrast. Love, joy, excitement, freedom, the complete life of the senses, are the theme of the first part, represented in the keen and restless alternation of the Don's intrigues and pleasures;—a downright, unmis-trusting, beautiful assertion of the natural man;—and you have it all summed up to one text and climax in the first Finale, in the brief champagne sparkle and stormy transport of the little chorus: *Viva la LIBERTA!* As the burden of that part is LIBERTY, so the burden of the last part, the counter-text and focus, is ORDER, the violated Law; and as the central figure here stalks in the supernatural statue, stony and implacable. It is the story of life, the one ever-repeated although ever-varied drama of dramas; and it is set forth here, both sides of it, most earnestly in this sincere and hearty music, which in its own exhaustless beauty hints the reconciliation of the two principles, and to the last is true to the divine good of the senses and the passions, and to the presentiment of a pure and perfect state, when these shall be, not dreaded, not suppressed, but regulated, harmonized, made rhythmical and safe and more than ever lifesome and spontaneous by Law as broad and deep and divine as themselves.

Do we defy the moral of the matter, when we feel a certain thrill of admiration as Don Juan boldly takes the statue's hand, still strong in his life-creed, however he may have missed the

heavenly method in its carrying out, and somehow inspired with the conviction that this judicial consummation is not, after all, the end of it but that the soul's capacity for joy and harmony is of that godlike and *asbestos* quality that no bells can consume it?

[From Graham's Magazine.]

MOONRISE IN MAY.

BY SARAH HELEN WHITMAN.

"Pure lilies of eternal peace
Whose odors haunt my dreams."—Tennyson.

Long lights gleam o'er the western wold
Kindling the brown moss into gold—
The bright day fades into the blue
Of the far hollows, dim with dew—
The breeze comes laden with perfume
From many an orchard white with bloom,
And all the mellow air is fraught
With beauty beyond Fancy's thought.

Outspread beneath me, breathing balm
Into the evening's golden calm,
Lie trellised gardens thickly sown
With nodding lilacs, newly blown,
Borders with hyacinthus plumed,
And beds with purple pansies gloomed,
Cold snow-drops, jonquils pale and prim,
And flamy tulips burning dim
In the cool twilight 'till they fold
In sleep their oriflammes of gold.

With many a glimmering interchange
Of moss and flowers and terraced range,
The pleasant garden slopes away
Into the gloom of shadows grey,
Where darkly green the churchyard lies
With all its silent memories:
Where the first violets love to blow
About the head stones, leaning low:
There from the golden willows swing
The first green garlands of the spring,
And the first blue-bird builds her nest,
By the old belfry's unnumbered crest.

Beyond, where groups of stately trees,
Waiting their vernal draperies,
Stand outlined on the evening sky,
The golden lakes of sunset lie,
With many-colored isles of light,
Purple and pearl and crysolite,
And realms of cloud land floating far
Beyond the horizon's dusky bar,
Now fading from the lurid bloom
Of twilight to a silver gloom,
As the fair moon's ascending beam
Melts all things to a holy dream.

So fade the cloud-wreaths from my soul
Beneath thy solemn, soft control,
Enchantress of the stormy seas,
Priestess of Night's high mysteries!
Thy ray can pale the north lights plume,
And where the restless stars illumine
With their far-palpating light
The holy cloisters of the night,
Thy presence can entrance their beams
And lull them to diviner dreams.

To thee belong the silent spheres
Of memory,—the enchanted years
Of the dead past,—the shrouded woes
That sleep in sculptural repose.

Thy solemn light doth interfuse
The magic world wherein I muse
With something too divinely fair
For earthly hope to harbor there,—
A faith that reconciles the will
Life's mystic sorrow to fulfil—
A benison of love that falls
From the serene and silent halls
Of night, 'till through the lonely room
A heavenly odor seems to bloom,
And lilies of eternal peace
Glow through the moonlight's golden fleece.

[From the London Times.]

Royal Italian Opera: Mario and Bosio.

[As rumor tells us that we may now expect the great MARIO, the following notice from the Times of April 27, will be interesting; and not less so will be found the notice of our old favorite, BOSIO, who seems destined to be no less a favorite abroad than she has been with us.]

The first appearance of Mario brought another overflowing audience to the theatre last night. The opera was Bellini's *I Puritani*. It was in Arturo that Mario made his earliest impression upon the English public. He was Rubini's legitimate follower in the part. Though at first decidedly inferior to his celebrated predecessor, in the process of time his improvement was so remarkable that in the general opinion of connoisseurs, the Arturo of Mario in many respects equalled, and in some even surpassed, that of Rubini. How great has been Mario's progress of late years need not to be told. As an actor he has attained an eminence to which few tenors on the Italian stage have ever aspired; while, though he cannot challenge comparison with Rubini as a *bravura* singer, or as a master of ornament and *floritura*, he has acquired a perfection in the art of phrasing, a command of vocal declamation, and what may be justly termed a manliness of style, to which, with all his accomplishments, Rubini could hardly lay claim. These qualities, united to a voice which has rarely been approached in richness of tone, and a person singularly well adapted to the purposes of scenic illusion, have helped Mario to the position he now maintains as one of the most admirable dramatic singers of whom the history of the art makes mention.

The reception given to MARIO by the audience last night was such as is only accorded to a special favorite. The applause continued for some minutes, until it was at length hushed by those anxious to hear the "A te o cara." The manner in which the first stanza of this renowned quartet was delivered by the great tenor, proved to the satisfaction of the audience, that the keen winds of Russia had not frozen up the springs whence the melody is drawn that imparts such power and beauty to his voice. It was sung by Mario in Mario's best style; and the result was an unanimous encore for the quartet, the second stanza of which was repeated. Throughout the whole of the first act the singing of Mario was worthy of his reputation. In the duet with Henrietta, his delivery of the passage "Sarai salvi, o sventurata"—where Arturo vows to save the Queen at the risk of his life—was full of passion, while in that where Arturo defies his rival, Riccardo, his acting was as dignified and noble as his singing was instinct with sentiment. In the second act Arturo does not appear; but in the third, the beautiful air, "Cerca il sonno a notte," and the well known phrase, "Vieni tra le mie braccia," in the last duet with Elvira, gave two more opportunities to Mario, of which he took ample advantage. A slight abuse of the falsetto tones might have been objected to in the air, but this was more than redeemed by the exquisite feeling and refined expression of the whole. At the conclusion, Mario was recalled upon the stage, and enthusiastically applauded. It is of no slight consequence to the Italian Opera that so great a favorite has come back to the entire possession of those resources to which the theatre has been indebted for so many of its successes.

Mde. Bosio appeared last season in the part of Elvira, and was greatly admired. The music which Bellini has allotted to the heroine, is extremely well suited to this lady's voice and means. While in other operas she has been readily acknowledged as a vocalist of more than common accomplishments, in the *Puritani* she almost rises to the highest rank. Her performance of last night revived the favorable impression previously created. Her singing was artistic and finished throughout; and in the favorite polacca: "Son vergin vezzosa," she created a real *fuore*. The facility with which she executed the florid passages, was not less to be admired than the agreeable freshness of her voice, more particularly in the higher tones, which were produced, for the

most part, with an ease and certainty of intonation that endowed them with a special charm. In the popular air, "Qui la voce," the qualities we have eulogized were united to the still rarer one of expression; and after the *cabaletta*, "Vien, diletto," which was executed with great brilliancy, although a little too slowly, Mde. BOSIO was deservedly honored by a recall. An occasional tendency to sharpness of intonation was the only drawback to Mde. BOSIO's performance. This is worth the most arduous study to conquer, since, until it is eradicated, perfection is impossible. The Giorgio of FORMES, and the Riccardo of RONCONI were worthy of the *Puritani* in the meridian of its popularity. The famous duet which terminates with the noisy *cabaletta*, "Suoni la tromba," could hardly have been better sung; and it was not the less pleasant from the absence of that vociferation which many singers consider indispensable to the character of the *morceau*, but which may, nevertheless, be dispensed with to advantage. Mlle. BELLINI took commendable pains in the small, but not unimportant part of Henrietta; and POLONINI's Walton was, as usual, careful and correct. The opera was received with the warmest applause from beginning to end.

POWER OF MUSIC.—Passing a house wherein a lady was discoursing rich music upon her Piano, we observed a German gazing intently in at the window, and apparently so absorbed in the music as to be forgetful of time and locality. The music grew wilder and deeper, and the hearer became excited and restless, walking to and fro upon the walk and yet listening with all the intensity of his sense. Presently the grand and rolling strains subsided into a plaintive and rich cadence, and when the music died away upon the chords, the German's pent up heart found relief in a full gush of tears. He turned away, entirely unconscious of our presence, and murmuring in low words to himself, was soon gone in the darkness. We, too, turned away with a tear of sympathy for the foreigner, and thankfulness for the stranger who had so stirred the heart by her exquisite performance. We blessed God that there were those in the world who could so interpret the divinity of music as to stir the fountain of tears and recall the memories of the Past; and our prayer is that for our helpmate and heart's choice we may have such an interpreter to minister to our life.—*Sandusky Register*.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

From my Diary. No. XXVI.

NEW YORK, May 7. So we are to have the "Midsummer Night's Dream" read by somebody or other, with the music of Mendelssohn, at Metropolitan Hall—at least so runs the announcement. Could the public once see this adequately performed I fear the readings would be but slimly attended. Few performances—and I have in mind Don Juan, Fidelio, Der Freyschütz, Figaro's Hochzeit, Oberon, &c.—have left such lasting impressions of delight on my memory as two performances of the Midsummer Night's Dream, with Mendelssohn's music, which I attended in the winter of 1850-51. And yet it was a translation of the play into German—but Schlegel was the translator. Two things I learned at those representations: first, that I had never conceived to the full extent the marvellous beauty and delicacy of the fairy portion of the play, and the extreme comicality of the farcical portions; secondly, that though I had heard the music performed at concerts by one of the finest orchestras in Europe, I had never fully appreciated before its wonderful adaptation to the text which it is intended to, and does really illustrate. "There is no use in talking." Not only is the Dream as a drama one of the most exquisite ever written, but as a mere fairy spectacle, it surpasses all that I ever saw on the boards of — Theatre or the — Museum, as much as Shakspeare surpasses Mr. Poet Dash, or Mendelssohn, Mr. Composer Blank, and I never see an announcement of the last new fairy spectacle, with its gaud and tinsel without a sigh, that so much expense should be thrown away upon trash. The machinery of the play proved to be very simple as it was performed on those occasions referred to. The drama

was divided into three acts. The first, of two scenes, the room in the Palace, and the forest. The second, third and fourth acts, all are played without a change of scenery. The introduction to the second act (in which the fairies first make their appearance) is the famous scherzo, and would any one hear this as it should be heard, let him hear it from an adequate orchestra, in front of the drop curtain! At the end of Shakspeare's second act, we have the nocturno while Titania sleeps; between the third and fourth acts, another symphony from the orchestra, but the drop does not fall until the close of the fourth act. Now simple as the scenery is, and beautiful and attractive as it might be made, what is there to prevent the Midsummer Night's Dream from being produced in our cities, with a decent orchestra? Nick Bottom, Puck, and Titania, decently played, to say nothing of the music, ought to fill a house.

May 11. I have been looking over and pondering upon, for the half dozentime, the list of classic compositions which, according to *Dwight's Journal*, the provincials of Boston have heard in public during the past winter. Such a list for a city, which with its "surroundings" can count hardly a quarter of a million of inhabitants—it is astonishing! I doubt if Berlin itself, now the headquarters of classic music in Germany, can show a list much beyond this. There are points of difference to be considered however; the American city has no established opera, and has had but two orchestras—the German capital has one of the finest operas in Europe, and two or three other theatres in which operas are given, and, besides the great orchestra, some half a dozen smaller ones, varying in size from thirty down to half that number of instruments—all of which play, more or less frequently, symphonic music. The American city affords audiences of from two to three thousand, to the Germans—the German city as many hundreds to Liebig's Concerts. The Music Hall is filled at the Concerts of the Musical Fund, and so is the Music Room of the Royal Theatre at those of the Royal Orchestra—the former holds some 3000, the latter perhaps 1800 auditors. In chamber music Boston is behind. She has one Quintette Club. Berlin has half a dozen similar clubs. In Oratorio music the reverse is true—Boston is superior in the number of concerts, and in the number of auditors. On the whole as an American I am proud that the musical annals of an American city can show such a catalogue as that in the *Journal*. Of course London with its two and a half millions of people "within the bills of mortality," with its enormous wealth, and its musical cultivation of centuries puts all other cities in the shade in the enormous amount of music publicly performed—I may add also in the expense attending it. But excepting London and Berlin, I doubt—after a careful perusal of the English and German periodicals—political, literary and musical during the past winter—whether any city on earth's surface can show such a set of the winter's programmes as the City of Notions—and mighty good notions some of them are.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 21, 1853.

Musical Festivals.

We have taken occasion both in the editorial and other columns of our last volume, to speak a word in favor of what seems to us the only practical mode of cultivating the musical taste of those who reside out of large cities to something higher and nobler than the simple psalm-tune, glee or anthem. We need not repeat our conviction that no people possesses more natural taste and talent for music than our own. The article of a correspondent upon "American Voices," which we published some months since, has met with general approval, and the reports constantly reaching us from abroad of the success of some of our citizens in developing their vocal powers, confirms the impression that no climate furnishes

better vocal organs than the clear, bracing American atmosphere. Time was, when this point needed argument—it is a mark of progress that it is no longer necessary.

We take it for granted then that our American people have the talent, the natural taste, the vocal powers necessary to place them in the front rank of musical nations, but they do not yet hold that position. What can be done towards its attainment?

In this article we shall indicate but one of the many methods which might be adopted, but which we are convinced is perfectly practicable, and which has accomplished marvels in Germany, Switzerland, Belgium and England. Throughout our Eastern and Middle States there is an interval of a few weeks toward the close of summer, in which our people have a period of comparative leisure, and which has been chosen in this and other cities for musical gatherings and conventions. These conventions have, however, hitherto been almost wholly confined to the A B C of the art; nor could it well be otherwise, since most of the members of these conventions have come to them for the purpose of conferring upon, and learning the best modes of teaching, and have made no previous preparation for taking any part in the study of works of the higher class.

Now, no one can by any possibility attain to the high artistic culture necessary to the full enjoyment of the lofty language of music without the opportunity of studying—of hearing, at least—some one great masterpiece of the Art. And this he must know from an adequate performance of it by a properly cultivated chorus, by fair solo singers, and an orchestra. And this it is, which we would have every real lover of music enjoy an opportunity of doing. There is no difficulty in finding an orchestra *whenever it will pay*; nor do we imagine there would be any difficulty in obtaining the assistance of our best vocalists in a performance at which the excellence of the choral parts would make it a pleasure to assist. But herein lies the difficulty. We have never had a convention chorus of which one of two things has not been true: either the whole practice has been devoted to perfecting the performance of a few detached pieces, or the attempt to perform an *entire* work has partially failed from the want of adequate time for rehearsal. We would urge in the strongest terms possible, a change in this respect. We would have the choral parts so well performed as to make it possible to secure the assistance of competent solo singers and instrumental performers, so that our conventions may be truly *Musical Festivals*, at which each one who takes a part can have the opportunity of learning to appreciate the magnificent power, beauty and lofty thought of the composer, of whatever great work should be undertaken.

How can this be done? It seems to us a simple matter. Some three months hence our annual musical gatherings will take place. Under whose auspices, with what arrangements, we as yet know not. Let, however, those who are to direct the matter decide at once upon some work, which can be obtained in this country, Elijah, the Messiah, Samson, (for all these can now be bought at a small price,) and give notice that this will be the grand study of the ten days' gathering. Let those, in our country towns, who wish to take part in the meeting supply themselves with the work, and in the family circle, the choir-meeting, and

the social gathering, make themselves familiar with the choral parts. They will then come to the convention with the lesson learned, and a few general rehearsals will make all smooth, and to move like clock-work—and thus our friends in the country may enjoy those higher musical pleasures, which now they know of only from the descriptions of others.

The Opera.

Since our last, the Sontag troupe has given us *Don Pasquale* for the second time, with even more spirit and completeness than on the first representation. The bewitching Norina was as fascinating as before, carried out with the utmost perfection of look, of gesture and expression to the very life; nor was the execution of the music of the part less entirely charming and satisfactory. The other characters were presented with unusually good effect, and the performance was one of the best of the season. Pozzolini gave the Serenade remarkably well, judiciously curtailing its proportions in the encore which the audience insisted upon—taking no refusal.

Then we have twice had *Don Giovanni*, and this has been the least successful in its presentation, of any of the operas that the Sontag troupe has given us. We would make every allowance for the necessary imperfections of a first performance, as we learn that more than one of the singers appeared for the first time, in this opera. And, that a first attempt to present this greatest of operas should be, in some points, unsuccessful, is not more than we may reasonably expect. Still we cannot but look back on these two performances as having given high enjoyment and satisfaction. SONTAG gave the music of Zerlina with great beauty—very simply, as it should be—but with rare perfection of expression, and was on both evenings, in excellent voice. The dress of the Zerlina is not so becoming to her as that of some other characters, and we cannot help recalling the perfect adaptation of the whole style of Boston both musical, dramatic, and personal, to the requirements of this part. Signora Borghese as Donna Anna, was not very pleasing. Her voice is hard and thin, and frequently of false intonation, though of considerable power. She acted the part with considerable effect, but rather making *points* than giving a complete representation of the whole. Signora Costini was the Donna Elvira, perhaps the best whom we have heard. She has a pretty face and graceful figure; with a voice of good quality and power. Both these ladies showed a considerable improvement on the second performance which was in every respect, superior to the first, especially in the choruses and orchestra, which, on the first evening, appeared to halt somewhat, but, on the second were entirely satisfactory. Badiali surprised us with the excellence of his Don Giovanni; though it may be a little heavy, still his conception of the character is refined and correct and his delivery of the music all that could be wished save perhaps, the champagne song, which had hardly the unbridled freedom and life that one expects. But the many-sided veteran BADIALI, is great also as Don Giovanni. What does he *not* do well? Rocco's Leporello was exceedingly well done; perhaps a little grotesque at times, and different from other Leporellos whom we have heard; but always prompt, correct, and effective

throughout the opera. Pozzolini sang *Il mio tesoro* very well on both nights, and in other portions of his rôle, manifested a great improvement in the second representation.

The bawling of the prompter, was, on both nights, intolerable. He cried aloud and spared not any one of the singers or audience, for there was no one who did not hear every word of the opera, from beginning to the end, from the mouth of this odious functionary. Can this incessant prompting be *necessary*? But with all faults, no opera has been so enthusiastically received, or given such delight as the Don Giovanni. Its glorious perfections cannot be clouded or obscured by any ordinary deficiencies in the performance, and we must thank Madame Sontag, in the name of many, for the pleasure enjoyed in the performances of Don Giovanni.

Our Correspondence from Germany.

LEIPSIK, April 28, 1853.

MR. DWIGHT:—Dear Sir,—I find myself again in this city, after having spent several days in Pesth, Vienna, Prague, and Dresden. Dreyschock gave his last concert in Pesth on Thursday evening, at the theatre, on which occasion he played the well known Concerto by C. M. von Weber. The newspapers of this morning give a short notice of the concert, state that the house was very full, and that the pianist retired amidst the greatest enthusiasm—far surpassing that ever accorded to any other pianist, at least in that city.

At Vienna I found music in a very quiet state,—the principal attractions being Aldridge, the American tragedian, (called the "African Roscius") black as the ace of spades,—and Milanollo, the celebrated female violinist. Aldridge was performing a round of Shakspeare's characters with considerable success, and the papers of that city ranked him in the first class of tragic actors. He plays his parts in English, while the others are given in German.

I received an invitation to hear Milanollo, and I must confess that her performance on the violin was astonishing. Her execution is wonderful, and her taste, so far as regards feeling and expression, is very superior,—but the compositions she selects are far from classical. She plays mostly light and brilliant pieces, which of course please the people generally, particularly those not practical musicians, and who do not possess cultivated ears; and perhaps it is to this style of pieces that she is indebted for her great popularity. Her tone is round, strong, and full, and she plays very even and clear; whatever she undertakes is performed in a masterly manner, that gives evidence of severe practice. She draws crowded houses, and I have been told that she has already fiddled quite a fortune, which no one will deny is fiddling to some purpose. She is about twenty-five years of age, not particularly beautiful, but intelligent—like all musicians—modest and retiring in her manners, &c., &c. . . . While in Vienna I attended an opera, written by a modern composer, whose name I have forgotten, and was much pleased with the performance, but not with the music. The orchestra, however, was very fine. The Emperor and other distinguished characters were scattered among the first circles and private boxes.

In Dresden I went to an evening musical party, at the residence of Professor Wiek, father of the well-known pianists, Clara Schumann and Marie Wiek. Among other musical entertainments of the evening Marie favored us with some select compositions from Chopin, Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Schullhoff, and others. She had just returned from Berlin, where she played with great success for several weeks. She possesses extraordinary talent; reads the most

difficult compositions at sight, and transposes them into any desired key, with perfect ease and facility. Her touch is strong and distinct, and at the same time very elastic. She plays with much grace and expression, and with sureness and correctness; her great *forte* is in classical music, which she plays most beautifully. She also played several pieces arranged for four hands, assisted by a younger sister, who is also quite a *lionne*. Mr. Heller, the composer, was also present. During the evening we were much entertained by Prof. Wiek, who was full of his jokes and funny stories. On the whole, we had a very pleasant time, and heard as good music as can be heard anywhere. I only wish that I knew of an American lady who is capable of performing the music of our most classical and distinguished composers in the same style I heard it performed in the house of Prof. Wiek, by his truly talented daughters.

I arrived in Leipsic on the 25th inst, and found the city in perfect confusion, crowded with merchants from all parts of the world, who are present to attend the great annual Fair. The Book and Music Fair takes place this week, and there are few book or music publishers in Germany who are not here. Littolf, the pianist and composer, who is now a music dealer, is also here. I had the pleasure of meeting him at the house of Concert-Meister Raymond Dreyschock, where I heard him just run over the "old familiar chest," but did not hear him enough to enable me to form any opinion of his playing. He was much surprised, as well as pleased, to learn that his great concerto had been performed in Boston. I took the liberty of informing him that Boston was getting to be one of the most musical cities in the world, which opened his eyes with astonishment.

I also met Mr. William Mason, the American pianist, of Boston. He has now gone to Weimar, where he intends to remain several months, in company with the great Liszt.

Papita, the Spanish dancer, is creating quite an excitement in Leipsic. I saw her last evening, and I must confess that I never saw any one jump so high before,—more than that I was unable to appreciate, except her beauty, which is decidedly above *par*.

I remain sincerely yours,

NATHAN RICHARDSON.

FRANKFORT-AM-MAIN, April 25, 1853.

An opportunity of seeing a few numbers of your interesting paper afforded me by my friend H. reminded me of my promise to drop you a line now and then. This city is not one of the most musical in Germany, but as I did not arrive here until the musical season was nearly over, it will not make so much difference with me, as I do not intend to remain here but a few months. The two principal musical associations in Frankfort are the Museum and the Philharmonic Society. The former embraced originally in the plan of its organization, not only musical performances, but also lectures, recitations, and other literary exercises. The latter, however, have been almost entirely given up. At the last concert, between the parts an essay on Shakspeare's play of Coriolanus, illustrated by extracts was given. The society also presented the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven without the vocal parts. I took particular pains to tell some of my German friends that in Boston this Symphony had lately been brought out entire.

The Philharmonic Society is composed almost entirely of amateurs. Nothing new has been given by this association since I have been here.

The Cecilian Verein, an association of ladies and gentlemen, at their last concert performed the Oratorio of David by KLEINE. This composer has produced several others oratorios. He was a celebrated teacher of harmony. His Oratorio of David is founded on a different set of incidents from the

oratorio of the same name by Neukomm. It turns on the battles between David and Absalom and the death of the latter. This piece has nothing very marked in its musical character; it lacks the brilliant instrumentation of the modern oratorio writers without having much of the originality and force of Handel and the older composers. The Cecilian Verein is the principal vocal society in Frankfort and numbers about one hundred members. The performance of the oratorio (as far as the choruses were concerned) was almost unexceptionable. These three associations, are conducted by Herr Messer, a very accomplished musician and director. Judging from what I saw at a rehearsal, he would be considered in America, rather severe in his manner of drilling the chorus and the orchestra—but the ability and thorough knowledge of his business which he shows in many different ways, would inspire great confidence in those who are under his direction.

The orchestra connected with the theatre, at a concert for their benefit, recently given, brought out in the first part a hunting symphony by F. Kettl, Director of the Prague Conservatory. The subject is a hacknied one and I am convinced that it will require more talent than this composer possesses to spiritualize a subject so inappropriate (as it seems to me) for a symphony. It is hardly necessary to give you an outline of the "incident!" it was the old routine of the departure, the hunt, the return, &c. In the finale, the composer, by a grand flourish on the trombones deliberately changed the time and introduced a movement in polka time: this was certainly a new feature to me in symphony movements, and it had almost a ludicrous effect. In the second part was presented a new concert-stück by Niels W. Gade for four solo voices with orchestra and piano forte. This Spring fantasie is bright and sparkling with beautiful thoughts and it has a freshness and naturalness about it which is truly charming. Judging from some criticisms in the English papers, it seems as if there was some effort to write down the composer. But from what I saw and heard of musical criticisms in London I suspect there may be some obstinacy in the matter.

The opera company at the Frankfort theatre is a very respectable one. However, the different members of the company from the chorus singers to the prima donna have a chronic tendency to sing out of tune. The primo basso has it badly. I have lately "sat through" the *Tannhäuser* by Wagner. This being my first experience in the "broken crockery school" of your Leipsic Correspondent, I must hear it again before I can make up my mind about it. My present impression is that I should like the piece much better without the music than with it. Herr Andre, the German tenor, has just commenced an engagement here. I have seen him once in the *Prophète*. He hardly comes up to my expectations, but is certainly a fine artist. He has since appeared in "*Martha*." The popular taste, even in Germany does not entirely reject taking melodies like those in "*Martha*," for I should that Von Floßow was played more by the bands and whistled more by the boys than almost any other opera writer. G. W. P.

MUSIC ON THE COMMON. We observe that an order has at last passed the Common Council providing that there shall be music on the Common on two evenings a week during the months of June, July and August. The announcement will give great satisfaction to those of our readers who reside in the city; and, if the music is such as it should be, such as the present advanced state of the public taste demands and requires, it will be the means of attracting to the city not a few of the suburban

inhabitants. But the music *must* be good; and not such as we had ten years ago, which was nothing but marches and quicksteps, and those not of the best. The opportunity must not be lost of giving the people an opportunity of hearing the very best music that can be given, in this way.

Musical Intelligence.

Local.

MR. CARL GÄRTNER, (known as an effective orchestra player with the Germanians) gave, on Wednesday, the first of a contemplated series of Afternoon Rehearsals at the Music Hall.

His orchestra is composed of some twenty-four members, selected from our resident musicians, and the orchestra of the opera, and played some selections of popular music in a manner which gave promise of better things. Mr. Gärtner is by no means our beau idéal of a conductor: his gestures and attitudes being outré and extravagant to the last degree. The quiet composure of Bergmann or Eckert, is more agreeable to an audience, and more effective with the orchestra. The audience was small, but will no doubt increase at future performances.

MR. KEYSER'S CONCERT. We regret to state that in consequence of Mr. Keyser's indisposition, his Concert announced for Saturday evening, will be postponed for one week. But whenever it comes off, the veteran, we are very sure, will not be forgotten by his numerous friends.

On Monday last the members of the Dorchester Singing Society presented to their leader, Mr. CHAS. ASSORGE, a handsome gold watch. Appropriate speeches were made and several choruses were sung. This Society started last October with seven members, and consists now of fifty-seven singers and about thirty honorary members.

Miscellaneous.

MORE OPERATIC ROBBERY.—It seems that Mario and Grisi have contracted with Mr. Hackett to visit this country in the autumn.—The engagement is for the cities of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington. The performances are to be three in each week—probably two operas and one concert. It is stated that the two together are to receive \$2,500 for every night of their performance, and it will take over \$1,000 more for additional force; and the contractor will want to make another \$1,000, so that from \$3 to \$5 a ticket must be charged. We enter our protest in time, to this extortion. It is time the American public should stop the ridiculous system which originated with the Lind mania under Barnum.—*Newark Mercury*.

Let Mr. Hackett take a timely warning from the fate of Mr. Le Grand Smith. The remedy for this extortion must be found in having larger theatres, large enough to hold audiences which shall be *paying* audiences at moderate prices; and singers must be paid like other people. The European standard is not for us, and not to be followed by those who come among us, and we believe that the time has arrived for a thorough change to be brought about in this matter.

PORTLAND.—The *Portland Transcript* announces that SONTAG will not visit that city, as expected, and consoles itself thus:—

"And so we have to add the name of Sontag to the list of delinquent songstresses.—Lind, Alboni, and Sontag—a melodious trio of promise breakers. Well, if the great singers give Portland the go-by, we have the consolation of knowing that we have singers of our own, whose notes are everywhere at premium. If they can live without us, we can without them."

A new Musical Society, called the "Sangerbund," composed entirely of Germans, has been established at Alexandria, Va. Mr. Rasche is Director; Mr. Pfluger, President; Mr. Fuchl, Secretary; Mr. Shierstein, Treasurer.

The "*Prophète*" was given at St. Petersburg, for the first time, on the 5th of March. The whole of the court was present. Mario and Viardot Garcin exerted themselves to the utmost, and made the representation pass on in the most brilliant manner. The skating scene was very remarkable. It would have been thought, in this land of ice, it would have been managed to perfection; not so, scarcely any of the *corps de ballet* being able to keep upon their legs, and tumbling about in the most ridiculous confusion.

London.

The sixth concert of the Harmonic Union took place last night at Exeter Hall, under the conductorship of Mr. Benedict. The following programme was performed:—

PART I.	
Cantata—"Leonora".....	Macfarren.
Overture—"Demetrius".....	Cusins.
Selection—"Acis and Galatea".....	Handel.
Concerto: Pianoforte—Miss A. Goddard.....	Benedict.
PART II.	
Ode—"Alexander's Feast".....	Handel.

Mr. G. A. Macfarren's musical version of Burger's celebrated ballad of *Leonora*, which was so finely translated by Mr. Taylor, of Norwich, in the *Monthly Magazine*, and subsequently by the Hon. Mr. Spencer, Scott, and others, was a production highly creditable to the directors of the Harmonic Union. It would have been performed last year at one of the Philharmonic Concerts had not circumstances prevented the fulfilment of the pledge which was made in the programme of intentions. The nature of the ballad, which has not only been frequently translated into English, but as often pictorially illustrated, is well known, and the apostrophes of the unhappy heroine, whose chagrin at the non-appearance of her lover finds vent in rebellious imprecations against the justice and wisdom of Heaven, are as familiar as "household words" to the readers of Sir Walter Scott, whose *William and Ellen* is as popular in this country as the original poem is in Germany. At one of the concerts last year of the Royal Academy of Music, Mr. Macfarren's cantata was attempted, but with cruel wrong to the composition, for it was performed with the most mischievous and execrable inaccuracy, the students knowing very little of what they were about or else too inexperienced to deal with such a labor. The ballad is set for solo voices, with choruses, most of them of a complicated and elaborate character, full of Mendelssohnian color, and highly picturesque and suggestive. Mr. Benedict, who appeared to have taken considerable pains in the preparation of last night's performance, deserves, in many respects, to be praised for the results which he achieved; though much still remained undone. The difficulties of the cantata are very onerous. The chorus singers are often charged with passages of great intricacy, requiring a very intimate knowledge of the notes, as well as that immediate promptness of delivery from which the sentiment of the moment derives its force and meaning. The task both upon the vocalists and the instrumentalists is immense, and it was hardly to be wondered at if the first delivery was more or less wanting in clearness and intelligibility. The music is purely dramatic; and its character in this respect we have already indicated. It consists of an overture, or rather introduction, in F minor, followed by choruses in C and E flat, of which the advent of the soldiery, the rejoicings of the crowd, and the restless search of *Leonora* for her lover, are the themes. The dialogue between the heroine and mother in which the former imprecates and the latter soothes, is expressed in a duet graphically alternating between D minor and G major. A nocturne in B flat, deliciously written for the instruments, forms an episode of great beauty, and prefaces the arrival of *Wilhelm*, and introduces a duet for bass and soprano voices, chiefly in A, in which the spectre invites the maiden to accompany him. The principal section of the cantata then takes place—namely, that devoted to "the ride." In this Mr. Macfarren's powers as a musical scenist are very happily disclosed. The chorus, principally in F sharp minor, which describes the onward rush of the spectral horseman, with all its fantastic concomitants, is highly characteristic, and replete with felicitous strokes of wild and supernatural imagery—the short choral in D flat, the dirge of the phantom mourners, intercepting the ghostly progress of the "ride" with striking effect. The final apparition of the skeleton is portrayed in a choral recitative, in which the terrible phenomena conjured up by the poet are painted by a series of chromatic modulations, followed by a soprano solo and chorus, in F, the more open and purer complexion of which typifies the influence of the heavenly grace, and close the cantata with grandeur and sublimity. The principal vocalists were Madame Macfarren, Herr Standigl, and Miss Louisa Pynce. Mr. Macfarren, who was seated in the body of the hall, was loudly called for, and upon ascending into the orchestra was received with the most deafening and enthusiastic cheers.—*Herold*, April 26.

THE ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Gulielmo Tell was repeated on the 16th, with increased effect; and won even new honors upon its third representation on the 19th. On the 21st, the Opera was Norma; and this was the occasion for the re-appearance of the universal favorite, Mad. Grisi. She met with the welcome which was anticipated from a crowded house. On the 26th, Mario appeared in *I Puritani* (his first appearance this season)—on the 28th, the first extra night, William Tell. Verdi's new opera *Rigoletto* is announced.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—It was decided yesterday that Her Majesty's Theatre will not open this season. Everything was arranged up to the last moment. Lord Ward, the noble and spirited entrepreneur, had come forward with the utmost liberality; Signor Puzzi, his representative, had secured a first-rate company on the most advantageous terms; and everything began to look well and encouraging for the speculation, and for the four or five hundred people, the great majority of whom depended upon it for their daily bread, when, at the eleventh hour, the whole plan was rendered abortive by the selfish opposition of certain individuals less wise than short-sighted.—*London Mus. World*, Apr. 30.

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SPONTINI.

From the French of HECTOR BERLIOZ. (Concluded.)

His entrance into the Institute was most nobly done, and, it must be confessed, one that reflected great honor upon the French musicians. All those who might have taken a position in the ranks felt that they must yield to this great genius, and on retiring joined their votes to those of the entire Academie des Beaux Arts. In 1811, Spontini married the sister of our celebrated manufacturer of pianos, Erard. The attentions with which she surrounded him, contributed not a little to calm the irritation and to soothe the sorrows of which his nervous nature, and too real motives had rendered him the prey during the latter years of his life. In 1842, he made a pious pilgrimage into his native land, where he founded, with his own funds, several benevolent establishments.

Latterly, in order to escape the sorrowful thoughts which beset him, he determined to undertake another journey to Marjolati. He arrived there, and stood beneath that deserted

roof where seventy-two years previous he had first seen the light; he reposed there several weeks meditating upon the long agitations of his brilliant but stormy career, and suddenly breathed his last, loaded with glory, and covered with the benedictions of his compatriots. The circle was closed; his task was accomplished.

Notwithstanding the honorable inflexibility of his artistic convictions, and the solidity of the motives of his opinions, Spontini, whatever may have been said of him, allowed of discussion up to a certain point; into which he entered with that ardor manifest in every production of his pen; yet he sometimes yielded with much philosophy, when he was at the end of his arguments. One day, reproaching my admiration for a modern composition, which he esteemed but little, I succeeded in giving him some very good reasons in favor of this work of a great master who was not a favorite of his. He listened with surprise; then with a sigh, he exclaimed: *Hei mihi, gratis est! Sed de gustibus et coloribus non est disputandum.* He wrote and spoke the Latin language with great fluency, and frequently employed it in his correspondence with the king of Prussia.

He has been accused of egotism, violence, and harshness; but, taking into consideration the incessant hatred of which he has been the butt, the obstacles which he has had to overcome, the barriers which he has been obliged to break through, and the tension which this almost continual state of warfare must have produced in his mind, it may be, perhaps, permitted to evince some astonishment that he should have remained as companionable as he was; particularly if one bear in mind the immense value of his creations, and his conscience with regard to them; in comparison with the inferiority of most of his adversaries and the lack of elevation in the motives which guided them.

Spontini was not a musician properly speaking; he did not belong to the class of those who produce music from themselves, and who write without finding it necessary that an idea emanating from another should give rise to their inspiration. Therefore, he would not have succeeded, I think, in quatuor, nor in symphony. The grace and charm of his dancing airs; the majesty and the *brio* of certain parts of his overtures are, doubtless, incontestable; but they do not prevent one from seeing that he never attempted high instrumental composition.

He was, above all, a dramatic composer, whose inspiration increased with the violence of the passions which he had to depict. Hence the pale coloring of his first scores, written to puerile and vulgar Italian libretti; hence the insignificance of the music which he applied to that mean, cold and false style of which the opera-comique of *Julie* is so perfect a model; hence the ascendant movement of his thought in the two fine scenes of *Milton*—that in which the blind poet deploras the misfortune which has deprived him forever of contemplating the marvels of nature; and that in which Milton dictates to his daughter his lines upon the creation of Eve, and her appearance amid the calm splendors of Eden. Hence, in fine, the prodigious and sudden explosion of the genius of Spontini in *La Vestale*, that shower of burning ideas, those heartfelt tears, that rippling of noble, touching, proud and threatening melody, that so warmly colored harmony, those modulations so new in the theatre, that young *orchestre*, that truth, that profoundness of the expression, (I always insist upon this point), and that luxury of grand musical images, so naturally presented, imposed with so magistral an authority, and clasping the thought of the poet with so much force, that one cannot believe that the words to which they are adapted could ever be separated from them.

There are, not involuntary faults, but certain harmonic harshnesses intentionally introduced into *Cortez*; in *Olympie*, this style of harshness is, to me, very magnificent. Only, the orchestra, so richly sober in *La Vestale*, becomes complicated in *Cortez*, and is overburdened with various and useless designs in *Olympie*, so much so as, at times, to render the instrumentation heavy and confused.

Spontini had a certain number of melodic thoughts for every noble expression; when once he had scanned the circle of ideas to which these melodies were predestined, their source became less abundant; and this is why there is not so much originality to be found in the melody of the works, both heroic and passionate, which succeeded *La Vestale* and *Cortez*. But what are these vague reminiscences, compared with the barefacedness with which certain Italian masters reproduce the same cadences, the same phrases, and the same pieces, in their innumerable scores? The orchestration of Spontini, the embryo of which is to be found in *Milton* and in *Julie*, was a pure invention of his; it proceeded from none

but him. Its special coloring is owing to a use of wind instruments, if not technically skilful, at least very learnedly opposed to that of the stringed instruments. The part, new as well as important, confided by the composer to the altos, sometimes taken together, and sometimes divided like the violins into first and second parts, contributed greatly to characterize this instrumentation. The frequent accentuation of the feeble times of the measure; dissonances, turned aside from their path of resolution in the part in which they were heard, and resolving themselves into another part; broad designs of bass arpeggios, of all sorts of dimensions, majestically modulating beneath the instrumental mass; the moderate, but excessively ingenious use of the trombones, trumpets, horns, and cymbals; the almost absolute exclusion of the extreme notes of the sharp scales of octave flutes and clarinets, impart to the orchestra of the grand works of Spontini a majestic physiognomy, an incomparable power and energy, and often a most poetic melancholy.

As to modulations, Spontini was the first who introduced into dramatic music enharmonic modulations, and those called *foreign* to the principal tone. But if they are frequent in his works, they always originate in, and are put forth with an admirable art. He never modulates without plausible subjects. He is not like those restless and sterile musicians who weary with tormenting in vain a certain tone, change it in the hope of better luck. Several of the eccentric modulations of Spontini are, on the contrary, lightning-flashes of genius. I must place at the head of all, the abrupt passage from the tone of E \flat to that of D \flat in the soldiers' chorus in *Cortez*: "*Quittons ces bords, l'Espagne nous rappelle.*" At this unexpected change of tone, the listener is suddenly impressed in such a manner, that his imagination clears, in a leap, an immense expanse, that it flies, so to speak, from one hemisphere to another, and, forgetting Mexico, it follows in Spain the thought of the revolted soldiers. Let us cite another, which occurs in the trio of prisoners, in the same opera, at these words:

Une mort sans gloire
Termine nos jours,

the voices pass from G minor, to A \flat major: and also the astonishing exclamation of the high-priest, in *la Vestale*, where his voice suddenly falls from the tone of D \flat major to that of C major, at these words:

Vont-ils dans le chaos replonger l'univers?

It is also Spontini who invented the colossal crescendo, of which his imitators have only given a very microscopic diminutive. Such is that of the second act of *la Vestale*, when Julia, raving, and no longer resisting her passion, feels terror join and increase with her love in her distracted bosom:

Où vais-je?...ô ciel! et quel délire
S'est emparé de tous mes sens?

Un pouvoir invincible à ma perte conspire;
Il m'entraîne....il me presse....Arrête! il en est temps!

This progression of groaning harmony, interrupted by dull pulsations, increasing in volume, is an astonishing invention; the whole value of which can only be appreciated at the theatre, and not at the concert. It is the same in the first finale of *Cortez*, when the Mexican women, wild with terror, fling themselves at the feet of Montezuma:

Quels cris retentissent!
Tous nos enfants périssent!

I have already mentioned the finale of *la Vestale*. How shall I speak of the duo between Telasco and Amazily, which commences with, perhaps, the most admirable recitative ever written; of that between Amazily and Cortez, in which the warlike flourishes of the Spanish army are so dramatically mingled with the passionate adieu of the lovers; of the majestic air of Telasco: "*ô patrie! ô lieux pleins de charmes!*" of that of Julia, in *la Vestale*; "*Impitoyables dieux!*" of the funeral march; of the air at the tomb, in the same opera; of the duo between Licinius and the high-priest, a duo which Weber declared to be the most wonderful he ever knew? How shall I speak of the triumphal and religious march, in *Olympie*; of the chorus of priests of Diana, in consternation when the statue veils itself; of the extraordinary scene and air in which Statira, sobbing with indignation, reproaches the hierophant with having given her for a son-in-law the assassin of Alexander; of the choral march of the cortege of Telasco, in *Cortez*: "*Quels sons nouveaux,*" the first and only one ever written in $\frac{3}{4}$ time: of the bacchanale of Nurmahal; of those innumerable recitatives, as fine as the finest airs, and of a truth sufficient to drive to despair the most skilful masters; of those slow dancing airs, which by their soft and dreamy inflections, invoke the sentiment of voluptuousness by poetizing? I am lost in the meanderings of that great temple of *expressive music*, in the thousand details of its rich architecture, in the dazzling *fouillis* of its ornaments.

The unintelligent, frivolous or vulgar crowd abandons it now, and refuses or neglects to sacrifice therein; but for certain persons, artists and amateurs, in greater numbers than one would believe, the goddess to whom Spontini raised this vast monument is always so beautiful, that their fervor knows no cooling. And I do as they do, I prostrate myself, and I adore! w.

Julius Knorr's Instructive Works on Playing the Piano.

II.

After so very many Methods for the Piano have appeared, the complaint, that there exists no real method for the teacher, may seem almost ridiculous to many. And yet so it was. There was no guide for the teacher of music on the Piano.

The teacher of languages finds prepared for his use works, containing rule and example in close connection. Series of readers and selections made up with the greatest care from the works of the best writers give the teacher ample opportunity to use the course thus laid out for the more effective explanation of the theoretical rules of the grammar and at the same time for awakening and fostering the taste, the moral and mental capacities of his pupils. And so, from teaching the A B C, and spelling, up to composition, and artistical declamation of mother or foreign tongue, the teacher finds prepared for him a rational method, and the pupil a progressive, well-ordered series of studies and exercises. And yet almost nothing of the kind has been done for the teacher of music on the Piano. All the methods leave off at a certain point. Scarcely any tells the teacher which pieces of musical composition to

employ as repetition of and supplement to the mechanical exercises. None tells the teacher how to use them in order to awaken and foster the taste of the student, &c. The methods of the different periods were almost nothing but a collection of finger-exercises or trash pieces. And those few that cover their entire ground belong to a former period, as for instance, C. Ph. Em. Bach's "Essay on the true manner of playing the Piano," or S. Adam's "*Methode pour le Piano.*" Hummel in his great Method, has recommended the practice of some few compositions at different stages of the instruction. But this fragment of a guide for the teacher has not even found a place in the French edition of the book (and whether it has in the Italian and English the writer does not know). Czerny's "Letters to a Young Lady" also contain some hints as to certain works to be studied at certain times. But a complete guide for the teacher, where the young teacher would find laid out for him a course of instruction, from the first beginning up to final perfection, has not existed. Such a guide, to be valuable, must not only give a list of finger-exercises and of pieces, but it must mark out the *time when* exercises and pieces, *what* exercises and pieces, and *how* they should be studied by the pupil to the greatest advantage. It is only valuable also when it is complete; reaching up to and including the modern school; when it gives a full and clear synopsis of all the material which in course of time has accumulated to be conquered by the student.

Such a guide for the teacher was perhaps not needed, some one might say, otherwise the want might have been supplied long ago. True, it was not needed for a certain class of teachers, among whom as in one of the old Indian and Egyptian castes, the science of teaching with all the appurtenances of thorough knowledge of the material was hereditary from teacher to pupil. And this may be one of the main reasons why such a guide has not been written long ago by one of the many, yet comparatively few, who could have done it. Just those did not feel the need of such a compendium of knowledge which they possessed in full.

We have not room to prove why such a *guide* was more necessary for instruction in music, and most particularly for the Piano, with its vast literature, with its enormous mechanical difficulties than for any other art or science. It may be sufficient to consider for a moment the actual state of things. Look over almost any of the music books of pupils that have taken lessons on the Piano for some time and in ninety out of a hundred cases the contents will be almost essentially the same common-place music, waltzes and polkas and reels and cotillons and marches and quicksteps, composed by people so obscure and in a manner so puerile, that one might pity the paper that was blotted by them. And when we find this state of things prevailing all over the country, with few, very few exceptions, is there any one yet that asks, whether such a guide for the teacher is necessary? When the pupil, after expending time and money for years in many, very many cases, does not number one single good piece in all his music books, when his abilities are not sufficient to play even an easy piece of Mozart or Haydn at sight; when Beethoven is a name unknown entirely except perhaps by his "Desir-waltz" (which is *not* by him); when the pupil's taste does not appreciate anything above a "Salut

à Washington" or F. Beyer's "Rondinettes Americaines," &c.; when—but how many *whens* could be added—is it not evident that something is wanting to remedy such a crying evil? An evil for which, and the writer says it unhesitatingly, the teachers alone are to be held responsible? Indeed, for a great number of our teachers the works of Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, Weber, not to mention the great Johann Seb. Bach, seem not to be in existence.

The above facts are strong enough to prove to every teacher and amateur, that some guide was and is necessary to give a more rational, methodical view of their profession to a great number of teachers. Such a guide exists, written in German by JUL. KNORR, under the title: "*Methodischer Leitfaden für Klavierlehrer*," (Methodical guide for teachers of music on the Piano.)* And Jul. Knorr, a perfect musician, a logical thinker and an experienced teacher was, if any one, the fit person to write such a work.

This work guides the teacher from the very outset of instruction up to the time when his pupil has attained the highest degree of ability, and gives him a list of pieces and *études* in successive order as to difficulty up to the most difficult finger feats of the modern virtuosi. The whole little book (it contains only 64 pages 16 mo) is divided into five divisions. The first treats in 17 sections, on 12 pages, of the very rudiments, much in the same manner as the first thirty-nine sections of A. E. Müller's Method, edited by J. Knorr (see first paper on J. K.'s instrumental works).

The sections 18-29 contain on page 13-36 the second of these divisions, the "*First Period*," in which the pupil is taught the notes and at once introduced to a series of instructive works (34 in all) by Diabelli, Czerny, Clementi, C. M. von Weber, Kähler, Moscheles, J. Schmitt, Beethoven, Haydn, &c., with practical notes to many of them. The whole is interspersed with the preparatory finger exercises for each progressive stage of difficulties; most of which are taken from the author's edition of "A. E. Müller's Method," or his "Materials." And it may be remarked here that the little book in question alone contains the key to the proper use of both those works. When we add, that the finger-exercises of the first period cover exercises on thirds, double trill, chord of the tonic played simultaneously, and as arpeggios, all the major scales in four different ways, as contained in the Method (see first paper), minor scales, &c., the intrinsic merit of such a method will appear the more clearly. And here we may also remark, that there is nothing to be found in the pieces recommended which has not been prepared by previous exercises. A very favorable contrast, when compared with the too common way of teaching, where the pupil never having enjoyed sufficient mechanical preparation is compelled to practice such mechanical difficulties from the pieces, the playing of which is thereby made a perfect drudgery instead of being an agreeable task and recreation.

The third division in sections 30-32 on pages 36-45 forms the transition to the "*Second Period*," and contains finger exercises with constant reference to Knorr's edition of A. E. Müller, Vol. II., and a list of pieces (17 in all) by Pleyel, Beethoven, C. Mayer, Czerny, H. Bertini, H. H.

Heller, &c. These three divisions contain everything calculated to ensure a thorough foundation of the pupil in the mechanical part of playing the Piano.

The Fourth division in sections 33-37 on pages 45-54, the "*Second Period*," opens with remarks on this subject, recommending the recapitulation and study of the whole of the author's "Materials" in order fully to prepare the pupil for his subsequent studies, musical elocution henceforth being the main object of instruction. An extensive list, mostly of valuable compositions by Hüntten, Herz, Czerny, C. Mayer, Hummel, Dussek, Mozart, Haydn, Clementi, Ries, Beethoven, Spohr, &c., (54 in all) gives an idea of the first (easier) part of the compositions of medium difficulty. The section 36—second (more difficult) half of the compositions of medium difficulty—contains in progressive order a list of the better *études*, which, as the author says, "are in general to be regarded as special supplements to the Method," by Al. Schmitt, Cramer, A. E. Müller, Czerny, C. Mayer, H. Herz, and of pieces (48 in all) by Weber, Field, Kalkbrenner, Henselt, Liszt, Döhler, Chopin, Robert Schumann, Moscheles, &c., with practical remarks to many of them.

The Fifth division in sections 38-40, on pages 54-64, the "*Third Period*," again opens with a list of pieces and *études* (47 in all). Of *études*, only the best by Cramer, Al. Schmitt, Kalkbrenner, Ries, Clementi, Moscheles, which are to be preparing the way for Beethoven's (easier and first) works are recommended. The list goes on embracing compositions by F. Schubert, Onslow, Hummel, Moscheles, Czerny, Beethoven; *sinfonies* by Beethoven, Spohr, R. Schumann; and a number of overtures by Cherubini, von Weber, Spohr, Beethoven (Egmont, Fidelio, Coriolanus,) Mendelssohn (Midsummer-night's Dream, and Hebrides) in arrangement. The next section, after some introductory remarks contains another list of concert pieces with and without the accompaniment of an orchestra (39 in all) preparing the way again by Chopin's, Henselt's, Döhler's and Thalberg's *Etudes*, and comprising pieces by Liszt, Thalberg, H. Herz, Hummel, Beethoven, C. M. von Weber, J. S. Bach, Kalkbrenner, Moscheles, Dussek, Field, &c. In section 40, the little book closes with some valuable hints as to finishing touches which the pupil requires both in the mechanical and intellectual part of his Art.

This short synopsis will show that the work, however prominently the mechanical part of the Art is treated, is altogether unparalleled in musical literature. A thorough acquaintance with it will be found expedient to all teachers, and necessary to very many of the profession. If the pieces recommended are not all of the highest order, they are infinitely better than the trash called "sheet music," which is almost exclusively used in this country. And if the writer should have wished for more extensive selections from Haydn, Mozart, Clementi, Bach, Weber, &c., he is well aware that only the few would have been satisfied by such proceeding. Progress comes by degrees.

The writer therefore can only repeat his wish, expressed in the first paper, with regard to Knorr's edition of A. E. Müller's Method, viz: to see an English edition soon preparing by some enterprising publisher, and the work itself in the

hands of every teacher. The writer feels sure, that this little book will work a revolution in the present manner of teaching. G. A. S.

WITH A GUITAR.

SHELLEY.

The artist who this idol wrought
To echo all harmonious thought,
Fell'd a tree, while on the steep
The winds were in their winter sleep;
Rock'd in that repose divine
On the wind-swept Apennine,
And dreaming, some of Antum past,
And some of Spring approaching fast,
And some of April buds and showers,
And some of songs in July bowers;
And all of love; and so this tree—
O! that such our death may be!
Died in sleep, and felt no pain,
To live in happier form again;
From which, beneath Heaven's fairest star,
The artist wrought this loved guitar,
And taught it justly to reply
To all who question skilfully,
In language gentle as thine own,
Whispering, in enamored tone,
Sweet oracles of woods and dells,
And summer winds in sylvan cells:
For it had learnt all harmonies
Of the plains and of the skies,
Of the forests and the mountains
And the many voiced fountains,
The clearest echoes of the hills,
The softest notes of falling rills,
The melodies of birds and bees,
The murmuring of summer seas,
And pattering rain, and breathing dew,
And airs of evening, and it knew
That seldom-heard mysterious sound
Which, driven on its diurnal round,
As it floats through boundless day,
Our world enkindles on its way;—
All this it knows, but will not tell
To those who cannot question well
The spirit that inhabits it:
It talks according to the wit
Of its companions, and no more
Is heard than has been felt before,
By those who tempt it to betray
These secrets of an elder day.
But, sweetly as its answers will
Flatter hands of perfect skill,
It keeps its highest, holiest tone,
For our beloved friend alone.

HAFIZ.

[The recent re-appearance of our correspondent "Hafiz," suggests to us that it may not be amiss for us to prove his claim to the title which he assumes, and tell our readers who "Hafiz" is. We find in *Cocks's Musical Miscellany* the following article exactly to our purpose.]

Hafiz is a name of mystery to European ears. Who or what was Hafiz?

Hafiz is in fact a sort of generic term, meaning, amongst other significations, "a man of great memory;"—although, as generally used, it refers to one individual, whom we shall afterwards notice.

But, in order to define the bearer of this name, it will be necessary to premise some particulars respecting the Persian poets and their mode of writing; even at the risk of encumbering our columns with uncouth and unintelligible words.

There was, no doubt, a period when Persia had its national and patriotic songs like other countries; but the effect of oriental despotism is to extinguish that sentiment of ardent nationality in which such productions have their origin: and the songs of Persia have long been dedicated to the enervating topics of love and wine. The style and manner of the Persian poets have also extended to Hindostan, and entirely displaced those nobler productions, remains of which are to be found in the literature of the north-western parts of that coun-

* There is at present extant in English only a manuscript translation.

try where freedom and independence found their last asylum.

The poems of the Persian writers take the form of an ode, which is called, in the Eastern tongue, a *Ghazel*. In these *Ghazels* we find moral sentiments and complimentary allusions mixed up with the predominating themes before referred to. The *Ghazel*, it is said, should never consist of less than five *beits* or distichs, and should never exceed eighteen. If it exceed the latter number, it is called an elegy—in oriental phrase, a *kasside*. The term *rabat* or quatrain is applied to a composition of less than five lines. According to some, the *Ghazel* ought never to exceed eleven distichs.

The rhymes in these poems are under a very singular restriction. All the distichs of each *Ghazel* must rhyme throughout with the same letter; and this singularity is followed up, in the productions of the poets, by the still more quaint affectation of completing a series of *Ghazels*, or odes, to end in each of the letters of the alphabet in succession; thus the distichs of the first poem end all in *alif* (or a), of the second, in *be* (or b); and so on through the thirty-two letters of their alphabet.

A series of poems completed as described, with the distichs ending in every letter successively, is called a *dican*. This term *dican*, however, is not restricted to the sense just given, but is sometimes used to mean a complete collection of one author's works.

Now, when a poet had taxed his ingenuity and industry so far as to complete a *dican* or series of odes, with all the alphabetic endings as described, he was then deemed worthy of an honorary title; and the title by which he was distinguished was that renowned name we first referred to, namely, *Hafiz*. Several authors, Persian, Arabian, or Turkish, have been distinguished by this title; but, as we before said, it is generally understood to refer to one specific individual.

This individual—the *Hafiz* of fame—was named Mohammed Shems-ed-din. He was a native of Shiraz (the capital of that province which was the ancient Persia), a city whose name is familiar to readers of English poetry, from Colliu's pathetic eclogue of the Camel-driver—

"Sad was the hour and luckless was the day,
When first from Shiraz' walls I took my way."

Shems-ed-din was contemporary with the warlike Timur or Tamerlane, and was much honored by the princes and great men of his time. He is said, however, to have been of a retiring disposition, and to have resisted the attractions of a court. His death is stated to have occurred in the 79th year of the Flight (the *Hejira*, or epoch of the Mohammedans), which corresponds with the year 1394, *circiter* of the Christian era. A splendid monument was erected upon his tomb by the preceptor of the then reigning prince.

His poems were collected into a volume after his death. They are much admired in the East for "the sublimity of style, the variety of thought, the brilliancy of sentiment, and the elegance and ease of expression."

Persian poetry abounds in allegorical and complimentary allusions; and the Mohammedan readers of the poems of *Hafiz* (Shems-ed-din) pretend to find such a superabundance of obscure light in them, that they call them "the language of mystery."

The poets of the East are all distinguished by similar characteristics. "The style," says M. Villotaru (who went to Egypt with Napoleon Bonaparte), "partly figured, partly simple, of their artificial language, injures materially the clearness of ideas, which, besides, are drowned in an ocean of useless words."

The late Thomas Moore had the most exquisite perception of the genuine beauties of Persian poetry, without any particular fondness for those defects enumerated above—unlike imitators in general, who are possessed with a morbid affectation of imitating those *idiotisms* which are real blemishes, and entirely ignore the spirit, wit, or judgment of their models. Moore, on the other hand, wrote poems which were so truly Persian, as, when translated, to be sung

"By moonlight in the Persian-tongue,
Along the streets of Isfahan,"*

being recognized as possessing all the sound characteristics of Eastern poetry, with few of the defects incident to the oriental style.

With regard to the music of the Persians, its tonality is identical with that of the Arabians. Indeed, M. Fétis says, justly enough, that it would be impossible to discern a difference between the one and the other but for the style of performance, which gives the Persian music a certain softness or sweetness, wanting in that of the Arabs, and which is due exclusively to the more advanced civilization of the former beyond the latter. On the subject of the music of the Arabs and other orientals, we may be able to throw together a few thoughts for some future occasion.

In the meantime, a translation *de verbo ad verbum*, of one of the odes or *Ghazels* of *Hafiz* may be not without interest to the writer of English songs.

Each verse consists of eight feet, alternately Iambes and Spondees—that is, it consists of one short syllable followed by three long syllables throughout.

Ela ya eiyuh es-saki edar kasan we nawilha
Ke ishk asan numud ewwel weli eftadi mushkelba

We give, next, the literal translation of the whole ode. Every one of the seven distichs of the ode ends not only in the letter *alif*, but also in the syllable *ha*.

Ho! come! O cup-beaver, carry round the cup and present it,
For love appeared pleasant at first, but difficulties have happened,

In hopes of the perfume which at length the zephyr shall diffuse from that forehead,
From her waving musky ringlets, how much blood will flow into our hearts.

Stain the sacred carpet with wine, if the master of the house commands thee,
For a traveller is not ignorant of the ways and manners of houses of entertainment;

For me, what room is there for pleasure in the bowers of beauty, when every moment
The bell proclaims "bind on your burdens."

The darkness of the night, and the fear of the waves and whirlpool are so dreadful,
How can they know our situation, the bearers of light burdens on the shore?

All my voluntary actions have tended finally to a bad name.
How can that secret remain concealed of which they make conversation?

If thou desirest tranquility, neglect not this advice, O *Hafiz*;
When thou shalt possess her thou lovest, bid adieu to the world and abandon it.

To understand these poems, some knowledge is requisite of Oriental customs. It must be understood all along that the use of wine is forbidden to Mohammedans: therefore, the whole ode is according to the religious sentiments of the writer himself impious. The first line is Arabic, and is borrowed entire from the Caliph Yezid, who, besides being a prince and a conqueror, was, like many of his distinguished countrymen, also a poet. This plagiarism on the part of *Hafiz*, a subsequent poet describes as "the lion snatching a bone from a hungry dog." The bell proclaiming "bind on your burdens," alludes to the signal for the departure of the caravan, which signal, before the use of bells, was given by the voice of a crier. The sacred carpet is the carpet used for prayer. The deference claimed for the commands of the master of the house is explained to refer to the etiquette which was observed in houses of entertainment, the heads of which were jocularly called "old wise men," or *Peeri-Mughan*—this being the name given, in the time of the fire-worshippers, to the priests who had the care of the sacred fire.

In order to illustrate the use made by the western poets of the poems of *Hafiz*, we subjoin, farther, a paraphrase of the first distich which we have given above.

Fill, fill the cup with sparkling wine,
Deep let me drink the juice divine,
To soothe my tortured heart;
For Love, who seemed at first so mild,
So gently looked, so gaily smil'd,
Here deep has plunged his dart.

Not much like the Persian original, it will be said; but such are the affectations (not to assume too much to ourselves) of our Western poetry.

The poem, of which we have given the translation above, is not without poetic merit; yet, after reading it, we can scarcely wonder that such lines as

There's a bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream,
And the nightingale sings in it all the day long,

should, when translated into Persian, successfully compete with the indigenous poetry.

The licentiousness which the poetry of *Hafiz* suggests, seems, so far as at this distance of time we can judge, to have been in sentiment only, and not to have affected the life or manners of the poet. Indeed, his Eastern admirers find only mystical allusions to subjects of virtue and religion in his praises of love and wine. Still, on the ground of the character of his writings, an attempt was made to prevent his body being deposited with the remains of the faithful. It was finally resolved to open his poems for an augury, and to be guided by the passage first met with. The distich opened upon was

Oh! turn not your steps from the obsequies of *Hafiz*;
For, though immersed in sin, he will enter into heaven.

Mohammed Shems-ed-din was accordingly interred with due honors.

Ole Bull and his Colony.

OLE BULL'S Norwegian Colony is situated in Potter County, Pa. The principal town in the Colony, Oleona, contains already 700 inhabitants; the extent of the Colony embraces 140,000 acres. New-Norway is about 80 miles from Dunkirk, on Lake Erie; and by connecting it to Condersport by railroad, the branches of the Erie Railroad take you to Pittsburg, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York. OLE BULL has built himself a beautiful Norwegian cottage for his Summer residence. He proposes to establish a Polytechnic school in his Colony for the advancement of the arts and sciences generally, to be conducted by the most scientific men of Europe. His plan is to make it a civil and military school, to be open for the youth of the Union, and to connect the sciences with the arts. He desires to graduate an efficient corps to be devoted to the manufacture of arms, to draft new plans, and make reports concerning the improvements in arms and fortifications, to be enabled to inspect arms and cannon, and to know that they are made of the proper materials; and thoroughly to understand the science of pyrotechnics. An armory and a foundry are to be erected for practical purposes; and the best soldiers, artisans, and professors of Europe, employed for conducting the works. The corps, when graduated, to be received into the regular army as a new corps. The Government is to have the benefit of the result of all the discoveries in the arts and sciences, in return for which he asks the preference in all contracts for cannons, arms, ammunition, &c. The Institute is to be supported by a moderate sum in payment for the tuition of the students, and the professors, artisans, and workmen, besides receiving a salary, will be allowed to take shares in the joint stock company to be raised for building the works, and who will share *pro rata* in all contracts with the Government. This idea of the Norwegian is certainly a good one, and the Government should willingly lend its aid to the establishment of such an institution as would be open to every one, and in the power of all to receive its benefits and advantages. West Point has become an exclusive and aristocratical institution, and we greatly want an institution as proposed by OLE BULL, for the people at large. OLE BULL is a man of extraordinary talent and resources. He has that indomitable perseverance and energy which enables him to overcome all imped-

* See p. 18, of Vol. I. enlarged, C. M. M.

iments which may be cast in his way, and contrary to the general opinion, his knowledge of the sciences extends vastly beyond horse hair and fiddle strings. He was born in Bergen, Norway, in 1810, and spent a portion of his youth in the mountains of his country, where he learned the wild mountain music, and during the war between Norway and Sweden, became familiar with guerilla warfare. His uncle, who was then the only editor in Bergen, was a great musical amateur, and soon discovered OLE BULL's musical talent. After studying at the Academy at Bergen, he was sent to the University of Christiania, where he received a classical education, and prepared himself for the legal profession. His musical talent was already wide spread at the University, and being persuaded to play at a charitable concert, on one occasion, he made his first debut before a public audience, and was triumphant. For this his professors set him back in his examination, and just before his second turn came to graduate, the leader of an orchestra and manager of a theatre, who was very ill, sent for OLE BULL, and told him that if he could not procure him to lead the orchestra the coming night, he was a ruined man. The appeal was not in vain—his sympathy and enthusiasm carried him away—he left the University to lead the orchestra, and never return. His father was a celebrated chemist, and a pupil of the distinguished Professor TROMSDORFF. He has also a brother, a celebrated chemist, who graduated at Bergen; and a younger brother who graduated with distinguished honors at the Polytechnic School at Hanover, Germany, receiving the highest diploma over eight hundred students.

OLE BULL participated in the revolution in Paris, in June 1832, and was badly wounded. He was also with Gen. JUSSUF, in Algiers, in 1846, and in the skirmishes with the Kabyles, mountain tribe of Arabs. JUSSUF was the French General who fought and won the battle of Smala, in Africa, against ABD EL KADER, and which the Duke D'AUMALE took the credit of. OLE BULL was also in the revolution in Paris of 1848. He has a magnificent residence on the Island of Andoe, near Christian Sand, the South point of Norway, which island he owns, with eight others near it. Some fifteen miles from Christian Sand is a beautiful valley of 160 miles long, which on account of the difficult means of access, has only of late years been discovered. It is inhabited by a semi-civilized people, who speak a different language from the Norwegians, and who dress in the wildest and rudest manner. They are well skilled in the arts, however, and their jewelry and silver ware are of the most ingenious make, resembling the old fashions of centuries ago. The climate is said to be as charming and as mild as Italy.

[From the London Musical World.]

Mendelssohn's Quartet in F Minor.

This Quartet, one of the most interesting, from circumstances no less than from beauty, of the enormous legacy of unpublished works that Mendelssohn left for his tardy executors to dole out to the world, with, to consider it at the best, the seeming indifference of ceaselessly lingering, uselessly protracted delay—this Quartet, that must be peculiarly dear to all who understand, and therefore necessarily love the music of Mendelssohn, since it is an epitome of whatever is most individual to, and therefore most fascinating in, the master—this Quartet is said to have been written at the time of the death of the composer's much-loved sister, a very few months before his own. All the spontaneity that is most eminently a characteristic of our author's music, all the passionate fervor in which no one that ever wrote has exceeded him, are evinced in this composition to an extent scarcely equalled in any of his other productions; while we see that the power of development, and the facility of construction, which essentially distinguish a master, in the beauty and originality of his ideas, prove his genius was exercised with that accustomed fluency which might be supposed to spring less from educational acquirement than from original instinct. The work presents every intrinsic evidence of being the result of impulse rather than

of design, of having been written without premeditation or purpose, and because the ideas rather forced themselves upon the composer, and demanded of him expression, than were sought by him in fulfillment of a foregone intention. Such indication is corroborated by a story that prevails of the Quartet having been written with the electric velocity, that is proverbially called the speed of thought, but which is a speed that, practically, thought rarely attains,—namely, within some eight-and-forty hours; and it may therefore be regarded as the result of one of those sudden inspirations—no more material expression will compass my meaning—one of those inspirations by means of which a mind capable of great thought, with the means under control to mould such thought into form, even produces its greatest works the quickest. The complete unity of feeling that assimilates the several portions of the composition, the entire absence of research throughout the whole, the conciseness yet comprehensiveness of the plan of each movement,—these are among the characteristics to which I have referred, that give the work the character of being an improvisation; and it is this effect that most closely appeals to our sympathies, making us feel that the music is an unrestrained, unstudied outpouring from the innermost heart of one whose passion was as a fire intense and irresistible, igniting the sense of all whom it touches, and making us to burn with his emotion. In Italy, where modern art took its rise, Music was placed at the head of the sisterhood,—a supremacy that, however she be deprecated by such as cannot understand her, she more and more worthily asserts, especially as she is more and more successfully employed for the medium of expression of such subtleties of feeling as are without the scope of words, and, since they are not defined in our books, are beyond the power of graphic imitation. To this most exalted purpose is music, the chief of the fine arts, devoted in the work before us; in which the unsayable, the intangible, the invisible, the else-incommunicable, deepest emotions of the human heart are rendered, not with cold, severe nakedness of a metaphysical anatomy, but with the warm and truly genial glow of poetry, which, like the sunrise, beautifies all that it irradiates. The keenest anguish in every phase of our experience, from despair to resignation,—the two extremes of love that join in their mutual renewal—this is the train of emotion that the music we are now to hear embodies. It was written under the poignancy of the grief occasioned by a much-loved sister's loss; it is heard under the regret, which nothing but the brightness of his genius that evokes it can dissipate, for the loss of Mendelssohn; it may be strictly called her Monody; it must be felt to be his own. By the power of his genius the great musician stimulates, enforces our sympathies; our appreciation of this power defines their object; we cannot but feel all the beauty and all the pathos it embodies of his music; that we feel it and that we know it to be him who causes us to feel it, makes him the subject of the sorrow that it sings. Thus, let us believe that in listening to this Quartet we especially pay a tribute of feeling to the memory of the master; we heave a sigh on reading his epitaph—the epitaph of which himself is the author; in his own grief-accent let us acknowledge the tones of our regret, and our regret will wear the color of his beauty.

Haydn's Ox Minuet.

TRANSLATED BY CHARLES GROBE.

Joseph Haydn was surprised one day by the visit of a butcher. This man, who perhaps appreciated Haydn's music quite as much as any one else, said to him, artlessly and with all the grace he could assume, "Sir, I know that you are a good and obliging man, therefore I apply to you with confidence. You have, in every variety of composition, written exquisite things; you stand pre-eminent among all composers; but very particularly do your *Minuets* delight me. Well, I have need of one—pretty, lively, and entirely new, for the wedding of my daughter, which will be con-

summated in a few days. I can, in my extremity, address myself to no one better than the illustrious Haydn."

The kind-hearted Haydn smiled a quiet smile at this very new demonstration of respect, and promised the *Minuet* upon the next day, at which time the butcher did not fail punctually to make his appearance, and thankfully to take possession of the valuable present. After some time Haydn heard a noise of instruments; he listened and thought he recognized his new *Minuet*. He went to the window, and saw thence a magnificent Ox, with gilded horns, and adorned with ribbons and garlands of flowers. Surrounding him was a walking orchestra, which stopped under his balcony. The butcher advanced from among them, expressed once more the magnitude of his obligation to the great man, and concluded his speech with these words: "I thought that on this day I could not in a more appropriate manner than this, evidence my gratitude for so beautiful a *Minuet*. I have, therefore, brought you the finest of my oxen." He would not depart until Haydn, moved by his ingenuousness and gratitude, accepted the ox. Since that time has this *Minuet* been always known by the name of the "Ox Minuet."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 28, 1853.

The Opera.

The opera season of fifteen nights closed with a brilliant triumph on Friday evening. *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* was worthy, as but few operas are, to follow the *Don Giovanni*. For, in the Barber, we have the same impression forced upon us, in every note we hear, whether from orchestra or singers, that we have in *Don Giovanni*—the impression of the work of a great genius, who introduced nothing into any part which is not essential to the completeness of the whole. One would lose no single note of such music, of principals, of orchestra, or of chorus, for each part is necessary to the full development of the perfection of every other. We thought the first performance of *Il Barbiere* to be far beyond any that we had ever heard of it, but the last was a triumph, throwing that entirely in the shade, as well as all the other performances of the Sontag troupe. It was a fitting and brilliant termination to what has been to us, on the whole, the most perfect and complete series of operatic representations that we have ever had in Boston. True, we have had rather much of Donizetti and Bellini to but a very little of Rossini or Mozart, but we are to consider on the other hand, that nothing has been attempted that has not been most successfully accomplished, because nothing has been undertaken (save perhaps the *Don Giovanni*) which the number and powers of the company were not entirely competent to give in the most satisfactory manner. The principal parts have been such as were well adapted to Madame Sontag's powers as they are, and have consequently lost nothing in the representation, and in the other characters, the watchful eye of a true artist has evidently taken care that none should attempt to fill a part who could not satisfactorily carry it out. *Il Barbiere* then, was most excellently given. SONTAG, as *Rosina*, was more fascinating, more arch, more lovely than before. The Barber, the glorious *Figaro*, was given by BADIALI with more spirit and life than before and sung magnificently. We never cease to wonder at the masterly versatility of this most delightful of baritones; so good in every thing

that we cannot tell in what to prefer him, unrivalled in some parts, good in all, indifferent in none. The magnetism, the life and spirit of the principals pervaded the whole company, and whether ROCCO, GASPARONI or POZZOLINI did the best, it were indeed hard to say. Pozzolini seemed to be roused to unusual efforts and by his animated acting and excellent singing of *Count Almaviva*, won, on that night, the applause of all. The orchestra played with uncommon spirit and delicacy, and the effect of the whole performance has not been surpassed by any. Rarely have we seen an audience so thoroughly delighted—an audience too, the most intelligent and critical that our city can give. So ends our opera season for this year. Next year, if rumors are true, we shall hear CRISI and MARIO!

Mrs. Eastcott.

From the *Gazzetta Musicale di Napoli* of March 5th, (for a copy of which we are under obligations to a correspondent) we translate the following account of the début of Mrs. Eastcott, the American prima donna, in Rossini's *Barbiere*. After giving some account of the performance of the *Medea* at the San Carlo, it proceeds:—

"*Il Barbiere di Sevilgia* was put upon the stage with better auspices at the Teatro Nuovo and obtained better success; it was performed at the benefit of the EASTCOTT, a singer who now is the delight of all beholders, and the enthusiastic ovations which were given to this most beautiful music of Rossini were not at all diminished in four successive representations. The baritone, of a fine robust voice of large compass, Signor MASTRIANI, in the part of Figaro, GRANDILLO as Don Basilio, BIANCHI in that of Lindora, and SAVOIA as Dr. Bartolo, well deserved the applause of the public; and we should have occasion to give praise also to the orchestra had we not noticed that, neglecting to observe the requisite delicate gradations of color, it played throughout with a force entirely improper. The EASTCOTT then was distinguished among all.

Signora EASTCOTT, in sustaining so well the part of Rosina in the *Barbiere*, has confirmed the favorable opinion which the Neapolitan public had begun to form of her. No one believed that the American cantatrice could so succeed in executing with precision the difficulties of the Italian comic music, and in animating it with all the graces of expression. No one believed that the EASTCOTT could sing the cavatina of the *Barbiere* with that facility of vocalization and that propriety of accent for which the most celebrated singers of Italy are so distinguished; but no sooner was the voice of Signora Eastcott heard, than every one admired her power and musical intelligence. This singer has also given a still greater proof of the extent and facility of her sympathetic voice in her singing of the *Il mio Valzer* of Venzano, as she has shown her tragic power in singing with CEDRONE, with BIANCHI and with MASTRIANI, Verdi's Quartet, *Puoi tu figlia dell' amor*."

The same paper also announces the arrival in Naples of a young American tenor, HENRY SQUIRES and says of him that "his voice and musical aptitude give already the finest hopes, and when they shall be corrected and improved by the severe Neapolitan training, his name will surely occupy a place in the history of singers." Shall we not some day have an American opera troupe?

Ball's Statuette of Webster.

MR. T. BALL, has just completed a full length statuette of DANIEL WEBSTER, of which we can speak with the highest admiration. It is one of the most successful; we are not sure but it is decidedly the most successful of the thousand attempts that have been made recently to portray the face and figure of the great statesman. The head is in our opinion even more faithful to the original than that of the large bust by Mr. Ball, and has, we think, the very expression and air of life. The figure is not so entirely satisfactory as the head, though, from some points of view it is, in its whole effect, a very perfect representation of the noble and imposing presence so familiar to us all. The costume is that which Mr. Webster used to wear, and is as successfully treated by the artist as so ungainly a dress could be. The attitude is dignified and graceful, giving us, to the very life, the best idea of Mr. Webster, as he appeared in the Senate and at the Bar, that we have ever seen. Mr. Ball's statuette is worthy the especial attention of the Committee who have in charge the Webster Memorial, and of all who desire to possess a faithful portrait of the deceased statesman and a work of Art of very uncommon excellence. The original model, (which is about two feet in height) is now on exhibition at the store of Mr. WM. Y. BALCH, in Tremont Street (next to the Tremont Temple).

We take this opportunity to call attention to a pleasing collection of pictures by HINCKLEY, HUNT, GERRY, CHAMPNEY, and others of our native artists, which may be seen at the same place.

Fétis' Biographie Universelle des Musiciens.

The students of musical history and biography will be glad to learn that M. Fétis is about to prepare for the press a Supplement to his valuable *Biographie Universelle*. This book is one of the most complete works of the kind, as far as it goes; but, commenced in 1837, the last of the eight volumes already published comes down only to the year 1844, and in the ten years that have since elapsed, many stars and comets have appeared in the musical firmament, whose movements have not been computed and of which we have no record, save the more or less unreliable accounts to be found in the periodicals of the day. Many, whose names are hardly mentioned in the published volumes, have since risen to celebrity, and are among the brightest in the annals of music. It is therefore a matter of congratulation that M. Fétis is at length to complete, as far as possible, his musical history down to the present day, and his forthcoming volumes will be looked for with uncommon interest. A translation of the entire work into English would, we doubt not, be a most acceptable addition to many musical libraries.

MR. KEYZER'S CONCERT, postponed from last Saturday, takes place this evening, as will be seen from the advertisement in another column. The programme is a choice one, and we need no other guarantee than that of Mr. Keyzer's name, to say nothing of the gentlemen who are to assist him, that the Concert will be one of unusual excellence, well worthy the attention of the lovers of classical music. Mr. Keyzer has done us good service here in the times of the Boston Academy, and his claims must not be now forgotten.

JESSE HUTCHINSON.—The telegraph announces the death of Jesse Hutchinson, at a Water Cure establishment, near Cincinnati, on Monday. Many hearts will feel sadder for the news. Jesse was about 40 years of age, and the eldest of the "Band of Brothers"—(and sisters) known as the Hutchinson family. He was a genius in his way. Gentle-hearted, artless and honest, he wrote and sang his songs, preaching brotherhood and peace wherever he went. Just previous to his embarking for California, full of high hopes, he called on us with a poem address to his friends at large, in which he promised them all lumps of gold.—Alas, California was to him a land of shadow and death. He is now, doubtless in a land of sweeter songs and fairer joys than he ever knew on earth.—N. Y. *Eve. Mirror*.

Musical Intelligence.

Local.

Hardly was the ink dry last week with which we announced that the City Government had voted to provide music on the Common during the summer months, than we found in the daily papers, that the measure had been defeated, on its final passage, because East and South Boston could not also have music. We regret the fate of this measure, and if it be dictated by economy, would suggest that the expenses of the junketings of Committees and other city functionaries be retrenched somewhat, during the next year, and that the amount so saved shall be appropriated for the improvement and pleasure of the citizens generally.

The Annual May training has called out all the military hands, and the streets are echoing with brass. We notice a slight improvement in some of our city bands, and can especially speak with favor, of a very noticeable improvement in the performances of the Brigade Band, reminding us somewhat of its former days. But one weariness of the everlasting monotonous sound of brass, and longs to hear a full, well proportioned military band, such an one as we might have in Boston. In pleasing contrast to this brass music was the music given by the Germania Serenade Band at the Inauguration of President Walker, at Cambridge, where we heard again the pleasant tones of the wood instruments. The number of the band was too small for a reed band, and the effect was somewhat thin; impaired, too, by the position in which it was placed, but we are glad to see that those having charge of the college music on public days, have made this change. The vocal music on this occasion was performed very acceptably by a select choir from Boston, to the accompaniment of an organ for which a respectable hand-organ might to advantage have been substituted.

We learn from the daily papers that Mr. GEORGE F. HAYTER will give an "Organ Entertainment" at Williams Hall this evening, assisted by Miss ANNA STONE, (vocalist.) The excellence of the performer and the superior quality of the instrument, promise well for those who attend.

Signor GUIDI is delivering in Philadelphia a course of lectures on the cultivation of the voice.

SUNDAY EVENING CONCERTS.—We learn from the *Portland Transcript* that the announcement by the Sacred Music Society of that city of their intention to give a series of Sacred Concerts on Sunday evenings, has given rise to some discussion in the papers; some being disposed to look on the proposition as a most dangerous innovation upon the Puritan customs of that place in regard to the observance of the Sabbath, and others very properly, maintaining the other side of the question, urging upon the religious part of the community the propriety of giving their countenance to the undertaking. The *Transcript* says,

"There certainly can be no sin involved in performing or listening to the sacred music of Handel, Haydn, and Mozart, on the Sabbath, but if the religious portion of the community discountenance the concerts, if they scrupulously abstain from attending them; if only the fashionable, the gay and thoughtless, are left to frequent them for purposes of amusement and gossip, their influence cannot be for good. On the other hand, if the members of our churches, entering into the spirit of the compositions, attend their performance as a fitting after-part to the public worship of the day, if they carry to the concert room—as they certainly may—the same devout feelings with which they enter the sanctuary, they cannot fail to diffuse a Sabbath influence over the occasion, to give its tendencies a health-

ful, religious direction, and to make the concert a very profitable improvement of the Sabbath evening."

We question much whether anything more sublime or more elevating in its influences can be found than to listen to the performance of the "Messiah," for example, or any of the great Oratorios or Masses of the composers named above, nor do we imagine that such performances can be looked upon as any desecration of the Sabbath hours. How can it be that the most sublime words of Scripture, wedded to the most glorious of music, should be any other than an inspiring and truly elevating religious service, if listened to in a proper spirit?

MILWAUKIE. From the third Annual Report of the Milwaukee Musical Society, we learn that during the past season this Association has successfully performed Haydn's oratorio of the "Creation," entire; the "Seasons;" and more recently the entire opera *Czar und Zimmermann*, which seems to be very popular with German audiences. The performance of this opera we understand to have been extremely successful and satisfactory. The Society numbers over 160 active members furnishing the principal singers, orchestra and chorus. With a very few exceptions, these are all amateurs and receive no compensation for their services; but we are told their performances are of a degree of excellence (especially in the orchestra and chorus) that are seldom heard even in our cities. We should suppose that such intelligence from this most distant of our inland cities must excite the emulation of musical societies nearer home, for there is no city of any size in which the same thing might not, with a little pains-taking, be successfully accomplished.

London.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY. The programme of the fourth Concert was as follows:—

PART I.

Sinfonia, MS. Cherubini.
Scena, "Alcandro,"—Herr Staudigl. Mozart.
Concerto, MS., violoncello,—Signor Piatti. Molique.
Aria, "Sento mancar mi,"—Mrs. Enderssohn. Crescentini.
Overture, "Euryanthe," Weber.

PART II.

Sinfonia Pastorale. Beethoven.
Aria, "Der Kriegerstrost,"—Herr Staudigl. Spohr.
Concerto in E flat, pianoforte,—M. Hallé. Beethoven.
Duet,—Mrs. Enderssohn and Herr Staudigl. Spohr.
March in "Athalie" Mendelssohn.
Conductor, Mr. Costa.

The symphony, in D, of Cherubini, the only one from his pen which is known, was written for the Philharmonic Society during the composer's residence in London, performed once, and assigned to the library, to be forgotten until the present time, when it suddenly came into the heads of the seven directors that such a work existed, and might possibly be worth a hearing. It is not, like the imperishable models of Mozart and Haydn, a work for all time; though, at the period of its composition, it may have successfully represented the actual state of the arts. What Cherubini himself thought of this symphony may be judged from the fact that, many years after it was written, he turned it into a quartet for stringed instruments, transposing it a note lower, and changing many parts of it. In its second form it was introduced, last season, by Messrs. Sainton, Cooper and Piatti at the Quartet Association, and gave much greater pleasure than in its symphonic shape on Monday night. That it shows the hand of a master in every movement, and that its instrumentation is admirable for strength and clearness, may be readily believed. The name of the author is a guarantee for such excellencies. But on the other hand, a general absence of fancy, a monotony of coloring, and a certain prevalent staleness in the themes, render it dull in spite of its cleverness. The vigor, and fine orchestral painting, if the expression may be allowed, observable in the operatic overtures of Cherubini, are nowhere manifested in his symphony; and, though it was played with great spirit, the apathy with which it was received by the audience, renders it unlikely that we shall hear it again. It was, nevertheless, a wise step on the part of the directors to introduce it; and its performance on Monday night will be remembered as an interesting fact in the annals of the society.

The new composition of Herr Molique was unequivocally successful. It has supplied what has long been wanted—a concerto for the violoncello equal in importance and interest to the concertos of the great masters for the violin and the pianoforte. Mendelssohn had projected such a work for Signor Piatti, but did not live to finish it. The concerto of Herr Molique is divided into three movements—an *allegro moderato*, an *andante* and a *rondo*. The longest is the *allegro*; but the beauty and strong contrast of the principal subjects, the effective character of the *bravura* passages for the principal instrument, and the masterly variety of the orchestral accompaniments invest the whole with a powerful interest. The introduction of an elaborate *cadenza* on the tonic pedal is also a new and happy idea, which, among others, helps to establish the originality of this movement. The *andante* is chiefly remarkable for its exquisite melody.

The *rondo*, written in the form of a regular movement, affords a grateful relief by its playful and animated character, which is carried out in the orchestra with unceasing spirit and ingenuity. In Signor Piatti, Herr Molique found an executant capable of giving the best effect to his concerto. Seldom has this unrivalled player appeared to greater advantage. His execution of the passages and *tours de force* was perfect, while his tone and expression in the *cantabile* phrases might have afforded a useful lesson to any vocalist. The concerto was received with enthusiasm. It was a consolation to the subscribers to be enabled to hear Molique as a composer, now that they are allowed so few opportunities of applauding him as a performer at the Philharmonic Concerts, notwithstanding that he is one of the greatest of violinists, and, moreover, resides in this metropolis.

Another complete and well-deserved success was achieved by M. Charles Hallé, whose performance of Beethoven's incomparable concerto in E flat was an exhibition of pianoforte playing of the very highest class. This great pianist first came to England in 1844. He did not appear, however, at the Philharmonic Concerts until 1852 (eight years afterwards), and would probably not have appeared then but for the repeated admonitions of the press, which put the subscribers on the *qui vive*, and forced the tardy directors to give M. Hallé a chance that so many players of mediocre talent had, for special reasons, been allowed to enjoy. Better late than never. M. Hallé's superb reading and execution, on Monday night, of Beethoven's longest and most difficult concerto, and the profound sensation it created—although, owing to the unusual length of the programme, he did not come forward till very late in the evening,—justify us in referring to the remonstrances we have felt it our duty to address to the directors of the Philharmonic Concerts, who, year after year, while M. Hallé was delighting the audiences of the Musical Union by his performances of the works of the great "classical" composers, obstinately persisted in depriving their own subscribers of the advantage of hearing him. At the eleventh hour, M. Hallé was invited to the Philharmonic Concerts (having already appeared almost everywhere else, even in Manchester, Liverpool, and Dublin); and his success was so great in 1852, that he was again invited in 1853. What will be the issue of Monday night's performance may be readily guessed. The subscribers have twice listened to M. Hallé and twice paid a just tribute to his merits. It is unlikely, therefore, that any special reason can henceforward prevent his appearance in the Philharmonic orchestra being an annual event.—*Times*, May 4th.

The third meeting of the *Musical Union* took place on Tuesday morning at Willis's-rooms, when Haydn's quartet in E, No. 69, was performed; followed by Beethoven's quintet in E flat, Op. 16, and Beethoven's quartet in D. The executants were Vieuxtemps, Goffré, Hill, Piatti, Barret, Lazarus, Baumann, and Jarrett, whose playing throughout fully sustained the reputation of these fashionable concerts. Vieuxtemps, at the termination of the pieces we have named, played a pair of violin solos, and Hallé a selection from Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte*. The rooms were crowded.

The *Creation* was given last night at Exeter Hall, under the auspices of the *Harmonic Union*. The solos were delivered by Miss Louisa Pyne, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Herr Staudigl, who were assisted in the concerted pieces by F. F. Rowland and Mrs. Dixon. Vocalists so accomplished as these, coupled with a large and experienced chorus, could not fail to produce, under the able direction of Mr. Benedict, the best results, and notwithstanding the fact that by this selection the society departed in some measure from the principles upon which it originally proposed to govern itself, the performance appeared to be a welcome incident to the subscribers. The evening commenced with Mr. Henry Leslie's Festival Anthem, a work which we have more than once taken occasion to praise as the production of a very clever amateur, not very original certainly, but reflecting the prepossessions of the writer for Mendelssohn and Handel, without altogether concealing his ability to think for himself. The anthem is well and solidly put together, and is evidently growing in favor with choral societies. Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Sims Reeves were the leading vocalists. The concert was well attended, and the programme which he selected manifested no decadence of the good taste for which we have frequently given him credit. Among other morceaux, we had a quintet by Spohr and Mendelssohn's *Andante* and *Rondo Capriccioso*, the intervals being occupied by violin and violoncello solos at the hands of Vieuxtemps and Hausmann and a few choice vocalities. But not only as a performer but as a composer, has Mr. Aguilar earned distinction. With his usual anxiety to give novelty and interest to his programme, he introduced on this occasion a new trio for the pianoforte, violin, and violoncello. This composition merits all the praise due to grace and variety of idea, and sound and ingenious scholarship. The feeling and the knowledge of the musician are evidenced throughout, the vein of thought being thoroughly classical, and the technical resources to which the composer appeals, those of the most refined art. The trio was beautifully rendered by Vieuxtemps and Hausmann, in conjunction with Mr. Aguilar, whose playing was remarkably able and effective. The vocalists were Mme. Doria, Mme. Anna Zerr (who was encored in each of the songs which she contributed), and Herr Reichart.

Standard, May 5th.

A concert was given last night at the new Beethoven-rooms, by Mr. Holmes, for the purpose of introducing his two sons to the public as violinists. These youths,

who are aged respectively some 13 and 15 years, performed in various pieces, both solo and concertante, and each exhibited on his instrument talents which are rarely met with in players of much more advanced age. Haydn's Quartet in B flat (No. 69) was led by the elder of the brothers, the younger playing the second violin, Mr. Webb the viola, and Sig. Piatti the violoncello, with a firmness, precision, and delicacy which would have done honor to a veteran Quartet-player. The same youth (Alfred Holmes) also took the violin part of Beethoven's Sonata in F (seconded by Mrs. Crook as pianist); and moreover, performed a solo by Vieuxtemps—a fantasia abounding in the greatest difficulties of the instrument. These, however, were surmounted by the youthful artist with a facility, certainty, and self-possession that could be surpassed by but few of the established solo players of the day. Double stops and octave passages were rendered with such exact intonation and certain execution as to satisfy the most critical ear. The younger performer (Henry Holmes), who displayed talents scarcely inferior to those of his brother, led a trio of Hummel's (Mr. Lindsay Sloper being the pianist), and also played Mayseder's variations, Op. 49, in a style, that had no traces of juvenility or pupillage.

Daily News, 6th May.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA. On Saturday *Puritani* was repeated for the second time. Mario sang better than on the first night, and Madame Bosio was no less excellent than on her first essay.

Donizetti's serious opera, *Maria di Rohan*, on Tuesday night, introduced two new *debutantes*—Mademoiselle Albini as Maria, and Mademoiselle Nantier Didicé as Armando di Gondi. The former is an artiste of considerable pretensions. She has a pleasing face and a pleasing voice, but expression is wanting in both, and her tragic talents are below mediocrity. Her singing is occasionally striking for its brilliancy, and the quality of the voice is for the most part agreeable; but Mlle. Albini is completely out of her line in such a part as Maria, and the management did not display its usual tact in submitting the lady to such an ordeal. It is a pity—Ronconi and the drama considered—that no first-rate artist will condescend to undertake the part of Maria. Though the situations are so fine, and the character itself is prominent and boldly drawn, the music is of the weakest and most ineffective, and would require a Grisi or a Crivelli, but still we think justice and fair play demand they should have another trial—but not in high tragedy—perhaps not even in the serious line at all—but something in the *semi-serie*, leaving her two chances to creep through.

Mademoiselle Nantier Didicé—the new contralto—is no contralto at all. She has a good resonant mezzo-soprano voice, and is a practised singer and up to all the business and traditions of the stage. Self-possession is one of the marked characteristics of Mlle. Nantier Didicé. If Mlle. Nantier Didicé fail in producing her best effects, it will certainly not be for want of confidence. The new lady was decidedly successful and justly so. She sang well and acted manfully, as it were, and did everything required of her in a satisfactory and creditable manner. If she did not enchant, she pleased. If she displayed no genius, she showed skill and schooling. So much for the new contralto—who is no contralto.

The first performance of *Lucrezia Borgia* on Thursday night attracted the fullest attendance of the season. Grisi and Mario for the first time in combination were loadstars too powerful to be resisted.

Lucrezia Borgia we have always considered to be one of Grisi's very finest parts,—perhaps her very finest. This glorious artist is greater when the tragic passions are interwoven with the softer and more feminine emotions, indicating that her peculiar power lies in realizing mixed feelings, rather than in sustaining, like Pasta, a single passion, undiversified to the end. For this reason Grisi is pre-eminently grand in *Lucrezia Borgia*, and her genius therein has its fullest and most home scope for its broadest display. Every phase of the character, on Thursday night, was rendered with life-like reality, and the whole was wrought into a picture of intense beauty and truthfulness. Nor was Grisi herself in the acting only. She sang splendidly and was in fine voice, so that they who heard her that night, if they had not heard her previously—but who has not heard Grisi?—were fortunate indeed in hitting upon a time when she was in the very height of her force and magnificence.

But what of Mario? What shall we say of Mario? What shall we say of Mario on Thursday night? Why, that he, who surpasses all the tenors who ever reigned and ruled in song, surpassed himself. Yes, hear then, all ye who feared Mario was losing his voice; hear and learn, that Mario was in finer voice than we have heard him for years on Thursday night! His singing always transcendent, was transcendent on Thursday night; but his voice, not always transcendent—since for two or three seasons past, he was suffering from some slight affection of the epiglottis—was transcendent on Thursday night. Yes, hear it, all ye admirers of the glorious tenor, your name is legion! Mario's voice is as fresh, as limpid, as penetrating—more penetrating—as sympathetic—more sympathetic—as touching, and as powerful as ever. His singing and acting on Thursday night literally defy description. He was consummately great from the very commencement, and in his death-scene, might have challenged comparisons with Macready himself. To say, then, that Mario produced a *furor*, is to say what was inevitable. He was recalled twice after the two first acts, and thrice with Grisi at the end. Thursday night was a glorious night for the Royal Italian Opera. Mario is himself again!—*London Mus. World*, May 7.

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DON JUAN.

A FABULOUS EVENT WHICH HAPPENED TO A TRAVELLING ENTHUSIAST.

[From the German of HOFFMANN, by B. Roelker.]

The loud ringing of a bell and the words of a shrill voice, "the theatre begins," awoke me from a gentle sleep. Double-basses were growling in great confusion—now came a stroke on the kettle-drums and then a blast from a trumpet—a clear A from an oboe was heard and violins fell in between. I rubbed my eyes. "Has, perhaps, the always busy devil?" No! I was in the room of the hotel where I had arrived the day before almost as if broken on a rack. The rope of a bell hung just over my nose; I gave a good pull, and the servant appeared.

"What, for heaven's sake, is the meaning of this confused music here close by me? is there a concert to be given in the house?"

"Your excellency" (I had drunk champagne at dinner) "does not know perhaps that this hotel is connected with the theatre. This paper door will lead you into a small corridor from which you can enter box No. 23, reserved for strangers."

"What?—theatre?—stranger's box?"

"Yes, the small stranger's box holding two or at most three persons—it is reserved only for persons of rank; it has green paper hangings and Venetian blinds, and is close to the stage. If your excellency should choose—we play to-day 'Don Juan,' by the celebrated Mr. Mozart, from Vienna. We can put the price for the ticket on your bill."

The last words were spoken while he opened the door of the box, so quickly had I stepped, upon hearing the word 'Don Juan,' through the paper door into the corridor. The house was, for this middle-sized place, spacious, tastefully decorated and brilliantly lighted. All the boxes and the parterre were crowded. The first accords of the overture convinced me that a most excellent orchestra would afford me the most exquisite enjoyment of this masterpiece, even though the actors should perform indifferently.—During the Andante the horrors of the terrible subterranean *regno al piano* came over me; presentiments of something awful filled my mind. The joyous fanfara in the 7th bar of the Allegro sounded to me like villainy in high glee. I saw fiery demons stretching forth their glowing claws from deep darkness to catch some of the gay mortals who were merrily dancing on the thin cover of the abyss. The conflict of man's nature with the unknown direful powers that surround him and lie in wait for his destruction, stood clear before my mind.

At last the storm subsided and the curtain rose. Freezing and out of humor, Leporello, wrapt in his cloak, paces, in dark night, up and down before the pavilion: "*Notte e giorno faticar*."—Ah! Italian? thought I, here in this German town. "*Ah che piacere!*" I shall hear the recitatives and all just as the great master felt and thought in his mind. Now Don Juan came rushing out and after him Donna Anna, holding the villain by the cloak. What an aspect! She might have been taller and more slender, and more majestic in her walk; but what a head, and eyes from which love, anger, hatred and despair shot as from one focus, a shining pyramid of bright sparks, which like Greek fire, unquenchable, burned to the very core. The loose braids of her dark hair float in ringlets down her neck. Her white night-dress traitorously discloses charms that are never looked upon without danger. The heart in which the pangs of the horrid deed are buried, was yet beating in violent pulsations.—And now what a

voice! "*Non spera se non m' uccidi*." He notes, as if cast of ethereal metal, flash like glaring lightning, through the storm of the instruments.—Don Juan tries in vain to free himself.—But does he wish it? Why does not he thrust the woman aside with his strong hand? does the wicked deed enervate him, or is it the struggle of hate and love within his breast that deprives him of all courage and strength?—The old father has now paid with his life for his folly in attacking the vigorous opponent in the dark; and Don Juan and Leporello approach the proscenium in the recitative conversation.

Don Juan disengages himself from his cloak and is standing there in a costly dress of velvet embroidered with silver. His figure is strong and beautiful, his face of manly beauty; his nose of a Roman cast, his eyes penetrating and his lips softly formed. The singular play of a muscle on the forehead gives his physiognomy, for a moment, something of the expression of Mephistopheles, which without marring his beauty of face, excites an involuntary shudder. It seems as if he could exert the magic power of a serpent; it seems as if woman, after having once gazed upon him could no longer escape from him, and must complete her ruin, being once seized upon by this invisible power.

Leporello, tall and slim, with a red and white striped vest-coat, a short red cloak, a white hat with a red feather, is tripping round him. His features have an expression strangely mingled of good nature, roguishness, lustfulness and ironic pertness; his dark eyebrows form a strange contrast to his grizzly hair and beard. One sees at once the old fellow is a fit assistant and servant of Don Juan. They have now made their fortunate escape over the wall. Torch-bearers, Donna Anna and Don Ottavio appear. The latter is a delicate, nicely dressed and smooth mannikin of twenty-one years at most. Being the betrothed of Anna, he no doubt staid in the same house, as he could not have been called so soon. At the first alarm he might no doubt have hastened to the spot in time to save the father; but he had first to dress himself, and besides he did not venture out in the night,—

"*Ma qual mai s' offre, o dei, spettacolo funesto agli occhi miei!*"

More than despair in consequence of the cruel outrage is expressed in the terrible heart-rending notes of this Recitative and Duet. But it is not alone Don Juan's violent attempt, threatening

ruin to her and causing death to her father, which forces these notes from the anguished heart: it is a destructive deadly struggle in her heart which can produce them.—The tall, lank Donna Elvira, who has still visible traces of great beauty which has now faded, had just chid the traitor Don Juan: "*Tu nido d'inganni*;" and the compassionate Leporello had very archly observed, *parla come un libro stampato*," when I thought I perceived somebody near or behind me. It was easy for a person to have opened the door and stolen in, and at this thought a pain shot through my heart. I had felt so happy at being alone in the box, entirely undisturbed, and clasping with all the fibres of sensation, as with polypus arms, this masterpiece, now produced to such perfection, and absorbing it. A single word, which moreover might be silly, might have cruelly snatched me from this glorious state of poetico-musical exaltation. I resolved to take no notice of my neighbor, but, entirely wrapt up in the playing, to avoid every word and look. With my head resting on my hands and my back turned toward my neighbor, I looked on. The further continuation of the play corresponded with the excellent beginning. The little roguish, amorous Zerlina comforted, in sweet notes and airs, the good-natured dolt Masetto. Don Juan distinctly expressed his broken soul and his scorn at the mannikins around him, put there merely for his pleasure, that he might break in upon and destroy their faint-hearted doings, in the wild aria, "*Fin ch'han dal vino*." The muscle on his forehead moved more violently than before.—The masks now appear. Their terzetto is a prayer that in pure and shining rays ascends to heaven. The middle curtain now flies suddenly up. There is a feast going on in a merry crowd of peasants, goblets ring and all kinds of masks are moving round, attracted hither by Don Juan's feast.—The three persons sworn to take vengeance now appear. The scene grows more solemn, till the dance begins. Zerlina is saved; during the loud thundering Finale Don Juan, undaunted, with sword in hand meets his enemies. He strikes the fancy sword of the bridegroom out of his hands, and makes his way through the crowd which he throws into entire confusion, as the brave Roland did the army of the tyrant Cymort, so that all fall comically one over the other.

I often seemed to perceive behind me a warm, gentle breath, and to hear the rustling of silk. This made me suppose that a woman was present, but wholly wrapt up in the poetical world which the opera disclosed to me, I took no notice of it. Now that the curtain had dropped, I looked round for my fair neighbor. No words can express my astonishment: Donna Anna, in the very costume in which I had shortly before seen her on the stage, stood behind me, and fixed upon me the penetrating look of her animated eyes. Entirely speechless I fixed a steady gaze on her; her mouth (as it seemed to me) contracted into a light, ironical smile, in which I mirrored myself and discovered my silly figure. I felt the propriety of my accosting her, and yet I could not move my tongue which seemed to be lamed with surprise and even fright. At last, almost involuntarily the words escaped me: "How is it possible, to see you here?" whereupon she answered at once in the purest Tuscan, that unless I understood and spoke Italian, she would be obliged to forego the pleasure of my conversation, since she spoke no other tongue. The sweet words sounded like singing.

The expression of her dark blue eye was heightened while she spoke, and every glance flashing from it poured a stream of fire into my heart, which made every pulse beat quick and every fibre quiver. It was Donna Anna herself. The thought that it was possible for her to be on the stage and at the same time in my box, did not occur to me. As a happy dream combines the strangest things, and a pious faith understands what is supernatural, and brings it in a seemingly natural manner into harmony with the so-called natural phenomena in life, so fell I also, in the presence of the wonderful woman, into a kind of somnambulism, in which I saw the secret relations which so closely joined me to her that she could not go away from me even when she was on the stage. How gladly would I write down for you, my dear Theodore, every word of the remarkable conversation which was carried on between the Signora and myself! but while I try to write down in German what she said, I find every word stiff and cold, every phrase awkward, to express what she spoke in Tuscan with all ease and grace. When she spoke of Don Juan and her own part, I felt that now for the first time the depths of this masterwork were laid open to me, and I could distinctly look into and recognize the fantastic forms of a foreign world. She said that her whole life was music, that she often seemed to comprehend, while singing, many things; mysteriously hidden in her inner soul, which no words could express. "Yes, then indeed, I comprehend them," continued she with a burning eye and higher tone of voice, "but all around me remain cold and dead, and while they applaud a difficult roulade and a successful cadenza, icy hands seem thrust into my glowing heart. But you seem to understand me; I see that to you also has been revealed the wonderful romantic world, where the heavenly charm of tones dwell."

"What, you glorious, wonderful woman, is it possible you know me?"

"Did not the enchanting frenzy of ever yearning love pour forth from your heart in the part of — in your new opera. I have comprehended you; your soul has been revealed to me in singing. Yes indeed (here she called me by my Christian name) I have sung *you*; as are your melodies, so I!"

The stage bell rang; a sudden pallor spread over Donna Anna's unpainted face; she pressed her hand on her heart as if she felt a sudden pain, and while she said in a low tone: "Unhappy Anna, thy most fearful moments are now coming," she left the box.

The first act had delighted me, but after this singular event, the music affected me in an entirely different and strange manner. It seemed as if the long promised fulfilment of the fairest dreams were now realized in another world, as if the most mysterious forebodings of the enchanted soul were made to stand forth in notes and could be recognized in these forms. In the scene where Donna Anna appears, I trembled with excess of delight while a gentle warm breath stole over me. My eyes involuntarily closed, and a glowing kiss seemed to burn upon my lips; but this kiss was a note long drawn out as if by an ever thirsting, yearning desire.

The Finale now commenced in tones of reckless merriment: "*Gia la mensa è preparata*." Don Juan sat caressing between two girls, and opened bottle upon bottle to give to the fermenting spirits,

hermetically closed within, free sway over him. The room was small, with a large Gothic window in the background, through which one looked upon the dark night without. Already while Elvira reminds the faithless one of his former vows, one can see lightning through the window, and the low grumbling of an approaching thunder storm is heard. At length comes the violent knocking. Elvira and the girls fly away, and amidst the fearful accords of the subterranean spirit-world, the huge marble colossus stalks in, opposite to which Don Juan appears like a dwarf. The floor shakes under the thundering footstep of the giant. Don Juan, through storm, thunder and the howling of demons shouts his terrible "No!" The hour of his destruction is at hand. The statue disappears, dense smoke fills the room, out of which horrible spectral forms are developed. Then an explosion takes place as if a thousand thunder bolts struck at once; Don Juan and the demons have disappeared, one knows not how! Leporello lies fainting in a corner of the room.

How refreshing now is the entrance of the other persons who in vain look for Don Juan, who has been withdrawn by the subterranean powers of earthly vengeance. It seems as if we had but just escaped from the fearful company of hellish spirits. Donna Anna appeared wholly altered; deathlike pallor was spread over her face; the eye was without lustre, her voice was trembling and uncertain, but, for that very reason, of a heart-rending effect in the short duet with the sweet bridegroom, who, since heaven has fortunately saved him from the dangerous office of an avenger, wishes to hold at once his nuptials.

The fugged chorus rounds off the work to a whole most masterly.

I hastened to my room in the greatest state of excitement which I ever experienced. The waiter called me down to supper, and I followed him mechanically. The company was large, as it was the time of the fair. The representation of Don Juan was the subject of conversation. The people generally praised the Italians, and the true conception of their playing, yet the slight remarks that were here and there thrown out showed that hardly any one had but a faint glimmering idea of the deep meaning of the opera of all operas. Don Ottavio had pleased much; Donna Anna had been too passionate for one. He thought that persons ought to moderate themselves and avoid everything too affecting. Her relation of the surprise had almost overwhelmed him. Here he took a pinch of snuff, and looked with an indescribably wise and stupid expression in his neighbor's face, who maintained that the Italian woman was, however, quite beautiful, only too careless in dress and finery. Just in that scene a lock of hair had got unfastened and shaded the half profile of the face! Now another began to hum "*Fin ch'han dal vino*,"—whereupon a lady observed that she had been least satisfied with Don Juan; the Italian had been too gloomy and grave, and had not represented the frivolous, volatile character lightly enough. The last explosion was praised very much. Weary of this shallow talk, I hastened to my room.

In the Stranger's Box, No. 23.

I felt so stifled in the close and sultry room!—About midnight I seemed to hear your voice, my Theodore! You pronounced distinctly my name, and there seemed to be a rustling near the paper

door. What should detain me from visiting once more the place of my singular adventure? Perhaps I shall see you and her who fills my whole being! How easy it is to carry the little table in there—and lights and my writing utensils! The butler is looking for me with the punch I ordered; he finds the room empty and the paper door open and he follows me into the box and casts a doubtful look upon me. At my sign he puts the beverage upon the table, and withdraws with a question on his lips, looking round after me. Turning my back upon him, I lean upon the edge of the box and look into the empty house the architecture of which, magically illuminated by my two lights, projects in curious reflexions strangely and fairy-like. The curtain is moved by the keen draft of air blowing through the house. What if it should rise? if Donna Anna, tormented by direful ghosts, should appear?—Donna Anna! call I involuntarily; my voice dies away in the void space, but the spirits of the instruments awake in the orchestra—a singular tone comes trembling upward; it is as if the beloved name were whispering on in it!—I cannot repress an inward trembling, yet pleasantly it thrills through my nerves.

I became master of my mood and feel disposed at least to point out to you, my Theodore, how I now seem to comprehend for the first time, the glorious work of the divine master in its deeper characteristics. Only the poet understands the poet; only a romantic mind can enter into the romantic; only the mind poetically exalted, that has received the consecration in the temple, can understand what the consecrated one speaks in the moment of inspiration. When we look upon the poem (*Don Juan*) without giving to it a deeper meaning, when we only look upon the historical part, we can hardly comprehend how Mozart could invent and set such music to it. A bon-vivant who loves wine and women beyond measure, who wantonly invites to his merry supper the man of stone, representing the old father he had killed in defending his own life—certainly there is not much poesy in this; and plainly spoken, such a man hardly deserves that the subterranean powers should select him as a choice specimen of hell, and that the marble statue, animated by the departed spirit, should take the trouble to dismount to exhort the sinner in his last hour to repentance, and that at last, the devil should send out his best fellows to effect the transportation into his dominion in the most horrible manner!

[Conclusion next week.]

Julius Knorr's Instructive Works on Playing the Piano.

III.

With every teacher of music on the piano, who labors faithfully to introduce his pupils as soon as possible into the sanctuary of true music, it has no doubt long been a wish to possess a collection of pieces of classical worth and yet easy enough to be used for beginners. Such a want has been supplied by our untiring Julius Knorr, in a collection called: "*Classische Unterrichtsstücke für Anfänger auf dem Piano*" (Classical pieces for the instruction of beginners on the Piano). We cannot do better than translate here the preface to this collection, in order to show the author's intention:

"Little pieces for beginners exist in such numbers that any addition to them might appear superfluous. Yet many a teacher no doubt has found most of them insufficient and not fully answering their purpose.

"For some of these pieces are composed in a shallow and uninteresting manner; others are stitched together out of dry finger-exercises, which one may find in any method for the piano, so that they can only be tiresome to the beginner. In others the melodious tinkling from operas (mainly of the latest epoch) only flatters the ear, and thus they soon spoil it, producing a distaste for simple and true music. Others again are written in a modern style, too artificially, and therefore less adapted to the understanding of the beginner. Indeed, if the pupil were kept at them some time, they would soon make him lose his feeling for real and original music. Besides, in all of those different little pieces, difficulties peculiar to the strict style are interspersed much too sparingly, as if they were intended to save the teacher trouble. And yet without being thoroughly familiar with the strict style, a correct manner of delivery cannot possibly be attained afterwards.

"In consideration of this state of things, I resolved to make a collection of such pieces, in as perfect a form and as progressive an order as possible, from the original works of Mozart, Haydn, Clementi and Cramer. These I have edited and, in order to make them more useful, furnished them with fingering and with instructive remarks. The unaffected and noble music of Mozart, the natural and humoristic of Haydn, the substantial of Clementi and the graceful of Cramer, will, I am confident, only tend to improve the taste and ear of the beginner.

"Hummel and Beethoven have been excluded from this collection on account of the greater mechanical difficulties attending their works. The latter one moreover might be too difficult for the understanding of the beginner. And Joh. Seb. Bach stood too far off from our present world"

" . . . Every one will perceive that these pieces are not intended for the first beginning of instruction on the piano and consequently they require a preparation by other means"

These are the main contents of the author's preface.

The most suitable preparation will be found in the exercises and pieces recommended in the author's "*Guide*" &c. in §§ 1—23, which include Czerny's op. 139, Nos 1—30. After these pieces this collection will be found about difficult enough, with only few exceptions. And it forms an excellent substitute for the following two books of Czerny's op. 139, which, eminently practical as they are, lack that deeper unction and inspiration with which the works of Mozart, Haydn, &c. abound.

The author recommends in the same preface another collection under the title: "*Anfangsstudien auf dem Pianoforte als Vorläufer zu den classischen Unterrichtsstücken*" (elementary studies on the Piano, precursory to the classical pieces), which however would not answer at all, as they do not contain exercises sufficient to a thorough preparation. In fact since Knorr has written his "*Materials*," and more especially his "*Guide*," &c., and edited A. E. Müller's "*Method*," there can be found no sufficient reason for editing a collection as incomplete as these "*Elementary Studies*."

Every teacher who has any love at all for his calling should introduce these classical pieces to his pupils and thereby create and foster a taste for true music; thus gathering, as early worshippers, around the altar of the Beautiful, the Good and the True, all the young hearts confided to his care. It will aid him materially in fulfilling his noble vocation.

G. A. S.

PERGOLÈSE.

JEAN BAPTISTE JESI, (surnamed PERGOLESE because he was born at Pergola, a little town in the Duchy of Urbino, a few leagues from Pesaro,) was born in 1707. Having hardly attained the age of ten years, the young Jesi was taken to Naples, where, in the noble families of Stigliano and Maddaloni he found protectors, who caused him, in 1717, to enter the Conservatory of St. Onofrio (not that of the *Poveri di Gesù Cristo*, as Boyer says, in his account copied by all biographers). Gaetano Grecco, who had gone from the latter Conservatory to that of St. Onofrio, directed all the musical studies of Jesi, who received from his fellow students the name Pergolèsi, under which he has become celebrated. Although the style of the Neapolitan School was not less severe than that of the old Roman masters, still Grecco, a pupil of ALESSANDRO SCARLATI, had preserved the tradition of a pure and elegant harmony and of scientific forms which were neglected by the generation which followed. Pergolèse followed the traditions of his master in his earlier productions; but later, influenced by the example of VINCI, formerly his fellow student, he looked upon dramatic expression as the principal end of the art and introduced this expression even into his Church Music.

Leaving the Conservatoire after nine years of labor and study, he composed for the Fathers of the *Oratory of the Gerolinini*, the oratorio entitled *San Guglielmo*, considered his first work. The prince of Agliano, having heard this production, employed him to write for the *Theatre dei Fiorentini*, the intermezzo, *Amor fa l'uomo cieco*, which however did not succeed, and was followed, at the theatre of St. Bartholomew, by the serious opera, *Rocimero*, which succeeded no better. Pergolèse, discouraged, seemed to renounce the theatre after this second failure and devoted himself during nearly two years to instrumental and religious music. It was at this time that he composed nearly thirty trios (for two violins and bass) which the prince of Stigliano, first Equerry of the King of Naples, had requested of him, of which twenty-four have been published in London and Amsterdam. In 1730 he wrote for the theatre of St. Bartholomew his buffo opera, *la Serva padrona*, a *chef d'œuvre* of spiritual melody, elegance and dramatic truth, in which the genius of the composer triumphed over the monotony of two characters, who hardly ever leave the stage, and of an orchestra, reduced to the proportions of a quartet. The success of this opera was almost the only complete success that Pergolèse obtained in his whole life. *Il Maestro di Musica* and *Il Geloso*, which followed it, did not at first succeed, and were only prized at their real worth, after the death of the author. In the month of May, 1734, Pergolèse obtained the title of Chapel Master of the Church of Our Lady of Loretto, and went to take possession of this post. The following year he went to Rome to write the *Olympiad* for the Tordinone theatre. The bad luck which persecuted

him followed him there also, for his opera experienced a dismal failure, although there were in it two airs and a duet of a remarkable and penetrating expression. DUNI (who supplied Boyer with the greater part of the anecdotes for his biography of Pergolèse) relates also the following concerning the *Olympiad*. Having been summoned to Rome, to write an opera, called *Nero*, which was to be played after the opera of Pergolèse, who was his fellow student at the Conservatoire at Naples, he did not dare to write a single note of his work till he had heard the *Olympiad*; but after one performance he reassured himself, seeing that the beauties which were scattered throughout that opera, would not be understood.

"There are too many details entirely above the comprehension of a common audience," said he to Pergolèse, "they will pass unnoticed, and you will not succeed. My opera will not be worth so much as yours; but, more simple, it will prove more successful." The event justified his prediction, for the *Olympiad*, performed in the spring of 1735, was ill received by the Romans. Overwhelmed by this failure, Pergolèse, renouncing the theatre forever, returned to Loreto, where he henceforth occupied himself wholly in the composition of Church Music. But his dissolute habits had already impaired his constitution; a disease of the chest appeared, and physicians decided that a change of climate was necessary. The composer, wishing to try that of Naples, went to Puzzoli, near that city on the sea shore; and it was here he composed his famous *Stabat Mater*, the beautiful cantata *Orpheus*, and the *Salve Regina*, which was the last of his works. The uncertainty which prevails in regard to many of the important circumstances relative to this great musician exists also in respect to the time of his death, most of the biographers fixing it in 1737, though Maffei assures us that he died in 1739, at the age of thirty-two. Rumors of poison were circulated, and obtained some credit, but were proved to be without foundation. The decline of his health, of which the cause has been given above, was slow and gradual. But no sooner had his eyes been closed, than the indifference with which he had been treated by his countrymen gave place to the keenest regrets. From that moment his reputation began to spread; his operas were played in all the theatres; Rome revived his *Olympiad*, applauding it with transport; and finally, even in the churches, into which it would seem fashion should not enter, for several years hardly any other music was heard than that of the author of the *Stabat*. In France, where an almost complete ignorance of the existence of the great artists of foreign countries prevailed, the music of Pergolèse was introduced fourteen years after the death of the composer, by an Italian troupe of ordinary singers, and excited transports of admiration. *La Serva padrona* and *Il Maestro di Musica* were translated into French, represented on the stage, and the parts engraved. In Sacred Concerts, also, the *Stabat Mater* obtained an enthusiastic success, and several editions of it were published. At last nothing more was wanting to the glory of Pergolèse, and, as always happened in a reaction against injustice, his merits were exaggerated, in considering him as the master of masters, although he is inferior to SCARLATTI and LEO in dramatic force, and although in his church music there are characteristics ill adapted to the character of the words.

The Padre MARTINI accuses the *Stabat* of containing passages more appropriate for an opera than for a penitential hymn, and he even makes citations which recall analogous passages of *La Serva padrona*; and, though one must confess that his criticism is not entirely without foundation, it is just to say, that examples of this kind are rare, and that few religious compositions in the concerted style are of more touching expression than the first verse of the *Stabat* and the *Quando Corpus*. The *Salve Regina* for a single voice, two violins, bass and organ, is also a model of expression; although less celebrated than the *Stabat Mater*, it may be considered as a most perfect composition and of superior merit. His compositions for the church are sixteen in number, including beside the *Stabat Mater* and *Salve Regina* two entire Masses, and several *Kyries*, *Dixits*, *Laudates* and other compositions. His operas and other secular compositions, most of the titles of which have been given above, are ten in number, including trios already mentioned.

THE SPHERE OF DREAMS.

BY G. P. CRANCH.

Sweet Dream, that shimmered o'er me in the night
And stole my heart away,
Warmer wert thou in pulses of delight
Than this return of day:—
Day—usher of the cheap and vulgar life
Lived, brooded o'er and o'er—
The weary knot that seeks the severing knife;
The crowd about the door,
That roars and frets, until we turn the key
In stolen solitude,
And in the spirit's inmost privacy
Escape the ruffian brood.
Sweet dream-world! Cradled in thy dawning hour
We lose one life, but find
The wild aroma of some long lost flower
In days that once were kind.
Life's murky clouds are tipped with golden ray,
And harshest circumstance
Transfigured stands—or reels and fades away
As in a spectral dance.
Nor reck we of the customs, creeds and laws
That hem yon mortals in;
But live as lives the budding rose, because
Child-conscience knows no sin.
O wild, strange dreams, some truthful texts ye give
For nature's free dominion:
Why should we not be maskers all and live
Above the world's opinion?
Children of sleep—illuminated letters
Amid our dusky leaves—
Angels who smite in twain the iron fetters
In which the spirit grieves—
O come as ye have come—like festivals,
And hang your flower-festoons
Around the columns of the heart's wide halls;
And let the brightest moons
Flood all the windows, while the orient
Breathes in a spicy breeze,
And all the calm of summer time is sent
From shadows of the trees.

Improvement of the Ear.

The first step for improving a musical ear is the correct appreciation of the intervals of notes, which is most speedily and effectually accomplished, according to our experience, by learning to tune any stringed instrument with accuracy. A minuteness of tact is thus acquired, which no other exercise can ever produce. The violin, the harp, the guitar, &c., may be made choice of for this purpose, and the tuning taught and practised independent at first of any efforts to play; for we think it quite possible to teach tuning separately from playing, and think that this would be a great improvement on musical education.

Madame Mara was originally taught the violin, which, we have no doubt, accounts in part for her fine delicacy of ear. "Had I a daughter," said she, "I would have her taught the violin before she sung a note; for how," continued she, "can you best convey a just notion of slight variations in the pitch of a note? By a fixed instrument? No. By the voice?—No. But by sliding the finger upon the string, you instantly make the most minute variation visibly as well as audibly perceptible." The principle is unquestionable, and we must urge the practice to be carefully followed up by all who are anxious to improve their musical perceptions and their ear for music.

The exercises for improving the ear will be best pointed out by a master; but without the accurate and persevering practice of tuning, we are of opinion that even the finest natural ear will be deficient in delicacy and accuracy. Intonation, as Mr. Bacon remarks, is the highest possible requisite of a singer; and the main impediment that stands in the way of obtaining this is ignorance of the desired interval. It is indeed a received opinion, that to sing the scale in perfect tune is, as it were, an act of simple uninformed nature; whereas, in truth, it is purely an act of imitation. There can be no doubt, consequently, that to blend the tuning of an instrument with the practice of the first elements, must be useful, if not indispensable. We have observed the effect so often that we cannot hesitate in thinking that a variation from the pitch frequently proceeds from an erroneous notion of the interval, rather than from any failure in the organ to obey the will. This, from habit, becomes inveterate, and confirms occasional errors, so that even good singers sometimes find it impossible to correct an original misapprehension of a particular passage or note caught from first learning the air by an instrument out of tune.

Much depends on the communication of the first principles in the first few lessons. Most amateurs are destroyed at the outset. Some assistance in attaining the knowledge of intervals may be afforded by the power of numbers and an acquaintance with the arithmetical differences between the notes of the scale. Figures, indeed, will convey no accurate sensible idea through the ear; but a knowledge of the precise relations will instruct the mind and act as coadjutor to that organ. In the same way a general notion of *temperament* may be given, and the beautiful effects of particular keys upon a fixed instrument, illustrated, and the necessary compliances and deviations pointed out. We may admit the general truth of the common rule, that all keys are alike to a singer; but we must also admit that a conformity to temperament is both frequently necessary, and that it often heightens the expression of a song. For, if this is not the case, why do composers select particular keys; why prefer A with flats, to A with sharps, and the contrary? The melancholy effect of the one and the brilliancy of the other are entirely produced by the temperament. It should seem, therefore, that a defect may be softened into a beauty, though the possession of this power can only consist with an accurate understanding of the differences, which can be communicated by no other means, so rapidly and so certainly as by practically tuning some stringed instrument, as has just been recommended.

The counting of time, in its various modifications, is considered a criterion of the correctness of the ear. All knowledge of sound is acquired by imitation and comparison; no verbal definitions of time, unassisted by practical demonstration, can ever convey any precise ideas, nor does the ear arrive at the power of distinguishing without much practice. This faculty is, therefore, scarcely to be considered simply as an act of the ear. We compare two sounds, indeed, by means of the ear; but we remember certain rules by which we are to determine, and which must be founded on ideas acquired from art. A singer never fails to adopt the scale of that instrument by which he has been taught. Scholars are addicted even to the faults of their masters. It is, therefore, apparent that in the formation of the ear, as much depends upon instruction as upon nature; and the excellence or

defect of the ear can only be ascertained during the progress of tuition, by careful and repeated trials.

The just appreciation of harmony is a more advanced step in the process of cultivating the ear. An uninstructed person, however fine his natural ear for music, can have no proper relish for the music of the full orchestra; for this plain reason, that he cannot understand it, and is confounded rather than delighted. It requires both practice and much observation and experience to acquire a taste for this; for we think it quite possible to have an exquisite taste for simple melody, without the least relish for the complicated harmony of a full concert, or the display of the art of counterpoint.

A Visit to Mozart.

[From the "Reminiscences of Michael Kelly."]

I went one evening to a concert of the celebrated Kozeluch's, a great composer for the piano-forte, as well as a fine performer on that instrument. I saw there the composers Vanhall and Baron Dittersdorf; and, what was to me one of the greatest gratifications of my musical life, was there introduced to that prodigy of genius—Mozart. He favored the company by performing fantasias and capriccios on the piano-forte. His feeling, the rapidity of his fingers, the great execution and strength of his left hand particularly, and the apparent inspiration of his modulations, astounded me. After this splendid performance we sat down to supper, and I had the pleasure to be placed at table between him and his wife, Madame Constance Weber, a German lady, of whom he was passionately fond, and by whom he had three children. He conversed with me a good deal about Thomas Linley, the first Mrs. Sheridan's brother, with whom he was intimate at Florence, and spoke of him with great affection. He said that Linley was a true genius; and he felt that, had he lived, he would have been one of the greatest ornaments of the musical world. After supper the young branches of our host had a dance, and Mozart joined them. Madame Mozart told me, that great as his genius was, he was an enthusiast in dancing, and often said that his taste lay in that art, rather than in music.

He was a remarkably small man, very thin and pale, with a profusion of fine fair hair, of which he was rather vain. He gave me a cordial invitation to his house, of which I availed myself, and passed a great part of my time there. He always received me with kindness and hospitality.—He was remarkably fond of punch, of which beverage I have seen him take copious draughts. He was also fond of billiards, and had an excellent billiard table in his house. Many and many a game have I played with him, but always came off second best. He gave Sunday concerts, at which I never was missing. He was kind-hearted, and always ready to oblige; but so very particular, when he played, that if the slightest noise were made, he instantly left off. He one day made me sit down to the piano, and gave credit to my first master, who had taught me to place my hand well on the instrument.—He conferred on me what I considered a high compliment. I had composed a little melody to Metastasio's canzonetta, "*Grazie agl' inganni tuoi*," which was a great favorite wherever I sang it. It was very simple, but had the good fortune to please Mozart. He took it and composed variations upon it which were truly beautiful; and had the further kindness and condescension to play them wherever he had an opportunity.

Encouraged by his flattering approbation, I attempted several little airs, which I shewed him, and which he kindly approved of; so much indeed, that I determined to devote myself to the study of counterpoint, and consulted with him, by whom I ought to be instructed.—He said, "My good lad, you ask my advice, and I will give it you candidly; had you studied composition when you were at Naples, and when your mind was not devoted to other pursuits, you would perhaps have done wisely; but now that your profession of the stage must, and ought, to occupy all

your attention, it would be an unwise measure to enter into a dry study. You may take my word for it. Nature has made you a melodist, and you would only disturb and perplex yourself. Reflect, '*a little knowledge is a dangerous thing*;'—should there be errors in what you write, you will find hundreds of musicians, in all parts of the world, capable of correcting them; therefore do not disturb your natural gift."

"Melody is the essence of music," continued he; "I compare a good melodist to a fine racer, and counterpointists to hack post-horses; therefore be advised, let *well alone*, and remember the old Italian proverb—*Chi sa piu, meno sa*—Who knows most, knows least." The opinion of this great man made on me a lasting impression.

My friend Attwood (a worthy man, and an ornament to the musical world) was Mozart's favorite scholar, and it gives me great pleasure to record what Mozart said to me about him; his words were, "Attwood is a young man for whom I have a sincere affection and esteem; he conducts himself with great propriety, and I feel much pleasure in telling you, that he partakes more of my style than any scholar I ever had; and I predict, that he will prove a sound musician." Mozart was very liberal in giving praise to those who deserved it; but felt a thorough contempt for insolent mediocrity.

SINGING AND PRAYING.—In a small country town, located in the vicinity of the junction of the Chenango with the Susquehanna river, there is a church in which the singing had, to use their own phrase, 'run completely down.' It had been led for many years by one of the deacons, whose voice and musical powers had been gradually giving out. One evening, on an occasion of interest, the clergyman gave out the hymn, which was sung even worse than usual—the deacon of course, leading off. Upon its conclusion, the minister arose and requested Brother — to repeat the hymn, as he could not conscientiously pray after such singing. The deacon very composedly 'pitched' it to another tune, and it was again performed with manifestly a little improvement upon the first time. The clergyman said no more, but proceeded with his prayer. He had finished, and taken the book to give out a second hymn, when he was interrupted by Deacon — gravely getting up, and saying, in a voice audible to the whole congregation, 'Will Mr. — please make another prayer? It will be impossible for me to sing after such praying as that!'—*Knickerbocker*.

ANTIQUITY OF THE SACKBUT, DULCIMER, &c.—A well known passage in Daniel puts it out of all doubt, that music was cultivated and brought to a considerable degree of perfection amongst them, if we may judge by the number and variety of the instruments mentioned in it, of which the names of two occur for the first time in the sacred writings, viz: the sackbut and dulcimer. "Nebuchadnezzar the King made an image of gold, whose height was three-score cubits, and the breadth thereof six cubits. Then an herald cried aloud, to you it is commanded, O people, nations and languages, that at what time ye hear the sound of the Cornet, Flute, Harp, Sackbut, Psaltery, Dulcimer, and all kinds of music, ye fall down and worship the golden image which Nebuchadnezzar the King hath set up." There are various conjectures concerning the Sackbut and Dulcimer; it is thought that the Sackbut was a wind instrument, formed of the root of the tree, and played upon by stops like a Flute. An ancient Sackbut was found in the ruins of Pompeii, and appears to have resembled our modern Trombone, which was formed by the Italians, from the one they discovered in the ashes of Vesuvius, where it had been buried nearly two thousand years. Whether the Sackbut was ever lost, or only fell into disuse, is not certain. The ancient one, found at Pompeii, was presented to his late Majesty King George the Fourth, by His Sicilian Majesty. It is made of bronze, with the upper and mouth-piece of gold, and its tone is said to be unrivalled. The Dulcimer is sup-

posed by the Padre Martini to have signified a concert of instruments or voices, rather than any single instrument. The possession of these instruments, and the reference of several passages in the sacred writings, are sufficient proofs that music was cultivated amongst the Babylonians, and the Padre Martini naturally supposes that, as this people were everywhere celebrated for luxury and splendor, their music partook of the character. The Assyrians invented a Trigonum or Triangulum, a stringed instrument of a triangular shape, played upon with a plectrum. The Trigonum is supposed to have been the instrument which King David played upon, but that is a fact which cannot be easily decided, on account of the difference in the numbers of the strings; for David is mentioned as playing upon the ten-stringed harp, whereas the one we have just described contains twelve strings. The Phœnicians had several musical instruments, one called after their own country, Phœnices, and another called Naublum or Nebel, which was played upon at the feasts of Bacchus. There were also a number of other tribes in Asia, such as the Edomites, the Moabites, the Phrygians, the Lydians, the Etruscians, the Ionians, and the Dorians, of whose manners and customs we know very little, but we may presume that they studied and promoted the science of music, for we find that several of the Grecian modes derived their names from some of these countries, as the Lydian, Phrygian, Dorian, &c.—(From T. H. Tomlinson's *Lectures on Oriental Music*.)

HOW VERDI COMPOSES.—When Verdi has an opera to compose, he waits patiently until the midnight bell has tolled. He then enters his study, in which there is a piano placed between a big drum and cymbals, and seating himself at the piano, he first bangs the drum on the right hand, then crashes the cymbals on the left hand, then thumps the piano in the midst, and while the air is reverberating with the mingled sounds, he commences the first chorus. This is the way Verdi composes. Can anybody have a doubt on the subject?

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 4, 1853.

A Fortnight in New York.

It was no musical pilgrimage which tempted us away this time—at least not the hope of *hearing* music; for the great metropolis of our Western world, like our own smaller, but not less music-loving city, had got through its "season;" and this year's May was not made musical, like last year's, with the departing glories of a Jenny Lind. This time Art offered us no human voice more fresh, and more inspiring and more full of the soul's summer than the birds and breezes of the green woods to which the weary fast-livers of the town are now all busily making or planning their escape. There were no fine public concerts or operas in New York in these last weeks of Spring; only some dregs of the feast remained,—a few scattering third-rate concerts, of the miscellaneous order, from which category even we reluctantly found ourselves unable to except (as a whole) the farewell concert of ALBONI, who has now looked as well as sung her last to a country which, though fairly prizing the unrivalled sensuous beauty of her voice and execution, and glad to witness such a large and luscious bit of nature, has not been magnetized into any high state of enthusiasm or made to feel much lasting influence therefrom. This bird has flown, back to its own sunny clime; but the rest, of all degrees, still

linger and flutter doubtfully and idly about New York, as if waiting for some movement, some new Napoleon manager to re-organize their orchestra and give them occupation. The experienced opera-goer meets on Broadway the *disjecta membra* of every opera that has visited the States for the last ten years or more. The well-known black-mustachioed baritones and basses and tenors, principals and chorus-singers, lately prominent or long since superseded, are seen upon hotel steps smoking, and on all corners discussing, with vehement gesticulation, as it were the wrongs wherewith they smart from cruel managers and shockingly ungrateful publics, that could hesitate about repaying the luxury of such voices with the state of princes.

The courtly Badiali and others of Sontag's principals appear upon the streets, and there is rumor or suspicion of cheap summer operas preparing in cool Castle Garden. Max Maretzek is seen too, quickly moving through the crowd, who read in his bright face of recent Southern success and wonder whether something new is in the wind, now that the operatic field is clear. There are even strong hints that he has already organized a company, with Steffanone as the *prima*, though no official announcement of such fact appears. Salvi too was named, but the newspapers are down upon the spoiled favorite for sullen airs and wilful misdemeanors not so easily forgotten, and threaten trouble should he try to sing; so that one is puzzled to know where the elements of a *successful* opera may come from.

Mme. ALBONI drew out of course a large and warmly disposed audience at her farewell, quite filling the lower part of Metropolitan Hall. There was abundance of applause, bravos, bouquets and all that, with every sign of hearty respect and good will; and yet, with the exception of a small class of indomitable enthusiasts, we think there must have been a general disappointment in the concert. It certainly was got up in a slipshod, miscellaneous manner. The orchestra, under the lead of ARDITI, in compliment to whom Alboni gave the concert, was abominably noisy, blundering and out of tune. How much to allow for the peculiar non-resonance of that large and showy hall we knew not; but the *fortissimos* of the hacknied overtures to *Martha* and *Masaniello* seemed to bang and thump upon our tympanum, rather than to vibrate musically and strongly through the room. STRAKOSCH, the "unrivalled pianist," played banjo tunes and "Old folks at home," with extraordinary variations, naturally followed by volleys of senseless hand-clapping, the chief success which such things seek. ROSA DE VRIES sang her parts well, though with a voice hard and worn, and ROVERE with—we forget now which other basso, gave but a passable rendering of the *Cenerentola* duet. Alboni herself was not herself. There was evident displeasure and lack of interest in her face and manner for some time, nor did the voice renew all the luscious charm of former hearings. *Casta Diva* we have always thought a poor selection for her, conceived as it is wholly in the spirit of a pure soprano and requiring to be lowered to her compass; you wonder at the talent that can make such easy conquest in spheres not native to it, more than you enjoy the music thus appropriated. Another absurd freak of ambitious talent was the assuming with her soft contralto of the part of Carlos in the splendid *Carlo Magno* finale

to *Ernani*, whose harmonies all pivot so essentially on the manly and sonorous baritone; it made the whole thing baseless and top-heavy;—think of those soaring misions of soprano and tenor, sung by DEVRIES, and Sig. FORTI, who here singularly "turned up" again after a silence of three years! But the *Di tanti palpiti* so admirably suited this peculiarly Rossinian singer, that one wondered why it had not before figured in her American programmes, and still more why she left off the fine introductory recitative: *O! patria*. The *Ah non credea* and *Ah non giunge* closed the evening in the true Alboni style. On the whole, the last impression of the great contralto would have been better had this concert not been given.

There were other concerts, which we did not witness;—one by Mrs. BOSTWICK, aided by that modest, excellent young Belgian violinist, M. APPY, and the flutist, SIEDE,—not very well attended; another by Madame FERENCZY, of unfortunate Musical Fund memory in Boston, whom even little JULLIEN's magic bow, with TIMM and EISEL and a nice orchestra, saved not from a complete failure. Pity that the hundreds which Hungarian sympathy sank for the singer in these preparations, could not have been given directly to the lady, without the awkward prestige of an abortive concert. Exacting as the public taste now is, it is a grave matter to announce a concert on one's own account, and we would gladly believe that not many more indifferent artists would rush forward in this way to burn their fingers, before learning to estimate their own powers and position rightly. The concert-giving mania is the ruin of many respectable but mediocre talents, who must learn to be content not to shine in the foreground before they can thrive even according to their measure. And for the listening public is it not well, that only eminent and real artists should attract full houses? For talents of inferior degree less arduous spheres are open; but the *great* occasions, where the multitudes go out as one man, should be those that invite and hold us under the influence of *great* Art. It is a sin for mediocrity to speculate on the prestige of genius.

But the lack of public musical opportunities was most agreeably supplied, in our case, by choice private feasts of harmony. New York is rich in the possession of several accomplished, genial, genuine artists of the piano, who have scrupulously kept their talent safe above the corrupting influence of concert-playing and the temptation to resort to cheap effects, after the example of the fleet-fingered adventurers who came one after another to astonish and to spoil the (musically) childish public. Superior teachers, they earn their livelihoods by days of hard and faithful toil, and when called upon to enrich now and then a concert, they do not have to stoop from the true dignity of Art, but play sound and inspiring music such as their own souls love, and sink *themselves* in the beautiful or grand thoughts of the master tone-poets whom it is their privilege and joy to interpret. But it is in sweet private hours, in the select circle of friends, that their music flows out most willingly and most inspiringly. Think of two evenings with our friend Herr Tonwacker, if you can do so without envying us, O reader! That "studio," already celebrated in these pages, was richer than ever with fine busts and statuettes and rare engravings from the noblest old and modern artists, cases of well-

read volumes of German and English poets, &c., conspiring with the grand piano to make unitary harmony through all the senses to the inmost soul. Eight years of the best joys of art and friendship have consecrated this happy bachelor abode of Tonwacker;—verily he deserveth one joy more, man's sweetest blessing, in which all art and poetry and fine sympathies do culminate and concentrate and grow perpetual!

Like tastes, like friends. There were poets and painters, as well as musical artists and amateurs, in the little company. Such kindred spirits, by the force of instinct and innate attraction, congregate about a musician who can express their loves and longing, their ideals and enthusiasms like this man. If there is one thing finer than another in the great city, redeeming the noise and rush and worldliness of its fast and feverish life, it is the social intimacy of its artists. These form the nucleus of "our best society," in a sense opposite as possible to Putnam's irony. For Art creates an atmosphere of true and genial life; Art blends and reconciles the spiritual and the material in the social element of artists as well as in their works. It takes the freedom and cosmopolitan multitudinous variety of a great gathering place of all the nations, like New York, to make such genial society possible; for freedom is the first essential of all grace and geniality. Would there were time to take our readers to the galleries of pictures and the studios of some of the most promising of New York artists! "Hafiz" shall do that for us, if opportunity shall favor his good will. Mean while, much as we saw to admire in these young artists' works, it was the *life*, the social atmosphere of Art around them, that interested us even more, and made us long for the time when this spell of Art shall, by the influence of poetry and painting and architecture, and above all Music, be thrown over this whole people, to give tone and depth and spirituality and harmony to our whole American life, and make known and felt, as so few know and feel it now, the meaning of the word *genial*.

Literary.

PUTNAM'S MONTHLY. The June number completes the first volume of this eminently successful Magazine. The six numbers form a book rich with light and serious papers as well worth preserving, as they were refreshing on their first appearance to readers who had long thirsted for something fresh and vigorous in our native periodical literature. The very sight and name of American magazinery had become sickening. We were driven to reprints of foreign matter, as the only reading. But at last we have a monthly supply of miscellany that is all original and full of life and character. The best and boldest thought of the times, tempered with good taste and genial humanities, appears in *Putnam*. Its tone is generous and earnest, even when under a playful garb. Its poetry is select, printed because it is poetry, and not because would-be poets must be rushing into print. Its notices of Art and Music are wholesome and appreciating. It speaks a true word of culture to our busy, heterogeneous population. Pleasantly it mirrors the times and scenes and activities amid which we live, viewed in the light of the best thought and purpose of the times. It is a good, wholesome *American* sort of literature,—not in that narrow and absurd sense of the word *American*, which must have a red Indian or a raw Kentuckian in every poem, tale or picture,—but in the only sense distinctive of this gathering place of all the races, the sense of universality, of cosmopolitan large sym-

pathies, to which mere nationalities are as vulgar as provincialisms.

The success of *Putnam* is truly a refreshing sign. A circulation of near 40,000 copies has been gained in six months. Were it the namby-pamby, small-beer sort of literature, this would not be so astonishing. But the testimony of the 40,000 is for the strong meat and generous wine of the best intellects. The editors have been alike exacting of their contributors and of themselves. Out of 500 pieces volunteered, (many with famous names appended) not more than twenty have passed muster, we are told. And they still adhere to the wise plan of the *anonymous*, which places every article on its own merit, so that obscure talent has an equal chance before the public with the most renowned.

The present number is one of the most solid, rich and readable that has yet appeared.

Music in the West.

[One of the "Germanians" has been kind enough to write us of their experiences out West. The principal paragraphs will interest our readers. The letter bears date St. Louis, Mo., May 29th, 1853.]

"Speaking of the standard of music in the West, in general, I am pleased to say, that people are further progressed than I was aware of, and that good music is very much desired, and also greatly appreciated. We have been called upon in every city, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati and Louisville, to perform a Symphony; and you know that we are not slow in complying with so sensible a request. We have given three concerts in Pittsburgh to full houses, six in Cincinnati, including one we gave in connection with the "Amateur Musical Association." Speaking of this Society, I cannot omit to express our opinion, for they really do deserve to be encouraged. This company, consisting of about 150 singers, ladies and gentlemen, belonging partly to some of the first families in Cincinnati, have been studying Oratorios and Cantatas under the direction of Mr. VICTOR WILLIAMS, a thorough musician, for the last year or two, and have several times given concerts, largely attended by the music-loving community of Cincinnati. I witnessed Haydn's "Creation" and was much pleased as far as the chorus was concerned; the solos, however, with the exception of Mlle. LEHMANN, who sang the principal airs, left much to wish for. The orchestra was made up of different associations and was very poor. The "Germanians," in connection with the "Amateur Association," performed Romberg's "Power of Song" and Ries's "Morning," two productions of an ancient character and although full of pleasing melodies, scarcely worthy of being produced where we can hear Handel's, Haydn's or Beethoven's masterly works. The impression which the "Germania" has left in Cincinnati, I can safely assert, is not easily wiped out, for we have now, this morning, for the fourth time, received letters from enthusiastic admirers of music imploring us to pay them another visit. The Concerts were generally very well attended.

"From Cincinnati we visited Louisville. Our expectations of this city were rather high, and I am sorry to confess, that to a certain degree, we were rather disappointed. We have met with some gentlemen amateurs in this place, who, from a visit to Europe or the Eastern cities, carried with them a recollection of good and solid music, and who have done everything possible to make our stay pleasant and agreeable, and have not ceased in bestowing their praises on the produc-

tions of our Society; they have also, by their influence, succeeded in gathering crowds in the Concert Hall. But as for the public in general, they are scarcely ripe to appreciate what is offered. We have played there two Symphonies, Beethoven's C minor and Spohr's "Consecration of Tones;" but I am afraid that they thought strange of such music; a Waltz, Polka, &c., I guess, would have been more pleasing; at least, their conversation during our performance annoyed us very much. The first evening, during the "Midsummer Night's Dream" overture, Mr. Bergmann had actually to stop the orchestra until conversation ceased. Another very annoying custom seems to prevail all over the Western country, perhaps Cincinnati excepted. People come to the concert, either just at the hour of commencement, or 15 to 30 minutes later, which naturally is a great disturbance to those who come for the sake of enjoying the music. The general impression we left in Louisville is very favorable and everybody there seems to think our audiences numbered more than they are used to see in the Concert room, although we do not complain of the immense lot of money that we brought away.

"Last night we gave our second concert in St. Louis, and are very well satisfied with the attendance; the first was well filled, but the second was crowded; and people here are more enthusiastic than in any of the previous places; they encore nearly every piece and do not cease to express their delight. However I must add, that one half of the audience is composed of Germans.

"I send you enclosed some programmes, from which you perceive that we have thus far performed the C minor Sinfonie, the "Pastoral," and the "Consecration of Tones," to the Western people, and thus have, (it being the first time they ever heard a sinfonie) given them an idea of the good and true in Art.

"Before closing my letter, I cannot omit to speak of some resident music bands here and in Louisville; they are as good, if not better than many in the East and add much to the refinement of musical taste. We have listened to arrangements from operas and even overtures, which were well executed and only lacked strength and unity to be pronounced really good. The orchestras in Pittsburgh and Louisville favored us with serenades and it gave us much pleasure to listen. JAELL and URSO have everywhere created the greatest sensation and added much to make our concerts attractive."

MR. KEYZER'S CONCERT, on Saturday evening, was not so fully attended, as we had hoped that it would be and as its merits deserved; and we believe that if it had been known what a grateful refuge could be found in the Lecture Room of the Music Hall from the sultry July heat of the evening, many more would have attended this concert. We did not hear the Mozart Quartet (No. 1 in C Minor) with which the concert began.

Mr. LANGE played a very pleasing piano piece of his own composition, "A Night in the Tropics," in a very pleasing manner; but we were less satisfied with his performance of CHOPIN's "Fairy Dance," and still less with that of one of MENDELSSOHN's *Lieder ohne Worte* (No. 6 in Part 5) which he gave in answer to an encore; this was heavy and wanting in the spirit and brilliancy with which Jaell and Dresel have given it. Messrs. RYAN and RIBAS gave a clarinet and an oboe

solo, in their usual excellent style and received deserved applause. The great feature of the concert, however, though it was made up of good things—indeed, of the best—was the *Double Quartet of SPOHR*. This was excellently well given, and well received, though it is one of those elaborate and learned compositions which one wishes to hear many times to appreciate, and should be played many times to be given as it should be. To us it was new; but exceedingly pleasing and interesting, and played with unusual spirit and accuracy, so far as we could judge. We hope that it may be played again in the course of the next season. Mr. Keyzer played two violin solos—an Adagio religioso by *Spohr*, and a fantasia by Rodé. Mr. Keyzer is one of the old school of players, and makes no pretence at giving us the miracles of execution of the later school of the present day, but we know few who give with truer expression and more correct and pleasing style and intonation the substantial classic violin music of an earlier period. Beside this, we never hear Mr. Keyzer, without recalling the days of the old Academy and the Concerts at the Odéon, where we were first initiated into the love of Beethoven and first taught many things now familiar to us as household works. It is pleasant to recall those days, and we wish that more of Mr. Keyzer's friends of that time could have been present at his concert.

Musical Intelligence.

The annual meeting of the Stockholders of the Boston Music Hall Association will be held at the Music Hall (Winter street entrance) on Wednesday, the 8th day of June, 1853, at half-past three o'clock in the afternoon.

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY.—At a large meeting of the Handel and Haydn Society, at the ware-rooms of Mr. Hews, May 30th, the following officers were chosen for the ensuing year: Silas P. Meriam, President; John Dodd, Vice President; J. L. Fairbanks, Secretary; Matthew S. Parker, Treasurer; Trustees, O. J. Faxon, C. P. Adams, John A. Nowell, H. L. Hazleton, John F. Payson, John H. Pray, George Hews, J. Haskell Long, and L. B. Barnes.—*Transcript*.

The Germania Musical Society have re-engaged the Boston Music Hall for the next musical season, commencing about the 20th of October.

MME. ALBONI sailed for Europe in the Africa, last Wednesday.

Master PAUL JULIEN is about to accompany the pianist STRAKOSCH, on a concertizing tour.

We had the pleasure, while in New York last week, of passing an hour in the new "Normal Music Institute." Mr. Lowell Mason, with characteristic tact, was teaching the class to appreciate the value of *light and shade* in the delivery of tone in choral masses; and right eagerly was the lesson devoured by as earnest and intelligent a looking body of young men and women as we have often seen assembled. There were about fifty of them, who had come from all parts of the country, to spend three months in New York, at an expense of some two hundred dollars each, for the pure sake of getting better ideas of music, which they might teach when they go home.

PHILADELPHIA.—The City Item says:

On Monday evening the directors of the Harmonia Sacred Music Society held a very full meeting, at which a committee was appointed to procure the plans and specifications necessary to construct an immense concert room, in Broad street, at the cost of \$100,000. Of this sum a large amount is already pledged by some of our leading capitalists and merchants. The intention is to have four first class stores on the ground floor, and three halls on the second, one of which will seat between four and five thousand persons. In this hall will be placed the great organ of the society, now building, and we would mention that very recently a fourth row of keys has been added to this instrument, making it still larger

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THE COOPER'S SONG.

I am the cooper: I bind the cask;

The sweat flows down, as I drive my task:

Yet on with the hoop, and merry's the sound,

As I featly pound

And with block and with hammer go travelling round

And round and round.

I am the cooper: I bind the cask;

And gay as play is my nimble task;

And though I grow crooked with stooping to pound,

Yet merry's the sound

As, with block and with hammer, I journey round

And round and round.

I am the cooper: I bind the cask;

Am healthy and happy, what more shall I ask?

Not in king's palaces, I'll be bound,

Such joy is found,

Where men do nothing and still are going round

And round and round.

So I'll still be a cooper, and bind the cask,

Bread for wife and children is all I ask;

And glad will they be at night, I'll be bound,

That, with cheerful sound,

Father went all day long hammering round

And round and round.

German Lyrics, by C. T. Brooks.

DON JUAN.

A FABULOUS EVENT WHICH HAPPENED TO A TRAVELLING ENTHUSIAST.

[From the German of HOFFMANN, by E. Roelker.]

[Concluded.]

You can believe me, Theodore: nature endowed Juan, as her darling child, with all that lifts man into nearer relationship with the divine, above the common herd, above the manufactured products which are tossed from the workshop like mere cyphers, that require another figure before them to make them of any value; with all that fitted him to conquer and to reign. A vigorous and splendid body; an organization from which shone forth the spark, that fell into his breast, kindling presentiments of the highest; a deep feeling and a quickly grasping understanding. But such is the terrible consequence of the fall, that the enemy retained the power of lurking in man's path, and laying wicked snares for him in that very striving for the highest, in which he manifests his god-like nature. This conflict of the divine and the demonic powers produces the idea of the earthly, just as the victory won produces the idea of the super-earthly life. Don Juan was keenly alive to the claims upon life which his physical and mental constitution involved; and an ever-burning longing, with which his blood ran seething through his veins, urged him on, eagerly and with no rest, to seize upon all the shows of the earthly world, in the vain hope of finding satisfaction in them! No doubt there is nothing here on earth, which so intensifies man in his inmost nature, as love; she it is that, working so mysteriously and powerfully, deranges and transfigures the inmost elements of our existence. What wonder, then, that Don Juan hoped to quench in love the yearning that so rent his breast, and that just here the devil threw the coil around his neck!

Through the arch-enemy's stratagem, the thought arose in Don Juan's mind, that through the enjoyment of woman might, even here on earth, be realized what dwells in our breast only as a heavenly promise, and what constitutes that infinite longing which puts us in immediate communication with the super-earthly. Flying from one beautiful woman to another; enjoying their charms with intensest passion, to very satiety, intoxication and distraction; ever believing himself mistaken in his choice, and ever hoping to reach the ideal of final contentment,—Don Juan could not but find all earthly life at last insipid and shallow; and having generally a contempt for men, he rose up

in war against that which had been esteemed by him the highest of life's appearances, and which had so bitterly deceived him. Every enjoyment of woman was now no more a sensual gratification, but a wilful, impious scorn against nature and the Creator. A deep contempt for the common views of life above which he felt himself exalted, and a bitter scorn for men, who, in happy love and in the civil marriage union could at all expect fulfilment of the higher wishes which nature placed, with hostile purpose, in our breast,—instigated him, especially when such a relation was in question, to make war against it, and by bringing ruin, boldly oppose the unknown, over-ruling power, that he looked upon as a malicious monster, carrying on a cruel play with the pitiable creatures of his mocking humor. Every ruin of a beloved future bride, every violent and total overthrow of the happiness of lovers, is for him a triumph over that hostile power, and carries him ever more beyond this narrowing life—above nature—above the Creator.

And indeed, he actually seeks to get beyond this life—but only to plunge into Orcus. The ruin of Anna, with the circumstances attending, is his crowning achievement.

Donna Anna is, as regards nature's greatest favors, the counterpart to Don Juan. As Don Juan was originally a wonderfully vigorous and glorious man, so is she a divine woman, over whose pure mind the Evil One had no power. All the arts of fiendishness could destroy her only in an earthly point of view. As soon as Satan had accomplished this ruin, hell, by the decree of Heaven, could no longer defer the execution of the office of vengeance. Don Juan mockingly invites the statue of the slain old man to a merry feast, and the glorified spirit, only now seeing through the fallen man and feeling pity for him, does not disdain, in terrible form, to exhort him to repent. But his soul is so corrupted and distracted, that heaven's bliss itself throws no ray of hope into his soul, to kindle it for a better life.

You no doubt were surprised, my Theodore, that I spoke of Anna's ruin. As well as I can at this hour, when thoughts and ideas, springing from my deepest soul, far out-soar all words, I will tell you briefly, how the whole relation of these two contending characters (Don Juan and Donna Anna) presents itself to my mind through the music, without any reference to the text. I mentioned before, that Anna presents herself as the counterpart to Don Juan. What, if Donna Anna

had been intended by Heaven, to make Don Juan recognize in love, which through Satan's arts destroyed him, the divine nature within him, and so rescue him from the despair of vain endeavors? But he saw her too late, at the time of his deepest corruption, when he could only conceive the fiendish desire of destroying her. She was not saved. When he fled, the deed was done. The fire of superhuman passion, flames from the infernal deep, coursed through her veins and made all resistance vain. He alone, only Don Juan, could kindle in her the voluptuous frenzy, with which she received him in her arms, and which through the overpowering, destructive rage of fiendish spirits, committed the sin in her soul. When after the accomplishment of the deed, he wanted to flee, then the thought of her ruin, like an awful monster breathing poisonous death, seized upon her with torturing pangs. Her father's death by the hand of Don Juan, her union with the cold, unmanly and ordinary Don Ottavio, whom she at one time fancied that she loved,—even love, raging in the depths of her soul with consuming fire, which flickered high at the moment of highest enjoyment, and is now burning like the glowing fire of destructive hatred;—all this lacerates her breast. She feels that Don Juan's destruction alone can give rest to her soul, anguished by deadly torments; but this rest is also her own earthly death. She, therefore, does not cease to call upon her ice-cold future bridegroom for vengeance; she herself pursues the traitor, and not until the subterranean powers have drawn him down to Orcus, does she grow calmer;—but she cannot yield to her future bridegroom, who urges their marriage; "*lascia o caro, un anno ancora, allo sfogo del mio cor!*" (Leave, dear friend, one year to the peace of my soul.) She will not survive this year; Don Ottavio will never possess her whose pure mind saved her from remaining the doomed bride of Satan.

How keenly in my inmost soul I felt all this through the heart-rending accords of the first recitative and in the narration of the midnight surprise! Even the *scena* of Donna Anna in the second act: "*Crudele,*" &c., which apparently only refers to Don Ottavio, expresses, through secret insinuations and the most wonderful allusions, that state of mind which consumes all earthly happiness. And what is the meaning, even in the text, of the singular additional sentence, perhaps unconsciously thrown out by the poet: "*forse un giorno il cielo ancora sentirà pietà di me,*" (Perhaps Heaven will yet take pity on me some day)?

The clock strikes two. A warm electric breath glides over me,—I perceive the delicate odor of fine Italian perfume, which made me yesterday first discover my fair neighbor; a feeling of delight, which I think I could only express by notes, comes over me. The air sweeps keener through the house—the strings of the piano in the orchestra are sounding. Oh heavens! I think I hear Anna's voice: "*Non mi dir, bell' idol mio!*" as if at a great distance, born aloft on the wings of swelling notes from an aerial orchestra. Rise up before me, thou distant, unknown spirit-world,—thou Dschinnistan full of glory, where all that has been promised here on earth is fulfilled to the enchanted soul in inexpressible heavenly pain as well as the most ineffable joy! Let me enter into the circle of thy beatific visions! Would that the god of dreams whom thou hast chosen, now

as a terrible, and now as a friendly messenger to earthly men,—would that, when sleep holds my body in leaden bonds, he might lead my spirit to the ethereal fields!

POSTSCRIPT.—*Conversation at the Table d'Hôte at noon.*

Wise man with a snuff-box, (giving it a loud rap): It is indeed provoking, that we shall have no true opera any more for some time to come! But that is the consequence of this detestable over-acting.

Mulatto-face: Sure enough! I often told her so. The rôle of Donna Anna always affected her very much; and yesterday, she was, indeed, as if possessed. I hear she lay in a swoon during the whole of the *entr'acte*, and that in the scene in the second act she even had attacks of hysterics.

Insignificant man: You don't say so!

Mulatto-face: Yes, indeed, and still would not leave the stage.

I: For goodness sake, I hope the attacks are not dangerous! I hope we shall soon hear Signora again.

Wise man with the snuff-box, (taking a pinch). Hardly, for Signora died exactly at two o'clock this morning.

Social Significance of the growing taste for Music.

There is a Musical Movement in this country. Our people are trying to become musical. It has been discovered to the satisfaction of many, that neither the dull solemnity of psalms, nor the training up and down of drums and fifes, nor the ear-tickling, foot-lifting, fiddling out of old tunes, innocent of all meaning except release from care and ceremony, can be deemed true musical experiences; and that no very just idea of the worth of Music in the scale of social influences and of individual pursuits, can properly be predicated upon these three forms of the art. It is seen that to a musical soul these are thin sustenance; and (thanks to the myriad-minded activity which is exchanging all the products, both material and spiritual, of all the nations, and so preparing the way for all to become ONE!) tones have reached us from those ancient shores, where the Goddess of Harmony herself dwells, and inspires her Mozarts and Beethovens with great emotions and great art to utter them in strains that haunt all souls with never dying hopes and aspirations.

Yes! the practical American begins to respect Music as an Art, as a language of the soul, as part of the permanent revelations of God, and as one of the great divine agencies by which Humanity even now, is led on toward the fulfillment of its glorious destiny. Once it was only as an amusement, (more or less refined it is true; but still as an amusement), or as a mere church ceremony, that men thought of music. It is beginning to be esteemed as Art. And (whatever moralists may say against the German fashion of using the term "artist" and "artistic" to denote the highest accomplishments of man in his creative sphere), we maintain that when anything is taken up and pursued in the spirit in which a true Artist always lives and works, that thing becomes the most earnest, the most elevating, the most religious occupation of which man is capable, and the most productive of permanent blessings to mankind. We are beginning to respect the Art, to look to it for such influences as we do to Poetry, to Eloquence, to any thing that comes from the most religious depths of Man. That is something, when we have not the genius to create. Musical as yet we are not, in the true sense. We have no composers; no great performances in our churches; no well-endowed and thorough academies to train the artist, or to educate the public taste by frequent hearings of the finest compositions, except in a very limited degree. Our concerts are attended more from fashion, it

may be, than from real love. Our daughters are taught the piano as an accomplishment, to make them "ladies," rather than to inspire their womanhood with that Music which has been termed "the feminine principle in the Universe." Yet there are fine beginnings. Some excellent societies in our cities are learning the love of what is great and permanent, by their attempts to perform it; the number of appreciating listeners is sure to grow; singing-schools "for the million" are unlocking the outer musical sense for all, that, if they have a soul, this channel to it need not be obstructed; the real *virtuosos* come from Europe to give us a touch of their quality, having in their turn discovered that Jonathan has learned how to spend money for music; and finally, much excellent music is printed here, which our young ladies (and young men, too—they learn the piano), study in lieu of the "Battle of Prague," and other trash in which the music masters dealt so long.

This we have called a musical movement; for we believe it to be one of the outward accompaniments, expressions and instrumentalities of the greatest movement which ever yet engaged Humanity; of which this our America, the common gathering place of all nations, is destined to become the theatre. Whenever the life of a people is deep; whenever broad and universal sentiments absorb and harmonize the petty egotisms and discords of men; whenever Humanity is at all inspired with a consciousness of its great destiny; whenever Love gives the tone to the feelings, the thoughts, and the activity of an age; whenever a hundred reforms, all springing from so deep a source, all tend, in the very antagonism of their one-sidedness, in the very bigotry of their earnestness, to one grand thought and aim, the Unity of the race; in short, whenever there is a *movement*, then, too, as by a law of correspondence, there should be a new development of the passion and the art of music. It gives out music, (such a movement) as it is said the spheroid planets do. Because Music is the natural language of Sentiment. Speech is the language of Thought; but underlying all articulate speech there is a basis of pure Tone; just as every thought of the understanding is prompted by a feeling. Sentiment seeks analogies, resemblance, and has a constant tendency to Unity. Thought analyses and insists upon distinctions, differences, individualities; it gives birth to creeds and doctrines, to theories and schemes of life, to artificial laws and expedients, and effects no inward, but only outward union. It is only when men are moved by some great sentiment, (and all great sentiments are in some way forms of the cardinal and highest principle of Love,) that they become inwardly united; then only is there any society; and then society becomes a living conscious whole, one body harmoniously compacted of many members. The spirit of such a union is already felt, and will demand a language, even before it can have an organization. Speech alone will not content; Tone, through all its infinite shades of Modulation, Melody and Harmony, becomes indispensable to the utterance of the full soul. For it would speak a universal language, which Asia and America alike may comprehend, with no interpreter and no dictionary but the heart, out of which and to which proceedeth all music.

If it be true, then, that Humanity is now on the verge, nay in the midst of a grand onward movement; that society is inspired, not with dreams merely, but with most earnest, energetic strivings after the realization of a Divine Order, (strange, and ultra, and conflicting as may be the forms which that inspiration often takes,) then there is great significance in this growing interest now felt in music. Call it fashion, if you will, and call fashion an ape; still it is the ape of *something*, and not of nothing. It is in this light mainly that we would interest our countrymen in Music, as the language of that deeper experience in which all men are most nearly ONE; the language of those central fires, great heaven-born Passions of the soul, which prompt to holy ties of Love, of Friendship, of Family, of Social Order; which through these blissful foretastes of union steadily invite and draw us on to everlasting Unity with

God; and which impel us to seek a type of his perfections, as well as of what our life should be, in the harmonies of outward Nature. We consider Music both as one of the expressions, and as one of the inspiring causes of the restless, but prophetic spirit of these times. Of course, then, it becomes us to waste few words upon mere musical trifles. It is our business constantly to notice and uphold for study, and for imitation, music which is deep and earnest; which does not merely seek to amuse: but which, (be it in the form called Secular, or Sacred, be it song, or opera, or oratorio, or orchestra), is the most religious outpouring of the composer's life. We feel that we shall do most good by speaking most of the great masters, even when the theme is old, and by measuring the new, not so much by their standard, as by the standard by which they measured themselves. And yet so far as time permits, we trust that humbler efforts, conceived in a true spirit and with any promising signs of talent, shall not be beneath our criticism. However, it is not so much the composition, as the performance of music, which invites attention now. To guide public taste in its selection, to inspire artists in their performance, and above all to exhort the musician to a high sense of the dignity of his profession and teach others to respect it, too, must be our aim in criticism.

We shall never say more than we owe to music. Could we only share the blessing, as we would, with others! It would be a worthy contribution to the great work of the times. Ever grateful let us be to music, then, that in times when there seemed almost no sincerity, no faith, no earnestness; when the religion of society seemed its dearest manifestation; when every thought of the Ideal was damped by the triumphant sneers and the experimental arguments of worldliness; when no doctrines, no philosophies, no spheres open to young activity looked in any way inspiring, but altogether barren of promise and fatal to self-respect; when nothing satisfied, and the whole framework of society gave the lie to the voice of the preacher and of the heart;—ever grateful let us be, those of us whom an early passion for music seized upon with power, that this idle boy's love, as the elders called it, this wayward, impracticable enthusiasm, this besetting sin of indulgence, became our initiation into the great hopes of the Future; haunting us with a faith, most irresistible though indistinct, that better days shall come, that the destiny of Man is Unity and Harmony, and Brotherhood; that the Law of Necessity must yield at length to the holier Law of Attraction, under which each shall labor, artist-like, in just the sphere of Use he loves, to which his nature fits him, with the religious and sweet consciousness that he entirely serves the interests and has the sympathies of all mankind. *Harbinger*, 1845.

THE POET'S WORK.

To set this age to Music—the great work
Before the Poet now—I do believe
When it is fully sung, its great complaint,
Its hope, its yearning, told to earth and heaven,
Our troubled age shall pass, as doth a day
That leaves the west all crimson with the promise
Of the diviner morrow, which even then
Is hurrying up the world's great side with light.
Father! if I should live to see that morn,
Let me go upward, like a lark, to sing
One song in the dawning!

Alexander Smith.

On Numeral Notation.

[Translated for *The Musical World & Times*, from the German of KOCHER, by R. STORRS WILLIS].

It was in the year 1742, that the genial, but always reform-ready Rousseau first presented to the Parisian Academy of Sciences his project "concerning new characters for music;" in which he substituted, for the eight notes of the musical scale, the first eight numerals, and for such other characters as represent pauses, time, &c., points, cyphers, etc., admirably—according to his own enthusiastic estimate of his system—provided.

He had anticipated everything, and no difficulty could possibly present itself which might not be met. This system, said he, comprises important advantages, far superior to any that have gone before. Music will be twice, yes thrice as easy to learn; and this, because 1st, it will contain much fewer characters: 2d, because these characters will be simpler: 3d, because these characters will indicate at once the intervals, and further hard study, as by the old system, will be spared: 4th, because the characters are always the same, and the confusion of clefs is remedied: 5th, because the time, pauses, etc., are indicated by much simpler and more universal signs: 6th, because the difficulty of the various keys is avoided. Further, also, music is more conveniently and easily written—it occupies less space—every kind of paper, and the materials of every printing office are available—music will become much cheaper, &c., &c.

Why was it, that the novelty-loving French did not respond to these sanguine representations, and up to this day have never attempted to realize them? The simple opinion of the distinguished musical scholar and composer RAMEAU may answer: "THE READING OF NUMERALS IS AN INTELLECTUAL OPERATION, WHICH CANNOT KEEP EVEN PACE WITH THE RAPIDITY OF EXECUTION." And this the truth-loving and truth-seeking Rousseau, after twenty-two years of subsequent study, comprehended, and—what is more—acknowledged. In his admirable "Dictionary of Music," published 1764, in an article on the *characters of music*, he thus makes open confession: "Guido von Arezzo invented the lines and the peculiar characters, which under the name of *notes* have prevailed, and at this day are acknowledged all over the world as the universal musical notation. But as these characters—although universally adopted and somewhat perfected—are still to a great degree imperfect, (Anno 1764,) many have attempted to substitute other characters for them. Among such have been PARRAN, SOUHAITI, SAUVEUR, DUMAS and—MYSELF. But, as these systems throughout, while their intent is to correct old defects, to which all are accustomed, only substitute new defects to which one has yet to become accustomed, so my opinion is, THAT THE PUBLIC BEHAVED VERY WISELY TO LEAVE THINGS JUST AS THEY WERE, AND TO SEND US AND OUR SYSTEMS ALL HOME AGAIN, INTO THE LAND OF IDLE SPECULATIONS." What would the ingenious *Jean Jacques* have said, had he seen the straddling "Volk's-note" (so-called) with its thousand dashes, stars and small flags, in the multiplied and yet not adequate figures of which we see sufficient proof, that *numerals never can be substituted for notes*. Of a truth, he would directly have dispatched this, also, into the land of idle speculations. And lo!—the *people*, who never had once commissioned any one to increase their musical difficulties by a single note, in their singing clubs and music-festivals definitely and practically decided for the right musical characters.

But aside from this, there are many considerations which militate directly against the substitution of figures for notes: of these I will now name but a few.

1st—Figures are not ideal characters, they have nothing poetically-symbolical about them: nothing artistic: they belong altogether to prose: they do not by a visible rising and falling of the melody, animate one to singing, but only call to a calculation of the distance of tones. Now, every correct and felicitous reproduction in Musical Art pre-supposes a spiritual mastery and oversight of what is to be performed, which is communicated with lightning rapidity to the organs of execution. Hence it comes, that children (in our every day experience) who have learned well a melody by figures, as soon as a text is added find it impossible to sing without renewing again their practice.

2d—Numerals are a superficial medium of instruction, because that acquaintance with the distinctive peculiarities of different keys, so important and indispensable in vocal culture, cannot be attained.

3d—Inasmuch as numerals are only partially applicable, no free and unimpeded progress in Art is by numerals possible.

4th—The old church modes cannot at all be presented by numerals. The minor scale, also, which underlies the national music of every people, can only with the greatest difficulty be managed. For those numeralists who base the fundamental tone of the minor scale on 1, confound their own system, and those who base it upon 6, annihilate the minor scale.

5th—Numerals, according to the candid confession of their most enthusiastic advocates, are entirely useless in instrumental music. Therefore scholars who are taught by numerals are *entirely cut off from general musical culture*. Can this be excused, and can such superficiality be reconciled with the spirit of our laws respecting school education?

6th—The numeralists are not agreed among themselves as to a system of figures; and cannot become agreed, because the right system has not yet been discovered (as it probably never will be) and because, naturally enough, no one of them likes to exchange the imperfections of his own system, to which he has become accustomed, with the defects of another's system to which he is not accustomed.

7th.—Our school-law enjoins vocal music as one of the chief tasks. But what can result from all the quarrelling, which, by this *numeral* question, has been associated with this task? For, in consequence of the frequent change of teachers, now a numeralist of this method, and now a numeralist of another method, then again a *note*-ist, together drive the unfortunate scholars into the utmost perplexity and despair.

But in conclusion, let us hear what the admirable pedagogue, DIESTERWEG, says about numerals:—

"Notes are everywhere preferable to numerals. Without enumerating here all the arguments which have been brought forward, for and against numerals, I will only give the following statement. Children of more than ordinary capacity, some of whom are to be found in every school, sing with equal ease from notes and from figures. Quite different is the case with others of less talent, for whom notes (whatever may be said to the contrary) have very great advantages; particularly when, instead of mere vocal exercises, genuine songs, with a variety of intervals and rhythm, are put before them. Indeed in all cases, notes are much preferable to numerals. For so long as a pupil has not the power to imagine a tone in connection with every written character of a melody, so that he knows exactly how the music will sound, numerals express nothing at all to him: he loses himself in an indefinite guessing. Notes, on the other hand, offer yet one additional assistance to him: they *picture* to him the relations of tone; he has only to open his eyes and he immediately recognizes the *outlines* of a melody. And what an assistance such a pictorial presentation of a melody renders, to one endeavoring to retain the same! As soon as the eye has scanned the various groups of notes, the musical memory immediately associates with them the tones appertaining: and a single glance at these groups is often alone necessary, to recal entire strains which had entirely escaped the memory.

"Numerals, on the other hand, afford no such assistance. One row of figures looks like another; and the scholar must over and over again spell along from figure to figure, and tediously delve out every individual tone, before he can determine what it is these figures have to say to him. Therefore—NO NUMERALS!"

C. KOCHER.

Music as a branch of Commerce.

The *N. Y. Musical World & Times* is informed that the music trade of this country, for 1852, amounted to twenty-seven millions of dollars.

The same journal says:

"The Piano-Forte Trade of this country amounted last year to upwards of twelve millions

of dollars: and should it increase in as great a ratio for twenty years to come as it has for twenty years past, the Piano-forte crop of the North will exceed the Cotton crop of the South. Then, political economists will have a less discordant subject upon which to expend their learning and eloquence, and perhaps our national counsels will present the pleasing spectacle of "honorable gentlemen," from all parts of the country, engaged in acoustical, melodic and harmonious discussions and experiments. When these tuneful days shall arrive, it is to be hoped that many of, if not all the discords which now rack the public tympanum, will be so "prepared" and "resolved" that they will no longer mar the harmony of our Federal organization, and sectional strifes be superseded by national concord—results which could probably be achieved by a proper distribution of the "flats" and "sharps" of the nation, or better, perhaps, by dispensing with them altogether."

THE RING.

FROM ANASTASIUS GRUN.

I sat upon a mountain,
From home-land far away,
Below me hills and valleys,
Meadows and cornfields lay.

The ring from off my finger
In reverie I drew,
The pledge of fond affection
She gave at our adieu.

I held it like a spy-glass
Before my dreaming eye,
And, through the hooplet peeping,
The world began to spy.

Ah, bright, green, sunny mountains,
And fields of waving gold!
In sooth a lovely picture
For such fair frame to hold!

Here many a neat, white cottage
Smiles on the wooded steep,
There scythe and sickle glisten
Along the valley's sweep!

And farther onward stretches
The plain the stream glides through,
And, (boundary guards of granite)
Beyond, the mountains blue.

Cities, with domes of marble,
And thickets, fresh and green,
And clouds that, like my longings,
Toward the dim distance lean;

Green earth and bright blue heaven,
The dwellers and their land—
All this, in one fair picture,
My golden hoop-frame spanned.

Oh, fairest of fair pictures,
To see, by Love's ring spanned,
The green earth and blue heaven,
The people and their land!

German Lyrics, by C. T. Brooks.

Letter from New York.

NEW OPERATIC COMPANY—MR. NIBLO IN THE FIELD—
PROSPECT OF THE NEW OPERA HOUSE.

NEW YORK, June 7, 1853.

MR. EDITOR:—Since you were here a little event has transpired in the operatic world that may not be uninteresting to your readers. Mr. Niblo has sent an agent to Europe to engage an Opera Company of the first magnitude. His aim is to secure Grisi and Mario and "head off" the new Opera House project. His late purchase of many of the fixtures, scenery, &c., at the Astor Place auction, was also with the view of converting his beautiful "Garden" into an Opera House and thus making his establishment what he has ever designed it should be—the most popular and at

the same time the most aristocratic place of amusement in this country. The *Evening Express* informs us on the "best authority," that the late report that Mr. Niblo was intending to give a few nights of opera with Steffanone, De Vries, Salvi, &c., is untrue, that no such thing was thought of. With all due deference to the musical informant of the *Express*, I beg leave to state most emphatically that such a project *was* thought of, and all the arrangements consummated—the night was appointed, though not advertised. But Maretzek faithfully promised Mr. Niblo that "*Roberto il Diavolo*" should be given by a certain time, and it was only some three days before the time set, that Signor Salvi found something in the arrangements did not suit him and *again* had the pleasure of disappointing his manager—thanks to Mr. Niblo's forethought and good judgment that he did not have the opportunity to give the public another specimen of his amiability and high-toned sense of honor! In less than twenty-four hours after this "flare-up," Mr. Niblo's agent was on his way to England, with both money and authority to organize a company that can appear after Sontag's, and the Grand Combination Co.

Mr. Niblo is not a man to be trifled with, and when he takes hold of anything in earnest he seldom fails of accomplishing his object. You may rest assured he is in earnest *this time*.

He estimates that it will cost less than \$10,000 to convert his Theatre into an Opera House, with every convenience that could be had at the proposed *People's Opera House*. I have never had any faith in this Opera House project as already started in this city. You in Boston will succeed with yours—so will they in Philadelphia; but there is too little *public spirit* and too much self-interest in New York to carry out such an undertaking. Five years hence such a thing *may* be accomplished here—but at present all such projects must be based on individual enterprise, and that too with strict reference to the investment as a paying one. Mr. Niblo is the only man who can carry out such an enterprise and make it pay.

Sontag is rusticated in Staten Island.

FERNANDO.

Marco Spada.

A correspondent of the *Evening Bulletin*, Philadelphia, translates from the French of P. SCUDO the following critical analysis of Auber's last opera, as recently produced at Paris.

It is a new edition, considerably weakened, of *Fra Diavolo*, *Diamans de la Couronne*, *La Sirène*, and *Zampa*. Under the *pseudonyme* of Baron de Torrida—one of those heroes of the highway so often sung by M. Scribe—Marco Spada lives in the vicinity of Rome, where, for fifteen years, his name has been a sound of terror. Born in France, where he saw all his family massacred in a civil war, of the date of which we are left in ignorance, Marco Spada expatriates himself, raises the standard of rebellion against society in general, but particularly against the government of the States of the Church, whose functionaries he maltreats and whose treasures he carries off. Rich, loving luxury and the superfluities of life, Marco Spada inhabits a sumptuous and impregnable castle at some distance from Rome, where he hides from all eyes his most precious treasure, a charming daughter, an only child. Angela is her father's idol. To surround her with luxury he braves the laws and exposes himself to destruction. Nurtured with care, endowed with beauty and fine arts, the gentle Angela never asks nor thinks what are the pursuits of her father or from

whence comes all this splendor that surrounds her; but although she lives in such complete solitude, her heart has been touched by an unknown lover.

During one of Marco Spada's long seasons of absence, which he tells his daughter are devoted to the pleasures of the chase, in order to silence any suspicions she may ever have, a traveller who has lost his way comes to the castle of the Baron de Torrida and receives hospitality from the beautiful *Chatelaine*. This stranger is Count Fredericci, nephew of the Governor of Rome, and, as might be expected, he becomes the lover of the robber captain's daughter.

Such is the pleasant state of affairs when the curtain rises, giving a view of the interior of the castle of the Baron de Torrida and three guests, who like the Count Fredericci have also lost their way and come to the castle for shelter. These strangers are no less than the Governor of Rome himself, *La Marchesa*, his niece, and Count Pepinelli, her *cisibeo*. They are surprised to find so much splendor and luxury in an isolated castle, when suddenly appears the lovely Angela, who with the sweetest grace in the world, offers the strangers a gracious welcome.

After numerous improbable incidents, all managed by the magic wand of M. Scribe, the robber Baron, who does not know how to deny his daughter anything, consents to accompany her at the risk of his life to a ball, which is to be given by the Governor of Rome on the next day.

All the second act lies in the palace of the Governor of Rome. The Governor, in order to render his administration brilliant, has sworn he will capture the celebrated Bandit, Marco Spada. A chance appears near at hand, for he has heard by some means that the terrible robber captain has conceived the audacious project of exercising his cleverness right in the midst of his guests at the ball in his own palace. There is a mendicant friar, Frère Borroméo, who formerly belonged to Marco Spada's band, but who had repented and left his evil ways: through him the Governor hopes to discover the Bandit among his guests. The scene where Frère Borroméo presents his request to each one of the guests successively, in order to find the Bandit, is very adroitly managed; and the manner in which Marco Spada escapes the danger which threatens him forms a *coup de théâtre* very striking.

The *denouement* takes place in the third act in the usual manner. Marco Spada flies, and in order to save the honor of his daughter and to render possible her marriage with the nephew of the Governor, declares she is not his child, which is to be regarded as a pious falsehood, and of course to be forgiven by the audience.

The fine scenic effect, the whole getting up of the piece, the music of M. Auber, and the grace of Mlle Duprez, contributed more to the success of this opera than any merits of the libretto, for Scribe's compositions never recommend themselves by probability of events or fidelity of character. So much for the mere story; now for a more particular notice of the music.

The Overture of Marco Spada opens with an *andante* of well sustained harmony, abounding with incidental modulations, which flit before the ear like those pretty little sparkling glow worms that appear and disappear in the atmosphere on a clear dark night. Mr. Auber excels in the lulling soft harmony which, like twilight, is neither day nor night; that is, he produces by turns a major and minor sensation, without deigning to characterize either with a strongly marked phrase. The *allegro*, founded on a well-known *Tarentelle*, leads back several times to the theme in a very ingenious manner, and the symphony closes with a warm peroration, which shows nothing new to those who are already acquainted with the charming overtures in Mr. Auber's *repertoire*. The Romance "*Ne grondez pas*," which Angela sings in the first scene, where she thinks she is addressing her father, whose features she is not able to discover, as it is night, and ignorant of being in the presence of the Governor of Rome, *La Marchesa*, his niece, and Count Pepinelli—this Romance, in two couplets, is graceful and very well adapted to the delicate voice of Mlle. Duprez.

The quartette which follows is not properly a concerted piece, but rather a soprano air with an accompaniment for the voice. It is rapid, and managed with spirit. The tenor Romance which the unknown lover Fredericci sings behind the scenes, and which is terminated by a *coda* for two voices, bears some resemblance to the pretty serenade, *L'Amant jaloux*, of Grétry. The basso air, in which Marco Spada expresses to his daughter all the tenderness he feels for her, contains an *adagio sostenuto*, which M. Bataille sang with much taste. In the *allegro* movement could be seen some reminiscences of the Rossini style, but M. Bataille added a closing *cadenza*—of his own, perhaps—which gave a common-place sound to this otherwise piquant *moreau*. The *duo* for basso and soprano, between Marco Spada and his daughter, is written in the true Italian style, and the *finale* of this act is remarkable for some pretty *vocalises*, for two soprano voices, accompanied by the whole chorus.

The couplets of the second act—

"Vous pouvez soupirer,
Vous pouvez espérer,"

which *La Marchesa* permits to escape from her mocking lips and which are full of the delicate tone of feminine *coquetterie*, are delicious, and Mlle. Favel expressed them with much spirit. The *entrée* of the guests at the Governor's Ball is announced by a very pretty chorus which is repeated when the noble company leave the stage to go to supper.—In the interval during which the Governor is shut up in his Cabinet, where he receives the important news that the famous Marco Spada is concealed among his guests—the ladies and gentlemen appear again and, having nothing better to do, entreat their new friend, the daughter of the Baron de Torrida, to sing something for them. Then it is that Mlle. Duprez sings a declaration of love in four languages—in Russian, English, Italian, and French—a sort of proverb which the young actress plays with much spirit and which clever idea she probably suggested. The prayer of the monk who comes to beg something for his convent of the guests, scrutinizing each one closely in order to accomplish the Governor's design, is in good keeping, as well as the *Basso* air of Marco Spada, when his daughter faints on hearing the real name of her father. The unaccompanied Trio between Marco Spada, his daughter and Count Fredericci, is a very difficult passage ingeniously managed, but better suited for a concert of wind instruments than to describe a dramatic situation. In the third act is a beautiful *soprano* air, the *andante* of which is remarkable, but the *allegro* exacts from Mlle. Duprez some exertions which are a little imprudent. In this act is also a charming *trio* for *Soprano*, *Tenor* and *Basso*.

Mlle Caroline Duprez contributed much to the success of "Marco Spada." Daughter of an accomplished artist, whose name will live in the musical history of the present day, young, pretty and *spirituelle*, possessing that perfect air of good breeding which is not the least valuable of her merits—musical to the very tip of her pretty fingers, and filled with that divine fluid which torments and consumes those who possess it, Mlle. Caroline Duprez is of the smallest number of the elect—a true child of genius. But though we do not wish to imitate the wicked fairy who placed in the cradle of gifted children cabalistic words of bad omen, we must warn her of danger she incurs in over-exerting her delicate voice. We noticed certain inflexions, certain tones evidently borrowed from Mlle Rachel, and which are no better in the mouth of the celebrated tragedienne than in the young cantatrice, for in both it is a counterfeit, not an imitation, of simple nature. In her great air in the third act we were startled at some leaps she gave over frightful intervals, which almost tempted us to cry out with Madame de Sevigne,

"Oh ma fille, j'ai mal à votre poitrine."

This opera of Marco Spada, without containing anything entirely new, is a pleasing production not discreditable to the charming and delicious composer who has amused France for thirty years. His instrumentation, always elegant, abounds with

pretty details, piquant and brilliant rhythms, where can be recognized the *esprit* and dexterity of the author of "Domino Noir," whose graceful taste aims rather at propriety and elegance than depth of expression—the skilful and clever musician whose delicate harmony, sparkling with modulation is always subordinate to the melody. The whole thing is a happy *melange* of gaiety, delicacy and elegance.

M. Auber became a dramatic composer under peculiar circumstances. He had been a man of the society of fine gentlemen, who amused his leisure by leading the life of a musical *dilettante*. He studied music as a mere matter of taste and pleasure—was a pupil of Cherubini and a disciple of Mozart; and had acquired among artists a reputation for ability far beyond that which an amateur generally attained, when some sad family event forced him to make use of his fine talents as a means of support.

He made his *début* as a composer at the Theatre of the *Opera Comique* in 1830, in *La Bergère Châtelaine*, an opera in three acts, whose success augured well for the future. *Emma, ou la Promesse imprudente*, an opera in three acts, followed the next year, and confirmed the good opinion formed by the public of the new composer. *La Neige*, opera in three acts, which came out in 1823, and *La Concert a la Cour*, in 1824, showed that the lively genius of M. Auber had been touched with the grace of the grand renovation of dramatic music. Since then this ingenious and charming composer has trodden the same path and produced works which give abundant proof that the author of *La Muette de Portici* and *Domino Noir* is truly the son of Voltaire and Rossini. Such indeed is the double character of M. Auber's works—the *esprit*, delicacy, and dramatic sentiment of the French school, united in just proportions with the rich coloring and brilliant melody of the great *Maestro*. In *La Muette*, a grand opera in five acts, brought out in 1828, and *Domino Noir*, opera comique, in three acts, represented in 1837, can be found the most striking marks of M. Auber's talent and manner. *L'Enfante prodigue*, a grand opera in five acts, and *Zerlina*, an opera in three acts, composed for the admirable voice of Mlle. Alboni, have not added to M. Auber's reputation, and in order to make amends for this double failure, he has brought out "Marco Spada," whose success has repaired his character.

The opera of "Marco Spada," which may be regarded as an anthology of M. Auber's works, should close, it seems to us, the brilliant and illustrious career of this composer. M. Auber has labored enough for glory, let him rest and enjoy in peace the eminent position he has acquired and which no one contests with him. One work more would add nothing to his reputation, and might disturb the repose this last success has brought him. If Boieldieu had stopped at *La Dame Blanche*, he would never have written *Les Deux Nuits*, the failure of which saddened his last days.

CARL MARIA VON WEBER. This most popular German composer (we translate from the New York *Staats Zeitung*) was born in Eutin (Holstein) in the year 1786. Weber was one of the most *genial* heads that ever lived among the coryphæi of musicians. Besides his great talent for composition, he was an excellent piano-forte *virtuoso*, and in a certain measure the wonder of modern piano playing. His "Freyschütz" and "Oberon," his "Preciosa" and "Euryanthe," are masterworks of the first rank; his sonatas too, and other piano-forte and song compositions make him immortal in the annals of German music;—he was in every sense a classical *people's composer*, who died, alas! too early, namely, in 1826, in London.—On the 21st of August of this present year a monument is to be erected to this incomparable composer, in Eutin, and the occasion will likewise be celebrated by a musical festival of three days.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 11, 1853.

Opening of the Great Exhibition in Dublin.

DISPLAY OF THE FINE ARTS—THE MUSIC OF THE INAUGURATION—ACOUSTIC QUALITIES OF THE BUILDING, &c.

DUBLIN, May 15, 1853.

DEAR DWIGHT:—You are not accustomed to look to this quarter for much of interest in connection with music and the fine arts. But it has fallen to my lot to be present at the opening of the great Industrial Exhibition of Ireland, which took place on the 12th inst., and it has occurred to me that a brief account of the ceremonial would not be out of place in the pages of your Journal. This is a project purely national in its character, having for its object to revive the drooping spirit of the people, and wake them to self-reliance and hope. Hence it has warmly enlisted the sympathy of the Irish nation, and nothing has been spared to give it magnitude and importance worthy the end in view.

The display in the department of the Fine Arts is particularly brilliant and imposing, the noblemen and gentry from all parts of the country contributing freely their choicest gems of painting and statuary. And in the possession of works of high order and merit Ireland is by no means deficient. Indeed, in this department, as is admitted by all, the Dublin Exhibition far exceeds that of its great prototype held a couple of years since in London. Something of its extent may be inferred when it is stated that the picture gallery or "Fine Arts Court," as it is called, is an apartment 325 feet long, 40 broad, and 20 high, to the springing of the arches which support the roof, the whole of the area of which is filled with statuary, and its walls crowded with the *chefs-d'œuvre* of Art of all ages and every land. With great good sense, the committee have entrusted the arrangement of this Hall to a man of acknowledged taste and a genuine artist, so that the eye and the feelings are not pained by the incongruous proximity of color and of subject.

Of course there is not space here for detailed description. Most prominent among the statuary are Mc Dowell's "Eve," and a singularly beautiful representation of a "Child borne by a Dolphin," attributed, I know not with how much truth, to Raffaele, as being one of the only three productions of his chisel. "In this," says an enthusiastic critique, "he is considered to have equalled the antique, and yet, so overshadowed was he by the glorious achievements of Michael Angelo, that Lanzi is the only chronicler of art who has bestowed a passing allusion on Raffaele's sculpture."

In painting, the Dutch, Italian, French, Spanish and modern German schools are well represented. To modern Art ample justice has been done. The Berlin specimens include Begas, Bierman, Achenbach, Meyer and Levin. The Belgian contributions are principally of sacred and legendary subjects. In the British collection are some of Hogarth's caricatures, Vandyck's and Lely's portraits. Danby and MacIse personify the perfection of native Irish Art. The "Deluge" of the former artist possesses a terrible interest, and exhibits undoubted genius of the highest order.

There are many old works exceedingly valuable and curious, among the most interesting of which is a Head of Christ, of the Byzantine type, on a gilt ground, a thirteenth century panel piece.

But it is not my intention to enter upon a description of the contents of this Temple of Industry of all nations. It was the inaugural evening of this great national enterprise, or rather, I should say, the grand musical festival on that occasion, to which the opening ceremonial was but an adjunct, which claims our special attention. Nothing of the kind had ever before been attempted on so gigantic a scale in this country, and but upon two or three occasions only in England. The band consisted of a thousand performers, all told, comprising about two hundred instruments and a chorus of 800 strong. The orchestra was formed of 18 contra basses, each with its accompanying cello, and a proportional army of violins and violas; the wind department being sustained by 6 flutes, 8 clarinets, 4 oboes, 4 bassoons, 8 horns, 4 trumpets, 2 cornets, 2 ophicleydes, 6 trombones, with drums, cymbals, etc., and an organ of immense power. The vocal parts were well balanced with each other, and the whole in admirable proportion to the orchestral force employed. The musicians, vocal and instrumental, had been selected with much care from various parts of the kingdom (but from Ireland more particularly). For several weeks they had studied and rehearsed, in small bodies, the pieces given out for the occasion, and a day or two previous to the opening ceremonial had been brought together for careful rehearsal in the building itself. It will be seen that the number of performers here engaged exceeded that of the famous Abbey Band on the occasion of the commemoration of Handel in 1783, as also that of the great musical festival at York Minster in 1826. The instrumental department was led by Lovey. Dr. Stewart presided at the organ, and the whole was conducted by Mr. Joseph Robinson, a gentleman entirely competent to the arduous task.

But before alluding to the music itself and its effect, it may be well to describe briefly the interior of the apartment in which it was given. This was the great central hall of the exhibition building, in length 425 feet, by 100 feet in width, and 100 feet high, covered, in one span, by a semi-cylindrical roof upon trellis ribs. The ends of this main apartment being joined at the top by a regular curve to the arched roof present the appearance of the interior of an immense dome whose base, 100 feet in diameter, rests upon the capitals of the columns which support the sides of the building, some fifty feet above the floor. On each side of the centre hall, and running parallel to it for the same length, are two halls fifty feet wide with domed roofs, similar to that which covers the main nave of the building. These are connected by passages with the centre hall. Around the sides of the main hall runs a gallery, supported by the rows of columns before mentioned. Its ceiling, being divided into panels by the trellis ribs and other constructive parts of the building, provides ample opportunity for effective decoration. The materials of the building are wood and iron. Light is admitted from above in one unbroken and equally distributed body. The framing of the orchestra occupies the whole of the western end of the hall, its platform being raised some 8 or 10 feet above the floor, from the

level of which are carried tier on tier of vocalists and instrumentalists, rising abruptly, in a semi-circular form, till the farthest are seated just beneath the springing of the dome, some sixty feet high.

The whole arrangement of the band seemed to me most excellent for the regulating, combining and solidifying such masses of sound. Occupying the centre of the stage was the orchestra, flanked on either side by the contra-basses and violoncellos; the violins composed the front and middle of the phalanx, behind which were placed the instruments of wood and brass. In the rear of the orchestra the huge organ towered up to the roof of the building. This organ is one of surpassing excellence. It was built by Telford, of Dublin, for the Oxford University, and has been brought thence to grace the national display. On either side of the instruments, extending from the front of the platform back to the wall, filling every inch of the unoccupied space on the immense stage, were ranged the chorus, with due regard to order and position. In front, and facing the band, sat the conductor, so placed as to command at once with his baton his whole forces.

The hour of twelve o'clock was that appointed for the commencement of the ceremonial, at which time the hall was filled with about 10,000 persons. The programme then opened with the grand old choral of Martin Luther, the 100th psalm, which now revealed to my ears, for the first time, its gigantic proportions in their true sublimity. A pleasing and curious effect was produced by the mode of performance adopted in this piece, it being given first by the orchestra, then by the voices unaided, and afterwards by both combined, to which was added the full power of the organ. Then followed, in succession, the Coronation Anthem of Handel, with the appropriate copyright words; Mozart's Motet, No. 1, with the words: "O God, when thou appearest;" the Hallelujah chorus from the "Mount of Olives;" Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise;" "The Heavens are telling," from the "Creation," and Handel's grand Hallelujah chorus from the "Messiah." It is impossible, in the brief space I am willing to appropriate here, to speak in detail of each of these performances. Throughout the whole the effect fully realized my expectations, which, I assure you, had been raised to a high key.

The prelude to the Coronation Anthem, given by the instruments, was particularly fine. Here, in the subdued strains of so vast an orchestra, there was such pathos of expression and breadth of intonation as gave the best possible preparation for the dignified movement of the opening choral, which, culminating gradually, burst upon the phrases, "God save the Queen," "May the Queen live forever," with wonderful effect. In the Motet of Mozart the instrumentation, for which, in accompaniment, this great master, so much excels, was most exquisite, the number of the stringed instruments giving, even in the softest passages, a volume of tone which reached to the remotest parts of the building, and hushed the noise and bustle of the vast assembly as by magic.

Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise" was entirely new to me. It is a work demanding large orchestral and vocal resonance, and was rendered with surprising accuracy and power. As in all his sacred works, the composer here aims at the highest grandeur of effect. This he has surely

accomplished in the gorgeous chorus commencing "All men, all things, all that bath life and breath, sing to the Lord." The Hallelujah from the "Mount of Olives;" "The heavens are telling," and Handel's Hallelujah chorus (this grand triad in oratorio which must outlive all music) were fitly glorified in the praise of a thousand voices and instruments. The only purely instrumental performance was a March from the "Athalia" of Mendelssohn, with the execution of which I was by no means so well pleased. This piece, in its general characteristics, resembles the "Wedding March."

The ceremonies were closed by the performance of the national anthem, in which the full power of the instruments and voices was engaged and, in addition to which, the instruments of five military bands, stationed in different parts of the building, poured in their brazen music with stunning effect, filling the vast building with a sea of sound.

Much has been said, by the local authorities, in praise of the acoustic properties of the building, as developed on this occasion. But, whatever merit a structure so peculiar in its mechanism may be found to possess in this respect must be regarded as purely accidental, and, so far as I can judge, all that has been said of it, in this particular, is inaccurate and has no claim to scientific regard. That it surpassed in acoustic fitness the huge temple of glass in which the music was performed at the opening of the London exhibition, is no doubt true; but to say it is a building well adapted to the conveyance and development of musical sounds is simply absurd. By main strength, indeed, the sound from the vast band and chorus forced itself into every part and corner of the mighty space, but was distorted and modified, injuriously, in various ways, by the uncouth form and improper material (in acoustic particulars) of the structure. The same performance, if given in the open air and favorable conditions would, I am convinced, have produced effects far surpassing in sublimity those experienced on the present occasion.

But I have already much more than occupied the space I had intended in your columns, and, therefore, will abruptly close, craving your indulgence for my quantity. Ever yours,

ERIN.

American Students of Music in Europe.

Our readers will be interested in the following extracts from a letter, dated London, May 20th, which we have received from our townsman, Mr. Nathan Richardson. Only a few days after its arrival we had the pleasure of welcoming the writer back in person.

"At Leipsic I called on Mr. C. C. PERKINS and also Mr. J. C. D. PARKER; the former I did not have the good fortune to find at home, as he had already left to attend the great annual Musical Festival at Düsseldorf; but I was informed by many professors of music in that city that he was still pursuing his studies with much diligence and has recently finished another Quartet for stringed instruments, which is considered above par. Mr. Parker is still making rapid progress in playing, as well as in composition. It will interest his friends to know that he has also composed a Quartet for strings, which is pronounced very clever. A Quartet is one of the most difficult things to compose, requiring pure musical talent, as well as a thorough knowledge of the power and effects of the several instruments for which it is written. It costs genius and much study to write the parts so that they harmonize effectively and melodiously and are at the same time expressive; comparatively few are written that are worth playing through."

Mr. WILLIAM MASON is in Weimar, under the instruction of LISZT. He is located in a very pleasant part of the city, under every possible advantage, and I am sure America will feel proud of him as a pianist when he returns, as he has made wonderful improvement and is still going on with great perseverance. He played several pieces to me, and among others two of his own composition, which are about to be published by Schott in Mayence. I was much pleased with the improvement he has made in composition as well as in playing the piano-forte. Mr. Mason possesses a touch which is certainly very rare, an execution which is wonderful, and an undoubted musical talent. To say he is a pupil of Liszt is proof enough that he possesses all necessary qualifications to become a thorough pianist and an eminent composer. He is soon to play before the Grand Duke of Weimar and I fear not that he will give perfect satisfaction.

"On my arrival at Frankfort I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. LEVI P. HOMER and Mr. G. W. PRATT. Mr. Homer has given most of his time to Harmony, Composition and Instrumentation, for the past four years, and is considered in Frankfort to be a thorough musician. If I am a judge, he understands the science very thoroughly. He commenced to study from the very foundation, and as he is one of those who never leaves anything undone, your readers may be assured that he is quite at home in his profession. I had the pleasure of hearing some of his compositions such as Fugues, Chorals, &c. which were very fine. Among other pieces of his I saw a simple melody which he had varied in one hundred and thirty-three different ways, and still seventeen more variations must be composed to complete the composition. Mr. Homer intends to go to Leipsic ere long to continue his musical studies.

"Mr. Pratt, well known as music teacher in several seminaries in and about Boston, is pursuing his studies under several celebrated teachers, and with his ambition, perseverance and determination will certainly accomplish his great object with credit to himself and satisfaction to his many Boston friends.

"While at Paris I was favored with an invitation to call upon Miss ELISE HENSLE. Her talent and beautiful voice have given her a place in the Conservatory, of which it is considered a great honor to be a member. This lady evidently studies very diligently, and with her sweet and musical voice cannot but become a fine singer and thorough artiste. She has sung at many private circles and has been very highly complimented. I heard her sing several pieces from the most classical composers, with much taste and expression, that is to say for one so young in the Art. She has made a decided improvement since I last heard her in Boston.

"Miss Hensler gave me a letter of introduction to Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPS. This young lady left Boston, some two years since, to visit Europe for the purpose of cultivating her voice and studying the different branches of music, in order, I believe, to become a thorough and accomplished artiste. Since that time she has been under the tuition of GARCIA, the most eminent living teacher. I called on her, and when I arrived at the door, I heard some one practising scales, trills, turns, and other difficulties. I listened with attention; at first thought she was taking a lesson; but after hearing her make several difficult running passages, chromatic scales, &c., I made up my mind that I was at the wrong door, as it sounded more like an artiste than a pupil. However, I ventured to ring and found that I was really at the residence of the lady in question who received my card and invited me in. I delivered my letter and immediately informed her my object in calling. As I had never heard her before this morning, I am unable to say whether she has improved or not. I can only say that Miss Phillips is the finest and most accomplished American singer I have ever heard. She possesses a fine mellow soprano voice, the compass of which is two octaves and five notes, the highest being B flat, which she produces with ease and clearness. Her low tones are very fine; her execution is wonderful for one of her age, and considering the short time she has already practised. Her delivery, taste and expression in singing display real talent, and I am convinced that this lady is destined to be a great artiste. She intends to study the German, Italian and French schools thoroughly, and consequently will probably leave London in the fall for either Germany or Italy. Our

people must feel proud to learn that all the above named are from Boston."

We have also just received an interesting letter from our friend Salomonski, in Florence, which we must reluctantly withhold from our readers until next week.

THE MUSIC TRADE. From some statistics, copied in another column, it would seem that Music in this country has attained to a very considerable *commercial* consequence, whatever may be thought of us as an unmusical people. *Twenty-seven millions of dollars* in one year! Would that music as an *Art* bore any proportion to music as a *trade* among us! But the truth is, the divine Art, or rather the name of the divine Art has been most terribly and profanely traded upon. The manufacture and distribution of instruments, especially of organs and pianos, is all very well and marks the spread of musical culture. But when one contemplates the namby-pamby song and psalm-book making, the ceaseless publication of vile "variations" and "arrangements," and much of the teaching and "professor"-izing that spreads its drag-nets over town and village, one feels that it is mostly wooden nutmegs set to music. Your sharp-set, speculating Yankee is as ready to profess fine arts as scissors-grinding, if there be money to be made by it; and our goodly land is overrun by musical "professors," who are simply peddling speculators. In the "rural districts" every ear is pre-occupied with their soulless productions, and the finer sense shut against genuine music. The work of years must somehow be undone, and the market-brawl and tumult of this music *trade* be swept away, before the sweet, sincere tones of the heavenly Cecilia can become appreciable to the general ear.

Pictorials.

The Illustrated Magazine of Art, published in New York by A. Montgomery, 17 Spruce St., still maintains its pre-eminence among the pictorials of our country. Its beautiful engravings are mostly the production of French and English artists, and its editor, Mr. John Casswell, has superintended a similar work in England, with a circulation of 60,000 copies. Each monthly part contains sixty-eight large octavo pages of excellent reading matter, with upwards of thirty finely executed engravings. These give us representations in each number, (1) of the portrait and leading works of some great master; (2) of the foremost men and women of the age, including American; (3) of great architectural works, cathedrals, palaces, &c.; (4) historical events; (5) of animals, birds, fishes, &c.; (6) machinery, inventions, manufacturing processes, &c., illustrated throughout their several stages; (7) patterns of useful and ornamental work for ladies, &c. All this variety, with solid, well-written papers accompanying, gives the subscriber a good monthly supply of amusement and instruction for the small pittance of *twenty-five cents*. The present June number completes the first volume of six parts, and is even richer than its predecessors. It leads off with an article on Sir Edwin Landseer, with half a dozen capital engravings from his sketches of animal life. Scenes in Ireland, on the Danube, in Naples, in the life of Columbus, in the interior of a French artist's studio, in the London post-office, a portrait and memoir of Henry Ward Beecher, a minute description with wood-cuts of House's printing telegraph, and other interesting matters, follow. We understand it is the determination of the publisher to increase the interest of the Magazine still further, and to incorporate into it the principal matter of his other sumptuous serials, the "History of the Painters of All Nations," by Charles Blanc.

This splendid publication also has reached its sixth

monthly part; six parts more will complete the volume. Each part gives, on sixteen elegant quarto pages, an account of the life and works of some great master, with the portrait of the master and engravings of several of his most famous works. Thus far we have had Albert Durer, Velasquez, Vandervelde, Rembrandt, Ruysdael and David Teniers the younger. Price of each part, *fifty cents*.

Musical Intelligence.

BOSTON MUSIC HALL ASSOCIATION.—The annual meeting of the Stockholders took place on the 8th inst. The Directors' Report showed the gross income of the first six months to be \$6,571 54. Two donations to the Corporation were made within the past year. The one, a beautiful clock for the Hall—the other the handsome sum of one thousand dollars. The former by Timothy C. Leeds, Esq., and the latter by Hon. Jona. Phillips. Mr. Phillips' donation, together with the nett proceeds of the "Opening Concert" in Nov. last, (\$923.26) have been placed at interest as an accumulating fund destined to purchase an organ worthy of the Hall one of these days. A munificent present from Mr. Charles C. Perkins of Boston, now in Europe was also announced. It is a statue in bronze of Beethoven, to be placed in the Hall, the order being already in the hands of the distinguished American sculptor, Crawford. The report concluded with a congratulation to the Stockholders on the very gratifying success of the Hall, which has thus far yielded an income considerably in advance of the estimates on which subscriptions were originally solicited. The Treasurer's report was also read in detail and both were unanimously approved. The last year's board of directors was retained unchanged by an unanimous vote, and the meeting was dissolved.

MUSICAL EDUCATION SOCIETY. At the annual meeting of the Musical Education Society, Monday evening, the following officers were chosen for the ensuing year; President, William F. Goodwin; Vice President, Geo. A. Lord; Secretary, H. L. Keyes; Assistant Secretary, S. G. Parsons; Treasurer, Alden Spence; Librarian, Wm. F. Smith; Directors, J. D. Kent, H. A. Ball, Oliver Edwards, Joseph Sherwin, Jas. W. Bailey.

Summer brings a strange and appalling change over the musical aspect of our fair city; "for behold! darkness covers the earth." Negro minstrelsy occupies every hall. In the Boston Music Hall it is the "Campbells" that are come; at Williams Hall, it is "Mason's Serenaders;" at the Howard, "Bryant's;" at Ordway's Hall it is a permanent institution; while at the Museum and the National, *l'Oncle Tom* nightly receives crowds of friends.

The annual **MUSICAL FESTIVAL OF THE GERMANS** is to take place this year in Philadelphia, commencing on the 25th of June, and lasting until the 29th. The vocal societies of all the principal cities and towns will be present, and, with those of this city, will make a chorus of about one thousand male singers. There will probably be some additional thousands, not musicians, attracted by the festival. On Saturday evening, the 25th, the visiting societies will arrive, and be escorted by a torch-light procession to Independence Square, where a Welcome Song will be sung by the Philadelphia Societies. A collation will afterwards be served up at the Chinese Museum, which will be the general headquarters. On Monday there will be a grand procession, and a Jubilee Concert in the Museum. Tuesday will be spent at Lemon Hill, where there will be an oration, music, dancing and games; and in the evening a meeting will be held to determine on the place for holding the next festival. This is the fourth of these annual festivals, the first having been held in Philadelphia four years ago, the second in New York, and the third in Baltimore.

Phil. Evening Bulletin.

GERMANY. We translate the following items from Meyer's *Monatshefte*:

At Düsseldorf, preparations were making for the great Rhine music festival, to take place at Whitsuntide. On the first day Robert Schumann conducts in the performance of his own symphony in D minor, and of Handel's "Messiah." On the second day, Ferdinand Hiller conducts in the overture to "Euryanthe," the first act of Gluck's "Alceste," and the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven. On the third day, for which the programme was not determined, the two conductors were to alternate. Of the solo-singers who have consented to take part, are named Clara Novello from London, Fräulein Schloss and Hartmann, and Herr von der Osten and Tichatscheck.

The old clavichord, that belonged to MOZART, and whose existence in Salzburg was not long since mentioned, has passed into the possession of LISZT at Weimar, who also has as a pendant to it the old piano that Beethoven used in his last years.

FLOROW is composing two comic operas for Vienna: "Rübezahl," and "die Studenten von Bologna," to which Pultitz is writing the libretto.

JOHANNA WAGNER was to employ her leave of absence from Berlin, beginning the 1st of June, by 'starring it' in the opera at Dresden, Frankfurt, and Aix la Chapelle.

Verdi's "Rigolette" seems to be going the round of Germany. It has already been produced with good success in several cities, and is in preparation in several theatres.

OUR JOURNAL IN NEW YORK. Mr. JOHN CUMMING is our authorized canvasser and collector in New York; and we trust that he will meet with a cordial reception wherever he may call to present the claims of the Journal to the regard of the true friends of music.

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—Edward L. Balch,

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Hector Berlioz.

[The second visit of Berlioz to London, to conduct there his Opera, "Benvenuto Cellini," gives interest to the following remarks, which are found in an article entitled *The Music of the Season, Present and Prospective*, in the May number of *Fraser's Magazine*.]

In speaking of this extraordinary composer and of his opera, which was attended during its representations at Weimar, last autumn, by a concourse of musicians from the surrounding cities, and received triumphantly, notwithstanding great imperfections in the chorus, the principal singers, and especially of a tenor, who was obliged to omit the best piece of his part, the air in the third act, we are not so occupied with curiosity respecting his treatment of the promised work as with the feeling that he is now on the eve of receiving such a public demonstration in England as befits the master composer of the age, and the efforts of a life devoted to the highest objects of the musical art. Though we know no note of the music of *Benvenuto*, except the beautiful overture to the Roman carnival which introduces one of the acts, we conclude that the work is excellent, because, having heard many other compositions of its author, we know his mode of writing—that he aims not to excite the lively impressions of the vulgar ear by recalling forgotten forms of melody,

and ideas no sooner familiar than they are decayed; but, on the contrary, to gratify musical taste of a high standard, by creations which gradually work their way among all. The failure of this opera at Paris, years ago, and the lively reversal of the judgment then pronounced, within a few months, in Germany, alike confirm our opinion that *Benvenuto* is composed of the same durable materials as the other compositions of Berlioz.

The misfortune of living to instruct and advance an age has been in turn common to the greatest benefactors to music, whose names illustrate the principal epochs of its modern history. Mozart did not live to see the full success of *Don Juan*, nor Beethoven the popularity of *Fidelio*; and up to the present time the world only seems to be somewhat more instructed and somewhat more widely musical, to have its judgment and appreciation of excellence more severely tasked. Relatively the position of composers is the same: the life of solitude and pensive meditation is still their inalienable heritage: they have the 'riches fineness' of the imagination, but their banking account is still in Utopia. We look anxiously for the time when high composition shall bring to its author some solid worldly recompense, and when enraptured audiences shall think that the clamor of their approbation and the certainty of posthumous fame for the composer do not entirely balance the mutual obligations of the pleasure-giver and the pleasure-receivers. When we think of the modest households of the great musicians of the last seventy years, and of the small fortunes which they accumulated, we must most conscientiously say, that we believe composers to be, of all artists, the least considered. They please greater masses, and by a more extended electric sympathy, than either painters or poets; and yet for music, this pulse of our exalted life, people give no thanks—considering it philosophically as only the air set in motion by some ingenious and privileged individual. If the gift of taste which sometimes descends upon people of fortune in this country, and confers a reputation which is often easily and amiably supported by the purchase of pictures and the giving of occasional dinner-parties and literary levees, should ever glow in the impassioned breast of a rich lover of music, he would be the Mæcenas who would have to 'lay out.' His park would contain the ornate residence of his orchestral musicians and Maestro di Capella; his chorus would be duly provided for; his concert-room and lyric theatre would exhibit the completest design and decoration; an Esterhazy of the last age, living on his Hungarian estate, would be his model and prototype. Here is a field for elegant extravagance, if one had but the means, which far outstrips our rural taste for bounds and horses—for taking five-barred gates and rasping fences. But music is still too unsubstantial an investment; its patron on this scale would only be thought 'to sow the wind,' and deserve to 'reap the whirlwind.' As we cannot inflate a set of puppets with air, and make them give it out in music, but require, both for

opera and oratorios, a legion of pensionaries in the shape of men and women, who must have food and shelter, and some of the comforts of existence, before they can emit pleasurable tones, we turn over the costly and dangerous responsibility of supporting them to some enterprising manager and the uncertain favor of the public.

We are perhaps able to say that music has at last reached the limits of expense, and that a modern opera, supported with the highest talent in all its departments, cannot now by mechanical additions increase the gorgeous effect of sound upon the human senses. In such a condition of music lived neither Bach nor Handel, neither Mozart nor Beethoven; the art was in their time within the scope of private patronage, and a composer of genius could almost hold it in his hand. But the luxuriant scale of musical performances which has been gradually approached during the last twenty years, has so increased the difficulties of composers, that few oppose them successfully. Some, after many struggles, get heard once, and descend plump into the abyss of obscurity; others swim well for a season or two, and sink more gradually; but the names of modern composers, when we recall them, appear for the most part like the flitting visions in Dante's *Inferno*. While these are dismissed with indifference, others, discovered at rare intervals, show an elevation of purpose, a power of accomplishment, a consistency, and a determination of character which win for them, even in retirement, feelings of admiration and respect.

Some months have now elapsed since Hector Berlioz brought the last season of the New Philharmonic Concerts to such a triumphant conclusion, as all who attended them will testify, and we have had leisure in the interval to 'chew the cud' upon his merits. As a practical musician and conductor he then showed some things which, independently of the gradually increasing interest manifested by our public in his compositions, will not soon be forgotten in the annals of English Concerts. He gave the first example of long performances carried through without a flaw, and accustomed the public ear to a perfection which had not been reached. He established, and in a manner popularized Beethoven's Choral Symphony, which, though attempted elsewhere, has never been heard in England except in Exeter Hall. The teacher as well as the guide of the orchestra, he showed in this work, by its unity of effect, with what completeness the original existed in his own mind, and how successfully he could transmit and realize it. Zeal in preparation and consciousness of purpose were followed up in him when at the head of the orchestra by such lively faculties, such tact and self-reliance, as enabled him to meet every difficulty, and to take to himself unreservedly the responsibility of the most onerous works. The men of the orchestra relied with certainty upon many movements of this accomplished chief, unseen by the audience, to carry them successfully over the perilous difficulties of the modern symphony.

As a composer, the path of Berlioz is so extraordinary, and has been from the outset so free from traditions, that it forms one of the most interesting considerations in the modern history of the art. His music, as Vieuxtemps once characterized it to us, is 'music from an entirely new point of view.' To see how a composer could come effectively upon the scene after Mozart and Beethoven, maintain himself there with honor during life, and bequeath works to posterity which they would cherish, was hardly to be expected of a young man; and yet the instinct of genius taught the pupil of Lesueur and Reicha, while yet in the Conservatoire, that fame to be permanent must be individual, that in this pursuit, imitation and scholastic rules are vain and illusory aids, and that time does not fail to redistribute borrowed inventions to their rightful owners. Possessed with this idea, from his earliest work, the *Sinfonia Fantastique*, or even before, he appears to have resolved to obtain the powers and position of the great classical masters by means entirely his own; and to the surprise of all who have looked on, he has accomplished his object—opening by the way new sources of beauty, and extending in a manner equally honorable to the art and to himself the mysterious power of sound. While such a composer lives, who shall pronounce music itself effete and exhausted? Rather let us say that brains are sterile, and that the art in its several departments wants capable men.

When we see this master, unbacked by powerful or adventitious influence, placed before a metropolitan audience, with all the support in a chorus and orchestra that money can give, it is to us a pure victory of opinion and progress, which atones for much that is discouraging in the eventful life of genius. The friends of Berlioz, Liszt the pianist, Griepenkerl of Brunswick, editor of the organ works of Bach, H. Romberg of Petersburg, and others, have written with the same disinterested simplicity and personal regard in behalf of his cause as he himself composes. Free from selfish or party motives, their testimony, and the better testimony of his works, have inspired a general interest in Berlioz, and England has effectually caught the flame.

We have reason to know that his absence from the post of conductor of the second season of the New Philharmonic Society spread a general regret and a coldness to its interests among the subscribers. The labor of giving popularity to a young and important musical institution is immense; and in founding it, he might rationally have hoped to effect a favorable opening in London for his own works. But the composer is the constant sport of fortune. In a moment these hopes were dissipated; and the audience, who hoped to greet Berlioz annually, had to reserve their gratulation for some more favorable meeting. The constancy which endures such perverse accidents without blenching is part of the heroic temperament of the artist, and it is a character which may be read legibly in the noble style of his compositions. His own life forms to these works the most interesting accompaniment and commentary.

In full assurance that *Benvenuto Cellini*, if fitly produced, will succeed,—the Philharmonic audience of last season, reserving their special acknowledgments for a due ovation to Berlioz on this occasion,—should not the manager prepare to take advantage, and the public to profit by the favoring gale? The season will then be probably advanced to June, the town will be gay with equipages, and country ladies residing at hotels will be consulting over the breakfast-table where best they may spend their money. Let concerts be organized, and let them contribute to the prosperity of good music. We have yet to hear of Berlioz, and with all convenient speed after *Benvenuto Cellini*, his *Requiem*, a majestic work, of which we have only heard the Offertorium; *Faust*, with its triumphant Hungarian march; his *Romeo and Juliet* symphony complete: his *Sinfonia Funebre*, his *Harold* symphony, and other works, which from association and experience we cannot name without a secret emotion of pleasure.

At a certain time of life composers know feelingly that they are but "mortal men," of frailer

stuff, perchance, than most others. With a due foresight of contingencies, Berlioz has published his principal works in score, revised and corrected by himself, at an expense, we should think, which not a little evinces his attachment to his art. He would set himself right at any price with the growing public of music who, in future, will more appreciate him. The recollection of what he has accomplished makes us earnestly desire the full consummation of his artistic ambition—and the verdict upon him is all but universal. When he dies, a powerful individuality will be lost to the world: but we trust that there is yet reserved for his life of labor and desert a victor's wreath, and the mead of complete success.

[From the London Athenæum, May 21.]

Verdi's Opera of Rigoletto.

Some account of Signor Verdi's "Rigoletto," which work travels Italy as "Viscardello," was offered in a letter written to this journal from Rome in 1851. The opera was, at first, received there with the most violent contumely of Italian disapproval—though, subsequently, as we have been informed, it grew into a certain favor.—Throughout Italy it has been generally popular. It was produced this day week at the *Royal Italian Opera*; and, to judge from appearances, may possibly prove more profitable to the treasury than any of the six operas by Signor Verdi which have already been brought out in this country. But should "Rigoletto" keep our stage for a time, we think that it will be owing partly to the strength of the cast, and the scope afforded by the principal part to Signor Ronconi's acting—partly to the craft of Mr. Beverly, who made in it his *début* as scene-painter to Covent Garden, and who has produced a pair of night pictures, the first of which is effectively original, the second deliciously beautiful—partly because the story proves delightful to English play-goers of fashion. These seem now, like the girls in Miss Anstey's "Northanger Abbey," to have eyes, ears and hearts only for something "very horrid." It is the golden age for "Corsican Brothers," "Vampyres," and such dismal tales—for Quasimodo hurling Claude Frolo from his belfry, and for Triboulet, the king's humpbacked fool, dragging the body of his murdered daughter across the stage in a sack—which last incident forms the choice catastrophe of the work of art before us. On the night in 1832 when M. Victor Hugo's play, "*Le Roi s'amuse*," was performed for the first and only time at the *Théâtre Français*, this revolting novelty was received with a storm of censure. That, however, which is not tolerated when spoken, may be forgiven when it is sung. The very situation at the cross at Chaillet which drove Sir E. Lytton's "*La Villière*" off the English stage, was received with shouts of applause in the Italian opera of "*Malek Adhel*."

That we may not take our readers' acquaintance with the French "drama of despair" too much for granted, let us indicate slightly the four divisions into which the opera drawn from M. Hugo's suppressed tragedy is divided.—The scene is transferred from the Louvre to the Court of Mantua. The first act is devoted to a court ball, at which the Duke (Signor Mario) amuses himself somewhat in the style of Don Juan,—while his Fool, the hunchback Rigoletto (Signor Ronconi), "moralizes" his master's gallantries, by taunting the fathers and husbands who are insensible to such marks of court favor.—In the second act the shame is brought home to Rigoletto's own house: his daughter Gilda (Madame Bosio), who has been cautiously secluded by him from the rakish eyes of the Court, and is believed to be the Fool's mistress by those cognizant of her existence, is dragged from home at night by a party of young nobles, the Duke having fixed upon her as one of those whom he delights to honor.—Act the third brings Rigoletto to court again; where after some vain entreaty, he discovers his daughter, and learns from her what her fate has been.—In act the fourth, the Duke, out roving in the suburbs, is beguiled by Madelena (Mlle. Nantier Didiée) into the house of Sparafucile (Signor Tagliafico), a

mercenary bravo, whom Rigoletto hires to assassinate the Duke. Magdalen, however, takes a fancy to the fly in the web; and the fact of the poor out-cast Gilda arriving in boy's attire enables the assassin to earn his fee by substituting one victim for another. Her half-murdered body is placed in the sack, which Rigoletto has undertaken to fling into the river. While the buffoon is dragging his hideous load thitherward, he is astounded by the voice of the heartless Duke, who leaves the haunt of crime, singing gaily as he goes. The Fool opens the sack, discovers therein his dying daughter, and with his frenzy over his direful mistake the tale of horror concludes.

Now—apart from the fact that when the terse and poignant, though extravagant, dialogue of Victor Hugo is stripped from this tale, it becomes a bald melodrama of coarse and bloody quality, as such unfit for music—"Rigoletto" is, on the other hand, made difficult to treat for the Italian theatre by the complexity of its situations and the number of secondary characters required to work out the plot,—there being no fewer than six persons in addition to the five principal artists. Signor Verdi, therefore, seems to have attempted to be dramatic in the French style. As, however, was stated in the account of "Rigoletto" already referred to—while we perceive the attempt, in no place can we accept it as having been fulfilled. Such effect as "Rigoletto" produces, is produced not by its dramatic propriety of sound to sense. There is hardly one phrase in the part of the buffoon which might not belong to Signor Verdi's Doge in "*I due Foscari*," or to his "Nabucco." The music of combination and dramatic action, again, is puerile and queer: odd modulations being perpetually wrenched out with the vain hope of disguising the intrinsic meagreness of the ideas—and flutes being used for violins, or *vice versa*, apparently not to charm the hearer, but to make him stare. Thus the opening ball scene, accompanied throughout by orchestras on the stage—the abduction *finale*—the scene betwixt Rigoletto and the courtiers—and the storm in the last act, are alike miserable in their meagre patchiness and want of meaning. It is a merit that, in performance of a promise made in one of his prefaces, Signor Verdi is less violent in his instrumentation in "Rigoletto" than he was in his earlier operas; but he has not here arrived at the music of intellect and expression—which is French or German—as distinguished from the music of melody, which is Italian.

Tried with reference to prettiness of melody—for *originality* we have long ceased to bargain in Italian opera—"Rigoletto" must be pronounced weaker than "Ernani" or "Nabucco." The subject of the last movement to the duet betwixt Rigoletto and Gilda, in the second act, (which was *encored*), is distinct, and not unpleasing. The air of display for Gilda, in the garden scene,—called in the published copies of the music, a Polacca, though in common *tempo*,—is as ineffective a mixture of common-place and eccentricity as it ever fell to the lot of *prima donna* to deliver. There is animation in the stretta, "*Si vendetta*," to the second duet betwixt Rigoletto and Gilda, closing the third act. The Duke's waltz, "*La Donna é mobile*," got its *encore*, owing to the enjoyment thrown into it by Signor Mario, and owing to there being some motion in its rhythm; but as a tune it will bear no comparison even with the "Brindisi" in "Lucrezia Borgia." The gem of the opera comes soon after this *ballata*: this is the quartet "*Bella figlia*," founded on a melodious phrase, with clever grouping and neat contrast of the voices,—in which the climax is naturally wrought up, and by which are excited those genial sensations of pleasure which admit of no doubt, and require neither proof nor apology. On the strength of this quartet, we would still hope that Signor Verdi has not "said his last word;" and that he may even now one day come to see more clearly than he has heretofore seen, that thought is not antagonistic to beauty—nor dramatic effect to musical symmetry. This quartet was deservedly *encored*, and may become a stock favorite among pieces of its form and order.

A word remains to be said concerning the principal artists who appeared. Signor Ronconi put

forth his power to the utmost as Rigoletto. We cannot, however, rank it among his best personations; but this lies in the nature of the part, which is too abrupt and naked in its transitions in opera, and which, moreover, is made superfluously difficult by the lugubrious characterlessness of its music. Madame Bosio appeared to more advantage as Gilda than she has yet done in London; not merely because in her new part she is exposed to no comparison, but because her style of execution precisely suits Signor Verdi's music. By him the singers are invited, not forbidden, to slacken *tempo*; and the hearer is compelled to wait for the note, not driven on by the energy of a voice ready and powerful. Signor Mario as the Duke, looked seductive and galliard to a wish; musically, however, the part is not one of his best. The performance throughout had been perfectly prepared and was highly finished, and the impression on the subscribers seemed to be satisfactory. How far beyond their circle the popularity may spread—how long it will endure even in our present dearth of Italian operas—time must show.

THE ABIDING AND THE FLEETING.

FROM GOETHE.

Early joys, how false and fleeting!
Vanishing within the hour;
Envious, murky west-winds beating,
Come and wither every flower.
Can I in the verdure gladden,
Casting now its grateful shade,
Which the autumn storms must sadden,
And whose fairest leaves must fade?

Seekest thou life's fruits to win?
Quickly snatched the moment's share!
These to ripen will begin,
Let the others blossom there.
Think! thy vale, of joy the giver,
Changes with each shower of rain;
In the same transparent river
Thou wilt never bathe again.

Thou thyself art ever changing!
Forms that now before thee rise,
Palaces and walls high ranging,
Thou beholdest with other eyes.
Vanished are the lips that gladly
Once bestowed love's fond embrace,
And the foot that boldly, madly
Trod the hunter's mountain-chase.

And the hand that for thy brother
Nobly worked in weal and woe,
Everything is now another;
Swift they come and noiseless go.
All the form that bears thy name,
Standing now where thou hast stood,
Like a wave of ocean came,
And rejoins its native flood.

To beginning let completion
Follow in harmonious rhyme;
Let thy spirit's swift fruition
Yet outstrip the flight of time.
Gifts for aye thou mayst inherit,
Mortal of the Muses blest!
The ideal before thy spirit,
The reward within thy breast.

THE SLOW MARCH OF THE TEAM.—The stranger in Devonshire will not fail to notice the peculiar intonations employed in driving a team there. It is not the words used to encourage the animals (though they are in a great measure peculiar to the country) that will arrest attention, but the tone or tune in which they are delivered, resembling with great exactness, says an observer, the chantings or recitative of the cathedral service. "The plough-boy chants the counter-tenor with unabated ardor through the day, the ploughman throwing in, at intervals, his hoarser notes. It is understood that this chanting march, (which may sometimes be heard at a considerable distance,) encourages and animates the team, like the music of a marching army, or the song of the rowers."

A Few Facts.

NEW YORK, June 3, 1853.

MR. EDITOR:—A German friend, to whom I showed your lecture upon *Don Giovanni*, has furnished me with some facts relative to it, which, as nothing can be amiss which shall tend to a better understanding of such a work, I take occasion to send you. First comes a list of the different works, mostly dramas, in which this plot has been treated.

1. *El Curlador de Sevilla y convidado de piedra*, by Gabriel Teller, 16th century.
2. *Le festin de Pierre, ou le fils criminel*; Villiers, 1659.
3. *Don Juan, ou le festin de Pierre*; Moliere, 1669.
4. *Le festin de Pierre, ou l'athée foudroyé*; Dumesnil, 1669.
5. "The Libertine;" Shadwell, 1676.
6. *Giovanni Tenorio, ossia il dissoluto punito*; Goldoni, 18th century.
7. *Il convitato de piedra, ossia il dissoluto*. 1777. Opera composed by Righini.
8. 1787. Lorenzo da Ponte.

As to the number of acts of this opera, he writes, "I have seen *Don Juan* at Prague, Vienna, Dresden, Breslau, Berlin, always in two acts. Every edition, score and piano, has no otherwise than '*Oper in 2 Akten*.' I have heard that in small theatres (for instance, Nuremberg, Mannheim) they made the finale of the second act to a third act, because they could not get the scenery ready so fast for the hell."

On another point, he writes, "In most of the German Theatres *Don Giovanni* is given as a *lückenbüßer*, that is when no other piece can be given, and always performed in very bad style, (*liederlich*). The lovers of Mozart complain at this, and the old ones remember with regret the splendid way it was given in Mozart's time; especially some of them have mentioned to me that the supper in the last scene was a well attended one, with many guests, &c. So said Mr. Gardigildai, teacher of singing in the Prague Conservatorium of Music, that his father was an impresario (manager) at Florence, about the year 1801, and that they always performed *Don Giovanni* with a full set of guests in the supper scene." You will remember, too, that in Hoffmann's "*Don Juan*," the last scene represents a feast, and that Don Giovanni is described as sitting with a girl on each side of him. A.

ROSSINI A MUSICIAN BY ACCIDENT.—A correspondent of the *Daily News* (London), supplies the following, which takes a place among recent *ou-dits*: "When the Emperor sent the ribbon of a commander in the Legion of Honor to Rossini, he wrote a highly complimentary letter, in which he expressed a hope that the great composer would gratify him and the world by writing a new opera. Rossini, who since he has reposed upon his laurels, passes for one of the most idle as well as the most independent men in Europe, assured his Majesty that he was only a musician 'by accident'; that he had never composed for the love of composition, but for the sake of a livelihood; and now that he was above the world, he desired rest. At the end of his letter, however, Rossini offered to compose a mass for the coronation. The Emperor's answer to this proposal is not yet known."

ROUGH APPLAUSE AND ECCENTRIC HABITS. In the extracts from the Duchess of Orleans' Letters, we find that Queen Christiana, of Sweden (who was as peculiar in her night-dress as in almost everything else, and who, instead of a night-cap, made use of an uncouth linen wrapper),

having spent a restless day in bed, ordered a band of Italian musicians from the Opera to approach near to her curtains, which were close drawn, and strive to amuse her. After some time, the voice of one of the performers striking her with singular pleasure, she suddenly thrust her homely, stern, ill-dressed head from behind the curtains, exclaiming loudly, "*Mort Diable! comme il chante bien!*" The performers were terror-stricken, and the concert was for some minutes at a stand.

VOCALITY WITH A VENGEANCE.—The Christian Copts of Egypt (the descendants of the Egyptians of the period of the Pharaohs) occupy, says M. Fétis, more than twenty minutes in singing the words '*Alleluiah*' once, in their profusely ornamented style. M. Fétis thinks it impossible but that the Copts, who have preserved their ancient language, should not also have retained their ancient music, and considers that their actual music is the same to which Plato refers, when he tells us that the priests of Egypt sang hymns on the seven vowels to the honor of Osiris.

INVENTION OF HINDOO MUSIC.—(From Tomlinson's Lectures.)—The Hindoos believe, that music was invented by Brahma himself, or by his active power Sereswati, the Goddess of Speech; and that their mythological son, Nared, invented the vina, the oldest musical instrument in use in Hindostan.

The *vina* or *been* is a fretted instrument of the guitar kind. The finger-board is 21 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches long. A little beyond each end of the finger-board are two large gourds, and beyond these are the pegs and tail-piece which hold the wires. The whole length of the instrument is three feet seven inches. The first gourd is fixed at ten inches from the top, and the second is about two feet eleven and a half inches. The gourds are very large, about fourteen inches in diameter. The finger-board is about two inches wide. The wires are seven in number, and consist of two steel ones, very close together, on the right side; four brass ones on the finger-board; and one brass one on the left side. The instrument is held over the left shoulder, the upper gourd resting on that shoulder, and the lower one on the right knee.

Among inspired mortals the first musician is believed to have been the sage Bherat, who was the inventor of natus, or dramas, represented with songs and dances, and the author of a musical system that bears his name. Almost every kingdom and province had a peculiar style of melody, and very different names for the modes, as well as a different manner of arranging them. It is said their ancient system of music is preserved in the sacred books of the Hindoos, but as these have not been translated, nor if they were would it repay the time and trouble required for such a task, therefore it appears the theory of the art is known, although the practice is entirely lost.

There is perhaps no nation that takes greater delight in music than the Hindoos; they make use of it on all occasions, in their festivals and processions, and many of their religious ceremonies; and it is astonishing to see the excitement that is produced by their harsh minstrelsy. The effect is said to be electrical. Their eyes, which before relaxed into a languid expression of half consciousness, become suddenly kindled with a blaze of enthusiasm, and they join in the procession, which the minstrels are enlivening with their discordant strains, with gestures of frantic delight.

Mozart's excellent pianoforte duet in F minor (an eternal piece of music, if there is such a thing) was written for a piece of machinery attached to a clock. European musicians are now potentates and princes, given to curl the lip and speak of 'the shop,' if asked to accommodate themselves to circumstances, and to oblige as well as to dream. But, somehow, they are not Haydns and Mozarts. *Athenæum*.

Fine Arts.

A Splendid Engraving.

We have had the privilege of examining the proof impression of a most elaborate and beautiful engraving, soon to be published by Messrs. J. P. JEWETT & Co., of this city. It is no less than the whole of Bunyan's Allegory, with all its scenes and characters, pictorially combined into one plate of thirty by twenty-four inches. The design is by BILLINGS, and is graven on steel by JOSEPH ANDREWS, who has been engaged five years in the operation. It contains *two hundred and eighty* human figures, including of course the reproduction of the same principal figures times enough to be fatal to all ordinary attempts to avoid monotony and secure unity. Pilgrim's road is represented, starting from the City of Destruction, in the right hand lower corner of the picture, and crossing and recrossing the plate several times, so as to bring in all the different adventures, till the whole culminates, as in serene, light summer cloud-scenery, with the Celestial City shining above the Delectable Mountains.

One is incredulous at the bare mention of such an undertaking, and looks rather for an elaboration of mechanical ingenuity, than for a work of art, in such an extraordinary combination of many pictures into one. Indeed, it is no less than the whole story of man's moral struggle portrayed, step by step, in distinct, individual pictures, and yet blended into one before the eye. Unity and general beauty of effect would seem impossible. Yet these artists seem to have made it possible. The picture charms you as a graceful and harmonious whole; the form unfolds as easily and naturally, as Bunyan's vision, from its germ. There is nothing stiff, constrained, mechanical, or crowded in its aspect; it is only rich with details admirably subordinated; and the conditions of light and shade, and other general artistic effect, are as successfully preserved, as if the long-winding series of special topics all along had opportunely kept pace with the pencil, just by way of peopling and ornamenting its free sweeps of space. This statement, absolutely taken, is too strong, perhaps; but not at all so when compared with what any one would expect from so seemingly impossible an undertaking.

It is really a beautiful, a surprising work, and does great honor to both draftsman and engraver. As a family picture, thousands must be eager to possess it; for it combines instruction with a high degree of artistic pleasure, and will be like the unrolling of John Bunyan's great dream as a whole before the eyes.

We forgot to mention that several subjects, difficult to manage in the body of the picture, such as the seven sights which Pilgrim saw in the Interpreter's house—are ingeniously placed as medallions in the margin beneath, in the centre of which appears also a finely engraved portrait of Bunyan, in medallion.

American Artists in Italy.

"You may," says Mr. Bryant, in one of his late letters from Rome to the *Post*, "like some notices of what the American artists are doing in Rome. Crawford is occupied with his equestrian statue of Washington, designed for the city of Richmond. Around the principal figure, which is not yet fully modelled, will be placed statues of the cotemporary great men of Virginia. Two of these, the statues of Jefferson and Patrick Henry, are already modelled, and plaster casts of them have been obtained. They are of colossal size, and are designed with a manly vigor and a disdain of minor grace which quite delights me. If the rest of the monument shall be conceived in the same spirit, it will greatly raise Crawford's reputation. He has a small work under the chisel, the *Babes in the Wood*, which I hear has been ordered by a gentleman of New York. The children are lying hand in hand, and the redbreast has just begun his

pious office of covering them with leaves. The subject seemed to me to be beautifully treated.

The other American sculptors at Rome, Mozier, Richard S. Greenough, Rogers and Ives, are all zealously pursuing their art, and occupied with works which show that there is not one of them who is not likely to surpass what he has already done. Mozier has a statue of Silence, which does him much credit; it is a female figure, standing in an attitude of command, with a calm severity of aspect, the forefinger of the left hand pointing to the lips. Greenough is modelling a figure of a shepherd attacked by an eagle, which promises well.

Page is here, analyzing the manner in which Titian produced his peculiar coloring, and reproducing some of his heads in excellent copies. But he has done what is better than this; he has painted a portrait of Charlotte Cushman, a fine, solid painting, richly colored, with which not only his friends, but everybody who sees it, is charmed. Terry, a universal favorite with his countrymen, is occupied with a picture of "Samuel and his Mother." C. G. Thompson, who arrived here not long since, is looking at the works of the great Italian painters, and now and then making a clever copy of a head or a single figure. Nichols has very successfully transferred the calm glow of Claude's landscapes into some fine copies which he is making. Wotherspoon is luxuriating on the sylvan beauties of Nemi. For my part, I can hardly understand what an American landscape-painter, after satisfying a natural curiosity to see the works of the great masters of his art, should do in Italy. He can study nature to quite as much advantage at home—a fresh and new nature as beautiful as that of Italy, though with a somewhat different aspect of beauty.

I was the other day in the studio of Gibson, the English sculptor. He showed our party a work in basso-relievo, representing Phaeton attempting to guide the chariot of the sun. It equals in fire and spirit anything the imagination could conceive of such a subject. The horses, with distended nostrils, plunge madly forward through space, seeming as if they would leap out of their harness and the young charioteer holds the reins with an aspect of uncertainty and alarm. In another part of Gibson's studio was placed a statue on which he had been trying an experiment that has long occupied his thoughts. The ancients, you know, colored or painted their statues, and this is supposed to have been done by persons who made it their particular profession. Gibson has a statue of Venus, a very pleasing figure, the hair of which has been colored of a very light warm brown, and bound with a fillet of the most delicate blue; he has stained the eye with a dim azure, with a tint of a crimson vein or two at the corners, laid the faintest possible bloom on the cheeks, touched the lips slightly with scarlet, and suffused the skin, over the whole form, with a carnation just perceptible, through which the blue stains of the marble appear like wandering veins. The drapery of the figure is left in the original color of the marble, except the border, along which runs a double stripe of pale blue, with another of pale crimson next to the edge. The effect is agreeable far beyond what I should have expected. The marble is deprived of all its appearance of hardness, and the statue has the look of a human figure seen through a soft mist; the outlines seem to blend with the atmosphere.

On my way hither, stopping at Florence, I visited the studio of our countryman Powers. He had several busts lately executed with his usual skill in giving the expression of character and life, and was then occupied with a figure intended as a representation of our new State, California. In her left hand she holds a divining rod pointing downwards to the mines in her soil, and in her right she conceals behind her back a scourge, intended as an emblem of the calamities which follow the eager search for gold. Powers at present models his figures in a peculiar manner. He builds them up with fragments of dry plaster, cemented by the same material in a liquid state. When any part of the figure requires to be made rounder or fuller, he lays on the plaster with a flexible gutta percha trowel; when it is to be reduced in size, he applies a kind of file or rasp, of which he is the inventor, which never becomes clogged, and is pierced with holes, through which the plaster shoots in a shower. In this manner he completes the model in a shorter time than it could be moulded in clay, and avoids the trouble of taking a cast."

—We congratulate the subscribers to the AMERICAN ART UNION that they may now obtain the series of plates promised them so long since. They may be had of Mr. William Y. Bulch, No. 92 Tremont Street.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 18, 1853.

Church Music.

Every one feels how fitly music intervenes in all the public acts of worship; how poorly the common piety that unites us all as members of one family and children of one Parent can express itself without it. Every one complains of the unsatisfactory condition of church music all around. Why does the complaint continue, when books and professors of sacred music are so plenty? What are the formidable obstacles to better fruits? Their name is Legion, we suppose; but it is safe and reasonable also to suppose that they may all spring from a few grand roots. Three or four main causes, therefore, from which Sacred Music suffers, we will briefly state, before undertaking to say what is desirable and practicable.

1. The first, and by many looked upon as the root of the whole difficulty, is the popular lack of taste and appreciation for true music; or in other words, the want of musical cultivation. Good music, high, artistic music, composed by genius and performed by artists, is thought *too* good for the congregations; hence the demand for the more cheap and vulgar article, which is most cheaply and abundantly, nay superabundantly supplied,—trust to the Yankee psalm-smiths for all that! But it is the fault of the Church—we use the word here in the most liberal sense, as the outward organization of the religious sentiment in all its existing forms,—it is the fault of the church itself, if people love not pure and lofty music in the church. The church itself should educate, inspire the taste for it. To this end, it is only necessary to employ good music in its public services; for as surely as we grow familiar with good music, do we grow to love it. The church was the place of all others where the high examples should have been set, and made to speak with ever-renewed vitality, to the hearts of the people. If music have that vital affinity with all holy feelings, with all heavenward aspirations, with all spiritual experiences too far-reaching, too profound and subtle to find utterance in speech, which we have all been accustomed to suppose,—then the church should have seen to it that this glorious property of tones was duly and practically demonstrated, till it had created in the general mind the taste that could appreciate it. One church has done that. The old Catholic church has owed a vast deal of its hold upon the population of all Europe to its practical faith in the potency of music; and its music has been, not of the so-called cheap and popular, not plain, routine psalmody, but the most masterly productions of genius attempting its possible with every aid of science. It has not proscribed real, inspired Art, by stigmatizing its works, with the absurd term of "scientific music," as if that were tantamount to soullessly ingenious and profane. The Catholic Church *has* done it; why cannot the Protestant? And here arises the second fatality to the prevalence of a high order of church music:

2. Namely, sectarianism, exclusivism. The Protestant church is not one, but divided into many. Each separate church insists on its peculiarity, in musical service, as well as in creed and discipline.

The Church of England, for instance, has a rich legacy of its own peculiar, native music; this is full of intrinsic merit, as music; but it excludes the benefit of other kinds of music, products of other schools, and all inspiring and religious in their way; while it excludes itself from a more general reception out of its own pale, because it is so much of it inseparable from the Episcopalian form of worship. Some limit themselves to the extremely painful conformity to a mere traditional type of the most primitive and, as they fancy, only truly *sacred* music. They have a right to their partiality, if they find satisfaction in it; but to get the full spiritual good of music (and no less is *our* problem), we must take a more generous and accepting view than that.—On the other hand, the plain, psalm-singing of our congregational churches, shows a sectarian avoidance of the sublimest, richest and most beautiful compositions ever written, partly *because* they are rich, and partly *because* they are Catholic. A high and all-prevailing standard of good music we can never have, until we recognize that music is neither Catholic nor Protestant, neither high church nor low church, neither traditional nor new light; and in no sense a prescribed formality; but a living and divine voice of the best aspirations and emotions in the bottom of all souls, and quite unsectarian, reconciling and universal in its meanings.

Religion, as it is outwardly organized around us, that is, the church visible, lacks unity. The Roman church has at least an outward and compulsive unity; what we, who are not of it, regard as a false unity, a mere outward type and shadow of inward and true oneness; yet even this mere shadow gives it its immense advantage. In the matter of artistic aids,—whereby the spirit impresses itself, as through vibrating media, upon the eye and ear, and through these on the responsive soul within,—it trusts and uses all that art and nature offer, and is not afraid to touch aught, lest it shall have done service in some other church. The principle of the Protestant movement is individual liberty of judgment; this leads to many intellectual theories of things human and divine, to different theories often of the same internal facts,—and hence to many separate communions or sects. But if the principle of liberty, in spite of all these divergencies, implies no deep and inward principle of unity of some sort, it must be false; for the first and deepest passion in the human soul, indeed life itself, considered as one undivided impulse, is a craving after unity with all other life. Protestantism, however, *does* imply this. All worshippers of all sects, who are in any degree in earnest, feel and know that the real *living* religious sentiments, which impart all the glow and rhythmical heart-beat to an act of worship, are sentiments too large and universal to be circumscribed within any creed or form. Granting each separate church its own peculiar virtue (and perhaps each presents a certain side of truth more clearly than all others to those who need to have it so presented), still all churches build upon a certain undercurrent, or basis of a religious sentiment inherent in humanity, upon certain great religious instincts in the soul that only need to be educated into the light and into full, beneficent activity. It is precisely of these that music is the natural, the only perfect language. Music is chained down from her most benign, most heavenly function, and becomes a

"Pegasus in Harness," when she is converted into the mere slave of traditional formality, and made to wear the livery of sect.

No doubt, in this attempt to gain a foothold for the most generous and edifying use of music in our public worship, we betray more of our own peculiar views or idiosyncracies than it concerns our musical readers to know. Of course, we must frankly own our stand-point, while we respect that of every other. But ours is at least a reconciling view; and music may be employed to greater advantage than ever in worship, as a language of the most simple and universal religious sentiments, so as to engage in *worship* thousands of hearts which know not and cannot learn to know the obligation of a peculiar creed; at the same time that it leaves each in the undisturbed enjoyment of whatsoever there may be most sectarian about him.

But leaving this consideration, (for at present we are only pointing out great obstacles to the general possession of a satisfactory church music; and this last obstacle is one so dangerously suggestive that we must only lift a corner of it into sight and then drop it), we pass on to a third obstacle of a very different nature.

3. It is that Sacred Music, in this country, has been and is so vigorously and profanely, even if it seem sometimes so sanctimoniously, *traded upon*. We have more than once alluded to the enormous multiplication and sale of new collections of psalmody in this country. The lover of good music, to whom there is religion in music, looks upon all this with loathing and dismay. It is said, to be sure, that we Americans are essentially a psalm-loving and psalm-singing people; that this has been our initiation into the glories and the joys of music, and that this is the field in which the popular sensibility to melody and harmony must be principally met and ministered unto and elevated. To psalms and chorals in themselves we make no sweeping objection; we too have loved them and have helped to sing them, and shall not have the folly to ignore their sublimity in fitting circumstances. But because they are simple, and because they smack of our puritan origin, and because the people grew up, generation after generation, with no other ideas of music, as a serious matter, and because the sense of monotony would set in after long singing of the same old set of short and simple tunes: was this good cause for varying and multiplying this short rhythmical pattern *in infinitum*, and overspreading the broad land, cubits deep, with this questionable manna, this dry and tasteless pabulum mechanically ground out and diffused through annual Conventions? Good cause or not, no matter, when the trading spirit was awakened, and saw that it could manufacture the demand by the mere act of manufacturing the supply.

A psalm-loving people we may be by habit, by force of our past circumstances; but a psalm-singing people *essentially* we doubt if we or any people can be; for we hold it to be just as certain as that a Beethoven symphony will by frequent hearing supplant the polka in the affections of an audience, that it only needs the opportunity to grow familiar with higher and more artistic models of sacred music, to make the people forget their passion for perpetually new changes on the old humdrum pattern of a psalm-tune. It is the *trading* spirit of the "professors" that has so long

pre-occupied the popular ear and mind with these things, that it may be long before anything better can begin to make impression on them or arrest attention. Observe, it is only of the *overdoing* of the matter that we complain.

4. As we began with mentioning the want of taste for music as the first obstacle to the full religious efficacy of music, perhaps we had best end with suggesting that all these obstacles resolve themselves into this one: namely, that however much music is employed and loved, there is still every where in the matter of public worship a great lack of faith in Music. Music is far from being fully respected and trusted. Her's is the case of Woman in respect of civil rights. Honored she is after a fashion, and admired and courted. But the implication always is that she has no right or virtue in herself. In worship, Music is not listened to as if *it* had something to say, of a deeper and more subtle meaning than words can convey. But it is used to add measure and rhythm to a ritual, or simply as a sweetened liquid to wash down one dry pill after another of didactic verses in a prosy hymn; all the *virtue* being supposed to reside in the ritual or the verses, and the music to be wholly secondary. Let the hint suffice. We say, that until Music shall be better trusted, until it shall be understood and owned that in lofty or tender music, by itself considered, the most spiritual states and most profound prayers and longings and praises of the heart can find fuller utterance than in any outward forms or words, Music can never perform the title of her holy office for mankind.

These few leading difficulties we simply drag to sight for a moment, upon a first survey of the ground, by way of preliminary.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Letters from Germany.

I.

LEIPSIK, April, 1853.

On Palm Sunday, we had a splendid concert in Dresden—consisting of Mozart's Requiem and Beethoven's Ninth Symphony—performed by the musicians of the King's Chapel, and the chorus and solo singers of the Royal opera. As usual, in Germany, the vocal were far beneath the instrumental performers. Fraulein MAYER from Cassel, and MITTEWURZER, a baritone singer of some reputation, were alone worthy of mention; and the chorus, though well drilled, was hardly strong enough for the orchestra, with its nine double basses as foundation, and a superstructure of corresponding strength. The Ninth Symphony was however very finely performed, and produced, as it cannot fail to do, upon him who has a key to its mysteries, an effect of vast and unapproachable grandeur; it is the Mount Blanc of music;—the greatest expression of the noblest of ideas which poetry and music could be called upon to express—universal, world-wide, all-embracing charity, complete happiness of the noblest sort—arrived at through danger and doubt, and long seeking—"music married to immortal verse," when its own unassisted incompetency led it to seek for aid.

On my return to Leipsic, I walked to Gohlis, a village about an English mile distant from the city, and looked with increased reverence upon the little tumble-down two story house with the arched gateway, upon which is written in large letters, "so that he who runs may read," "Here

lived Schiller—and wrote the Hymn to Joy." And in the second story over the window, which is perhaps a foot square, is also inscribed: "*Schiller's Stube*."

To return to the Dresden orchestra, it is perhaps superior to that at Leipzig in the wind department, but hardly its equal in the string. With Herr David as first violin, the whole band seem inspired by his fiery enthusiasm, and follow him like one man, whithersoever his great playing leads them. The difference was as clear as the sun at noonday, between the first ten Gewandhaus Concerts, with David as director, and the last two, when, by Gade's arrival, David was restored to his original place as leader of the violins. Take it altogether, I prefer the Leipzig orchestra, so constituted, to any I have heard—not by any means excepting the famous Conservatoire orchestra in Paris, which lacks the love that can alone kill personality, and give unity to the whole. In Paris you hear a set of the best drilled musicians in the world—and you know it, and think of it all the time. In the German orchestra the musicians disappear, and the music of Beethoven or Mozart, which they are interpreting to your delighted ears, is not troubled in its effect by individual strivings to shine. Each man feels himself a part of the whole, and blends his instrument with those of his comrades so that the picture has no spots to mar its beauty.

At the twentieth and last Gewandhaus Concert we were to have had the Ninth Symphony, but most unfortunately Herr David was taken ill, thus also postponing the last of the quartet series at which the octet of Mendelssohn was to have been performed. Professor MOSCHIELES had also promised to play a concerto of Bach's with violin and flute obligato and quartet accompaniment. The quartet soirée being indefinitely put off, Professor M. played the concerto at the Gewandhaus Concert, the quartet parts being doubled. This concerto in D major has been lately published, for the first time, by Professor Dehn of Berlin from the original manuscript in the Royal Library. The first movement, concertante during the first half, becomes a piano solo, a sort of cadenza, until the short "tutti" at the end. The second movement is an Adagio, written as a trio between the basso, flute and obligato violin; and the last movement is again throughout its length, concertante, with quartet accompaniment. Now in order to give unity to this last movement, with the first Allegro, Professor M. composed a most admirable cadenza, which he played with great effect (as indeed he did the whole concerto) and in the purest style possible. In his performance of Bach's music, the peculiar characteristics of manner are admirably brought out. There is no hurrying of tempos beyond the composer's intention, in order to show off rapidity of finger—and though the text is strictly and religiously rendered, there is no baldness of delivery, if I may so speak. His playing gives the same charm to a Sonata of Beethoven, or a Concerto of Bach, that what painters call glazing gives to a picture. All is harmonized and blended together in the legato passages, by his wonderfully flexible fingers, or brought out in bold and strong effect in the staccato and forte passages.

II.

DUSSELDORF, May 15, 1853.

Since writing the above, I have been spending a month in Paris, and am now to spend three

days here, in order to attend the Nieder-Rheinisches Musik Fest, before returning once more to Leipzig. During my stay in Paris I attended but two concerts—one, of the Academy of St. Cecilia, at which we had a Symphony of Haydn's, the Fantaisie for piano, with chorus, of Beethoven's, very tamely performed by Mr. St. Saëns, and two choruses from Gounod's "Ulysse," in which I find great beauty of thought and clearness. Gounod, who is the hope of the young French school, is unquestionably a man of great talent, a thorough musician, and blest with the faculty of making the best use of the ideas which flow from his pen. I know no modern composer whose music has given me so much satisfaction, as I have derived from Gounod's opera of "Sappho," his choruses and solos to Mr. Ponsard's "Ulysse," and an exquisite "Sanctus" which I heard twice in Paris last year.

The other concert was a private one given by Mr. Erard at his Piano-forte rooms for the purpose of giving artists and lovers of music the opportunity of hearing Mr. Alkan play upon his new Pedal Piano-forte. The Piano itself is a magnificent instrument; the pedal bass serves to double the lower key octave, an octave below—without any attempt to imitate the tone of an organ—and would be a fine thing to own, in order to study a great deal of organ music which is written with pedal bass, and which can therefore only be performed upon an organ. Ferdinand Hiller, Alkan, Alard and Franchomme were the artists who assisted to render this musical soirée most interesting and delightful.

At the Opera Comique the novelties were *La Tonelli*, by Thomas, *La Lettre au Bon Dieu*, by Duprez, and best of all, a charming thing by Reber, called *Le Pere Guillard*, probably the best Opera Comique which has been brought out in Paris for many a year—quite in the quick, easy-flowing and melodious style of the good old French school of Boieldieu and Gretry.

At the Grand Opera, *La Fronde*, a five act opera by Niedermeyer, has not met with any great success, though the music is often not without power and beauty, and the story possessed of a great deal of dramatic interest, though too much spun out.

And now to return to Germany and the Dusseldorf Festival, of which I shall write you an account as it proceeds. A temporary building of planks, capable of containing about 1700 people, has been erected in a garden near the Park, and the interior is adorned with the arms of many German towns and cities, the name of each being inscribed on a shield or banner. The orchestra, consisting of 160 musicians, gathered from all parts of Germany, a chorus of 490 singers, and the three directors, Dr. Schumann, F. Hiller and Tausch, make up the number of 653 persons assembled to lend their aid towards the worthy execution of many "chef d'œuvres" of the old masters. To these must be added the solo singers—Mme. Clara Novello, Fraulein Eschborn, Hartmann and Schloss—Herrn Osten, and Koch, as tenors—and Salomon as bass. The Festival opened yesterday evening with a Symphony of Dr. Schumann, in D minor, written some fourteen years ago, but never before performed, I believe. It consisted of Introduction, Allegro, Romanza, Scherzo and Finale, played through without stopping between each of the movements, they being written to lead into one another, and thus form

an uninterrupted whole. The Symphony was conducted by the composer, and is certainly clearer, more pleasing, and more melodious, than any other of his larger compositions. It left a desire to hear it again, which is a good sign, and not always the case with Dr. Schumann's music.

The second part of the concert consisted of the mightiest of Oratorios, Handel's "Messiah." A finer performance of this great master-piece can scarcely be imagined; especially were the choruses sung as I never heard choruses sung before. No confusion, no blurred entering of the different bodies of singers—each subordinate or leading in turn, and as the composer meant they should be. If spots must be always found in the sun, the altos might be rather more numerous with benefit to the just balancing of the different parts; the basses were magnificent, and the sopranos admirable. The Hallelujah Chorus, and the "Lift up your heads," were given with stupendous effect. Madame Novello sustained the soprano part, assisted by Fraulein Eschborn. With the exception of certain alterings, and meretricious ornaments, which Mme. Novello chose to put in the "I know that my Redeemer liveth," she gave me great pleasure. I never heard any one sing that song as it should be sung, excepting Jenny Lind, for whom it was a triumph: and Mme. N. would do well to remember the faithful sticking to the text, and the grand simplicity of style which distinguished that great artist's delivery. Generally speaking, the tempos were taken rather faster than we are accustomed to hear them in America, and this is an improvement, and must entirely remove the sense of weariness, of which many persons complain, after, and during the performance of so long a work. If choruses of such weight are allowed to drag in time, they lose their effect of power, and their majesty even is impaired. Certainly, Handel was the mightiest of the mighty musicians, and the "Messiah" is his master-piece.

Monday morning, the 16th, was devoted to the rehearsal for the evening's concert. The programme for this, the second day, was indeed a rich one. Overture to *Euryanthe*; Tenor aria from "St. Paul," sung by Herr Koch; the overture and first act of Gluck's immortal opera of *Alceste*; and then the "Choral Symphony" of Beethoven, HILLER being conductor. The overture was played with the utmost fire and precision. Mme. Novello sang the part of Alceste admirably well, better far than Mme. Koster, whom I heard twice in this rôle during the winter at Berlin. I know no music so dramatic as Gluck's, so elevated in its melody, and so impassioned in its recitatives. The three first movements in the Ninth Symphony were played to perfection: the last failed somewhat in the bass solo and quartet, in the evening, though at the rehearsal it was all that could be desired. As for epithets of admiration, I believe they have been pretty well exhausted in my letter already; so I will say no more about this mighty work, and the admirable rendering of it by the Dusseldorf orchestra.

Tuesday, the last day, was occupied by the rehearsal for, and performance in the evening, of the Artists' concert, of which the marvel was JOACHIM's wonderful performance of Beethoven's Violin Concerto. He introduced the three cadences which he has composed for it and lately published; the one in the first movement was

truly superb—masterly; the second is merely to unite the Adagio and Finale, very short; and the third is nearly as long and as fine as the first. I never saw an audience more enthusiastic, and they had reason to be, for Joachim is perhaps the first violinist now living, and the effect of his genius is heightened by the perfect calmness and simplicity of his manner; he seems to ride over the most tremendous difficulties, as if to him they were mere child's play. And the applause hardly touched him more than if it were addressed to his neighbor. All this quiet self-possession, and yet the greatest power and passion held in with bit and bridle, controlled, or let loose at will.

The rest of this closing concert was made up of a Concert Overture by Tausch; Schumann's Concerto, beautifully played by his wife, CLARA WIECK, who you are aware is considered the best lady pianist in the world. I should also mention that Mme. Schumann accompanied Joachim when he was encored, and called upon by the audience to play Bach's "Chaconne." Herr OSTEN sang "Adelaide" with great feeling, and Mme. Novello also sang several Scotch melodies. The whole concluded with a solo, quartet and chorus on the German national song, "*Am Rhein, am Rhein*," with orchestra, composed by Dr. Schumann for the occasion.

I see that the last number of the *Gazette Musicale* contains a letter from a correspondent, who, after praising without limits the perfection of this great Festival, confesses that the French have no chance in their own country of hearing such music, so perfectly performed; and advises them to come, and learn in the true country of music, what music is. I myself saw a distinguished musician, who has led an orchestra for many years in Paris, without coming out of France at all during that time, and who told me that he was quite overwhelmed and annoyed by what he heard, and well he might be; for in Germany alone can such enjoyment be found—in Germany alone does music form an essential part of the people's existence; and therefore only in Germany will the demand create the perfect performance of the *chef d'œuvres* of the great masters.

C. C. P.

[For Dwight's Journal of Music.]

Letter from Italy.

FLORENCE, May 18, 1853.

DEAR SIR:—By the courtesy of your Parisian correspondent I received the last numbers of your valuable Journal, which I distributed amongst American artists here, and I assure you that they were a great treat to us all. There are two of Verdi's operas reigning at present: "*Il Trovatore*" and "*La Traviata*." I hear from good sources that they are the best productions of all his works. Both of these operas are to be brought out in Florence at the Pergola. We have had an opera buffa, written by the son of Romani, called "*Il Mantello*." It was quite original, full of pathetic melodies and wit—was played with great success, and is deserving of much credit. He is quite young and this is his second attempt. The first is called "*Tutti Amanti*" and was played all over Italy. At the small theatres "poor Uncle Tom" has made a fiasco both in French and Italian.

According to an invitation given by Princess P—I accompanied Miss Giulia Hill to a musical soirée, where the great Rossini played accom-

paniment, perhaps for the last time, to "*Una voce poco fa*" for one of Romani's scholars. Oh! how well worth a voyage across the Atlantic to be there, to hear his yet firm voice, to see his noble countenance light up at the words "*il tutor riuuserò*" and "*io l'ingegno aguzzerò*." His brow seemed again to beam with all the fire and spirit of youth, and all present were lost as it were in gazing upon this great and wonderful man. One word about him and his habits—it is not true as was stated in the United States that he "amused himself by fishing and sold his fish at the public market." Rossini lives very retired from the musical public and very seldom accepts any invitation except to a dinner party. He avoids all conversation about music—many artists beg him to hear them, or to see their compositions, which he never does unless compelled; and then he finishes by saying that all is very good, all is sung well, all is written well, and in short praises everything. He is exceedingly neat in his personal appearance—always dresses in black, and may be seen, at almost any time in the day, walking the street carrying a green umbrella. It is believed that he has said that after he is dead the world will once more hear his productions.

The church music in Italy is not so inspiring as one might imagine, generally consisting of a fine orchestra with the mingled voices of men and boys, which are not always so pleasing to the ear as one would wish; the music is selected from some of the most modern operas, and the public very often make a loud demonstration of their ecstasy by Bravo! Bravissimo!! Tenors in Italy are very scarce, and I have heard better tenor voices in America, taken as a whole, than I have yet heard here. We have here a Catholic priest who sings in all the concerts and in church, who is a fine singer and has the most splendid voice (baritone) that I have heard for a long time. He has desired to make the stage his profession, but by the influence of the Archbishop he cannot even get permission to leave town.

Our townsman, Mr. Millard, has left Florence en route to Naples, in order to obtain *una scrittura*, and I feel quite sure that he will succeed. There are also several artists, painters and sculptors who are worthy of our remembrance. Mr. Powers has just finished the model of a statue of Washington, for one of the southern cities, and also a few busts. Mr. I. T. Hart, of Kentucky, is about modelling his statue of Henry Clay. He has invented a very ingenious instrument for sculptural purposes, which greatly facilitates both the perfection and the rapidity of the work.

Mr. T. Galt, of Virginia, has just left for the United States, taking his productions of four years' study. Among the painters, Edwin White of New York, already an artist of great merit and talent, has just finished his picture of Columbus, representing him as taking his last sacrament, previous to his departure for the discovery of America. It is a very beautiful subject, full of originality and feeling. Here also are Mr. Kellogg and Mr. Dana of Boston—the latter is about leaving for Paris.

J. K. SALOMONSKI.

Musical Intelligence.

Local.

FLORAL CONCERT, "FESTIVAL OF BEAUTY."—One of the above named unique entertainments will be given by about 200 young ladies, under the superintendence of D. S. PENNELL & J. B. PACKARD, in City Hall, Charles-

town, on Wednesday evening, the 22d. The occasion is to bear the name of "The Festival of Beauty" and we have no doubt it will be every way worthy of its title. We would call the attention of all who can make it convenient to attend this exhibition, to its peculiar attractions and its claims on their patronage. Families can find no better amusement than this.

PORTLAND, ME. An "occasional correspondent" writes us:—"The Sacred Music Society of this City have been giving a series of Sunday evening concerts with immense success. The second of the series was given last evening in Lancaster Hall to a very full house. The Society which has lately been under the direction of Mr. Arthurson, have made great progress. The programme was a good one, embracing selections from Handel's Oratorios of the 'Messiah' and 'Saul.' Mr. Arthurson sang several airs and recitatives finely. The Choruses, 'O, fatal day!' and 'Mourn, Israel,' were given with good effect.

The "Germanians" have had great success in the lake cities, Milwaukee, Chicago, &c. They are announced for July at Newport, at the Ocean House.

Miss Catherine Hayes is reported to have been successful in California. She has accumulated the snug sum of forty-five thousand dollars, which is the nett proceeds of her concerts for six months. It is said that the two last complimentary concerts given her in San Francisco by the citizens and firemen, yielded her ten thousand dollars.—*Transcript*.

England.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—At the fourth concert of the season, a symphony written for this Society, by Cherubini, when in London, was performed; and also a new concerto for violoncello, by Herr Molique, was played by Piatti. Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, the Overture to Weber's *Enryantlie*, the March in *Athalie* by Mendelssohn, and Beethoven's Concerto in E flat, played by M. Hallé, contributed altogether, with the efforts of Herr Staudigl and Mrs. Endersohn, to make this concert most remarkable.—The concert on the 16th was a very distinguished performance. Sir Henry Bishop conducted his own Cantata, "The Departure from Paradise." The welcome accorded to Sir Henry was sincere as it was hearty. Miss Louisa Pyne's singing was equally appreciated. The other pieces in the programme were Mendelssohn's Symphony in A, Beethoven's Symphony in F, Spohr's Overture to *Jessonda*, Handel's Overture to *Esther*, the Overture to Mozart's *Figaro*, and a Violin Concerto by Vieuxtemps.

NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The third concert of this Society was by many considered "the best ever given by the Society." The following is the programme. Part I: Overture, *Il Flauto Magico*, Mozart; Aria by Herr Staudigl, *Iphigenia in Aulide*, Gluck; The music to *Paradise Lost*, Wyld; Concerto in C minor, Piano-forte, Miss Arabella Goddard, Sterndale Bennett. Part II: Symphony in A major, Mendelssohn; Aria, by Herr Reichart, *Il Seraglio*, Mozart; Overture, *Oberon*, Weber; Lied, "Treuer Tod," by Herr Staudigl, Lindpaintner; Overture, *La Gazza Ladra*, Rossini. Conductors, Herr Lindpaintner and Dr. Wyld. The music to *Paradise Lost* was decidedly successful; and the composer, who conducted his own music, was overwhelmed with honorable plaudits. Miss Goddard played the Concerto from memory.

The Musical Union held their third meeting on the 17th, at Willis's Rooms. Onslow's Quintet, No. 5, in D; Mendelssohn's Posthumous Piece in B flat (Op. 67), were in the programme. Beethoven's Sonata in B flat was played superbly by Mlle. Clauss and M. Vieuxtemps. Tortini's Sonata was performed by Piatti and Bottesini. A child of eight years, who made some sensation in Paris last winter, a Portuguese named Napoleon, performed a Fantasia of Thalberg's, to the surprise and admiration of all who heard.

Herr Molique's annual series of concerts began on the 18th, at Willis's Rooms, with the assistance of Herr Paher, Mr. Mellon, and Mr. Hill. These meetings afford hardly equalled opportunities of hearing the best of classical chamber compositions faultlessly interpreted.

OXFORD.—On the 3d of May, Mendelssohn's Choruses to *Antigone* were performed, under the direction of Dr. Corfe, in the hall of Magdalen College, Mr. Bartholomew's version of the text being read by a member of the University. The greater number of the singers were amateurs; but the band comprised all the efficient members of the Choral Society, strengthened by several wind instruments and a harpist from London, and led by Mr. Blagrove. The result was, on the whole, very satisfactory. In truth, the chief difficulty of the composition is presented by the melodramatic music, especially in those portions where the reader is accompanied by the flutes, &c. * * Throughout the work is manifest the genius of the master, who could identify himself with any age and country.

On Tuesday, May 24, the birth-day of the Queen Victoria, her Majesty gave an evening German concert. The following was the programme:—

Trio, "Trenne nicht das Band der Liebe," Mdlle. Agnes Bury, Signor Gardoni, and Herr Formes (Das Nachtlager in Granada.).....C. Kreutzer.
Ballade, "Rolandseck," Herr Formes.....Reissiger.
Frühlings-lied, Mdlle. Agnes Bury.....Mendelssohn.
Romance, "Les Regrets," Signor Gardoni, F. Schubert.
Andante and Finale, Pianoforte, Mdlle. Claus.
(Sonata, Op. 53.).....Beethoven.
Duetto, "Belia Ninfia," Mdlle. Agnes Bury and Signor Gardoni, (Jesondia,).....Spohr.
Lied, "Frühlings-liebe," Herr Formes....F. Schubert.
Lied, "Das Schifflein," Mdlle. Agnes Bury....Gräff.
Canzone di Primavera, Signor Gardoni..Mendelssohn.
Komisches Trio, "Das Bandel," Mdlle. Agnes Bury, Signor Gardoni, and Herr Formes....Mozart.
At the pianoforte, Mrs. Anderson.

After the canzone of Mendelssohn, Mdlle. Claus, at the desire of Her Majesty, performed a sonata by Scarlatti. The concert lasted just one hour and a quarter, and was greatly enjoyed by the illustrious audience. The Royal infants were present.

At a recent meeting of the Musical Institute of London, Professor Donaldson, of Edinburgh, lectured on "Musical Vibrations," and exhibited a simple process, by means of which the number of vibrations corresponding to the natural scale or gamut, with the fundamental harmonies, may be seen, heard, and accurately counted. The illustrations were exceedingly interesting and satisfactory from the variety and accuracy of the instruments exhibited, and the clear manner the various processes were explained by the learned professor.

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Meyerbeer's "Huguenots."

[From Heath's "Beauties of the Opera and Ballet."

It was on the 29th of February, 1836, that the opera of "The Huguenots," written by Scribe, and the music by Meyerbeer, was produced at the Académie Royale de Musique, in Paris. It was a bold and even hazardous attempt to bring such a subject as the religious disputes between the Catholics and Huguenots, and the horrors attached to the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, within the range of the lyrical drama. But M. Scribe, with the aid of the "Chronicles of the Time of Charles the Ninth," by Prosper Mérimée, has most successfully combated all the apparent difficulties; and Meyerbeer, being of the Jewish religion, has maintained a strict impartiality, and accorded an equal portion of the music to Papists and Lutherans. Adolphe Nourrit (whose premature death, when at the zenith of his professional career, we have to deplore) was, under the name of "Raoul de Nangis," the symbol of Protestantism; whilst the beautiful Cornélie Falcon, in the character of "Valentine," was the representative of Catholicism. A strange fatality seems to have attached to the two distinguished artists we have just named: the one was consigned to an early grave at Naples, and the other, from the effects of a severe illness, has been

deprived of one of the finest voices that ever emanated from a human being—a loss the more to be deplored, since, notwithstanding several fair *débütantes* have successively attempted the character, none have attained the *éclat* of the lovely original. The opera, however, has continued to maintain its high and merited position in public estimation, and is attended with the most triumphant success whenever it is performed.

The first scene represents an elegant saloon in the Castle of the Comte de Nevers in Touraine, where are assembled the chief members of the Catholic aristocracy—Tavannes, de Cossé, de Retz, Thoré, Méru, &c., who sing a joyous chorus in commemoration of youth availing itself of the time present, and leaving the future to itself. The fête is not, however, complete,—another guest is expected, in the person of Raoul de Nangis, the Huguenot, but especially patronized by the king, who had just been reconciled to the brave Admiral Coligny, and who was desirous to establish a reconciliation with all parties. This was, alas! to be but of short duration. Raoul is received with marked distinction, and in the midst of their festivity he is requested to tell them some love adventure. He instantly complies by singing a charming air, detailing his having met, near the old tower of the Castle of Amboise, a lovely maiden, riding in a litter (the mode in use at that period), who was grossly insulted by some students, evidently inebriated. To rescue her and put to flight her aggressors was the work of a moment; but since then he had never beheld her; all which he eloquently expresses in the delicious romance since become so extremely popular, which thus commences:—

"Oh, fairer than the driven snow,
Purer than spring time's early glow!"

His new acquaintances, all unblushing libertines, cannot comprehend the purity of his Huguenot passion for the fair unknown, but drink to her health, wishing him success. Whilst they are all enjoying themselves, Marcel, the servant of Raoul, and a rigid Protestant, with sour aspect and formal demeanor, appears at the door. This faithful follower is astonished to find his master feasting, as he conceives, in the camp of the Philistines, and vents his indignation by chanting in a corner of the room the Hymn of Luther. This solemn and impressive music, forming such a contrast to the gay and joyous Bacchanalian airs of the Catholic noblemen, strikes at once upon the imagination of Raoul, who begins to reflect on his strange position, and sets down his brimming glass untasted.

"What is that wild and funereal air?" asks the Comte de Nevers.

"It is the canticle composed by Luther, as our protection in the hour of peril," replied Raoul.

"If I don't mistake," says de Cossé, addressing Marcel, "you are the soldier who at the siege of La Rocheille gave me this severe wound; but it

was the fortune of war, and I do not bear malice. Come, let us drink together."

"I do not drink," replies the fierce Puritan.

"Well, if you will not drink, sing," they all exclaim; and Marcel thunders forth the famous air of the Huguenots—

"Down with the convents accursed!
May the monks all prostrate be!
Be their gandy altars reversed!
To the flames with their Breviary!"

When this opera was brought out in London in 1841, by the German company then at Drury Lane Theatre, the character of "Marcel" was assigned to Herr Staudigl, who is allowed to have the finest bass voice in Europe. He sung the music, and especially this Hymn, with marvellous effect. The deep notes of his mellow and matured voice resounded in splendid harmony throughout the opera, whilst his acting made the character of the Puritan follower of a Huguenot lord the most prominent in it.

Whilst he is singing the second verse, a servant enters, and tells the Comte de Nevers that a lady wishes to speak with him.

"Another despairing victim!" he cries. "Since my intended marriage has been announced I have not had a moment's peace. If it is Madame d'Entrague, or the young Comtesse, or Madame de Raincy, I will not go."

"This lady I have never seen before," says the valet.

The Comte, asking pardon of his guests for leaving them at such a moment, retires to receive this mysterious visitor.

Tavannes, more curious than the others, raises the curtain, exclaiming,—

"She is a very charming, delicious creature!"

Raoul also looks, when, to his grief and astonishment, he discovers his fair unknown, and accuses her of perfidy in giving a preference to the dissipated Nevers over his own pure and loyal attachment. In vain do his gay companions endeavor to rally him, singing—

"When bright eyes
Our love despise,
Let us be wise—
There are brighter elsewhere!"

Raoul will not listen to their boisterous mirth, and his anger is aroused, as well as his indignation, on again perceiving the unknown at the end of the garden, reconducted by his supposed happy rival.

"I will speak to her," he cries, "if only to tell her of my disdain."

But they prevail upon him to refrain, as it would be a breach of hospitality.

The Comte de Nevers enters immediately after, wrapped in thought, and much abstracted. The visit he has just received was not of that pleasing and flattering nature which his libertine companions had supposed—it being from his fair bride, one of the ladies of honor to the Queen, Marguerite de Valois, by whose advice and desire the maiden had come to solicit of the Comte that

he would release her from her troth. As a gallant chevalier, he feels he is bound not to refuse her request, but in secret he is devoured by rage. He tries, notwithstanding, to conceal his inward vexation, and receives courteously the felicitations of his friends on this new conquest. These fulsome compliments augment the anger of Raoul, who is on the point of demanding satisfaction for what he rashly conceives to be meant as a personal insult, when a page appears, saying he is charged to deliver a missive to one of the gentlemen present.

"It is a letter," he says, "from a noble lady whom I must not name, but beautiful and virtuous enough to excite the envy of kings."

"Give me the letter," says the Comte de Nevers, carelessly.

"Are you Sir Raoul de Nangis?" asks the page; "for it is to him this billet is addressed."

All appear astonished, and none more than Raoul himself, who, however, opens the note, and reads these words:—

"In a moment you will be sought for; if you are brave, allow yourself to be blindfolded, and conducted to me in silence."

"It may cost me dear, yet will I go," replied Raoul. "Look, gentlemen!"

"Good heavens!" they exclaim, it is the handwriting of Marguerite de Valois! Her seal—her device! The Queen commands his presence—he is secretly beloved!"

Raoul is at once overwhelmed with offers of service, protestations of friendship, and devoted attachment; but he, not having heard their previous exclamations, cannot comprehend this sudden and obsequious respect. He is still lost in conjecture, when several masked men appear, and make signs for him to follow them. All the company, Raoul inclusive, appear greatly excited, and a very skillfully arranged chorus exhibits and expresses their various feelings. Raoul and the masked messengers disappear, and the curtain falls.

The SECOND ACT takes place in the park of Chenonceaux, some leagues from Amboise. The château, whose base is washed by the waters of the Cher, is seen in perspective at the back of the stage, with its lofty roofs and spiral turrets almost in the clouds. The river, after dashing rapidly under the arches of the bridge, winds deviously in all directions, and is lost amid the shades of the tall and umbrageous trees. A large flight of steps, seen on one side, leading to the gardens of the château, heightens the effect of the scene, which is one of the most complete and magnificent ever produced.

It is mid-day. Marguerite de Valois, surrounded by her maids of honor, is completing her toilet beneath the shade of the lofty trees. Urbain, her page, is holding a looking-glass before her. In a strain of delicious melody the young and lovely betrothed of the king of Navarre sings of the spring-time and love,—of all that is fresh and beautiful. What to her are Papists or Huguenots, with their feuds and bloodshed?—she thinks only of enjoying perpetual fêtes, and one round of varying pleasures. The sun is scorching—the atmosphere in a glow. The waters of the Cher in this sequestered part of the park are limpid and inviting. Marguerite desires her women to prepare every thing for the bath; but scarcely have they quitted the princess than she sees approaching, breathless with anxiety, a lovely girl: it is the youngest and fairest of her maids of honor, Valentine de Saint Bris, the mysterious beauty seen at the Comte de Nevers'. Marguerite de Valois, who has conceived for her the strongest affection, eagerly inquires the result of her interview with the Comte.

"He has promised me," says Valentine, "to refuse my hand."

"Then you will soon marry the man your heart has chosen."

"Alas! Heaven forbids this alliance;—our faiths are opposed."

"What does that matter? Am not I the betrothed of the king of Navarre, one of the Protestant leaders? I would wish your marriage to take place at the same time with my own."

"And my father?"

"I have his word that he will consent."

"But Raoul?"

"He will soon be here, and you shall be united."

It was, in fact, for the purpose of offering to him the hand of Valentine, who could not live without loving him, and whom he accuses of ingratitude, that the Queen had sent secretly for Raoul.

"Oh! madam, I can never speak to him," says the artless girl.

"Oh! leave that to me," gaily replies Marguerite, who had, in her desire to effect the union of these lovers, forgotten to follow her women, who are already prepared to enjoy their bath. Several of them, attired only in dressing-gowns of light gauze, are on the river's brink, and, before they plunge into the sparkling waters, sport, dance, chase each other, and form various groups, whilst she seats herself listlessly on a bank of turf. A party of the young maidens disappear behind the thick foliage, and are seen soon after disporting in the cool river. These graceful diversions are interrupted by the hasty arrival of Urbain, who appears suddenly amongst them, like Actæon surprising the nymphs of Diana. The mischievous young page announces to Marguerite (not without many sly and impertinent glances around him) that Raoul has reached the château, and will appear before the Queen directly. These words renew the alarm of the modest bathers, who throng about their mistress, uttering cries like the timid hinds affrighted by the hunters: but seeing Raoul approach with his eyes bandaged, they take courage; so much so, indeed, that the Queen is compelled to make signs to them to withdraw.

Alone with the young Protestant, Marguerite allows him to remove the covering from his eyes.

"Oh, heavens! where am I!"

Is this an illusion of my dazzled sight?"

Raoul exclaims, who does not know the Princess, and is struck by the aspect of her regal beauty. Then, thinking that he is *en bonne fortune*, and desiring to avenge himself, by this conquest, of Valentine's disdain, he offers, in a charming duet, his love, his arm, his life, to the Queen of Navarre, who is greatly amused at the mistake of the gallant cavalier, and asks if he is ready to obey her in all things?

"In every thing—I swear it at your feet!"

"'Tis well—I accept your oath."

The malicious page again makes his unwelcome appearance.

"The lords of the country, summoned by your orders," he says to Marguerite, "claim the honor of being admitted to your Majesty's presence."

These words are a thunderbolt to Raoul, who withdraws with awe and respect.

"Well, Sir Raoul," says the Queen, smiling, "does the title of Majesty affright you? Will that destroy your sworn fealty?"

"Oh, never!"

"Well, I would marry you. I follow out the designs of my mother and the King by uniting you to the daughter of the Comte de Saint Bris, your ancient enemy, who sacrifices his hatred for the good of the state."

"Wed the daughter of a Catholic gentleman?"

"You have sworn to obey me in everything."

"Madam, I will obey you."

The Comte de Saint Bris then arrives, together with the Comte de Nevers and several Protestant noblemen, to whom Marguerite presents Raoul; they all receive him with apparent cordiality. After this ceremony, the Queen announces to the Comtes de Nevers and de Saint Bris, handing to them a written order, that her brother Charles IX., who knows their devotion, desires their attendance at Paris to assist him in a secret enterprise.

"We will obey the desire of the King," they reply.

"Yes, but first obey mine," responds Marguerite. "Before the celebration of the marriage at which you are to be present be concluded, promise, as Raoul has done, to abjure your mutual hatred."

The three gentlemen solemnly swear eternal

friendship, and Marguerite, pointing to Valentine, who comes on covered with a long veil, says to Raoul,—

"Behold your bride!"

Then the Comte de Saint Bris takes his daughter by the hand, and conducts her towards her betrothed; but hardly has Raoul recognized her than he exclaims,—

"Gracious Heaven! I marry her?—Never!"

Universal surprise prevails; Saint Bris and de Nevers tremble with passion; Marguerite urges Raoul to declare the motives of his refusal; he expresses his determination to observe the strictest silence. In vain does the Queen persist in persuading him;—he is resolute in his denial of any explanation. Exasperated at this conduct, de Nevers and Saint Bris are unable to repress their rage, and, notwithstanding the presence of the Queen, seek to provoke Raoul, and demand satisfaction for the insult. The young chevalier draws his sword from the scabbard, and prepares to follow them; but he is disarmed by the order of Marguerite, who at the same time desires Saint Bris and de Nevers to obey at once the summons of the King. These two gentlemen go out, leading Valentine with them, and still defying Raoul, whom the men-at-arms can scarcely restrain.

This dramatic and effective situation terminates the Second Act in an animated manner, wholly in contrast with the gentle character, style, and pleasing tableaux with which it commenced.

[To be continued.]

IS IT RAPTURE—IS IT WOE?

Heart, my heart, why throb'st thou so?

Is it rapture—is it woe?—

'T is at once, both woe and bliss;

Ah! so sad a joy is this,—

Ah! so exquisite a woe,

Not for worlds would I forego!

Beat, oh beat, my throbbing breast!

Sweet, oh sweet is love's unrest!

Heart, my heart, why throb'st thou so?

Is it rapture—is it woe?—

Every pleasure earth contains

Is conjoined to bitter pains.

Lover's bliss is bitterness—

Lover's woe is blessedness.

Beat, oh beat, my throbbing breast!

Sweet, oh sweet, is love's unrest!

Heart, my heart, why throb'st thou so?

Is it rapture—is it woe?—

Bliss of love hath me bereft;

Pang of love alone is left;

Yet, in woe, the heart loves on;

Sweet the joy of pleasure gone!

Beat, oh beat, my throbbing breast!

Sweet, oh sweet is love's unrest!

Brooks's German Lyrics.

Music to "Paradise Lost."

[One of the novelties of the musical season in London has been the performance, at a concert of the New Philharmonic Society, of a formidable piece of music, (whether cantata, or oratorio, or what its form, we are not told,) set by a native composer, Dr. Wylde, to Milton's Epic. As *Punch* says, "Marriage in High Life—Music to Immortal Verse." The *Times* gives the following account of the ceremony:—]

The new music of Dr. Wylde met with decided success, and, what is more, deserved it. It is hardly enough to say that it is the most complete and musicianlike work that has proceeded from his pen, since it not merely betokens progress, but betrays an invention and a command of resources for which, judging from antecedents, we should have declined to give him credit. The choice of such a subject as *Paradise Lost* betokened a confidence in his ability to grapple with its difficulties which the result showed was not altogether misplaced. The portion of Milton's poem from which Dr. Wylde has selected his materials ranges from the loss of Paradise, through man's disobedience, to the point where Satan undertakes to set out in search of a verification of

that heavenly tradition which prophesied another world, and a new creature, whose attributes were to be all but angelic. The personages are confined to Satan and the chiefs of the fallen angels; and this may serve as an excuse for the dramatic tone which Dr. Wylde has given to his music, in contradistinction to the more solemn and elevated style of the sacred oratorio. The composition begins with an overture, in D minor, which, from its restless and agitated character, may be presumed to depict the rage and despair of the degraded spirits who have been driven out of heaven. A bass recitative then commences the invocation to the muse ("Of man's first disobedience"); and a chorus in D major renders the fine passage, "Sing, heavenly muse," with great propriety and dignity. A *soprano* solo, "Say first, for heav'n hides nothing from thy view," followed by a chorus in A minor, "Th' infernal serpent, he it was," concludes the invocation, and conveys the description of the means by which Satan and Beelzebub met their fate,—

"Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' ethereal sky."

The chorus is marked by a wildness of character thoroughly in keeping with the subject. Satan and Beelzebub are now introduced, and in a duet, "If thou be'st he" (in F), their mutual recognition is followed by reflections on their actual condition, and by the resolution of Satan to oppose the Almighty will to disseminate good. There is some excellent writing in this duet; but on the whole Dr. Wylde, evidently trammelled by the quantity of words, has made it too long for musical interest. A *soprano* recitative, "Thus, Satan, talking to his nearest mate," leads to a chorus, "Farewell, happy fields" (in B flat minor), with the intervention of a recitative, in which Satan bewails the difference between the lost heaven and the dark dreary plain—"the seat of desolation"—where he and his companions are now assembled. The chorus in question, accompanied throughout by the violins and violoncellos, divided and muted, is plaintive and beautiful, and would alone establish the claims of Dr. Wylde to be regarded as a composer of feeling and refinement. Satan's address to Beelzebub, "Here at least we shall be free," Beelzebub's reply, and a *soprano* recitative that follows, merely serve to lead up effectively to the Arch Enemy's invocation to the assembly of fallen angels—"Princes, potentates, warriors!"—which Dr. Wylde has set to a striking and vigorous *aria*, in the almost unprecedented key of A flat minor. A similarity in the second measure of this air to a part of the theme of the first chorus about the serpent, whether premeditated or otherwise, has a good effect. Its length, however, the repetition of the opening, and the extreme difficulty of some of the orchestral passages (especially for the basses, where the enharmonic modulation changes the signature from flats to sharps), militate, in some degree, against its general effect. Another well-written chorus, "They heard and were abash'd" (in D minor), further develops the character of the music by means of which the composer has endeavoured to paint the feelings of the banished angels. What immediately follows—the council among the chiefs of the fallen angels who hold debate—is preceded by a series of lengthy recitatives and solos, which do little more than suspend the interest, and which—a charming *soprano* solo, cleverly accompanied, "For spirits when they pleased," excepted—not being absolutely essential, might be omitted, or at least considerably abridged with advantage. Among these occurs an air in E minor, "O myriads of immortal spirits," Satan's address to the powers, and his recommendation of war—which, from its peculiar style of melody and accompaniments, would be better suited to the atmosphere of the Italian Opera. In no other part of the work do we observe such an evident miscalculation. On the other hand, the care with which the recitatives are written, and the pains bestowed on the orchestral coloring plainly declare that Dr. Wylde was struggling conscientiously against an almost insurmountable obstacle, and barely escaped, like others before him, from being crushed under a heavy weight of words. The consultation is described in a quartet in B

minor, for Satan, Moloch, Belial, and Mammon—"Powers and dominions"—which merges into a quintet, with the addition of Beelzebub, and constitutes one piece of concerted music, written throughout with great ability, and showing both facility in vocal part writing and skill in orchestral combinations. The concluding chorus, "O shame to men," is exceedingly spirited, and contains points of imitation which show Dr. Wylde to be well-studied in the fugal style. The music to *Paradise Lost* was admirably performed—orchestra, chorus, and solo singers (Miss Louisa Pyne, Mr. Lockey, Herrn Standigl, Reichart, and Hoelzel) taking equal pains to do justice to the parts allotted them. It was, moreover, received with distinguished favor. The chorus, "Farewell, happy fields!" was immensely applauded; and the *soprano* air, "For spirits, when they please" (exquisitely sung by Miss L. Pyne, and accompanied to perfection by the band) was unanimously redemanded. Dr. Wylde, who conducted his own music, was cordially welcomed; and at the end, the favorable verdict of the audience was loudly and generally expressed.

TWO LOVERS.

A skiff swam down the Danube's tide,
Therein a bridegroom sate, and bride,
He one side, she the other.

Tell me, my dearest heart, said she,
What present shall I make to thee?

And hack her little sleeve she stripped,
And deeply down her arm she dipped.

And so did he, the other side,
And laughed and jested with his bride.

Fair lady Danube, give me here
Some pretty gift to please my dear.

She drew a sparkling sword aloft,
Just as the boy had longed for, oft.

The boy, what holds he in his hand?
Of milk-white pearls a costly band.

He binds it round her jet-black hair,
She looks a princess, sitting there.

Fair lady Danube, give me here
Some pretty gift to please my dear!

Once more she'll try what she can feel;
She grasps a helmet of light steel.

On his part, terrified with joy,
Flung up a golden comb, the boy.

A third time clutching in the tide,
Woe! she falls headlong o'er the side.

The boy leaps after, clasps her tight,
Dame Danube snatches both from sight.

Dame Danube grudged the gifts she gave,
They must atone for 't in the wave.

An empty skiff glides down the stream,
The mountains hide the sunset gleam.

And when the moon in heaven did stand,
The lovers floated dead to land,
He one side, she the other.

Brooks's German Lyrics.

Muzio Clementi.

This celebrated pianist and composer, was born at Rome, in the year 1752. His father was a worker in silver of great merit, and principally engaged in the execution of embossed vases and figures employed in the Catholic worship. At a very early period of his youth, he evinced a strong disposition for music, and as this was an art which greatly delighted his father, he anxiously bestowed the best instructions in his power on his son. Buonini, who was his relation, and who afterwards obtained the honorable station of principal composer of St. Peter's, was his first master. At six years of age he began solfaing, and at seven he was placed under an organist of the name of Cordicelli for instruction in thorough bass; at the age

of nine he passed his examination, and was admitted an organist in Rome. This examination consists in giving a figured bass from the works of Corelli, and making the scholar execute an accompaniment, after which he is obliged to transpose the same into various keys. This Clementi effected with such facility, that he received the highest applause from his examiners. He next went under the celebrated Santarelli, the great master of singing.

Between his eleventh and twelfth years he studied under Carpini, the deepest contrapuntist of his day in Rome. A few months after he was placed under this master, he was induced by some of his friends, and without consulting his preceptor, to write a mass for four voices, for which he received so much commendation, that Carpini expressed a desire to hear it. It was accordingly repeated in church in the presence of his master, who, being little accustomed to bestow praise on any one, said to his pupil, after his dry manner, "Why did not you tell me you were about to write a mass? This is very well, to be sure; but if you had consulted me, it might have been much better." Under Carpini he was practised in writing fugues and canons in the *canto fermo*, and his master was frequently heard to say, that had Clementi remained under his instruction a year longer, he might have passed his examination in counterpoint. During these studies he never neglected his harpsichord, on which he had made so great a proficiency between thirteen and fourteen, that Mr. Peter Beckford, nephew of the alderman of that name, who was then on his travels in Italy, was extremely desirous of taking him over to England. The declining riches of the Romish church, at this period, not giving much encouragement to the trade of his father, he agreed to confide the rising talents of his son to the care of Mr. Beckford, and soon after this Clementi set off for England. The country seat of Mr. Beckford was in Dorsetshire, and here, by the aid of a good library and the conversation of the family, Clementi quickly obtained a competent knowledge of the English and several other languages.

With regard to his own art, his early studies were principally employed on the works of Corelli, Alessandro Scarlatti, Handel's harpsichord and organ music, and on the sonatas of Paradies. His efforts to acquire preeminence on the harpsichord were in the mean time as indefatigable as they were successful; and at the age of eighteen he had not only surpassed all his contemporaries in the powers of execution and expression, but had written his Op. 2, which gave a new era to that species of composition. Three years afterwards this celebrated work was submitted to the public. The simplicity, brilliancy, and originality which it displayed captivated the whole circle of professors and amateurs. It is superfluous to add, what all the great musicians of the age have uniformly allowed, that this admirable work is the basis on which the whole fabric of modern sonatas for the piano-forte has been erected. The celebrated John Christian Bach spoke of it in the highest terms; but, although one of the most able players of his time, he would not attempt its performance; and when Schroeter arrived in England, and was asked if he could play the works of Clementi, he replied, that "they could only be performed by the author himself, or the devil." Yet, such is the progress which executive ability has made, that what was once an obstacle to the most accomplished talent is now within the power of thousands. A well-known popular air with variations, his Ops. 3 and 4, and a duet for two performers on one instrument, were the next productions of his youthful pen.

Soon after he had quitted Dorsetshire to reside in London, he was engaged to preside at the harpsichord, in the orchestra of the Opera House, and had an opportunity, which he never neglected, of improving his taste by the performances of the first singers of that age. The advantage which he derived from this species of study was quickly shown by the rapid progress he made, beyond his contemporaries, in the dignity of his style of execution, and in his powers of expression. This, also, he carried into his compositions; and Dussak, Seibelt, Woelfl, Beethoven, and other eminent

performers on the continent, who had had no opportunity of receiving personal instructions from Clementi, declared that they had formed themselves entirely on his works. His ability in extemporaneous playing had, perhaps, no parallel. The richness of harmonic combination, the brilliancy of fancy, the power of effect, and the noble style of execution, which he displayed, made him stand alone in an age which produced such a host of executive talent. His reputation, without the protection of any patron, rose with such rapidity, that, in a very short time, he received the same remuneration for his instructions as J. C. Bach; and the fame of his works and of his executive talents having spread over the continent, he determined, in the year 1780, and at the instigation of the celebrated Pacchierotti, to visit Paris.

In that city he was received with enthusiasm, and had the honor to play before the queen, who bestowed on him the most unqualified applause. The warmth of French praise, contrasted with the gentle and cool approbation given by the English, quite astonished the young musician, who used jocosely to remark, that "he could scarcely believe himself to be the same man." Whilst he remained in that capital, he composed his Ops. 5 and 6, and published a new edition of his Op. 1, with an additional fugue. Having enjoyed the unabated applause of the Parisians until the summer of 1781, he determined on paying a visit to Vienna. In his way there he stopped at Strasburg, where he was introduced to the then Prince de Deux Ponts, since King of Bavaria, who treated him with the greatest distinction; and also at Munich, where he was received with equal honor by the elector. At Vienna he became acquainted with Haydn, Mozart, and all the celebrated musicians resident in that capital. The Emperor Joseph II., who was a great lover of music, invited him to his palace; where, to the latter end of the year 1781, he had the honor of playing alternately with Mozart before the emperor, and the Grand Duke Paul of Russia and his duchess. At Vienna, he composed three sonatas, (Op. 7.) published by Artaria; three sonatas, (Op. 8.) published at Lyons; and six sonatas, (Ops. 9 and 10,) also published by Artaria.

On his return to England, he deemed it necessary to publish his celebrated "*Toccata*," with a sonata, (Op. 11.)—a surreptitious copy, full of errors, having been printed without his knowledge in France. In the autumn of 1783, John Baptist Cramer, then about fourteen or fifteen years of age, became his pupil. He had previously received some lessons from Schroeter, and was studying counterpoint under Abel. Clementi, at this time, resided in Titchfield Street, and Cramer used to attend him almost every morning, until the following year, when Clementi returned to France. Previous to his undertaking this second journey, he was engaged at the nobility's concerts, and had published his Op. 12: upon one of the sonatas of which work both Dr. Crotch and Samuel Wesley afterwards gave public lectures in London. In the year 1784, he again went back to England, and soon afterwards published his Ops. 13, 14, and 15. From this period to the year 1802, he remained in England, pursuing his professional labors with increasing reputation; and wishing to secure himself sufficient time for the prosecution of his studies, he raised his terms for teaching to one guinea per hour. His fame, however, was so great, that this augmentation of price rather increased than diminished the candidates for his instruction. The great number of excellent pupils, of both sexes, whom he formed during this period, proved his superior skill in the art of tuition; the invariable success which attended his public performances attested his preeminent talents as a player; and his compositions, from Op. 15 to Op. 40, are a lasting proof of his application and genius. Before the publication of this last work, he had produced one, the advantages of which have been and are still felt and acknowledged by almost all professors; we mean his excellent and luminous "Introduction to the Art of Playing on the Piano-forte."

About the year 1800, having lost a large sum of money by the failure of the well-known firm of Longman and Broderip, 26 Cheapside, he was in-

duced, by the persuasions of some eminent mercantile gentlemen, to embark in that concern. A new firm was accordingly formed, and from that period he declined taking any more pupils. The hours which he did not thence forward employ in his professional studies he dedicated to the mechanical and philosophical improvement of piano-fortes; and the originality and justness of his conceptions were crowned with complete success.

The extraordinary and admirable talents of John Field are still fresh in the memory of most lovers of classical music. These talents Clementi had cultivated with unceasing delight. With this favorable pupil, in the autumn of 1802, he paid his third visit to Paris, where he was received with unabated esteem and admiration. This pupil delighted every one who heard him; and what is still more worthy of remark, he played some of the great fugues of Sebastian Bach with such precision and inimitable taste as to call forth from a Parisian audience the most enthusiastic applause. From Paris he proceeded to Vienna, where he intended to place Field under the instruction of Albrechtsberger, to which his pupil seemed to assent with pleasure: but when the time arrived for Clementi to set off for Russia, poor Field, with tears trembling in his eyes, expressed so much regret at parting from his master, and so strong a desire to accompany him, that Clementi could not resist his inclinations; they therefore proceeded directly to St. Petersburg. In this city Clementi was received with the greatest distinction; he played extemporaneously in the society of the principal professors with his accustomed excellence, and to the admiration of his audience; and having introduced Field to his friends, soon afterwards left Russia, in company with a young professor of the name of Zeuner. Zeuner was the principal piano-forte player and teacher in Petersburg; and having received some instructions from Clementi during his residence there, he became so attached to his master, that he left all his scholars for the sake of accompanying him to Berlin. In the latter city Clementi played, both extemporaneously and from his works, before all the most eminent musicians, with his wonted vigor and effect; and, after remaining there two months, took Zeuner with him to Dresden, the place of his birth, where he left him well prepared to acquire the reputation which he afterwards obtained. In Dresden, an unassuming, but very able and excellent young musician, of the name of Klengel, introduced himself to the acquaintance of Clementi, and, after obtaining some instructions, became exceedingly desirous of accompanying his master in his travels. Clementi was so much pleased with his character and talents, which have since become well known to the public, that he consented; and after a few weeks' residence at Dresden, he took him on to Vienna, where, during some months, his pupil worked very hard under his instruction.

It was at this time that he became acquainted with and cherished, by counsel and the frequent exhibition of his own powers on the piano-forte, the rising talents of Kalkbrenner, who has since raised himself to such distinguished eminence. During the summer following, Clementi took his pupil Klengel on a tour through Switzerland, and returned immediately afterwards to Berlin, where he married his first wife. In the autumn he took his bride through Italy, as far as Rome and Naples; and on his return to Berlin, having had the misfortune to lose her in childbirth, he immediately left the scene of his sorrows, and once more visited Petersburg. In this journey he took with him another promising young pupil, of the name of Berger, who had previously received his instructions; and who is now the principal professor of the piano-forte at Berlin. At Petersburg he found Field in the full enjoyment of the highest reputation—in short, the musical idol of the Russian nation. Here he remained but a short time; and finding relief from the contemplation of his severe loss in the bustle of travelling, he again went back to Vienna.

The following summer, having heard of the death of his brother, he proceeded once more to Rome, to settle the affairs of his family. He then made short residences at Milan and various other

places on the continent, where he was detained, in spite of his inclinations, by the disastrous continuation of the war; and seizing a hazardous opportunity of conveyance, in the summer of 1810, he once more arrived in England, and the year following married. Although, during this period of nearly eight years, he published only a single sonata, (Op. 41,) his mind and his pen were still occupied in the composition of symphonies, and in preparing materials for his "*Gradus ad Parnassum*." His first publication, after his return, was the appendix to his "Introduction to the Art of Playing on the Piano-forte,"—a work which has been of infinite use both to the profession and to the public. He next adapted the twelve grand symphonies of Haydn for the piano-forte, with accompaniments for the flute, violin, and violoncello. This work was a great desideratum, since that which had already been published by Salomon was awkwardly and imperfectly done. Before he went abroad, he had adapted Haydn's "Creation" for the piano-forte and voices; and he now published the oratorio of the "Seasons," which he had done in the same manner. He afterwards adapted Mozart's overture to "Don Giovanni," besides various selections from the vocal compositions of the same author. The Philharmonic Society having been now established, he gave two grand symphonies, which were received there, and at various other concerts, with enthusiastic applause. He produced several other symphonies at the Philharmonic Concerts, in March, 1824.

Clementi enjoyed the highest consideration in England. Having become rich, in the last years of his life he abandoned the direction of his mercantile house to his associate, M. Collard, and retiring to a pretty country seat, lived in repose, and seldom visited London. Once when he did come, Cramer, Moscheles, and others gave a banquet to the patriarch of the piano, at the close of which he improvised to the astonishment and delight of all present. This was his "swan song." He died on the 10th of March, 1832, at the age of eighty years.

Fine Arts.

Page's Portrait of Miss Cushman.

The True Democrat (Cleveland, O.) has an excellent correspondent at Rome, from one of whose recent letters we take the following account of a portrait of Miss Cushman, just painted by our countryman, PAGE:

"Mr. Page has just completed a portrait of Miss Cushman, which I should like to describe, but scarcely know how to do so without seeming to exaggerate. It is perfect, and to any one who has seen it any other statement would sound superfluous. Envy and all petty jealousies, for the present, have been laid aside, and every artist has been eager to bear his testimony in its praise. The critical and accurate draughtsmen, of the German and French school, wonder at the *drawing*, in which respect they consider American artists usually deficient. Sculptors are amazed at its *solidity*, if I may use such a term, finding that, though upon canvass, it has almost as much body and positive form, as if cut in marble. With regard to the coloring, there can be but one opinion; not artists and critics only, but all who have eyes, see and feel how beautiful it is. Even when examined closely no trace of slow, laborious painting can be observed; it seems to have been created by one sweep of a magic brush. Every vein, every line in the original may be found in the picture, though subordinate to the grand whole, and only to be seen when sought for; and over all rests, if not the down which softens the human face, a downy softness, like the "flower dust," blown over the petals of a flower, apparently resting so lightly upon them that a breath might blow it away. But now let us step back and view it from the proper distance. The head is half turned; the eyes looking from you—"away, away, is that look far lighting;" they are full of thought—the eyes of one pondering some great question, but not troubled. The artist has chosen the expression of that moment when thought is passing into conviction; when the earnestness of the one and the repose of the other are for an instant blended. A faint blush is "staying" on the cheek; there is a half-

quiver on the eye-lids; in gazing upon them one almost believes they move; while over the face is a calmness which, like the calmness of nature, brings repose and joy to whoever looks upon it. Mr. Page has that marvellous power which none but the true artist possesses, the power of looking into the soul and stamping its most secret and individual life upon the canvass. The picture of which I have spoken is not less wonderful as a likeness than as a work of art, nor is it necessary that the original should be seen to know that this is so. Its intrinsic individuality and harmony prove, in this respect also, its merit. A stranger to Miss Cushman, in looking upon it, would say at once, how striking a likeness *this must be*. One who had merely seen her, would be startled by the resemblance; but the better she is known and appreciated, the more will it be felt to be no picture, but herself, her soul looking forever from the canvass. Modern art, it is an acknowledged and lamentable fact, has in some degree fallen from the high estate which it once occupied. Its soul has gone from it, or has slept; while in every other respect man has rushed onward in eager pursuit of an ideal in the future, here alone has been content to stand motionless; or rather, looking backward upon a lost excellence, has fallen more irretrievably from the hope of a new or greater. The art of coloring, known to Titian, and in a degree to some of the other old masters, Mr. Page has *rediscovered*. It was a secret to be won from nature only by long and unwearied labor, by suffering, by hope and faith; and thus has he made it his own. During his life he has followed his art with passionate devotion; studied it with the severity and patience of a subtle and profound intellect, and to such a life there can be but one result. He stands upon the pinnacle to which his thought has ever turned, and will become, doubtless, the founder of a new school, through his example and through his words; for we believe he is even now engaged in a work in which the result of his labor and his discovery will be made known—a result which will immortalize him, and save those who are to follow many a weary step, giving them a higher stand from which to begin their efforts, and elevating the art to which their lives are to be devoted. It is a proud thought, that from America may arise the regenerator of art; nor should this seem strange. In America there is no ancient art, and in *this* is the advantage it possesses over other countries, and particularly over Italy. No ancient art, where false, to pervert with its falseness, and even where true, to be turned to ill, though a blind and servile imitation. American Artists have been driven back, face to face with nature, and compelled to gaze upon her truth and beauty; they have been forced to that original fountain from which all who have been truly great, have drawn their inspiration, and having drunk at the eternal spring of God's truth; is it strange that one should at last arise filled with its inspiration—the master and the artist?"

MONUMENT TO SCHILLER AND GOETHE.—A monument of bronze is about to be erected at Weimar, in honor of the two great poets of Germany, and an appeal is circulating in that country which calls upon all Germans to contribute to the fund for the purpose, sufficient means not having as yet been provided. The monument will be in the form of a group of statuary, the statues of the poets being of colossal proportions.

Illustrated Serials.

We have received from the publisher, Herrmann J. Meyer, New York, the first part of *The United States Illustrated*, in *Views of City and Country; with descriptive and historical articles*, edited by CHARLES A. DANA. Each part is to contain four steel engravings, from original drawings by eminent artists, representing the landscape scenery, and notable public buildings of our country; together with about sixteen elegant quarto pages of descriptive matter, from accomplished writers, for the excellence of which the name of the editor would seem to be sufficient guaranty. The price of each Part is fifty cents. Two volumes, of ten parts each, are promised within the present year. One of these volumes is devoted to Eastern and the other to Western subjects, and the two series are to be issued simultaneously, though they may be had separately. To subscribers for both series, or purchasers of both volumes when completed, a premium

is offered in the shape of a large and "magnificent steel engraving of Trumbull's Battle of Bunker Hill."

The present number opens the series of Eastern subjects, which are to be drawn from all the sea-board States, from Maine to the Gulf of Mexico. It contains views of the President's house, on the Potomac; Niagara Falls, seen from the Clifton House; Barydyt's Lake, near Saratoga; and the Bunker Hill monument. These were evidently drawn by an artist and engraved with corresponding care and delicacy. We have seldom seen anything better of the kind, than the representations of the Falls, and of the little lake with its vista of tall pines opening boldly in the foreground and retreating into shadowy distance. The accompanying descriptions are well worth reading.

Meyer's Universum. Also edited by C. A. DANA. The first semi-monthly part of a second volume of this beautiful and instructive series of engraved views and descriptions of famous places in all parts of the globe, has made its appearance. The success of the first volume was, we are glad to hear, beyond expectation. The present volume will consist of 12 parts, each containing four plates, as before, making 48 in the volume. Among other attractive subjects will be several from Central America, Australia and China, countries rising into new importance in the world's regard. And the plan of the work has been so far changed, that it is henceforth to be devoted more exclusively to the illustration of foreign lands, leaving that of our own land to the new work above noticed. Each part costs only *twenty-five* cents, and subscribers to the volume are entitled to an engraving called "The Maid of Saragossa," as a premium. A work so cheap, so beautiful and full of information, ought to be in every family.

The subjects of the plates in the present number are: Columbia Bridge, on the Susquehanna, with article by R. H. Stoddard; the San Juan river (Central America); the castle of Luxemburg, near Vienna and the Valley of Goecksa, near Constantinople. One's ideas grow very cosmopolitan in perusing these successive issues of the *Universum*, with its nice engravings and spirited articles,—the latter, by the way, all written in a generous, humane and progressive tone.

(Both of the above works may be had of Redding & Co., and the other periodical dealers in Boston.)

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Strictures upon the Stage,

AS IT EXISTS IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

"O reform it altogether!"

For a number of years we have been accustomed to hear much said about the "decline of the Drama." The English Press from time to time has teemed with articles, pointing out remedies for this "general declension," but not any of them have as yet met with the shadow of success. Theatrical dinners have been held from year to year, at which—in London—Mr. Harley or Mr. Bartlett, or Mr. Meadows, records the subscriptions and good wishes of a host of the Nobility and Literature of England. Sir E. L. Bulwer, or Mr. Dickens, or both, make a speech to the effect—that the Drama has been undeservedly neglected. Somebody—the public, the aristocracy, (any but the professors,) is deemed always to blame—and even the upholding of Italian opera, as well as the neglect of the intellectual Drama, has on these occasions been considered cause for censure. Mr. Macready, or some one else engaged in theatrical management, is complimented for certain efforts made during the past season, for

the advancement of the stage. And the speech ends with confident anticipations of future elevation, without any plan for its development, or reasons for its expectation. Similar proceedings mark the fulfilment of dramatic eras in New York.

And thus are the affairs of the stage wound up from year to year; but still it remains the same disjointed thing—to me a miracle of falsehood, obstinate and corrupt—its artists scarcely dreaming of its disease, and without a warning voice being heard against its hastening dissolution.

But to draw inferences from the state of dramatic representations in that city where Shakspeare's plays were first put upon the stage, it surpasses my understanding that such men, of exalted genius and taste, by whom it is there surrounded, accustomed to the study of art, accustomed to judge and criticise a statue, a painting, or a poem, by the most *ingenious* analyses, as well as the highest known canons, should (however intent on their admiration of this actor—intent in admiring that beauty of elocution—intent in praising the adaptation of that little trifle of costume, or scenic effect, or artistic manœuvre,) should so blindly overlook the real truth, that THE STAGE IS THE AUTHOR OF ITS OWN DEGRADATION!

I grant it is a vehicle often for the exhibition of transcendent genius, but as an *art*, and compared with the arts, it is a piece of miserable patchwork. I do not hesitate to say that the Stage was a botch at the commencement, it was a botch in Shakspeare's time, and still remains the same; never having made any really artistic advancement. It has stood still, only multiplying its errors and vices; and now, all the arts, and the intellect of the time are in advance of it and its professors.

All who read and study Shakspeare in the closet know how very inadequately represented on the stage these great dramas have hitherto been.

It is true that we have seen the stage crowded to its utmost capacity, and exhibiting splendid costumes and gorgeous scenery at the representation of a Shakspearian play. But however admirable this may be, it will not plead in palliation of the neglect to purify the whole fabric from its gross incongruities. Fancy has often weaved an external garment and fashioned a holiday dress; but Imagination, which dives into the heart of the mystery, capable of eliciting the untold portion of a picture, has done nothing as yet, to my thinking, for the filling up of this important part of even *one* of these plays.

But I am getting in advance of my subject, which requires me to show in the first place that the stage has never combined its elements in an artistic way. For the stage is a branch of the Fine Arts, and should be a reflex of the condition of the Fine Arts, as it is of Dramatic Poetry and Elocution. Let us then ask of the sculptor who visits the theatre, what he thinks of the grouping and all the detail that comes within the sphere of the plastic Art? Let us ask of the painter and the whole brotherhood of artists what they think of the display of science in blending colors harmoniously?—what of the chiaroscuro? What of the tact and genius displayed in the preservation of perspective in the scenery, unviolated by the action.

We may ask these questions and many more of

a like nature, to be told only that they refer to subjects altogether unthought of upon the stage. Yet we hear of the combination of *all Arts* in dramatic representations. Are we not told, that painting, sculpture, music, poetry, and oratory are all combined to produce one grand effect? But alas, false and cold is the general effect of this union, which should otherwise make a dramatic representation glow with truth and beauty; and elevate it in sublimity and majesty above every other attempt of Art, affecting the human breast with sensations so powerful and so positive, as to crush and crumble to dust all littleness of spirit, whilst the mighty and the virtuous would be elevated beyond all grasp of thought. These certainly are the elements of all great dramatic representations; but, as I trust to show to the satisfaction at least of all artists, they have run riot in every form and shape of error, and thus have kept up a continued discord around the shrine, that they were intended to exalt and charm by a presentation of heavenly unity, one continued strain of harmony divine! *

[To be continued.]

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 25, 1853.

Music for the People.

We were not informed in time to chronicle last week the early action of our city fathers ordaining music on the common, twice a week for the remaining summer evenings. Crossing the common on our way home at sunset, Wednesday evening, our ears were unexpectedly greeted with the first sounds of the ordinance already carried into execution. There had been no public announcement, and the people, judging from the sparse attendance, could not have been generally aware that the new and longed for dispensation had begun. From a staging on the hill, a small military band, of sixteen instruments, all brass, except the drums and cymbals, were discoursing just such marches, opera choruses arranged as marches, and so forth, as are daily ringing through the streets of all our cities in the frequent military parades. It was a good band enough for its size, and for its kind, which happens just now unfortunately to be the *only* kind,—cornets and sax-tubas being the reigning fashion, with quite as tyrannizing an exclusiveness, as prevails ever in the fashion of our hats and coats.

This musical providence on the part of the municipal powers is, it is well known, far from a bountiful and overflowing one. The measure was a bare triumph of the pressure of popular opinion, (well represented on the part of the majority of the fathers) against the tenacious, higgling resistance of the Philistines. Of course therefore, the idea, which was originally generous and ideal, came through the fight only alive, and plucked and curtailed of a great part of its beauty and its fair proportions. It was a very cautious, stinted, half-way sort of provision that was at last reluctantly adopted. A band too small, at hours too ridiculously and Puritanically early to partake of the charm and stillness of the evening, or even to admit of the attendance of the laboring classes, for whom the benefit was principally intended! Thus saith the law: One eve-

ning in each week there shall be music on the Common from seven until nine; and again on Saturday evening, *from six till eight o'clock!* There is an ingenious irony in this, considering that long days (to the million) simply and practically mean long days of work. It is as much as to say to them: Work while day-light lasts; go to bed when the sun sets, or to prayer in preparation for the Sabbath; and be refreshed with all the music you can get between whiles. That it is morally dangerous and profane to be out under the trees of a midsummer night, after eight o'clock, listening to carnal music, we are not distinctly taught in the aforesaid ordinance; but this would seem the natural inference. We apprehend, however, it would be coming nearer to the mark, to credit these fidgety and Puritan-looking limitations to the spirit of resistance to the measure as a whole, which, finding itself overruled, resolved to "face the music" only at the oblique angle at which it could be said to be just visible at all.

This, to be sure, is a local matter, and it perhaps requires apology for discoursing to our readers of an affair so purely and intensely *Boston*. But we apprehend the case is a fair type of the position, with regard to public outlays for the artistic culture and amusement of the people, of nearly every municipality in our republic. Democracy is not yet wise in these important considerations of its true self-culture,—we might almost say self-preservation. Art has flourished chiefly among princes, and has been lavished on the amusements of the people as a sort of paternal favor by the arbitrary powers, to offset somewhat their oppressions. But Democracy, more than all social systems, needs the harmonizing, humanizing, liberalizing and refining influences of Art. There is nothing which it can so well afford to pay for, if it took a far-seeing view of its own interest.

Art, whether in Music or in other forms, is, to be sure, a costly and a princely possession. Sovereigns, in Church or State, have been its patrons and supporters. But can a sovereign people ever be truly sovereign without incorporating Art along with the other humanities, into its institutions? Art is the highest type of the true sovereignty of man; his sovereignty over his accidents, over the outward limitations of poverty and a world rough and repulsive to the senses, and contradictory and unresponsive to the ideals of the soul. Art, and above all music, is a type and language of true Freedom, of freedom perfect through divine harmony and order. Democracy has yet to learn to value and to enter into this its rightful and most beautiful possession, without which liberty is only negative, and wealth a means without an end. So far Democracy has evinced a niggardly, utilitarian economy with regard to all propositions for making the externals of its life beautiful and inspiring; it has seemed constitutionally afraid of public luxury and refinement; while by a natural reaction it has squandered and wasted without stint upon coarse and idle modes of celebration in the name of patriotism. Our patriotic rejoicings, our occasions for the overflow of national and public feeling, have all been in the most noisy, rowdy, pop-gun and cracker-firing style of free expenditure. More money is burnt out in guns and fire-works in a single hour, than it would cost to keep a permanent supply of excellent music throughout all the summer nights. It would seem as if our

patriotic rejoicing was the joy only of the lower and more animal faculties that enter into the composition of a man. The sounds we hear upon those proud occasions are all borrowed from the enginery of destructiveness; they all smack of war and of the demons of the nether world let loose. Call you this economy, O legislators and city fathers? Is money puffed away in gunpowder a better cement of society, than public gardens filled with statues, and public music filling the air and making the very senses willing captives to lessons of rhythm and refinement, and spontaneously inclined to all things gentle and harmonious? We pay much for "Union" and for "Union-saving;" consider whether the sentiment of Art, inspired throughout the people, might not become a quite important guaranty of union, harmonizing the very nerves and fibres of each sensitive member of the whole social body, like so many strings of a vast instrument,—to speak figuratively.

We wish, with what humble powers we have, to add some impulse to the artistic culture of this great, fearfully large, heterogeneous, democratic people; and in music especially, because it is more our individual mission, and because music, more readily than other fine arts, takes hold of the masses. Instead, therefore, of murmuring at the stinted provision of music on our common, we rather hail it as a beginning and a sign of better things to come. A precedent is set, if not on the most liberal scale; and there were good omens in the music of Wednesday evening, and in its reception by the lingering *prince adeles* within hearing of it. So far as the quality of the performance and the selection of pieces went, it was on the whole a pretty good beginning. Returning to the common at a later hour, we heard strains of Mendelssohn,—an arrangement of that beautiful two-part song of his, so popular in the last season's concerts. The next piece, too, was Mendelssohn's; the "Wedding March." Then followed a melange of quicksteps, sentimental airs of Ethiopian popularity, scenes from Italian operas, such as the Edgardo finale in *Lucia*; &c., &c. Of course, the quicksteps and the Ethiopians elicited most clappings, because addressed most to the *clapping classes*, who must not always be taken as the thermometer of the whole musical audience.

But,—how refreshing to note the infallible magic of genius! and how can we cultivate a truer people's friend, than Mozart, type of an eternal youth!—presently the band struck up the Minuet from *Don Giovanni*, and where we thought it ended, came the little passage modulating into the maskers' trio; and then finally the sparkling allegro of the banquet scene:—quite a nice little abridgment of that glorious finale; and there was no mistaking the general *gusto* with which this was received. Verily there can be no better music than that of Mozart, for the summer nights, to go straight to the hearts of the people and make them realize the charm of genuine and vital *Art!*—It was a sign of a progressive taste, that so many allusions to the classical found place in this out-of-doors programme. Miscellaneous of course the selection ought to be; and no one can reasonably complain of the light and humdrum pieces, so long as there is a fair sprinkling of what is good.

The Puritanical limitation of the hours proved naturally a dead letter; for the music, once

waked, *would* sound on till people were in the mood of moving homeward.

We will be thankful, as we said, for this beginning. But we could not listen without thinking how much more might, and we trust will another year, be made of it. In the first place, such bands are much too small, to be entirely efficacious; the music should be clearly audible to those who are promenading freely in the pleasant paths and avenues in all parts of the common; the harmony should come in full, rich, copious strains, with nothing thin and meagre in its rendering. Music for the million, in the open air, should be on a large scale.

In the next place it was entirely a *brass* band, and as such incapable of giving due expression to the finer kinds of music. Like all the street bands, it is conformed wholly to the military standard. We apprehend that something more than military music is desirable on these occasions;—something quite different and remote from that, in fact. Martial music is as familiar to the public ear, as the rattle of carriage wheels, day after day, the summer long. On that score we have opportunities enough. But opportunity for something better was the thing demanded. Brass bands are not only coarse and noisy; but the component instruments, being all of one family, mere cousins to each other, produce a monotonous aggregation of tones, instead of a rich blending of tones of well contrasted qualities. Our correspondent, "Sackbut," was entirely right about this; and we cannot do better than repeat his suggestion that there should be a Municipal or City Band, raised and maintained by the City, employed in all public civic celebrations, and *not military, but civic* in its composition and its style of music. It should be very much larger than the bands now common, and should include the long banished reed instruments, to give more delicacy, piquancy and contrast to the tone-masses. We submit that it would be good public economy for each civil community to support, at public cost, a band of this sort, up to the highest standard, for the express end of gracing public festivals and furnishing refined enjoyments to the people.

We want to raise the taste, as well as minister to the amusement, of the people; and although any kind of music is better than nothing, as a recreation to the weary sons and daughters of continual toil; yet it would be much better, and by no means impracticable, to have music that is artistically good and elevating, and have such well loved and appreciated. We see not why even the most perfect of all instrumental combinations, the orchestra, with strings as well as wind instruments, may not be available for out-of-door refreshment in the still and pleasant summer nights. Then should we hear not aggravating *arrangements*, but *bonâ fide* productions of fine compositions in their original and only worthy shape. Fancy the hearing of Mendelssohn's dream overture, under the trees, some fine midsummer night! We do not anticipate this speedily; but the hint may be worth considering for the future.

Musical Intelligence.

Local.

We had the pleasure, a few days since, of welcoming home one of our musical students from abroad, namely our townsman, Mr. S. PARKMAN TUCKERMAN. Mr. T. has passed the last four years in Europe, principally in

England, with the endeavor to become thoroughly acquainted with the school of English Cathedral music. And he has turned his opportunities to excellent account. In 1851 he received the degree of Doctor in Music from the Archbishop of Canterbury; and in the following year, during a residence in Rome, he was created a Master of Sacred Music in the Academy of St. Cecilia.

Several anthems of Dr. Tuckerman's composition have been published in England, and some of them are now in use in the Cathedrals. He brings with him a large and valuable library of music collected during his residence abroad, together with the knowledge and the zeal for raising up a higher standard of church music than has hitherto prevailed among us. We cordially wish him all success, and trust it will not be long before we may hear some specimens, under his auspices, of the grand old music of the church of England.

THE MUSIC ON THE COMMON. We learn from the *Transcript* that it was the Brigade Band that officiated so creditably on Wednesday evening. The same paper further states that:

On Saturday evening the Germanians (we suppose the Germania Serenade Band) are expected to play on the Common from 6 to 8 o'clock. The music will be continued, by the Boston Brass and Bond's Band, on Wednesdays between 7 and 9, and on Saturdays between 6 and 8 o'clock. The four bands above named will play in rotation. Should the weather be unpleasant on any evening assigned for the music, the performance will be postponed till the first pleasant evening.

A grand Military Benefit Concert will be given in the Music Hall this evening, to Mr. EDWARD KENDALL, who has contributed for many years so largely to the excellence of our band music. All the brass bands, the Campbell Minstrels, &c., are to lend their aid.

Our Charlestown neighbors are determined to have music from the foot of the Bunker Hill monument these summer evenings.

NEW YORK. JULIEN the great, with his monster orchestra, the incomparable contra-bassist BOTTESINI, and the singer Mlle. ANNA ZERI, is to open his American career at Castle Garden on the 24th of August.—Haydn's "Creation" was successfully performed this week by the Sacred Harmonic Society, under the direction of Mr. Bristow.

CINCINNATI. Steffanone has given a concert here, assisted by Paul Jullien, Strakosch and others.

London.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—At the sixth concert M. HECTOR BERLIOZ conducted the first part, which consisted entirely of his own compositions. The first was his symphony, "Harold in Italy," a work which so excited the admiration of Paganini, when he heard it in Paris, that he forwarded a draft for 20,000*fr.* to the composer, with a most flattering letter. The theme is Byron's Childe. The *Mus. World*, reporting the performance, says:

In the first part,—representing "Harold in the Mountain"—the immense variety of light and shade, through the medium of which M. Berlioz has attempted to paint the various impressions produced on the mind of the pilgrim-poet by the scenes and incidents he encounters in his wanderings, were realized with wonderful accuracy. The principal part for the viola was performed by M. Sainton, with a tone, execution, and sentiment that gave full effect to the composer's bold and essentially dramatic notion of representing the hero of his descriptive symphony by a sole instrument, always distinct from the orchestra, and preserving a kind of individuality throughout. The "March of Pilgrims singing the Evening Hymn"—one of the quaintest and freshest movements in modern music—was played with extreme delicacy; the still more quaint and not less charmingly instrumented, "Serenade of the Mountaineer of Abruzzi," was given with equal effect; and the fourth and last movement, which, after some recapitulation of the previous incidents, ends with the boisterous revels of the brigands, brought out the power of the orchestra with a force and resonance almost overwhelming.

Of the other two pieces the same writer adds:

The air from the *Flight into Egypt*, an oratorio,

both words and music of which have been written by M. Berlioz, was admirably sung by Signor Gardoni, and unanimously encored. It is a pastoral—not at all "in the ancient style" (as the programme states), but peculiarly modern, in the flow of its melody, the variety of its expression, and the style of its orchestral accompaniments. On the other hand, it is decidedly one of the most effective vocal compositions of M. Berlioz, with which we are acquainted. The brilliant overture, *Le Carnaval Romain* (an interlude between the first and second acts of the opera of *Benvenuto Cellini*), already made familiar to the public by its frequent performance at the concerts of M. Jullien, was executed with a combined fire and delicacy that left nothing to be desired, and brought this novel and attractive performance to a close amid the greatest applause.

Thus M. Berlioz has gone through the ordeal of the old as well as the New Philharmonic, and judging from all accounts his music, as well as his talent as a conductor, are most rapidly rising into favor in England. The second part of the concert was conducted by COSMA and included Beethoven's C minor symphony; an air from Spohr's *Faust*, by Herr Pischek; a concerto for the double-bass, by Bottesini; Donizetti's *Ange si pur*, by Sig. Gardoni, and Weber's overture, "Ruler of the Spirits."

NEW PHILHARMONIC.—The fourth concert drew a vast crowd to Exeter Hall. In the first part were performed, (1) "The Widow of Nain," by the Conductor, LINDPAINTEUR, described as a cantata, or short sacred oratorio, founded on a passage in the Gospel of St. Luke; the music simple and unaffected, well suited to both solo and chorus voices, and instrumented by a master's hand. Several airs are mentioned as likely to become popular; and there are two fine quartets, while "the choruses though brief and unpretending, contain points of imitation that show Herr L. to be thoroughly familiar with the fugal style." (2) Macfarren's overture to Schiller's *Don Carlos*, written in 1842, better known in Germany than in England, and pronounced "one of his most thoughtful and original productions." (3) A "most fascinating piano-forte *morceau*," "La Chasse," composed and played by Emile Prudent. (4) Mozart's "Jupiter" Symphony, played, they say, more admirably than ever before in England.

The second part consisted of Mendelssohn's *Waldpurgis Night*, conducted by Dr. Wilde; Lindpaintner's popular little song "The Standard Bearer," sung by Pischek, and the overture to *Freyschutz*. Herr Lindpaintner, who was to return the next day to his king of Wurtemberg, at Baden-Baden, was greeted with such a leave-taking as left no doubt of the estimation in which he was held by the immense audience assembled. At the next concert they were to have the "Choral Symphony," with Dr. Spohr for conductor.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA. For the 25th ult. *Ernani* was announced with a splendid cast: namely, BOSIO as Elvira, TAMERLIK as Ernani, BELLETTI as Silva, and RONCONI as Don Carlos. But Bosio was taken ill, and her place poorly supplied by Mlle. ALBINI, which threw a damper over the performance. All the critics praise the three men, but one suggests that Belletti and Ronconi might advantageously have changed places.

On the 31st *Lucrezia Borgia* and the second act of *Il Barbiere* completely filled the house. The *World* laments that the latter opera was shorn of its incomparable proportions, but adds that, "with Sig. LUCHESSI as Count Almaviva, the more the *Barbiere* is shorn the better for the *Barbiere*."

The *Huguenots* has had a run of several nights, in the presence of the Royal Family and an immense concourse. The *Times* says:

BELLETTI, with his earnest manner and artistic singing, could not fail to render St. Bris important. All he had to do was done well; all he had to sing was sung admirably. NANTIER DIDINI made a very graceful and attractive page in Erbaud. MARIO was grander than ever, and in as fine voice as we have heard him for years. We need not specify his great points. In the septuor, act third, and the grand duet, act fourth, he was transcendent, and created a *furor*. There was no husbanding of the voice, as of late years, for particular points; no saving certain notes to give others particular emphasis; no superabundant display of the falsetto to render the chest notes more strong and telling. Mario was in full possession of all his powers, and used them with mag-

nificent effect. Purer, more powerful, or grander singing than that of Mario in the *Huguenots*, it would be impossible to hear, GRISS, also, was in high force, and signalized herself, as of old, in all her favorite bits. She sang splendidly throughout the evening, and acted with prodigious fire and nimble feeling in the grand duet. But GRISS's Valentine is too well known to require iteration of its praises. It is decidedly one of her most exquisite performances, and has only one drawback—namely, that the music is sometimes too low for her voice. FORMES's Marcel is beyond all comparison the most finished and satisfactory we have seen, and was never more highly finished, or more thoroughly satisfying. With a strong word for TAGLIAFICO in *Nevers* and STIGELLI for his singing, as the Huguenot officer, in the *Kataplan* chorus, we must conclude our individual notice. The band was as splendid as ever, and the chorus generally better than we have heard them for years. CASTELLAN, the most charming and fascinating of Queens, Marguerite, sang most brilliantly her music, which exceeds more from the singer almost than any soprano part written by Meyerbeer.

Among the improvements of the age we note the construction of telegraphic wires from the House of Parliament, to Covent Garden, whereby musical M. P.'s may be summoned from the opera when important questions are to be taken.

GRISS AND MARIO.—*The London Musical World* (June 4th) says: "We are furthermore informed that the engagement of the renowned twin for America is not definitely settled, but is likely to be so. In addition, we may state, that Formes was offered a large sum to accompany Mario and Grisi, but declined, as we are told, in consequence of prior engagements."

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Meyerbeer's "Huguenots."

[From Heath's "Beauties of the Opera and Ballet."]

[Concluded.]

We must now turn to Paris, where the action of the piece is concentrated.—Behold the Pré-aux-Clercs, the Seine, and, down lower, the old Louvre, beneath the gloomy vaults of which sanguinary projects are brewing. On the left of the meadow, beneath the shadow of an aged chesnut, there is a chapel sacred to Catholic worship; in front, and on one side are two small taverns—other chapels, dedicated to Bacchus.

It is the hour of the promenade, towards the end of a sultry day in the month of August. The citizens are breathing the fresh air on the banks of the stream; workmen and persons of the bumbler classes are assembled, and in groups here and there before the shops of the itinerant vendors of wares, the puppet-shows, and the bands of music playing in the open air. Seated at the table of one of the taverns is a party of young fellows and girls, who are chatting, laughing, and flirting, whilst their mirth is intermingled with the harsh tones of some Huguenot soldiers, who are drinking and singing at a table on the opposite side of the stage:—

"March! soldier of old Calvin's breed;
To you the Papist maid's decreed,
Yours the bright gold and silver fine,
And good wine!"

But room there—make way! There is a marriage procession advancing towards the chapel. In the midst of a brilliant assemblage of court lords and ladies a young bride approaches. Heavens! it is Valentine! de Nevers is at her side! The Comte de Saint Bris has given her to him to avenge himself for Raoul's disdain, for whom, he adds, he has yet in store a chastisement still more terrible. The *cortège* enter the chapel, whilst the female spectators go on their knees and pray. This pious demonstration irritates the Calvinist soldiery, and they resume their chorus, which arouses the young men and work-people, and they retort in threatening words and gestures. A struggle is evidently at hand, when the arrival of a troop of gipsies fortunately attracts the attention of all in another direction. These *gitanos* restore the gaiety of the populace; they tell the young girls' fortunes, and then dance a merry round to a joyous air. The *divertissement* ended, Saint Bris and de Nevers come out from the chapel, where they have left Valentine, who wishes to remain there, engaged in prayer, until the evening. After the curfew, the relatives and husband of the young bride are to return to conduct her in state to the Hôtel de Nevers. All the wedding attendants depart: the Comte de Saint Bris remains, with only one gentleman, a brother Catholic, named Maurevert. Marcel, the formal servant of Raoul, soon presents himself before them, and hands to the Comte a note from his master, who has that very day reached Paris in the suite of Marguerite de Valois. Saint Bris opens the letter, which contains a challenge.

"As I expected," he says: and then, turning to Marcel, "This evening I shall expect Sir Raoul de Nangis on this spot."

"A duel with him?" inquires Maurevert, in a low voice; "you must not incur that risk:—

"Another course there lies
To strike an impious wretch which Heaven sanctifies."

"What mean you?"

"Come with me, and in the presence of the Almighty I will unfold to you the projects which are meditated."

They then both retire into the chapel.

Night draws on, and the sound of the curfew-bell is heard, and the sergeants of the watch come in and disperse the tardy walkers in the Pré-aux-Clercs. The students and Huguenot soldiers, whose day has not yet concluded, merely leave the outside for the inside of the taverns, that they may continue their libations and play privately. When the meadow is entirely deserted, Maurevert and Saint Bris are seen on the threshold of the chapel, and, after exchanging some words in a low tone, separate with an air of mystery. Thoughtless men!—they have forgotten Valentine!

Valentine, who, hidden behind a pillar, has, without designing it, overheard their horrid intentions, and who, for the sake of her father's reputation, desires to prevent their accomplishment. Marcel, appears punctually, impelled thither by

his fearful forebodings. The faithful fellow determines to be present at the duel, and, if needs be, he will die with his master. Valentine recognizes him.

"Hear me," she exclaims. "Is not Raoul to be here immediately?"

"He is."

"And to fight?"

"True."

"Let him come well attended."

"Gracious God! does danger menace him?"

"I dare not tell thee."

"Who, then, are you?"

"I? I am—the woman he loves,—who seek to save him even by an act of treachery,—and whom he must forget for ever!"

Marcel seeks to know more, but she leaves him with a rapid step, and betakes herself to the chapel.

There is no time to warn Raoul, for he arrives at that instant with his seconds, and Saint Bris with his two "friends." Marcel tries, however, by some words uttered hastily and in a low tone, to make his master comprehend that he has fallen into a snare; but Raoul treats him as a madman, and hurls at his antagonist his defiance in words so energetic, and always so loudly applauded:—

"In my own good right is my trust," &c., &c.

They then decide on the conditions of the combat, measure the distance and the weapons, and the two adversaries and the four seconds betake themselves to their swords. At the moment when they begin to exchange thrusts, Marcel, who is on the watch, exclaims aloud that he hears footsteps, and sees the shadows of a band of men approaching. He has scarcely said so, when Maurevert, followed by two Acolytes, rushes on the stage, calling for aid against the Huguenots, who, he says, are making a cowardly attack on the Catholics. At his shouts a dozen or more suspicious-looking persons come from an obscure corner, where they were in ambush, and attack Raoul and his companions, whom they surround. The brave Calvinists, turning back to back, show a valiant front to the enemy, who assail them on all sides; but in this unfair strife their small and condensed bastation is each moment more closely pressed, and they are nearly defeated by such vast odds, when suddenly they hear in one of the taverns this Huguenot chorus:—

"Plan, rataplan, war we'll have!
Drink, drink we,
To the good and brave,
To Coligny!"

"Defenders of the faith! to the rescue!" cries Marcel.

The door of the tavern opens, and the appearance of the Protestant soldiers makes Maurevert and his band retreat; but at this moment the young students arrive, attracted by the noise, and range themselves on the side of the Catholics.

"To the stake with the Pagans!" "To the devil with the bigots!" are shouted on either



side, and a struggle ensues. The two rival forces rush with fury against each other; Saint Bris and Raoul cross weapons,—another instant, and blood must flow.

"Rash men, desist!" cries a well-known voice, and every sword is returned to its scabbard. "Dare you, in Paris, and in the front of the Louvre itself, to engage in such hostilities?"

It is Marguerite de Valois, who returns on horseback to her palace, followed by her guards and pages bearing flambeaux. Saint Bris and his party declare that they have been treacherously attacked.

"It is they," says Marcel, "who have basely attempted to assassinate my master."

"How know'st thou that? Who has informed thee?"

"An unknown female, whom I saw here but now."

"Thou liest!" exclaims Saint Bris. "Where is this woman?"

"Behold her!" replies the stout sectarian, pointing to Valentine, who at this instant appears at the entrance of the chapel. At the sight of his daughter the Count is thunderstruck.

"What!" cries Raoul, "to save me she has not hesitated to betray her sire—and yet she loves me not!"

"She loves none but you," replies Marguerite, in spite of the entreaties of Valentine to be silent.

"But that mysterious visit to de Nevers?"

"She went to urge him to renounce all claims to her hand."

"Oh! Heaven, is it possible?—and I could believe that—Pardon! pardon! give her to me—to me who adore her!"

"You do love her!" exclaims Saint Bris, with savage joy; "then I am avenged; for this very day she espoused another!"

How can we depict the despair of Raoul, who bursts into an agony of tears. Whilst the Queen endeavors to calm his mind, a bark, splendidly ornamented, with silken sails and gilded sides, sparkling with lights, and enlivened by delicious music, descends the river, and anchors beside the meadow. De Nevers, attended by his bridesmen and all the guests of his wedding ceremony, arrives to seek Valentine, and escort her to the chateau of her husband. It is hardly possible to describe the varied feelings of the parties, whose emotions of love, revenge, pity, sorrow, exultation and despair, are given in most complicated yet expressive harmony. Wretched Raoul! he is compelled to witness the triumph of his rival, to see him depart, with an air of pride and joy, and take with him all his hope, happiness, nay, life itself! Marguerite conducts the unhappy lover from the Pré-aux-Cleres, while the Huguenots and Catholics are still assailing each other in terms of foul reproach; and thus terminates the Third Act.

At the opening of the FOURTH ACT we follow the wretched Valentine to the Hôtel de Nevers.

She is alone—sorrow-stricken and agitated. The remembrance of Raoul pursues her, and in a moment of pious resignation she prays that every sentiment of a love, which must henceforth be criminal, may be at once eradicated from her heart, and that in its stead she may be inspired with the courage which virtue alone can give. In vain does she pray and weep, and weep and pray; her supplication is ineffectual;—the name of him she seeks to forget returns, in spite of herself, to her heart, her thoughts, her very lips. At that instant—is it a dream—a delusion?—Raoul himself appears before her aching sight! He enters, pale as a spectre, haggard as Remorse. He approaches her—he speaks. Oh, Heaven! 'tis himself.

"I would see you once again, and for the last time," he says, in accents of deep despair.

"Fly!" shrieks Valentine, affrighted; "if my husband or my father should find us together, they would slay us both."

"Wherefore should I avoid them? Since I have lost you forever, death is my only solace, my sole refuge."

"No, no, Raoul, live, and learn to acknowledge the true God, and then we shall one day be united in Heaven."

She then urges him again to leave her, but it is now too late: footsteps are heard in the vestibule. Valentine looks out, and exclaims:—

"Gracious Heaven! we are lost! It is my father—my husband!"

"Here, then, I await them!"

"What, Raoul, when that will compromise my honor? You must avoid them for my sake."

She then conceals him behind the tapestry.

In his capacity as Governor of the Louvre, the Comte de Saint Bris has been employed to bring together the principal Catholic noblemen, and to disclose to them the plot projected by Catherine de Medicis. They have all answered to the summons: de Nevers, Tavannes, Méru, de Retz, de Cossé, de Besme, &c., &c. Without being at all disturbed at the presence of his daughter, Saint Bris announces to the gentlemen who surround him, that, to put a stop at once to religious discords, to end at a blow an impious contest, Heaven wills, and Charles IX. ordains, that all the Protestants be massacred that very night!

"Who will strike them?" demands the husband of Valentine.

"We will!" exclaims Saint Bris. "Such is the order of the King. Will you swear to obey it?"

"We swear!"

Only one of the band has kept silence, and that is de Nevers. The others demand an explanation of his silence, and he boldly says that his honor will not allow him to immolate defenceless foes.

"When the King commands?"

"He commands me in vain when he bids me stain the pure name of my ancestors!" and pointing to their portraits hanging from the walls, he adds, "They are all soldiers—there is not one assassin amongst them!"

"Traitor! would you betray us?"

"No! but sooner than thus sully the brightness of my sword, I would break it! God be the judge between us!"

On hearing such noble language, Valentine throws herself into her husband's arms.

"Oh, now I am yours forever!" she exclaims.

But Saint Bris, pointing out de Nevers to the leaders of the citizens and the people, who appear at this moment, bids them not to lose sight of him until morning. They take him off a prisoner, and at a signal from her father Valentine retires.

There now remain about the Comte none but the gloomy fanatics sworn to the horrible assassination. The fierce interpreter of the behests of the Medici gives them their final instructions, and to each and all he assigns their posts and their victims.

"Go thou, de Besme, to Coligny, and let him be the first sacrifice! you, Tavannes, Cossé, Méru, to the Hôtel de Sens, where the heretics are feasting with the King of Navarre; you to the houses and the streets—our foes are everywhere. Seek out all, spare none. When ye hear the bell of St. Germain l'Auxerrois sound, then strike without pity or remorse. The Almighty absolves you already, before you begin your pious work."

Then, to confirm this blasphemy, he points to the doors in the back of the stage, where appear three monks, who come down to the centre of the scene, chanting a solemn anthem. All present, by a spontaneous movement, draw their swords or poniards, raise their arms towards Heaven, and the austere friars burst forth into bitter anathemas against the Calvinists, and bless the avenging weapons which are devoted to the deadly work of extermination. On these consecrated swords each repeats his homicidal oath, and then, led by their respective chiefs, the throngs of conspirators disperse quickly and in silence.

When they have all departed, Raoul, pale and alarmed, comes forth from beneath the curtain which has concealed him, and rushes towards the door, which he finds closed from without.

"Whither go you?" says Valentine, who appears from her apartment.

"To warn my friends and comrades to arm themselves against assassins!"

"Against my father? Oh! pray refrain—consider!"

"To hesitate were to forfeit my honor, my friendship. Let me go without delay."

"You shall not go, unless you would pass over my body!"

Then follows a fearful struggle between the poor girl and her lover. She clings to him, clasps his knees, and entreats him, with tears streaming from her eyes, to remain with her until the dawn of day; but seeing him unmoved by her tears and agony, she cries,—

"Oh! I would not have thee die, Raoul!—Raoul, I love thee!"

This utterance from the heart—this impassioned avowal, makes the young cavalier hesitate. He forgets all his religion, his duty, his menaced comrades, and he falls at the feet of Valentine overwhelmed with love and joy. The toll of a distant bell recalls him to his senses.

"Ah, that is the signal for the massacre!" he exclaims, "and my friends are already sacrificed. Farewell!"

"I hasten to defend them,
Or share their threatened fate!"

Their struggle, which had been momentarily interrupted, is renewed. Valentine encircles him in her arms again, clinging to him with all the strength of despair, seeking to retain him by all the reiterated protestations of the most passionate love; but it is too late. There is no longer an echo in the breast of Raoul, to whose heart every note of the tocsin sounds a knell. Again the sound of the bell is heard, and the noise of arms, and the shout of combatants.

"Dost thou hear?" says the distracted Raoul, "my friends' fate—they cry for me! Heaven watch over thee, my beloved one—I must avenge them, or die!" And, disengaging himself violently from the clasp of his adored, he leaps into the street by the window. Valentine shrieks violently, and falls fainting on the ground.

As a theatrical situation this scene, with only two actors, is indubitably the finest in the whole opera. It produced on the first representation the most remarkable effect, and was followed throughout by the utmost anxiety, fear and anguish, excited by the perpetual change of interest which the progress of the act exhibited. As a man who is thoroughly versed in his business, M. Scribe chose it as the termination of his Fourth Act, well knowing that in all plays, lyric or otherwise, success depends in a great measure on the force, progress, and *working out* of this act. From that moment the result of the *poem* was decided. We must add, too, that the struggle of the two lovers was most powerfully depicted by Nourrit and Mademoiselle Falcon, and also by their successors, Madame Stoltz and Duprez.

The FIFTH ACT consists of a series of tableaux, which should be seen, as it is difficult to describe them. During its progress, the action of the drama is marked by scenic effects.

The curtain at its rising discloses the interior of the Hôtel de Sens, all the apartments of which are illuminated as if for a ball, and filled by a numerous assembly. All the Protestant chiefs are there. Ladies of the court, in their gala dresses, laugh, and talk, and dance with the young nobles. A variety of dances and amusements succeed rapidly, and all appear light of step and joyous of heart, when Marguerite de Valois and Henri de Navarre appear in the midst of the ball. Groups of ladies and cavaliers precede the royal pair, and pay their respects and the honors of a fête given expressly on occasion of the marriage. The King and Princess cross the saloon, then disappear, and the dances recommence. At a moment, far above the crash of the orchestra, is heard the tolling of a distant bell. The dancers pause and listen, but this sound does not instil any ideas of terror or dismay, and the ball is resumed with increased gaiety and animation. All at once another noise is heard, which begins at a distance, comes nearer, and then all eyes are turned with anxiety towards the bottom of the stage, and Raoul is seen entering with a hurried step, pale, with his hair dishevelled, and his garments stained with blood.

"To arms! to arms!" he cries, in a voice of thunder. "Our friends are murdered—the assassins draw nigh, with hasty and deadly steps!"

They cannot believe him; and he then relates the fearful scenes he has witnessed:—

"By the glare of their torches' funeral light,
I saw the blood-stained soldiers as they strode;
Their voices yelling in the fearful night—
'Strike, strike the wretches who're condemned by God!'

He has seen Coligny fall beneath the steel of the murderers, who spare neither the old, women, nor children. As he was hastening to the Louvre, to entreat justice of the King, he had seen Charles IX. from the balcony of the palace setting the example and exciting the carnage. At this declaration all present utter a cry of horror and of vengeance. The women, palsied with fear, rush out hastily, followed by their pages and attendants, by all the doors of the apartments, and the men, drawing their swords, hasten after Raoul, with whom they repeat,—

"Sword to sword let's now oppose,
Avenge our brethren on our foes!
Down with the vile assassins—down!"

The scene changes to a cloister, at the back of which is a Protestant church, of which the windows appear lighted up. The Calvinist women, carrying their children in their arms, enter in haste and terror by a side door, seeking a refuge from the sanguinary persecutors. Marcel, who arrives at the same time, wounded and faint, shows them a small wicket-gate, which leads to the interior of the church, and then he goes on his knees and prays in silence. Raoul enters.

"Is it thou, Marcel?" he inquires.

"Yes; I was praying for you, and I bless Heaven that I see you once more!"

"Thou art wounded!" exclaims his master, on looking earnestly at him; "but I will revenge thee!"

"Alas! it is impossible; we are surrounded, hemmed in on all sides. This temple is our last refuge; enter there—there, at least," we shall die on holy ground!"

"Whither do ye hasten?" asks a voice eagerly. It is the voice of Valentine.

"To glory!" replies Raoul.

"To martyrdom!" exultingly cries Marcel.

"No, you shall live—for I come to save you," says the young maiden to her lover; and she gives him a white scarf, by the protection of which he can reach the Louvre in safety, and, when there, Marguerite de Valois will obtain for him his life, if he will promise to embrace the Catholic faith.

Raoul rejects the proposal with scorn;—he will die, as he has lived, in the faith of his forefathers.

"Even did I become an apostate," he says, passionately, to Valentine, "you would not be mine! All conspires to keep us separate!"

"Oh, no! I may love you now without a crime."

"Yes," says Marcel, "de Nevers died the victim of his generosity, whilst attempting to rescue me from the hands of the assassins."

"What! is he dead?" cries Raoul: "is he dead? And a violent struggle between love and duty arises in his mind."

"Marcel," he exclaims,

"Dost thou not see the bliss that is before me?"

"And see'st thou God's threatening finger o'er thee?"

replies the old Puritan, in a tone of severe reproach.

Raoul hesitates but one instant longer; then, seizing the hand of his faithful adherent, he says,—

"Adieu, Valentine! I await my death near thee."

"Then you refuse the certainty of life and safety which I bring thee? When I would live for thee alone, ungrateful man! thou wouldst die without me! But learn the depth—the sincerity—of a woman's love: that I may not leave thee, but cling to thee in life and death, I here abjure the Catholic faith. I am now and henceforth a Protestant. In hell or heaven, wheresoever be thy lot, there shall be mine also!"

"None but God's will be done,
Whatever he may decree;
So we on earth be one,
And in eternity!"

At these words, spoken with enthusiasm, Raoul throws himself into the arms of Valentine, whose countenance is radiant with resolution and beauty, and turning towards Marcel (who is deeply moved at this scene) he says,—

"No minister of Heaven is at hand to sanctify this union; but do thou, old and faithful friend, by the rights of virtue and age, consecrate our marriage in the presence of the Almighty God."

Marcel is wondrously affected, and a mental struggle appears for an instant—it is but for an instant—to agitate the war-bronzed features of the soldier, to shake his stalwart frame. It passes—(we should mention, in justice to the superb artist whom we have previously named, that this moment of agony is most exquisitely given by Staudigl)—and he is humiliated that his love for one, his admiration of the other, of the beings before him, had even suggested a thought that they might be saved from martyrdom by a few false words.

It is over, the fire of enthusiasm rekindles the veteran's eye, and its glow rushes to his darkened cheek. The gentlest, the loveliest of Christian rites, shall be celebrated even at that moment of fatal presentiment, of pending destruction.

The lovers kneel, and Marcel, with outstretched hands, and tones of the deepest pathos, bids them swear eternal love and union even in death. They vow, and he confirms the oath, in a noble trio, during which is heard, at intervals, a chorus from the church where Luther's Hymn is sung by the female and youthful voices. Raoul and Valentine are wedded—what more has Marcel to do on earth?

"For his creed, for his Master, his race he has run,
And he welcomes the death—for his mission is done."

Suddenly the pious strain is interrupted by a vast noise of arms clashing and loud shoutings. At the back of the scene, through the gratings, are seen the flames of torches and the glitter of halberds;—the murderers have assailed the last asylum of the Calvinists! The Protestants, far from showing dismay, sing their holy canticle with redoubled fervor, and for an instant a great tumult and discord reign; then all is suddenly hushed—the lights are extinguished, and all becomes silence and darkness.

"They sing no longer!" exclaim Valentine and Raoul at the same time.

"They are with their God!" adds Marcel, solemnly.

Again the three, full of religious fervor, and animated by pious inspirations, encourage each other to await with resignation the death which so speedily awaits them.

At that moment armed men appear, and having broken the door of the cloister rush on to the stage. Raoul, Marcel, and Valentine, hand in hand, advance, and present their bosoms to the deadly weapons of the assassins.

They retreat, as if astonished; then return, surround them, and, pointing to the cross of Lorraine and the white scarf, exclaim,—

"Abjure or die!"

"We will die!" exclaim the three martyrs, with one voice.

Their murderers, exasperated, rush at them, separate them, and take them in different directions; and at the instant they disappear several reports of fire-arms are heard in the street.

The scene then changes for the last time.

The theatre represents the view of a quarter of Paris in the year 1572.

The massacre is here seen in the full display of its horrible extent. Bands of furious soldiery overrun the city, spreading terror and death in all directions. Raoul and Marcel have fallen in the highroad, mortally wounded: Valentine is there, attending and consoling them. A body of musketeers appear on one side of the stage, with Saint Bris at their head.

"Who goes there?" he asks in hoarse tones.

Raoul attempts to reply; Valentine places her hand over his mouth; but, making a desperate effort, he half raises himself, and cries,—

"A Huguenot!" and then falls lifeless.

"We, too, are Huguenots!" exclaim Valentine and Marcel.

"Fire!" says the Comte to his troop.

The soldiers obey, and Valentine, pierced to the heart by a bullet, falls, uttering a dreadful shriek.

Saint Bris recognizes her voice, and shrieks out, "My child!"

"Yes," says Marcel, "God hath already avenged us: a moment, and I go into His presence to accuse you!"

"And I to pray for thee," murmured Valentine, with her dying breath.

During this scene of death and desolation Marguerite de Valois arrives, who, having just quitted the ball, is hastening to the Louvre. At the sight of the two lovers extended lifeless on the earth she utters a cry of intense grief, and with her hand waves to the Catholic soldiery to cease their work of vengeance and bloodshed.

This is a sketch of the "The Huguenots." It required, as we have already remarked, all the skill of the practised pen and apt judgment of M. Scribe to avoid the many difficulties, and even dangers, of the subject he had selected. In despite of the great space occupied by religious fends, Love, the omnipotent groundwork of dramatic representation, still maintains ample prominence. The progress of the action is lively, interesting, and varied: in fact, it is one of the best of the *libretti* on the French or any other operatic stage, and the scenic department is first-rate for display and effect. We will candidly avow our opinion, that Meyerbeer must have had a difficult task to wed the prosaic verse of Scribe with his glorious music; which is, indeed, a *chef-d'œuvre* of harmony and musical science, whose beauties and perfections can never be obliterated from the memories of those who have had the good fortune to hear it well played and sung, and the good taste to appreciate its sterling merits.

The last two acts are, perhaps, the best in the opera, but the first three soon gained ground in popular favor, and have justly retained it. In the first act we have the chorus of the revellers, the romance of Raoul; the hymn sung by Marcel, which is the German air of "*Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott*—The Lord is unto us a strong tower," the words and the music being the composition of Luther himself, but which the skilful composer has heightened by a splendid accompaniment. Then we have the Huguenot air, "Down with the Convents accursed!" during which we have the *pif-paf* of the balls and the noise of the cannonade, the lively cavatina of Urbain, and the delightful *septette* which follows,—all conspiring to make the first act a splendid introduction, glowing with life, spirit, and joyousness.

The second act begins with three *morceaux*, which form the principal situations: first, the glorious air which Marguerite de Valois sings—a sparkling and skilful combination of notes, sustained in the *allegro* by a *quintette* of female voices which harmonize in chromatic variations as novel in idea as masterly in effect; then the duet of the Princess and Raoul, a flowing and original melody, full of delightful turns; and then concluding with a chorus so powerful and effective!

At the opening of the third act it would seem as though the musician wished to laugh at difficulties: he has brought together four or five different choruses which cross each other, interfere, mingle, without for one instant injuring the harmony or diminishing the effect. There is the chorus of the Huguenot soldiers, "On, brave lads!" which begins in *four* time, and towards the end, by an unprecedented *tour de force*, glides insensibly into a *valse* movement. With this chorus, so varied in rhythm and arrangements, we have the round of the gipsies and the monotonous chime of the curfew. Then we have the duo in which Valentine informs Marcel of his master's danger—a splendid "bit;" and the *septette* of the duet so magnificently led off by Raoul, "In my own right I have full faith,"—a glowing strain, and enough of itself to give celebrity to the act.

We now come to the fourth act, in which terror and passion swell the scene on all sides; and throughout the scene, from the entrance of

the monks, the music is characterized by the utmost magnificence and sublimity of style.—Nothing can exceed the effect produced by the fearful trio; "Glory to God the Avenger," which precedes the benediction of the unsheathed daggers; and so the excitement proceeds, without constraint or any artificial means, by the aid of the more simple of musical resources. The psalmody, which bursts on us at first with the wrath of the tempest, and ends in deep notes like the distant growling of the thunder, is cut from the first by an accompaniment in discord, which descends until the voices again resume the upper part. After the adjuration of the monks we have a full chorus glowing with energy, fierceness, rage, and religious fury, whose general effect, skilfully managed, gives to the savageness of fanaticism a tone which is effective, majestic, solemn. Then the delightful duet in which Valentine and Raoul struggle with each other, in alternations of despair and love, grief and ecstasy! We are led away by the scene, the situation, the music, and the singers; and when the curtain falls we ask, What more can be expected of musical composition and of stage effect?

There is yet another scene, most striking and powerful: it is that in which Raoul and Valentine are united by Marcel when he is dying, and when the three willing martyrs, in a splendid trio, which seems altogether to be strained from terrestrial pollution, offer their lives as a willing sacrifice to the God of Luther.

The genius of Meyerbeer is essentially devotional. His choral effects have almost invariably an elevation which can only be produced by long study of the association of religious ideas. The situations in which he most delights are derived less from incidents of human life and human passion than from the profounder conflicts of supernatural agencies. In the opera we have now analyzed, the religious sentiment of the composition approximates more nearly to devotion as understood and recognized in England than was to be expected from a theatrical poet. The character of Marcel, as developed in "The Huguenots," might easily be taken for one of the enthusiastic and high-minded Puritans who fought in the cause of religious liberty, before the "cause" itself had become a mere stepping-stone for advancing the selfish interests of the Parliamentary leaders. The stern devotion displayed by Marcel to his chief was also the eminent characteristic of many of the earnest and zealous men who swelled the ranks of the insurgents of the seventeenth century; and the whole of his language is tinged with the same sombre, yet not uncheering hue, which marked their style, and which tradition has preserved, amid the distortion of malice and the caricature of levity. To M. Scribe, of course, much of the merit of the original design is due; but the soul of the composition is evidently the master-work of Meyerbeer, who has thrown himself with extraordinary ardor into the task of elaborating and completing the conception. That the mind of a composer, who had been from early life initiated into the inspired romance of Judaism, should almost involuntarily connect itself with religious aspirations, is not so singular as that it should be so eminently successful in portraying the sectarian Christian, not as a bigot, but as a believer, whose devotion, fierce though it be, is to be honored, and whose person it is impossible not to revere.

It is said that, in the original libretto, a fact had been selected from history to add a daring effect to the horrible scene of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. Amid all the terrors of the slaughter, while the hideous bell is roaring out the cry to murder, and the shrieks of frantic women are rising above the oaths of the charging soldiery, over all the clash and clang of the scene, a lofty window of yonder frowning edifice is raised, and, by the light of a lamp within, a dark face, distorted with fanatic madness, is seen to glare out upon the groups below. The apparition snatches an arquebuse from the wall, and, with a ferocious gesture, levels it at the flying crowd. He fires—but what is that single additional death-cry in such an hour of blood? Claspings his hands with fiendish glee, the stranger shrieks out to the sol-

diery, "Tuez! tuez! Parisians, behold your king!"

Censorships and lord-chamberlains have somewhat dull eyes for theatrical effects, but an exceedingly sensitive vision for any thing calculated to connect an unfavorable idea with the persons of the powers that be, whether historical or actual. The scene lacks this startling addition.

We have nothing more to add. The opera of "The Huguenots" will, perhaps, preserve to future ages the memory of a scene which their advanced humanity may have taught them to forget.

The Germans in San Francisco.

[The examples of Milwaukee, Chicago, &c., have shown us that the large admixture of the German element in our rapidly growing Western States, may be regarded as a pledge of musical and artistic culture in those busy populations. We hail with pleasure therefore, the facts thus recorded in a recent number of the *Alta California*.]

There are about 5,000 Germans in San Francisco. They are of all classes, and from all parts of Germany; from the mountains of the Tyrol to the delta of the Weser, from the hills of Alsace to the sands of the Vistula. Many of them have long been away from their native land; some in the United States and others in Spanish America and in the isles of the South Pacific. A great many of the foreign merchants of Mexico, Chili, Peru, and in the provinces on the eastern coast of South America, are Germans. Germany has no foreign colonies, and yet there is not room for all her citizens at home. The Spaniards have a partiality for the Germans; in former times Spain and Germany were united under one emperor, the most powerful monarch of Europe, and the associations connected with the history of the Empire are agreeable. But probably the main cause of the preference of the Spanish for the Germans is that the latter possess no political power out of the continent of Europe, while the English, French and Americans are dangerous on account of their maritime power as well as of their grasping disposition.

Spanish America has been a kind of a paradise for adventurous young German merchants, that wished to sow their wild oats away from home. Many of them, scattered from Chili to Chihuahua, were attracted by the gold of California, and some of them are now among our wealthiest citizens. This residence in Spanish America accounts for the fluency and correctness with which many of them speak Spanish. The great majority of the Germans in California intend to make their permanent residence here. They are almost universally republicans; nearly all become citizens; they learn English readily, and they adopt American manners and customs more readily than any other Europeans from the continent. The Germans here are very different as a class from those in the Atlantic States: there nearly all are mechanics and laborers, and but few well educated, while here they are nearly all intelligent men. They have several associations to keep up the memory of the "Vaterland." Among these the *Turn Verein*, or Gymnastic Union, is the first. Ever since its formation it has been in high favor with the German people. It was started at a time when all popular gatherings were forbidden by those who feared the interchange of ideas among the people. Gymnastic exercises are part of the education of youth in Germany and are even held so high that an Academy is there called a *Gymnasium*. When all other assemblages were forbidden, those for gymnastic exercises were considered harmless and were permitted, but they soon became the schools of democratic principles which they have since so effectively propagated. The San Francisco *Turn Verein* is in a very flourishing condition. The *Sänger-Bund*, Singers' band, is another popular German association. The wealthier Germans, who desire to be exclusive, have a club. The *Deutsches Club* possesses a valuable though not an extensive library and has its rooms very finely furnished. The Germans of California have one newspaper, the *Staats Zeitung* or *State Gazette* for their organ. It is published every week day, is edited with spirit

and has considerable circulation. It is democratic in politics. * * *

San Francisco has a German theatre, but it is yet only in its infancy. There is one German school in the city. The German population is very orderly and industrious. There is probably no class among the people which has fewer representatives, in proportion, as offenders before the courts than the Germans, and they have very few or no gamblers among their number. There are some occupations, which they nearly monopolize; thus the most of the dealers in cigars, musicians, and brewers in the city are Germans. The Union Band is composed entirely of Germans.

The Hippodrome.

[A New York correspondent of the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin*, gives his impression of this so-called "re-vival of the Grecian games," as follows:]

If New York has a small Crystal Palace, she has a very large Circus—an illustration of the compensation principle which goes far to satisfy her people, whose taste for horse-flesh is far finer than that for Art and Industry. The Hippodrome is a vast affair, situated at the intersection of Fifth Avenue and 23d street. Outside it presents only the appearance of a low brick walled building, of great area, with a canvass roof. Inside, this area, which is about a quarter of a mile in circumference, and of oval shape, is surrounded with ranges of seats rising gradually from the ground, within which is the arena for the performances.

The only evening I was present the Hippodrome was uncomfortably empty. There could not have been more than fifteen hundred persons present, making two patches of people on each of the long sides of the oval, while the rest was entirely vacant or, at best, only dotted over with dollar paying visitors and dead-heads. Of course such an audience cannot pay, but the profits of the first few weeks were so large that a few losing houses can be endured until a new excitement can be got up to attract the multitude. The performances of the Hippodrome are rather elegant than amusing—they are too much so, indeed, to be permanently popular with a New York public. The tournament displays are quite showy, but there is no great exhibition of skill or strength, and the show of fine dressing, banners, chariots and horses soon grows wearisome. The acrobatic and other exploits in the centre of the arena are good, but it is like looking at feats of agility a half a square off, and has nothing of that satisfying impression derived from a performance close to you as in an ordinary Circus.

The great feature, and the only one that keeps up any spirit in the affair, is the racing, and the Hippodrome may be regarded as simply a respectably got-up race-course, for the accommodation of those whose consciences will not permit them to visit the regular *bona fide* affair at Union Park.—There are races of female equestrians, races of chariots, races of monkeys on ponies, and, last and most ridiculous of all, races of ostriches. As each set of racers rides slowly around the arena on first entering, nearly everybody selects his favorite, and before the starting point is reached, hundreds have made their bets. It is rather exciting to see the racing and hear the shouts of the spectators urging on their favorite riders, but unless one has a very decided penchant for the turf, the affair soon grows wearisome.

I imagine that this racing is the only thing that keeps up the Hippodrome. Certainly the other performances are tame and spiritless compared to the scenes of the old-fashioned circus. The distances are so great as to make a powerful glass necessary for most of the exploits, and it is the pursuit of pleasure under difficulties to have to look through a lorgnette for it during an hour or two. Then there is no clown, and we miss the merry cry of Mr. Merryman—"Here we are, Sir!" as well as his shockingly worn-out jokes at his master's expense during the evening. An old-fashioned "ring," with good riders and tumblers and a good clown, and all right under your eye, is a far more satisfactory place of amusement than the New York Hippodrome.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Strictures upon the Stage,

AS IT EXISTS IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

II. SCENE PAINTING.

Scene painting has been lately admitted in England to be one of the Fine Arts, and no less an artist than Stansfield has directed his attention to it. Moving dioramas for the theatres, and scenery (so called) executed by him, were (as specimens of scene painting, exhibited at the back of the stage,) splendid works of the kind. But the true dignity of the painter's art, as connected with dramatic representations, appears to me not to be understood in England or in America. If it were understood he would exert a very different influence; he would not consider that to produce scenery was his only office; but the great dramas would come under his study as if he had to illustrate them in a pictorial work; their grand and important scenes would for the chief part be the realization of his conception (I mean as to the distribution and arrangement of the stage). He would be seen in front of the proscenium an important member of the stage managerial corps, and with his correct eye, and his picturesque imagination, correcting all harsh lines, harmonizing colors, heightening effects of contrast, and giving to the foreground the same light and shadow, the same chiaroscuro, that with a weaker motive and a lesser inspiration he imparts to the tame and speechless back-ground. But to obtain this light and shade, this chiaroscuro (a thing of the utmost importance and for the most part entirely novel to the stage, and which I will explain more particularly hereafter) the unnatural dispersed light, under the present mode of lighting the stage, would require to be altered.

Here is an addition to the office of stage manager! Here's work, my masters! Here's consternation among the actors! That crown wont do—that gold is too glittering. To the right and the left he sends red stockings and yellow stockings. Here he is suppressing color and bringing all into tone; here he adds a white feather, or a little red feather; here he throws a piece of armor upon the ground; here he calls up a piece of drapery. Here a dais, there a column. And thus things of apparently such little importance, as to be now subject to the caprice of a common carpenter or property maker, might receive the attention and surveillance of the greatest of living painters.

What we should gain by this arrangement the master genius of the painter alone could inform us, from whom we have all to hope and to expect; but it will convey to us some idea to contemplate, with the assistance of the author of "Modern Painters," some dramatic effects which have been the singular production of the Painter's genius. The following refers to the treatment of the Masacre of the Innocents by Tintoret:—

"The artist here does not depend on details of murder or ghastliness of death; there is no blood, no stabbing or cutting, but there is an awful substitute for these in the Chiaroscuro. The scene is the outer vestibule of a palace; the slippery marble floor is fearfully barred across by sanguine shadows, so that our eyes seem to become blood-hot and stained with strange horror and deadly vision: a lake of life before them, like the burning sun of the doomed Moabite on the water that came by the way of Edom; a huge flight of stairs, without parapet, descends on the left; down this rush a crowd of women mixed with the murderers; the child in the arms of one has been seized by the limbs, she hurls herself over the edge, and falls head downmost, dragging the child out of the grasp by her weight;—she will be dashed dead in a second: two others are farther in flight, they reach the edge of a deep river,—the water is beat into a hollow by the force of their plunge; close to us is the great struggle, a heap of mothers entangled in one mortal writhing with each other and the swords, one of the murderers dashed down and crushed beneath them, the sword of another caught by the blade and dragged at by a woman's paked hand; the youngest and fairest of the women, the child just torn away from a death grasp, and clasped to her breast with the grip of a steel vice, falls backward help-

lessly over the heap, right on the sword points: all knit together and hurled down in one hopeless, frenzied, furious abandonment of body and soul in the effort to save. Their shrieks ring in our ears till the marble seems rending around us; but far back at the bottom of the stairs, there is something in the shadow like a heap of clothes. It is a woman sitting quiet—quite quiet—still as any stone, she looks down steadfastly on her dead child, laid along on the floor before her, and her hand is pressed softly upon her brow."

The same writer says:—

"I should exhaust the patience of the reader, if I were to dwell at length on the various stupendous developments of the imagination of Tintoret in the Scuola di san Rocco alone. I would fain join in that solemn pause of the journey into Egypt, when the silver boughs of the shadowy trees lace with their tremulous lines the alternate folds of fair clouds flushed by faint crimson light, and lie across the streams of blue between those rosy islands, like the white wakes of wandering ships; or watch beside the sleep of the disciples among those massy leaves, that lie so heavily on the dead of the night, beneath the descent of the angel of the agony, and toss fearfully above the motion of the torches as the troop of the betrayer emerges out of the hollow of the olives; or wait through the hour of accusing beside the judgment seat of Pilate, when all is unseen, unfelt, except the one figure that stands with its head bowed down, pale like a pillar of moonlight, half bathed in the glory of the Godhead, half wrapt in the whiteness of the shroud."

When, upon the stage, do we get any such attempts at ideality as this?

Let any one remember the 'Belshazzar's Feast,' the attitude of Belshazzar,—the architecture, the grouping, the chiaroscuro—and suppose only a faint realization of such in the banquet scene in Macbeth.

But how much, we feel, has yet to be learned in this department of the stage, when we contemplate the radical mistake which has been made from the first in scene painting. And that mistake is, the constituting the farthest wings the frame of the painting; thus placing the frame of the picture at the back of the stage. Now if we look at these things correctly, the *proscenium* is the frame of the picture and the front of the stage the foreground. We cannot travel to the back of the stage for the foreground of the scene, when the *action* of the scene is going on in front. Is not this child's play! Surely the principle I have here laid down displays the only correct method of building stage scenery. I see many improvements that could be made in the machinery of the stage for the accommodation of the painter in working out his perspective; and if it were necessary I could show that it would be perfectly practicable to make the stage represent a mountain summit.

But I will not take up the time of my readers with any further remarks at present on scene painting, but—with these hints—I leave it in the hands of those who understand this subject better than I do, that they may tell us what might and ought to be done.

It is evident that it has hitherto been trifled with, and no attempt made at conveying the idea of truth. And truly it is enough to make us blush to think of a few of the absurdities we have seen in this way. What pretty "foot-pieces" we have seen running across the stage as a partition to divide off the river from the "boards." The one, for instance, behind which the boat is pushed on in the "Miller and his Men," or that with Albert and Willibald in "The Bottle Imp." The same absurdities occur in Shakspearian representations also. Still more money is expended upon a scene of fountains and terraces, in one of their trumpery ballets at the Queen's Italian Opera House, than would give truth at least to twenty Shakspearian scenes. But let us once get scenes of truth and connected with actions of *thought*, and such senseless exhibitions will soon appear "stale, flat and unprofitable." The public will miss the *idea* and crave for it; and will not be content with the impossible and the improbable, however gorgeously it may be colored or however prettily it may be tricked off, for as soon as taste becomes cultivated into a knowledge and perception of Nature and Truth, it will never receive

— "these tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 2, 1853.

Fourth Jubilee of the German Singing Clubs.

Decidedly the musical event of our midsummer season is the annual gathering, from all the Eastern States, of the numerous circles of male part-singers, which are kept up so enthusiastically among the Germans, as a beautiful reminiscence of the Fatherland. Last year the four days' festival was held in New York. This year it came off with more than usual spirit and preparation in Philadelphia. We hope the time is not far distant when our Northeastern metropolis may in its turn become the focus of all this fine popular enthusiasm for Art and Freedom. If we are north of the centre of the young Germany of the Atlantic States, yet railroads bring us within hailing distance; and a New England atmosphere would but transpose the music into a new and interesting key for the time being. The worst is, Boston is a small state in the musico-German confederacy as yet, having, we believe, but one solitary Liederkrantz, while Philadelphia, and New York, and its smaller neighbors, each are represented by a dozen clubs. We trust the spirit of these annual gatherings will find sympathetic nerves in the German population (small only by comparison) of Boston and vicinity, and start into life a goodly crop of *Männerchöre*.

But to us Americans this spectacle is interesting in another aspect. At first we look on simply as upon a charming national custom which our German neighbors have brought over with them. It is characteristic and imposing, and we enjoy it as an importation of that genial, happy, social and artistic life, which has seemed so ideal as we read about it, and which it is so pleasant to have brought under our own immediate observation. Its nationality gives it a pleasant piquancy, viewed as a spectacle outside of us, and cannot be in the least objectionable, since its animating spirit is essentially in harmony with the free spirit of our own institutions. It even benefits us by the example of popular mass-gatherings so brimming with the sentiment of liberty, and yet kept so orderly, harmonious and peaceful by a certain practically religious worship of Art with Liberty, which it is refreshing and encouraging to witness.

But the interesting question about it is: Why may not *we*, who are not Germans, borrow this excellent practice and incorporate it into our American life. If the music-loving Germans must seek out a republic for the free continuance of their musical existence, so on the other hand must a widespread, imperial democracy like this seek pledges of good order, concord and refinement in an all-pervading and inspiring influence of Art. The needed element comes providentially, with the tide of immigration, in the persons of these hearty, generous, art-loving Teutonic cousins of our Anglo-Saxon blood. As they assimilate to us politically, let us assimilate to them in the warm, rhythmic social culture, of which as a people they are the most quickening example. Glee-singing, which is only technically distinct from the German "part-singing," is a growing passion with our young men. A large proportion of our so-called "Glees" are adaptations from the German part-songs; and German music takes every day a deeper hold

upon American sympathies and tastes than any other music. We would not have the charm of separate nationality in these German festivals dissolved; but we should be pleased to see Americans and Germans, (in this great land of blended nationalities, where all peoples are combined to make one good liberal and universal people), mingling together and making common cause in this great work of developing a popular musical sentiment. Why may not singing clubs be organized, American, with Germans in them, (for they are our teachers and examples in this sphere of Art) and be affiliated over the country, and hold annual festivals at midsummer at different points in turn? We cannot but think it in the very tendency of things that this shall naturally and gradually come about. We read that in the Philadelphia festival, this week, a club of native Philadelphians took their turn in singing with the German Club, and did not suffer in the comparison.

We had hoped to receive ere this an express report of the Philadelphia festival; in the want of which, we must glean what account we can from the local papers. It commenced on the 25th and lasted till the 29th. The Philadelphia Germans had made the most extensive preparations, and societies were present from all the cities from Richmond to Boston, numbering some 800 voices. That is, we understand, *besides* the local clubs. The guests arrived on Saturday evening and by torch-light were escorted to the front of the Custom House, where the Welcome Song was sung; thence by an extended route to the Chinese Museum, where addresses were interchanged, succeeded by a collation. For Sunday there was no programme, but it was left to the tastes of the different societies or individuals.

On Monday the Jubilee proper commenced with rehearsals for the grand concert; after which a grand procession to old Independence Hall, where the Mayor welcomed the guests to the city. In the evening the grand concert took place in the upper saloon of the Chinese Museum, before an audience of several thousand persons. We let the *Bulletin* describe the scene.

The hall was tastefully decorated with flags of different nations, wreaths and festoons of evergreens, and all around the galleries the names of the great composers of Germany, with a few of France and Italy, were displayed in bold letters. The stage occupied the entire Eastern end of the hall, sloping up from the floor to a line above the galleries. In front of it were placed the orchestra. Vast as was the stage, it was not large enough to accommodate all the singers at once; but there appeared to be generally about five hundred on it at a time.

The programme seems to have been rather second-rate for one so purely German, and yet for the most part new (to us) and far from uninteresting. It opened with Reissiger's pretty Overture to *Felsenmühle*, well played by an orchestra of fifty. Then followed Mendelssohn's "Ode to Artists," founded, we believe, on Schiller's noble poem, *An die Künstler*, written for the Belgian festival in 1846, where Mendelssohn conducted: we believe, too, that it does not rank among his finest works. This was sung by the whole chorus, with wind instruments.

To this succeeded a buffo song of Kücken's, "Blue Monday," sung cleverly by the Williamsburgh Männerchor; "The Woodland," very well given by the Eintracht Glee Club of Newark, and a Rhemish Drinking Song by Kücken, graceful and joyous, and so well sung by the Wilmington "Sänger-bund," that it received an enthusiastic encore.

The first part of the programme concluded with a grand chorus by Zöllner, in religious style, full of beauty and sung with great effect by the vast chorus, which, in this piece, seemed to be quite at home and at ease.

The second part opened with a descriptive song by Fischer, representing a Calm at Sea and a Prosperous Voyage. It was the best song of all the full choruses, and to those who were in a position—hard to find in this hall—where the music could be well heard, the effect of such a body of voices, all harmonizing well and observing the lights and shades of sound required by the composition, was truly magnificent. This was encored also. After it came a jolly chorus by Zöllner, representing a contest between wine and water drinkers—sung with much spirit and entire correctness by the Baltimore singers, and also redemanded. The Philadelphia Glee Association, consisting of about twenty young men of this city, all Americans, then sang a Turkish Drinking Song, with English words, and the music by Mendelssohn. They have good voices and are well balanced in the several parts. Their performance was capital—quite equal to the best of the Germans, and the latter partook largely of the enthusiasm excited by the unexpected excellence of a company of native singers. The piece they sung was one more readily appreciated than most of Mendelssohn's, but abounding in nice harmonies, requiring great readiness and quickness of ear. We hope for other opportunities of hearing this excellent society. The New York singers, numbering a couple of hundred, next sang Schmalholz's Prayer before Battle. The whole grand chorus then sang a piece by Abt, one of the most tender and graceful of German modern composers, and the concert closed with Greger's Hymn to Gladness.

The evening was one to be remembered, not only for the novelty of hearing so large a body of singers together, but for the genuine beauty of the performance.

We have seen no account of Tuesday's performances, but the day was to be spent *im Freien*, in the open air, at a pleasant spot outside of Philadelphia, called Lemon Hill; and the plan of the campaign was in this wise: at 8 o'clock in the morning, a procession, with flags and insignia, and several military bands, out to the hill aforesaid; then a repetition, in full chorus, of the Mendelssohn-Schiller Ode aforesaid; then an oration, followed by an out-door concert by the societies from abroad; then dinner, military music, and amusements of all kinds; a procession back to head-quarters in the city, a deliberation by delegates on the place and manner of the Fifth General Music Jubilee, sleep, and a scattering for home next morning. Again we venture to express the hope that Boston will ere long have a large Sänger-Bund enough to bear its turn of hospitality to all the others.

Cologne Union of Men Voices.

The season of the annual congress of the German Song Unions in our own country lends interest to the following account, from a London paper, of the first appearance in England of a model society of this kind from the Fatherland. We omit what is said of the origin of these societies, having given substantially the same account in a number of this journal a year since.

A very crowded audience filled the Hanover-square Rooms on Tuesday morning, at the first of a series of six concerts, to be given by the Kölner Männer Gesang-Verein, one of the most renowned of the choral societies of Germany. The result was a musical treat of the highest order. No performance of the kind of equal merit has ever before been heard in London—that of the Berlin choir not excepted. * * *

The Cologne Union of male vocalists was instituted in 1842, under the superintendence of Herr Franz Weber, who has been appointed director for life. Its members are all amateurs; and the sole object of the society is the promotion of a

taste for German song, which, it is believed, must also exercise a beneficial influence on the moral elevation of the people. The proceeds of their public performances are devoted to "useful, patriotic, and charitable purposes;" and the motto they have adopted, "*Durch das Schöne stets das Gute*" ("Let the good be always attained by the beautiful"), suggests the policy upon which they act. In the great contests at the vocal festivals in Belgium the Cologne Union has carried off all the prizes. The German-Flemish Vocal Festival, the largest ever held on the continent, was instituted by its members, and its first celebration (in 1846) was rendered memorable by the presence of Mendelssohn, who, besides being the principal conductor, composed a new work expressly for the occasion. The society numbers, in all, 172 members, of whom 80 of the principals comprised the force which on Tuesday filled the orchestra of the Hanover-square rooms. The performance of these gentlemen may, without the slightest hesitation, be characterised as perfect. For truth of intonation, decision of accent, harmony of *ensemble*, ready command of all the gradations of force—from the strongest *forte* to the most delicate *piano*, rather breathed than sung—we have heard nothing to equal them in any body of choristers. But these desirable mechanical requisites are made the more valuable from the excellent use to which they are put. The experience and ability of Herr Franz Weber, the conductor, are incontestable. He has an authority over his vocal orchestra that admits of no denial. The slightest motion of his *baton* changes a *fortissimo* into a *pianissimo*, as if by magic; and his beat is so clear and prompt that not a note is ever sustained by any single voice a second longer than he intends. Execution, so sure and satisfactory, so unerringly correct, and so scrupulous in the observance of details, has alone an indefinable charm; but when to this are added all the varieties of expression, applied with unflinching ease and propriety, as in the present instance, the charm is doubled. The "Gruss an England," a *cantata*, with appropriate words by M. Klingemann, set to music for the occasion by the Chevalier Neukomm, at once made the audience aware of the great excellences of the choir. These, however, were more variously and happily developed in the pieces from their *repertoire*. In the *Abendlied* (Evening Song) of Otto, and in subsequent *moreaux* (which, it must be observed, derived their chief interest from the execution), the exquisite *pianissimo*, and the singular and unprecedented management of the *crescendos*, quite enraptured the audience. A chorus, with quartet of single voices, outside the room—*Doppelständchen* (double serenade), by A. Zöllner, though of slight value as music, produced an effect so entirely original, that it was unanimously re-demanded. A similar compliment was paid to Kücken's "Normann's Song," a stirring and animated chorus, which brought out the power and volume of the whole body of voices, in *fortissimo* passages, with astounding effect. There are some very striking points in this chorus, especially one on the words, "Freiheit oder Tod" ("Freedom or Death"), which is frequently repeated, and always with increasing force and majesty. A good example, in another style, was the "*Tralerliedchen*" of Ferdinand Ries—a spring-song of irresistible vivacity. Best of all, however, was the "*Wasserfahrt*" (Water Journey) of Heine, set to music by Mendelssohn, a chorus of peculiar loveliness, melancholy in tone, but, as a musical composition, worth all the rest of the programme put together. This was sung in an irreproachable manner, and left a deep impression. The national anthem, "God Save the Queen," was extremely well executed, although transposed a third above the original key.

Mademoiselle Clauss's highly-finished and poetical reading of three of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte* (the *Adagio* in F, the *Volkslied*, and the *Presto* in C), and her brilliant execution of Weber's *Invitation à la Valse*, formed a grateful relief to the choral performances, and were warmly applauded.

To the above we add the opinion of the distinguished critic of the *Athenæum*, of June 11. No

man is better qualified to judge of the German part-singers, than the author of "Music and Manners in Germany," of which we are happy to hear that an enlarged edition is in press.

The musical event of the week has been, the appearance of *Der Kölner Männer Gesang Verein*, which is represented by eighty gentlemen belonging to the famous singing society of the city of the Three Kings. * * Herr Franz Weber is a consummate director. If we mistake not, it is under his presidency that the best orchestral Mass in Europe—the one, we mean, in the Cathedral of Cologne—is performed. The vigor, clearness, and consent of these Rhineland singers—the grand and piercing body of sound which they give forth—their perfect command over every gradation of tone—produce a specific and strong effect on the nerves analogous to that called out by the music of wind instruments, which is among the strongest of sensual excitements. When the shock is recovered from (to a shock it amounts) the listener becomes aware of some interesting peculiarities. Supposing him conversant with the voices of other countries, he will remark, on comparison, a certain throaty and hard quality among the German tenors:—singing as they do in a high chest-register, which distinguishes the leading voices of their male quartets from the nasal *ful-setto* of France—the more fluent tone of Donzelli's Rubini's and Mario's countrymen—or the lower-pitched diapason of our English tenors. Generally speaking, the quality just noted seems incompatible with that melting or blending of voices which forms the greatest charm of part-singing:—but no crude insulation of the upper notes is to be complained of in this Cologne vocal quartet,—which, on the contrary, for a body of sound so forcible and ready, is singularly ripe and mellow. Further, an elasticity and a sonority, no less precious, are to be commended in its *piano* and *mezzo-forte* passages.

Beethoven's Adagios—The "Moon-Light" Sonata—Liszt.

[We translate the following from the *Voyage Musical en Allemagne et en Italie* of HECTOR BERLIOZ, Paris, 1844.]

Beethoven's astonishing faculty of being always new without departing from the true and beautiful, is conceivable to a certain point in pieces of a lively movement. There the thought, aided by the powers of rhythm, can in its capricious bounds leap from the beaten paths more easily. But where we cease to comprehend it, is in the *Adagios*, in those extra-human meditations into which the pantheistic genius of Beethoven is so fond of plunging. Here we have no more passions; no more terrestrial pictures; no more hymns to joy, to love, to glory; no more strains of childhood, sweet conversations, biting or humorous sallies; no more of those terrible bursts of fury, of those accents of hatred which the spasms of a secret suffering so often wrench from him; he has even no more contempt in his heart; he is no longer of our race; he has forgotten it, he has departed from our atmosphere. Calm and solitary, he swims in the clear Ether; like those eagles of the Andes sailing at altitudes below which other creatures only meet asphyxia and death, his eyes plunge into space, he flies from sun to sun, chanting the infinity of Nature. Can one believe that the genius of this man *could* take such a flight, however much he wished it!

Of this one may convince himself, by numerous proofs which he has left us, less even in his symphonies than in his piano-forte compositions. There, and only there, having no longer in view a numerous audience,—no crowd, no public,—he seems to have written for himself, with that majestic *abandon* which the crowd comprehends

not, and which must inevitably be spoiled by the necessity of promptly arriving at what we call *effect*. There too the task of the executant becomes a crushing one, if not by the mechanical difficulties, at least by the profound sentiment, by the large intelligence which such works exact of him; it is absolutely essential that the virtuoso should make himself invisible before the composer, just as the orchestra must in the symphonies; there must be a complete absorption of the one in the other. But it is precisely in this identifying of himself with the thought which he transmits to us, that the interpreter grows to the full height of his model.

There is a work of Beethoven, known by the name of the *Sonata in C sharp minor*, the *Adagio* of which is one of those poeses which human language knows not how to designate. Its means of action are very simple; the left hand softly lays out large chords of a sad and solemn character, and of such length as to allow the vibrations of the piano gradually to die away upon each one; above this, the lower fingers of the right hand keep up an obstinate arpeggio accompaniment, of which the form never varies from the first measure to the last; while the other fingers render audible a sort of lamentation, the melodic efflorescence of this sombre harmony.

One day, some seven or eight years ago, Liszt, in executing this *Adagio* before a little circle of which I made one, took it into his head to alter and denaturalize it, after the manner usually adopted then to win the applause of the fashionable public: instead of holding out those long notes in the bass, instead of the severe uniformity of rhythm and of movement just alluded to, he introduced trills and tremolos, he hurried and retarded the measure, disturbing thus by passionate accents the calmness of this sadness, and making thunders groan in this cloudless sky, which should be only sombered by the sun's departure. . . . I must confess, I suffered cruelly, more even than I ever suffered hearing our unfortunate *cantatrice* embroil the grand monologue in *Freyschütz*: for, to this torture was added the chagrin of seeing such an artist indulge in a trick that ordinarily belongs only to mediocrity. But what was to be done about it? Liszt was then like a child who, without complaining, picks himself up from a fall which we pretend not to perceive, and who would cry were you to offer him your hand. He has risen up proudly: for several years past especially it is no longer he who pursues success, but success which is out of breath in following him; the rôles are exchanged. Let us return to our Sonata.

Recently one of those men of heart and soul, whom artists are so happy to encounter, had assembled a few friends; I was of the number. Liszt arrived in the evening, and,—finding a discussion going on about the value of a piece of Weber's, to which the public, whether because it was poorly executed, or from some other reason, had in a recent concert given but a cold reception,—seated himself at the piano to answer in his manner to the antagonists of Weber. The argument appeared unanswerable, and all were obliged to confess that a work of genius had been misappreciated. Just as he had finished, the lamp which lighted the apartment appeared on the point of going out: one of the company went to revive it.

—Do no such thing, said I; if he will play

the *Adagio* of Beethoven in C sharp minor, this twilight will not be amiss.

—With all my heart, said Liszt; but extinguish the light entirely, cover up the fire, let the darkness be complete.

Then, in the midst of those deep shades, after a moment for collecting our thoughts, the noble elegy, the same which he had formerly so strangely disfigured, rose in its sublime simplicity; not a note, not an accent were added to the notes and accents of the author. It was the shade of Beethoven, evoked by the virtuoso, whose grand voice we were hearing. Each of us shuddered in silence, and after the last chord we were silent still we wept.

A very considerable portion of the French public are yet ignorant of the existence of these marvellous works. Surely the entire Trio in B flat, the *Adagio* of that in D, and the Sonata in A with violin, should be enough to prove, to those who know them, that the illustrious composer was far from having expended all the treasures of his genius upon the orchestra. But his last word is not there; it is in the sonatas for the piano alone that we must seek it. The time perhaps will soon come when these works, which leave behind them all that there is most advanced in Art, will be comprehended, if not by the crowd, at least by a select public. It is an experiment to be tried; if it do not succeed, it must be tried hereafter. The grand sonatas of Beethoven will serve for a metrical scale to measure the development of our musical intelligence.

MUSIC ON THE COMMON. The early hours have been wisely changed, so that now we have music, both on Wednesday and Saturday evenings, from 7 until 10 o'clock. The experiment has been quite successful, so far as the large and cheerful gathering and good order of the people are concerned. But on a windy night, like last Saturday, the band being perched upon a hill, the sounds are blown away above the heads of the crowd. It would be better always, and certainly when there is wind, that the band be stationed in a hollow, and the audience occupy the surrounding slopes. The "Germania Serenade Band" have not yet taken their turn; when they do, we may hope for a mitigation of the eternal *din-asty* of brass. We are glad to see the *Traveler* copying and endorsing our correspondent's appeal on this subject.

IN THE SUBURBS. The love for out-door music has become contagious all about Boston,—a very wholesome influence for the city to send back to the green hills of Roxbury and Brookline in exchange for airs freighted with rose and honeysuckle odors. Nor will we return them altogether *brass* airs. Our Brookline friends have engaged the Serenade Band to play for them, as newly organized for such purposes, with fourteen instruments, half reeds, half brass. This is a good beginning of reform.

It is pleasant to meet the familiar faces of the "Germanians" again in Boston, ere they take up their dog-day quarters at Newport. Mr. Bergmann, we are sorry to hear, is obliged to recruit his exhausted strength at a Water Cure, that he may be sound and bright for our autumn season of concerts. They can get along without him in the Newport polkas.

Mr. Otto Dresel has gone to Newport for the rest of the summer. We fancy choice feasts of Mendelssohn and Chopin there sometimes, in spite of the Polkas.

New York.

"In musical matters," says a letter writer to a Philadelphia paper, "there is an absolute calm, nobody is either playing or singing, and New York is full of 'artists' out of employment, and many of them out at elbows. They may be seen and heard, chattering Italian or French, at the bar-rooms, the cheap restaurants, and

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Translated for this Journal.

Of the Different Effect of Music on the Cultivated and the Uncultivated.

From the German of F. ROCHLITZ.

Before inquiring why it is that Music acts so powerfully upon one and so feebly upon another (comparatively speaking); or why our artistic Music scarcely affects the uncultivated classes at all, while theirs affects us disagreeably, it were well to settle these questions, namely:

Is it really *Music*, which so operates upon the uncultivated?

And, where it is so, does it operate on the uncultivated as *Music*?

On one point we are all agreed: At the foundation of what we call the Fine Arts lies the universal element in human nature, which we call the poetic sense, the poetic feeling, or in short Poesy, in the broadest sense of the word. On this too we are agreed, I think: All these Arts, as they exist among more or less cultivated peoples, who possess a history, have grown to be these Arts by a process of composition out of certain primitive Arts, which probably were not distinct

from actual life, or whose origin was prior to all history. Thus Poetry (in the strictest sense) we know only as a compound of the art of fable or invention and the art of speech; and so too Music, as the compound of the art of rhythm and the tone art properly so called. The latter again resolves itself into the arts of Melody and Harmony: but it takes both these, united with the first, and presupposing that universal poetic sentiment aforesaid, to make up Music. Now savage tribes, and wholly uncultivated men among us, have properly no tone art and no sense therefor, but only a sense of rhythm. What sounds before their ears, is not perceived by them as *tones*: it only rings and makes a noise; to them it only exists as a condition of the perception of the rhythmical. Such secondary questions, then, as: Why our music does not affect them at all, and why theirs affects us disagreeably? have ceased to be questions any longer. They have no *music* and no sense for it. What operates on them is something wholly different, if not in itself, at least to them; although it may be something included among the elements of Music.

These questions put aside, another forces itself upon us: Why does *mere Rhythm* work so powerfully upon rude nations, or uncultivated persons? I answer: For precisely the same reason that it works upon animals, nay, or upon us cultivated mortals,—for, if it affects us less, it certainly affects us not a little. We can remark it every day: not only elephants and camels, but even we ourselves step more lively and buoyantly, when we step to regular measure; and this is easier for us, when this measure is uniformly and distinctly given us from without. Motion interests all that move; and only by the measure or definite limitation of motion does it become perceptible to us at all,—just as only by figure, limiting space, can we appreciate space; and perhaps we have no need to be reminded of that spirit of order and uniformity, which pervades all Nature, and which expresses itself here likewise. We obey the dictate involuntarily, mechanically. "Yes," you say, "but not so violently; we are not so furiously borne away by it!"—I admit it. And why not?

The reasons of that very violent effect of rhythms, which we see in rude people, lie, as it seems to me, neither in the rhythms, nor in the nature of man, but in accidental, outward circumstances. The North American savage burns and shouts, when his drum rattles in strongly marked rhythms, or his pipe twitters with a measured

sound: both to *him* are sounds of war. The case of the Scotch mountainer is still more interesting. He has two ways of bringing out the drone of his favorite bagpipe: now strong, over-blown, snarling, in march-like, sharply marked rhythms: whereupon he, the brave man, proud of his nationality, living in continual remembrance of his fathers' deeds, is kindled to his most peculiar and glorious self-consciousness. Therefore, and surely not by reason of the rhythm of the snarling bagpipe in itself, he burns and shouts; and the songs commonly connected with it bring those objects of his love still more distinctly before his imagination. But now the dear pipes sound softer, though still in sharply marked and uniform, only not so heavy rhythm: and now is he, the man of heart, the constant one, reminded of the joys of his cottage and the objects of his tenderness; he yearns, he complains; and again not because of the rhythmic droning, but because of the recollections into which it transports him, and which the national songs connected with these melodies excite all the more distinctly and vividly.

Would you note the fact more closely, then observe the construction and effect of certain dances on the people, in the least musically cultivated provinces of Germany: for instance, the genuine Swabian, Tyrolese, or Steyermark dances; or the construction and effect of *very ordinary* marches: and you will see substantially the same thing. Real *music* works upon the people by no means so powerfully; even here (in Germany) one is often forced to say, the people have no music, and, what is more, no sense for what little melody and harmony they have; (indeed they find it far more splendid and effective, if, for instance, the man with the bass viol only turns it over and, instead of drawing his bow over the strings in a given rhythm, drums to the same rhythm on the belly of the instrument.) It is only the rhythm that operates upon them; and where the effect is accompanied with peculiarly violent demonstrations, it is owing to other suggestions, not at all pertaining to the music, which are commonly associated with swift dances or with warlike marches.

But now to the main point. * * * Why does our music, in which to rhythm is added, instead of these accessories the collective art of *Tones* (viz. Melody and Harmony), associated also for the most part with the peculiar art of the Poet (in vocal music):—why does it work upon us with so much less energy and violence, than that empty rhythm does upon the uncultivated?

This question I will answer by another. Ought we, when the question is of any Art, in the nobler sense of the word, where sense, mind and heart are supposed to be all and equally engaged, and where the Beautiful is to be represented;—ought we, I say, to expect or to desire intense and violent effects, or to seek to produce such, even were it possible to do it? Is it not rather the mission and the praise of Art, to mitigate all that is violent in and about man, to subdue the passionate, to put away the rude? And are not possibly those longings and appeals and complaints, which we often hear from learned philologists or historians (mourning over the alleged wonderful effects of ancient music, to which we have no counterpart in our experience),—are they not uttered and repeated without a precise understanding of what it is that they would have?

A something less violent, less furiously transporting, resides in the very essence of Art, and is one of its chiefest excellencies. It resides too in the very essence of human culture, and is one of man's chiefest excellencies. The cultivated man ought not to be entirely carried away; nor will he be, if he is truly cultivated: and this, were it only for physical and self-evident reasons; but far more so for reasons that are spiritual and moral.

What, after all, is Culture? Surely it extends not merely to social relations and customs; not merely to knowledge and opinion. What is it and what is it worth, if it do not decidedly affect our will and moral powers, and thus control somewhat our internal and external effort and performance? We all know and confess, that moderation in all things is both the first fruit and first sign of true culture. Moderation it is impossible to maintain, where only the sensual nature is excited: but it becomes not only possible, but the easiest of all things, where all parts of our nature are alike appealed to, alike stimulated and employed, to keep them all in balance. I need not repeat *where* this happens. And if it happens now, if at least the disposition for it is actually realized at this present time—if by repeated exercise the faculty therefor is increased and its efficacy facilitated, shall we complain that it happens and find fault with the means by which it happens? Shall we deery as weakness what we regard elsewhere as the crowning flower of strength?

But how easily one gets to expatiating on what is self-evident, when a subject which one has at heart is started! Let me only say: The fact that we are affected so much less violently by our music, than the uncultivated are by simple rhythm, is a fact which pertains in the first instance to ourselves, but as one of our distinctions; and in the next place to the music, as Art, and also as one of its distinctions. But while we confess that our music does not act upon us so violently, so passionately, we by no means admit that it cannot and does not operate powerfully, grandly and to a grand result. (Of course, the right music, in the right time and place!) I will not again lose myself in generalities; but look, my friend, at King Frederic the Second of Prussia, for example—such a man as he was—after the Peace of Hubertsburg, shut up in his garri-on-church, sitting all alone, listening to Graun's *Te Deum laudamus*, at the words: *Salem fac populum*, completely dropping his bent head and folding his hands. . . . Is this perhaps, in such a character, only a fleeting touch of tenderness, and

not of lasting consequence to thousands? Look at George the First of England, immediately after hearing Handel's *Te Deum laudamus* at the celebration of the Peace of Utrecht; see him go trembling into his cabinet and sign (what the evening before he had hesitated to do) the general amnesty in behalf of the many who were compromised in the concluded strife. . . . See George the Third, in Westminster Abbey, when the "Messiah" was performed at the commemoration of Handel: during the "Hallelujah," at the words: "And He shall reign forever and ever, king of kings, and lord of lords," he falls upon his knees, and all the thousands of the congregation with him, and all bend in reverence before their God, until the last tone of that imperishable song of praise has died away. . . . Look at these things and tell me: Are not these effects, mighty and grand, and to a grand end? Of a different kind, to be sure, from those effects wherein our music is reproached with being weak; but God be praised, that they are different!

I am far from denying that many, otherwise important, works of our present music are far less efficacious than they should be; because they have not adhered firmly to the central point of every Fine Art, where it appeals to and employs alike *all* the faculties of the inner man. On the contrary their appeal is paramount now to the understanding, through their intricate artificiality of structure; now to the senses, through their tumultuous noise or their unnerving tenderness; and now to the imagination, through their bold adventurousness and strange surprises. But what then? These are merely specialties and soon pass over; and indeed what they leave behind them, must, like every one-sidedness, so it be only clever and have life in it, even though it have a disturbing tendency for the time being, contribute far more to the advantage than to the injury of the whole.

Life of Farinelli.

This renowned singer, whose voice and abilities surpassed the limits of all anterior vocal excellence, was born at Naples in 1705. He was instructed in the rudiments of music by his father, and in singing by Porpora. In 1722, at the age of seventeen, he went from Naples to Rome, with his master, then engaged to compose for the Alberti theatre, where Farinelli contended with a famous performer on the trumpet. Every night, during the run of an opera, this struggle was repeated, which, at first seemed amicable and sportive, until the audience began to interest themselves in the contest. After severally swelling out a note, in which each manifested the power of his lungs, and tried to rival the other in brilliancy and force, they had both a swell and a shake together, by thirds, which was continued so long, while the audience eagerly waited the event, that both seemed to be exhausted; and, in fact, the trumpeter, wholly spent, gave it up, supposing, however, his antagonist as much tired as himself, and that it would be a drawn battle; when Farinelli, with a smile on his countenance, showing he had only been sporting with him all this time, broke out, all at once, in the same breath, with fresh vigor, and not only swelled and shook upon the note, but ran the most rapid and difficult divisions, and was at last silenced only by the acclamations of the enraptured audience.

From this period of his life may be dated that superiority which he ever maintained over all his contemporaries. In the early part of his life, he was distinguished by the name of "Il Ragazzo," (the boy), as Homer was called "the Poet," and Swift "the Dean."

From Rome, Farinelli went to Bologna, where he had the advantage of hearing Bernacchi, a

scholar of the famous Pistocchi, of that city, who was then the most scientific singer in Italy. Thence he went to Venice, and from Venice to Vienna; in both which cities his powers were considered as miraculous. Farinelli himself told Dr. Burney, that, at Vienna, where he received great honors from the emperor Charles VI., (and admonition from the prince was of more service to him than all the precepts of his masters, or the examples of his competitors) his imperial majesty condescended one day to tell him, with great mildness and affability, that in his singing he neither *moved* nor *stood still* like any other mortal; all was supernatural. "Those gigantic strides," said he, "those never-ending notes and passages, (*ces notes qui ne finissent jamais*) only surprise, and it is now time for you to please. You are too lavish of the gifts with which nature has endowed you: if you wish to reach the heart, you must take a more plain and simple road."

These judicious remarks effected an entire change in his manner of singing: from this time he united pathos to spirit, simplicity was the sublime, and by these means delighted, as well as astonished, every hearer.

In the year 1731, he went to England, where the effects which his surprising talents had upon the audience were ecstasy! enchantment! In the famous air, "*Son qual nave*," which was composed for him by his brother, the first note he sang was taken with such delicacy, swelled by minute degrees to such an amazing volume, and afterwards diminished in the same manner to a mere point, that it was applauded for full five minutes. After this, he set off with such brilliancy and rapidity of execution, that it was difficult for the violins of those days to keep pace with him.

But it was not in speed only that he excelled; for he united the perfections of every celebrated singer. His voice was equally eminent for strength, sweetness, and compass; and his style equally excellent in the expression of tenderness, grace, and rapidity. In a word, he possessed such powers, as were never before or since united in any one singer, powers that were irresistible, and which subdued every hearer, the learned and the ignorant, the friend and the foe.

With these talents, he went to Spain, in the year 1737, intending to return to England, having entered into articles with the nobility, who had, at that time, the management of the opera, to perform during the ensuing season. In his way thither, he sang to the king of France, at Paris; where, according to Riccoboni, he enchanted even the French themselves, who universally abhorred Italian music.

The very first day he performed before the queen of Spain, it was determined he should be taken into the service of the court, to which he was ever after wholly appropriated, not being once permitted to sing in public. A pension was then settled upon him for life, amounting to upwards of two thousand pounds sterling.

He told Dr. Burney, that, for the first ten years of his residence at the court of Spain during the reign of Philip V., he sang to that monarch, every night, the *same* four airs, two of which were "*Pallido il sole*," and "*Per questo dolce Amplesso*," both composed by Hasse. He was honored also by his first royal master, Philip V., with the order of *St. Jago*, and by his successor, Ferdinand VI., under whom also he continued in favor, with that of *Calatrava*, in 1750. His duty now became less constant and fatiguing, as he persuaded this prince to patronise operas; which were a great relief to Farinelli, who was appointed sole director of these performances, and engaged the best Italian singers and composers, as also Metastasio as poet.

The goodness of Farinelli's heart, and the natural sweetness of his disposition, were not exceeded even by the unrivalled excellence of his vocal powers, as some of the following anecdotes will testify.

It has been often related, and generally believed, that Philip V., king of Spain, being seized with a total dejection of spirits, absolutely refused to be shaved, and was, in other respects, incapable of transacting the affairs of the state. The queen, who had in vain tried every common expedient

that was likely to contribute to his recovery, determined that an experiment should be made of the effects of music upon the king, her husband, who was extremely sensible of its charms. Upon the arrival of Farinelli, of whose extraordinary performance an account had been transmitted to Madrid, her majesty contrived that there should be a concert in the room adjoining the king's apartment, in which this singer executed one of his most captivating songs. Philip at first appeared surprised, then affected, and, at the conclusion of the second air, commanded the attendance of Farinelli. On his entering the royal apartment, the enraptured monarch overwhelmed him with compliments and caresses, demanding how he could sufficiently reward such talents, and declaring that he could refuse him nothing. Farinelli, previously instructed, only entreated that his majesty would permit his attendants to shave and dress him, and that he would endeavor to appear in council as usual. From this moment the king's disease submitted to medicine, and the singer had the whole honor of the cure. By singing to his majesty every evening, his favor increased to such a degree, that he was regarded as a prime minister; but what was still more extraordinary, and most highly indicative of a superior mind, Farinelli, never forgetting that he was only a musician, behaved to the Spanish nobles attendant upon the court, with such unaffected humility and propriety, that instead of envying his good fortune, they honored him with their esteem and confidence.

The true nobility of this extraordinary person's soul appears still more forcibly in the following rare instance of magnanimity. Going one day to the king's closet, to which he had at all times access, he heard an officer of the guard curse him, and say to another, "Honors can be heaped on such scoundrels as these, while a poor soldier, like myself, after thirty years' service, is unnoticed." Farinelli, without seeming to hear this reproach, complained to the king that he had neglected an old servant, and actually procured a regiment for the person who had spoken so harshly of him in the antechamber; and on quitting his majesty, he gave the commission to the officer, telling him he had heard him complain of having served thirty years, but added, "You did wrong to accuse the king of neglecting to reward your services." The following story, of a more ludicrous cast, was frequently told and believed at Madrid, during the first year of Farinelli's residence in Spain. This singer, having ordered a superb suit of clothes for a *gala* at court, when the tailor brought them home, he asked for his bill. "I have made no bill, sir," said the tailor, "nor ever shall make one. Instead of money, I have a favor to beg. I know that what I want is inestimable, and only fit for monarchs; but since I have the honor to work for a person of whom every one speaks with rapture, all the payment I shall ever require, will be a song." Farinelli tried in vain to persuade the tailor to take his money. At length, after a long debate, giving way to the earnest entreaties of the humble tradesman, and perhaps more highly gratified by the singularity of the adventure, than by all the applause which he had hitherto received, he took him into his music room, and sang to him some of his most brilliant airs, delighted with the astonishment of his ravished hearer; and the more he seemed surprised and affected, the more Farinelli exerted himself in every species of excellence. When he had concluded, the tailor, overcome with ecstasy, thanked him in the most rapturous and grateful manner, and prepared to retire. "No," said Farinelli. "I am a little proud, and it is perhaps from that circumstance, that I have acquired some little degree of superiority over other singers. I have given way to your weakness; it is but fair that, in your turn, you should give way to mine." Then taking out his purse, he insisted on his receiving a sum, amounting to nearly double the worth of the suit of clothes.

Farinelli, during two reigns, resided upwards of twenty years at the Spanish court, with a continual increase of royal favor, and the esteem of the principal nobility of the kingdom.

During his greatest favor at the court of Mad-

rid, he is said to have been no more elated, than with the acclamations which his extraordinary talents commanded whenever he sang in public. In the year 1759, Farinelli returned to Italy. After visiting Naples, the place of his nativity, he settled at Bologna, in 1761: in the environs of which city, he built himself a splendid mansion, which in Italy is called a *palazzo*. Here he resided for the remainder of his life, in the true enjoyment of affluent leisure. He was remarkably civil and attentive to the English nobility and gentry who visited him in his retreat, and appeared to remember the protection and favor of individuals, more than the neglect of the public, during the last year of his residence in London. When the marquis of Caermarthen honored him with a visit at Bologna, upon being told that he was the son of his patron and friend, the duke of Leeds, he threw his arms round his neck, and shed tears of joy in embracing him. This extraordinary musician, and blameless man, died in 1782, in the seventy-eight year of his age.

[From Chambers' Journal.]

SITTING ON THE SHORE.

The tide has ebbed away;
No more wild surgings 'gainst the adamant rocks,
No swayings of the sea-weed false that mocks
The hues of garden's gay;
No laugh of little wavelets at their play;
No lucid pools reflecting heaven's brow—
Both storm and calm alike are ended now.

The bare grey rocks sit lone:
The shifting sand lies so smooth and dry
That not a wave might ever have swept by
To vex it with loud moan;
Only some weedy fragment blackening thrown
To rot beneath the sky, tell what has been,
But desolation's self has grown serene.

Afar the mountains rise,
And the broad estuary widens out,
All sunshine: wheeling round and round about
Seaward, a white bird flies;
A bird? Nay, seems it rather in these eyes
An angel; o'er Eternity's dim sea,
Beck'ning—"Come thou where all we glad souls be."

O life! O silent shore,
Where we sit patient! O great sea beyond,
To which we look with solemn hope and fond,
But sorrowful no more!—
Would we were disembodied souls to soar,
And like white sea-birds wing the Infinite Deep!—
Till then, Thou Just One, wilt our spirits keep.

Mendelssohn's Precocity.

[The following remarks are from an analytical programme, by G. A. Macfarren, to Mendelssohn's Quartet No. 3, in B minor, for piano, violin, and violoncello, which was recently performed at the Quartet Association in London, with Miss Arabella Goddard as pianist.]

The extraordinary precocity of this production is truly marvellous, and wholly without parallel in the annals of all art, musical, verbal, and plastic; the author having been still a child (I believe only in his twelfth year) when it was published, which was some considerable time after its composition. The fluency of invention, the power of continuity, and the capacity of development that are herein evinced, are such as the knowledge of the career of other artists teaches us to associate only with the idea of so long a course of well-directed study, and of such experience in the practice of composition, as the labor of many years and the production of many works can alone afford; but here, contrary to whatever principles of nature can be collected from precedent, we have the performance of an accomplished musician, who must have been yet an inmate of the nursery, and scarcely let loose from his leading-strings. What is still more remarkable, is, that in this work we have such powerful indications of the style of Mendelssohn as cannot be mistaken; such as, in the case of Beethoven, are not to be so distinctly

traced until he had entered upon what critics call the middle period of his mental development. This would prove that with the greatest genius there needs many years to establish this regular manifestation of individuality; but, except we can suppose that our composer's musical culture was the continuance of some ante-natal course of development, every proof of the kind is by this example refuted. Mozart, it is true, made music while yet an infant, while yet too young to hold a pen for the purpose of conveying his ideas to paper; and there are instances, in the other arts, of remarkable, if not so remarkable, precocity; but if such facts be marvellous, Mendelssohn's production, at a not much more advanced age, of a long, well sustained, and highly elaborated work, which more than anticipates the manner of thought that will always distinguish him among his compeers, and so attest his greatness, can be nothing short of a miracle. The present Quartet is, in this last respect—namely, of announcing the future style of the composer—an immense advance upon the two works that preceded it, both compositions of the same class for the same instruments; and it is otherwise a much more interesting production than either of these, which, however, have both of them merit that is wholly incompatible with the period when they were written. For all this, it would be absurd, it would be to depreciate the greater merit of all that followed, to pretend that the work was without unquestionable tokens of immaturity; such as the somewhat irrelative consecution of keys in the succession of the movements, and still more important, the want of conciseness, the deficiency of the grand power of concentration, that is to be felt in the construction of the several movements. That the work presents these imperfections, makes it, if so much the less admirable, surely as much the more interesting, since it presents to us an insight into the history of the author's mind which is far above value.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Frank Darley's "Belshazzar."

On Thursday Evening, April 28th, the Grand Saloon of the Assembly Buildings, Philadelphia, was crowded to its utmost capacity by the leading musicians and principal amateurs of the city, assembled, notwithstanding the heat of the weather, to attend the first performance of a new Sacred Cantata, entitled "Belshazzar," composed expressly for the Harmonia Sacred Music Society, by Frank Darley, a young man still considerably under age, but pretty generally known among the musical circles as a writer of some promise. The announcement of the Harmonia Society that they would give an extra concert after the close of the regular subscription series, for the purpose of presenting this work, had been made some six or eight weeks before, and been received with very general favor. The musical public were quite on the *qui vive* to attend its performance, and, as we have already said, they assembled in full force.

Before proceeding, we will state that the success of the Cantata was so very flattering, that on May 12th, it was repeated with still greater applause at the Musical Fund Hall, before a large audience, despite the raging of a violent rain storm that prevailed throughout the afternoon and evening.

The Cantata is in one part; the story chosen is the somewhat hackneyed one of Belshazzar's Feast, and the words are so inferior, not to say bad, that we can scarcely conceive how Mr. Darley could write music to them. The subject is treated more in the dramatic style than in that of the oratorio, and the distribution of characters is as follows:

Belshazzar, King of Babylon,.....Baritone.
 Daniel, the Prophet,.....Basso.
 Aspha, a General in Babylon,.....Tenor.
 Queen of Babylon,.....Soprano.
 Eraetha, her sister,.....Contralto.
 The guests, priests, and astrologers, by a chorus of 80.

Dramatic interest is infused, by the Queen and her sister being represented as Jewish converts desirous of leading Belshazzar in a more righteous course, while Aspha stoutly supports the career of his sovereign.

The Cantata consists of the following pieces of music:—

1. Opening Chorus of Priests, with Aria for Belshazzar.
2. Recitative, Belshazzar, and a concerted chorus.
3. Trio, for Belshazzar, Queen and Eraetha.
4. Recitative, Belshazzar and Daniel.
5. Quintet, for all the principals, with chorus.
6. Preghiera and Bravura, for Queen.
7. Quintet, concerted piece and chorus.
8. Cavatina, Eraetha.
9. Grand Chorus—Finale.

The Cantata, strictly speaking, ends with No. 7; the two ensuing pieces being a sort of moral on the story and a chorus of praise to the Deity, which is a somewhat sudden transition from the bustling action of the dramatic part, to a strictly descriptive style of writing—the fault of the librettist, whoever he or she may be, the name not being given.

And now, at length, we come to our promised criticism on the composition, our preceding remarks having been a necessary evil in the shape of a preface.

The Cantata opens in C minor with a short but impressive symphony, that after some thirty or forty bars modulates into E♭ major, and the vocal portion commences in a chorus of priests addressing the Chaldean gods, and pouring libations on the altars. The air of this chorus is very striking and contains many passages of exceeding originality and beauty—some well managed imitations are interspersed, which show that young Darley is a fugue student, although not of the strictly ecclesiastical school. There is some little abruptness in the close of this chorus, the modulation from Tonic to Dominant being a little awkward, from the means taken to render it out of the common way,—an affectation of which we do not approve. The aria for Belshazzar, which enters at this point, is in B♭, and reminds us somewhat of the celebrated coronation march in Meyerbeer's *Prophète*, while the second movement is slightly in Bellini's style. In the midst of this solo the chorus enters with a new and highly original subject, which blends with the aria in perfect accord, although of an entirely distinct character.—it is a beautiful piece of writing and reflects great credit not only upon the composer himself, but also upon his instructor, Leopold Meignen, the conductor of the Musical Fund Society's orchestra.

This is succeeded by a morcel of recitative that is not so good as it should be, the notes being in a somewhat tortured progression, and difficult to intone well. It leads into a fine concerted chorus, representing the horror felt at the appearance of the fiery hand which traces the mystic characters upon the wall of the banquetting-room; and is followed by a *reprise* of the second movement of the opening chorus, a telling passage in C minor, closing what may be considered the first division of the Cantata, as a short pause was made at this point by the performers on both occasions, (for we attended both—indeed it is impossible to judge of an original composition at the first hearing, and we would not venture to express an opinion upon so slight an acquaintance.)

No. 3 is considered the gem of the Cantata by most people; it is a trio for soprano, contralto and baritone, and certainly contains the most beautiful melody in the entire work. This pleasing subject is treated in the French style, to which, on the whole, we think the composer has a decided tendency, some of his modulations being modelled on Auber. The coda, or more properly speaking, the ensemble of this trio is written with great taste and judgment, consisting of delicious harmony and very graceful florid passages for the soprano. It is the pet encore.

The recitative for Belshazzar and Daniel was so indifferently sung, that it was almost impossible to arrive at what the composer wished to effect at this point. However, it modulates very well into No. 5, a quintet, "O'ercome now with fear," which is, although graceful and well written, not precisely the kind of composition which, it appears to us, should be introduced at this point. There is a want of harmony between the meaning of the words and the music, which interferes with its proper effect, though the latter possesses much merit as part-writing. It is, at the end, mingled with a full chorus that is truly grand: it is in this description of construction that Frank Darley is particularly happy, and it never fails in producing an impression upon the audience.

This quintet is succeeded by the *preghiera* and *bravura* for soprano, in which the Queen urges Belshazzar to turn from the false gods and endeavor to avert the anger of the offended Deity by worshipping him alone. We consider this the most uninteresting piece in the Cantata. The *adagio* with which it opens contains excellent harmony, but there is a decided want of melody, and from its extreme length it becomes dragging and fatiguing. The *bravura* is better, in point of air, but is too florid, too hashed up with running passages, beautifully sung, by the way, by a lady vocalist of great talent, who has a perfect delivery of rapid passages, and a voice of considerable compass; the *bravura* requires within a note of two octaves.

No. 7 follows; it may be considered as the finale of the Cantata, as we have already said, and it represents the despairing Chaldeans calling upon their gods to defend them from the approaching enemy, together with the reproaches heaped upon Belshazzar by his Queen for his effeminacy and irresolution. It opens in G minor very effectively, an *andante* for the chorus, followed by an elaborate *allegro* for the quintet and chorus in B♭, concluding with a different treatment of the first subject in *presto*, which has a novel and startling effect, representing, to the life, the terror and dismay of the people at finding their prayers disregarded and their doom sealed. It is probably a finer piece of writing than any other portion of the Cantata, and is intensely dramatic; although occasionally the bearer is reminded of its being a sacred story by the prolonged solid harmony or the elaborate imitations.

Nos. 8 and 9 are taken together. The first is a dirge-like air for contralto, replete with expression, and with a very rich accompaniment in A minor, and modulates boldly into C for the final chorus of "Praise to God," which is written in the true church style, and has the fault,—a common one with this composer,—of being too short, so that at the end of forty-five minutes, the hearer finds himself wishing for more,—this may have been done intentionally for the sake of policy.

Having thus given a full account of "Belshazzar," we feel that we cannot finish this protracted article better than by advising some of the Boston societies to produce this new Cantata during the next season.

The *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*, in the course of its critique, says:—"We heard no dissent among the audience from the opinion that the Cantata would be creditable to any one, and that, as the work of one so young, it was quite extraordinary."

The "*Inquirer*" goes further:—"In no one instance does it flag in fire or energy; nowhere are displayed the redundancy or puerilities of the novice. On the contrary, it is all exceedingly clever, and some points in it may be regarded as great." With this high praise we feel fully able to agree. W.

Sayings of Coleridge.

An ear for music is a very different thing from a taste for music. I have no ear whatever; I could not sing an air to save my life: but I have the intensest delight in music, and can detect good from bad. Naldi, a good fellow, remarked to me once at a concert, that I did not seem much interested with a piece of Rossini's which had just been performed. I said, it sounded to me like nonsense verses. But I could scarcely contain myself when a thing of Beethoven's followed.

The darkest despotisms on the Continent have done more for the growth and elevation of the fine arts than the English government. A great musical composer in Germany and Italy is a great man in society, and a real dignity and rank are universally conceded to him. So it is with a sculptor, or painter, or architect. Without this sort of encouragement and patronage such arts as music and painting will never come into great eminence. In this country there is no general reverence for the fine arts; and the sordid spirit of a money-amassing philosophy would meet any proposition for the fostering of Art, in a genial and extended sense, with the commercial maxim—*Laissez faire*. Paganini, indeed, will make a fortune, because he can actually sell the tones of his fiddle at so much a scrape; but Mozart himself might have languished in a garret for any thing that would have been done for him here.

The fondness for dancing in English women is the reaction of their reserved manners. It is the only way in which they can throw themselves forth in natural liberty. We have no adequate conception of the perfection of the ancient tragic dance. The pleasure which the Greeks received from it had for its basis Difference; and the more unfit the vehicle, the more lively was the curiosity and intense the delight at seeing the difficulty overcome.

The ancients certainly seem to have understood some principles in acoustics which we have lost, or at least, they applied them better. They contrived to convey the voice distinctly in their huge theatres by means of pipes, which created no echo or confusion. Our theatres—Drury Lane and Covent Garden—are fit for nothing: they are too large for acting, and too small for a bull-fight.

All harmony is founded on a relation to rest—on relative rest. Take a metallic plate, and strew sand on it; sound a harmonic chord over the sand, and the grains will whirl about in circles, and other geometrical figures, all, as it were, depending on some point of sand relatively at rest. Sound a discord, and every grain will whisk about without any order at all, in no figures, and with no points of rest.

The clergy of a nation, that is, its learned men, whether poets, or philosophers, or scholars, are these points of relative rest. There could be no order, no harmony of the whole, without them.

It is very remarkable that in no part of his writings, does Milton take any notice of the great

painters of Italy, nor, indeed, of painting as an art; while every other page breathes his love and taste for music. Yet it is curious that, in one passage in the *Paradise Lost*, Milton has certainly copied the *fresco* of the Creation in the Sistine Chapel at Rome. I mean those lines,—

"now half appear'd
The tawny lion, pawing to get free
His hinder parts, then springs as broke from bonds,
And rampant shakes his brinded mane :—" &c.,

an image which the necessities of the painter justified, but which was wholly unworthy, in my judgment, of the enlarged powers of the poet. Adam bending over the sleeping Eve, in the *Paradise Lost*, and Dalilah approaching Samson, in the *Agonistes*, are the only two proper pictures I remember in Milton.

It is a poor compliment to pay a painter to tell him that his figure stands out of the canvass, or that you start at the likeness of the portrait. Take almost any daub, cut it out of the canvass, and place the figure looking into or out of a window, and any one may take it for life. Or, take one of Mrs. Salmon's wax queens or generals, and you will very sensibly feel the difference between a copy, as they are, and an imitation, of the human form, as a good portrait ought to be. Look at that flower-vase of Van Huisum, and at these wax or stone peaches and apricots! The last are likeliest to their original, but what pleasure do they give? None, except to children.

Some music is above me; most music is beneath me. I like Beethoven and Mozart—or else some of the aerial compositions of the elder Italians, as Palestrina and Carissimi. And I love Purcell.

The best sort of music is what it should be—sacred; the next best, the military, has fallen to the lot of the devil.

Good music never tires me, nor sends me to sleep. I feel physically refreshed and strengthened by it, as Milton says he did.

I could write as good verses now as ever I did, if I were perfectly free from vexations, and were in the *ad libitum* hearing of fine music, which has a sensible effect in harmonizing my thoughts, and in animating, and, as it were, lubricating my inventive faculty. The reason of my not finishing *Christabel* is not that I don't know how to do it—for I have, as I always had, the whole plan entire from beginning to end in my mind; but I fear I could not carry on with equal success the execution of the idea, an extremely subtle and difficult one. Besides, after this continuation of *Faust*, which they tell me is very poor, who can have courage to attempt a reversal of the judgment of all criticism against continuations? Let us except *Don Quixote*, however, although the second part of that transcendent work is not exactly *uno flatu* with the original conception.

Strictures upon the Stage,

AS IT EXISTS IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

III. MORE PARTICULAR VIEWS UPON THE INTRODUCTION OF CHIAROSCURO ON THE STAGE.

As there are certain beautiful effects in the natural landscape, which depend altogether on shadow for their production—as there are certain beauties in sculpture discernible under different lights, though perhaps more particularly under one light, which again is the consequence of shadow; it follows that the 'Dramatic Art Represented,' whose figures are like those of the sculptor, but invested with life, and having colored draperies, resemble those of the painter, but endowed with motion—must be feeble, and deprived of vitality and truth, by the absence of shadow;—cold, disagreeable and uninteresting, like those shadowless portraits of Queen Elizabeth. This is the state of the Stage as regards light. The condition of painting among the Chinese is precisely similar. And thus may we trace a resemblance between a tableau upon

the stage, and a group of figures upon a Chinese tea-pot.

The Stage has, however, by accident, supplied occasional instances of chiaroscuro; but it has never been thought of as a general principle. I will relate one of these instances, that came under my own observation in London. It was in the performance of the play "Mary Stuart," in which Macready played Ruthven, Mrs. Warner the Queen of Scots, and the late Mr. Elton, Rizzio. It was in the scene in which Ruthven enters the queen's apartment to demand the life of Rizzio. It was managed in this way: Macready, as Ruthven, entered at the side, one step, by throwing back the tapestry with one hand, and with the other hand holding a two-handed sword, and dressed from head to foot in steel armor. And a strong light was thrown upon the armor, casting a shadow from Ruthven; whilst Rizzio, by the crouching attitude assumed behind the ample drapery worn by the queen, to whom he flies for protection, was also partially in shade. Here was in this the principle of light and the principle of shadow. The effect was at once artistic. What dignity, interest, and reality was imparted to the scene! I was then impressed with the importance of the adoption of chiaroscuro as a general principle.

Those unacquainted with Art, may deem this of little importance; but let them reflect on the universality of light and shadow. And if you will allow me, once more, to use the language of the important work on Art to which I have before referred—take the following lines, where the author speaks of the effect of shadows upon the light. For, understand that without shadow we lose the effect of light—but what is here described is as the effect of shadow.

"There is not a stone, not a leaf, not a cloud, over which light is not felt to be actually passing and palpitating before our eyes. There is the motion, the actual wave and radiation of the darted beam—not the dull, universal daylight, which falls on the landscape without life, or direction, or speculation, *equal on all things and dead on all things*; but the breathing, animated, exulting light, which feels and receives, and rejoices, and acts—which chooses one thing and rejects another,—which seeks and finds, and looses again—leaping from rock to rock, from leaf to leaf, from wave to wave—glowing or flashing, or scintillating, according to what it strikes, or in its moods, absorbing and enfolding all things in the deep fulness of its repose, and thus again losing itself in its bewilderment, and doubt, and dimness; or perishing or passing away, entangled in drifting mist or melted into melancholy air, but still—kindling or declining, sparkling or still, it is the living light which breathes in its deepest, most entranced rest, which sleeps but never dies."

Shall we then endure the universal light which falls on every dramatic scene, "*equal on all things, and dead on all things*"? and to see a Shaksperian canvass of large size, and filled with life and interest, speechless and dumb? Lacking shadow, form is obscured; the eye has neither light nor shadow to rest upon; all is glaring, and yet all is cold; and before a performance is half over, the eyes of the audience are tired out, by the force of the unnaturally scattered light, and feel it a relief to leave the theatre.

I will now in a hasty manner glance at some Shaksperian scenes, and suppose that we are prepared to carry out this effect of shadow.

The last Scene in Othello.

The scene opens on the bed-chamber; in the usual method, the stage is darkened, and there is a sober light. (This effect is good.) But then Othello enters with a light, and the floats, or foot-lights, are then turned, and all is scattered light. (This effect is bad, and not in keeping with the scene, as can be perceived at a glance.)

Suppose it to be managed thus: The stage is darkened, the bed is in deep shadow, and the figure of Desdemona is barely visible. A lamp burns in the apartment, beneath a yellow shade; so that on any particular part of the scene, a mellow secondary light may be cast, according to the taste and judgment of the presiding artist. Othello enters, and bears a lamp; a strong light should be now thrown upon the countenance and figure of Othello, and the greater portion of the apartment is in *chiaroscuro*. When he takes the lamp to the bed, a thrilling effect is produced, as the hitherto obscure figure of Desdemona comes into the strong light, in company with that of his, all around being in dark contrast. When he wails, or calls on the devils to snatch him from the possession of this heavenly sight, he retires into the shadow—we lose the expression of his countenance; but that is all the better; his words will reach our hearts as the echoes of distant thunder—as the fall of an avalanche—as the awful warning of an earthquake—better, much better, than if his spangles were glittering there in the light.

The Platform Scene in Hamlet.

The moonlight would afford a broad, deep shadow of the fortress across the stage. The Ghost stands in the moonlight; Hamlet and his friends are grouped in the shade.

The Cauldron Scene in Macbeth.

What a caricature this has hitherto been! Doubtless there has been a difficulty at all times to find actors of taste and judgment to play the Witches. And at some remote period, some clever fellow, not being able to make the scene sublime, undertook to make it "funny;" and manager and audience have consented that that would do equally well. But the audiences of the present day begin to exclaim against this caricature of the Witches. Sometimes it has been thought that the scene and characters were intrinsically ridiculous. But what has been done to elevate it, to give it dignity, awe, sublimity, or even a supernatural interest? All supernatural scenes—the Witches in *Macbeth*, the Spirits in the *Tempest*, the Fairies in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, required that which the imagination of the reader always supplies, to be wrought out for them upon the stage; and thus surrounding them with all the accessories (that are natural or in keeping) that genius and fancy can invent,—such scenes can be raised into sublimity and grandeur.

In the scene before us, take notice, Shakspeare in the direction of the scene says, 'Thunder.' In the first scene of the first act, the direction is, 'thunder and lightning,' but here, only 'thunder.' It is a dark cave, under ground, (the Pit of Acheron,) the day-light does not penetrate it, and the lightning does not penetrate it; therefore the flashes of lightning (as constantly given in this scene) destroy the idea of location. We also read in the direction, 'a cauldron boiling.' Now, I suspect there is not one of us who ever witnessed this; not one who ever saw 'a boiling cauldron' in this scene in *Macbeth*. But what have we had instead? why, 'fire' inside the cauldron! They have found it inconvenient to place fire outside the cauldron, and considering that no cauldron, not even a witch's, could boil without fire, some one starts up and says, "O, put the fire inside the cauldron, it will do just the same." But alas! this will never do. And with such imbecile, contemptible attempts to understand and illustrate Shakspeare, the English stage might well be made the mock of all the world.

We will suppose the cave to have a roof, (and not to be open at the top,) a roof of apparently the rough natural rock. This cave has no limits, far away and away into the gloom and the dis-

tance (aided by chiaroscuro) winding away into unexplored recesses. In the centre of the cave, rising up almost perpendicularly to a considerable altitude, stands a portion of the natural rock, thrown up from its dark bed beneath, rising in smooth surface to a jagged peak, (and skillfully managed might look as grand as a precipice,) this elevation the witches have constituted their altar of rites. Upon the summit of this, then, is the 'cauldron boiling,'—not such as we usually see, with three legs, cast at Mr. Thompson's iron-foundry in the nineteenth century,—but a huge, uncouth thing, harmonising in color and the rest with the rocks around. A column of steam ascends from it, breaks against, and then rolls along the roof of the cave. The ear detects the regular but deadened beat of the boiling substance, and listening as it readily would to this, becomes mightily affected by the first distant roll of the thunder without, pealing and echoing through the cavern. Poised up upon this rock, we see a figure leaning over the cauldron. It is, or it is not, one of the witches. The light, as proceeding from beneath the cauldron, falls upon the figure. The fire itself is much obscured, and allowed scarcely to be seen, but its reflection is full upon the figure of the witch, and upon some projecting points of rock. This is the first effect. After a long pause, we hear a low, distant, but continuous roll of thunder; the figure remains motionless. Another pause ensues, (the dull beat from the cauldron still going on,) and then a heavy crash and breaking up, as of a loud burst of reverberating thunder, followed by a distant echo of it, rolling away and dying off in the distance. Now we expect something, and lo! the first witch comes looming out of the darkness, with a message that

"Thrice the brindled cat hath mew'd."

She is about returning to her place of destination, when the second and third witches, one dragging the other by the hand, advance with rapid strides, and one announces that

"Thrice and once the hedge-pig whined."

The three witches now listen for the cry of harpies. The third witch lying with her ear down to the earth—

"Harper cries: 'tis time, 'tis time!"—

They now ascend their platform of rock, and prepare their incantations, sitting on the edges of rock around the cauldron:

"Double, double, toil and trouble"—

are words of especial meaning, and I think that they should be chanted; indeed I doubt if the whole of this incantation was not originally intended to be sung.

One word more with reference to stage grouping and effect. When the grouping on the stage is in large masses, and thrown back as far as the rear of the first wing of the stage: such as the Lanquet scene in *Macbeth* during the appearance of the ghost of Banquo—the whole of the Witches' scene in *Macbeth*, certainly—the trial scene in the Merchant of Venice, with the exception perhaps of one or two outstanding groups in the foreground—the senate scene in *Othello*, &c.,—it may, I think, be always within the aid of chiaroscuro, and as such under the superintendence of the painter. But when the figures of the foreground come in advance of the first wing, some conformity with the arts of painting and sculpture is required. Not, certainly, so as to embarrass or control the action of the actors; but to give to the grouping additional beauty and consistency, and to prevent characters when slain on the stage falling in parallel lines; and in other respects attaining to situations nothing removed from the most ridiculous. *

[To be continued.]

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 9, 1853.

Music for the Blind.

We have been enjoying the perusal—for some years past an annual pleasure—of the "*Twenty-First Annual Report of the Perkins Institution and Massachusetts Asylum for the Blind.*" There is a cheerful, wholesome and invigorating tone in these yearly reports of progress from the indefatigable director of this noble enterprise, which is as refreshing as cool early morning breezes to the reader. There is no feeble sentimentality, no hacknied moral cant about his genuine philanthropy. There is a brave candor and sound common sense, not easily self-deceived, about it. We need not say that the Report shows that all still goes on well in this attempt to educate and fit for self-support and usefulness those who unfortunately lack the sense of sight. But with more means, which we trust, in such a liberal community, will speedily be forthcoming, more might be done. It is our province to note especially one phase of the experiment.

These institutions for the Blind, and especially this at South Boston, have done and are doing a great deal to develop the importance of a right, harmonious education of the Senses in all—the normally endowed, as well as in those who are deprived of one or more of those avenues to knowledge. As from sickness and morbid anatomy we learn the laws and beautiful organism of the sound human frame; so, it would seem, the attempts to remedy defects of sight or hearing have been destined to initiate us into a fuller appreciation of the heavenly ministry and proper culture of the Senses. What is technically called, in the modern philosophies of Art, *Aesthetic Culture*, in allusion to the dependence of all our ideas of the Beautiful upon the perceptions of the senses, owes not a little to these philanthropic institutions for the training of the blind, the deaf and the dumb, &c. It is here that one sees most clearly demonstrated how indispensable is the right possession and culture of the senses, especially sight and hearing, to the refinement of the whole nature, mental, moral, spiritual. No one who has been familiar with a blind asylum, is likely to be sceptical about the humanizing, spiritualizing, refining office of the well educated senses. Scenes of beauty and sounds of melody and harmony are as essential to the harmony and beauty of the inner man, as wholesome air is to the lungs. Beauty and harmony are the native environment, the outward correspondence, the only proper outward home and sustenance and mirror of pure souls. If the eyes are sealed against the visible beauty of God's universe, then cultivate the ear; for Beauty, in some shape, is the birth-right of the human soul, and an essential mediator between the spiritual and the material elements of which we partake.

The blind naturally evince an aptitude for music; their minds concentrate upon this source of ideas of the Beautiful. Hence the study and practice of music are wisely made to occupy a large part in the education of the Blind. At South Boston excellent instruction is given by the accomplished musician and devoted teacher, Mr. ANTHON WERNER, who has a true German's

feeling of the sacredness of his art. It has been a pleasure also to notice at the concerts and rehearsals of the orchestras and oratorio societies in Boston, frequent delegations from the blind pupils. When society recognizes its parental obligations, in respect of such opportunities of aesthetic culture, to the blind and unfortunate, it will ere long, perhaps, learn to feel the same obligation towards all its members, and to see to it, as a matter of mutual charity and justice, that the masses at large shall have a chance to see statues, and hear music, and share the sweet conservative influences of Art, amid the sharpening and hardening tendencies of our ultra-political and competitive existence.

There is another, special point of view, in which the experience of music-teaching at the blind asylum is quite valuable. In preparing the pupils to earn their livelihood by music-teaching, &c., they have learned a lesson, which it would be well for all to heed, namely, that the patronage of Art must and will be in the long run according to artistic merit, whatever individual charity or friendship may have to say about it. The best charity, therefore, is the best education, leaving employment afterwards to the inevitable laws that regulate the great market. We copy from the Report Dr. Howe's account of their experience on this point.

When institutions for the blind were first established, great expectations were entertained, and great hopes were held out, that all who were capable of becoming organists, tuners of pianos, or teachers of vocal or instrumental music, would surely find employment and earn a livelihood. The public was interested; and a demand was created, which soon exceeded the supply. A great number of blind persons turned their attention to music; and some who were well qualified, presented themselves in the market. Concerts and lessons by the blind were the order of the day. The market was overstocked, and for the most part with inferior goods; consequently the demand fell,—blind musicians and music were soon at a discount,—and much disappointment, and some suffering, followed. Such was the state of the matter during the years immediately succeeding the establishment of institutions for the blind in the principal States. These things, however, regulate themselves. A few years ago, say from five to ten, there was a general feeling of disappointment; institutions for the blind had not done what was promised; a great many blind persons had attempted to get a livelihood by music, but the majority had failed to do so. It was not considered how suddenly they had been brought forward, and how very inferior was the article they offered in the market.

But another change has taken place, or is going on. Many of those who without natural ability and without laborious study had taken advantage of the newly awakened interest of the public, and expected that people would continue to listen to and pay for poor music, because made by them, found their mistake. They found that the public tired of poor concerts, and would not take lessons of incompetent teachers; in fine, they found that music could not be made to pay, except by those really masters of it; and they took themselves out of the way. Meantime, others of more ability or more industry kept on resolutely in the study of music, and established themselves in different places, with the determination to be content with small beginning, and to persevere to the end. The good effects are beginning to be seen. Several have already gained the confidence of the community, and are beginning to earn a comfortable livelihood by teaching music, tuning pianos, or playing the organ in churches. The result shows, that, though the most sanguine hopes entertained at the outset have not been realized, yet very much has been accomplished. It is now established, beyond a doubt, that if blind persons who have a decided taste and talent for music, and a natural aptness for teaching, will labor perseveringly to qualify themselves, they may have reasonable assurance of success. It is with regard to music precisely as it is with regard to mattresses, or any thing else offered in the market by the blind,—at first the public purchases without much attention to quality, out of sympathy with the vendors; but it soon returns to the settled principles of trade, and refuses poor articles at any price.

The Western Tour of "The Germania."

The summer concert-tour, from which our friends of the Germania Musical Society have just returned, has derived peculiar interest from the fact that they have been everywhere welcomed, as it were, to a portion of their ancient home, by Germans. To the hearts of their emigrant countrymen, settled down in Cincinnati, in St. Louis, in Milwaukee, in Chicago, &c., their music has been truly a revival of the old "Sounds from Home." There are thousands of Germans in the West, who for some five or eight years have been out of hearing of the music of the grand old masters of the Fatherland, on which the highest enthusiasm of their youth was nurtured. Music and the love of liberty and country are eternally associated with their souls. We may judge then of the excitement and intense delight with which, after so long a fast, these emigrant communities drunk in the glorious harmonies of Beethoven and Mendelssohn and Weber from the Germania orchestra. It is pleasant to remark the cordial fervor with which the German newspapers in the above-named cities speak of those concerts as a real God-send; and for this reason—not that we need go abroad for confirmation of the praise of artists whom it has been the privilege of Boston music-lovers to know so well, we translate for our readers a warm notice, which we find in the *Anzeiger des Westens*, published at St. Louis. It is from the pen of the editor, Mr. Henri Börnstein:

"THE GERMANIA. *Third Concert.*—Day before yesterday, for the first time this long while, we tore ourselves away from the writing desk, and went to the concert of the Germania. * * * We have often been reproached with our little or no attendance at theatres, concerts, and other public entertainments. Among other supposed reasons, the simplest seem to have been overlooked. The first and weightiest was, that we preside over a business which claims all our time and activity;—and the second is simply a matter of taste. We have spent the largest and fairest portion of our life in the spheres of artists; we have exhausted the richest enjoyments; we have stood in intimate relations to Meyerbeer, Donizetti, Kreutzer, Lachner and other tone-poets; we were for years one of the few *habitués* of the Italian Opera at Paris, who had free access to the stage; we learned to know Liszt, Ernst, Strakosch, and so many other artists, more nearly than in the concert-room; and that period of our life has left behind it a treasure of artistic reminiscences, whose after-enjoyment we should not like to damage.

"Deem us not arrogant, therefore, ye brave musicians and dilettanti, who are here working in an ungrateful land; believe not that we esteem your work of small account;—ye do your utmost, ye strew abroad artistic germs for the Future, ye awake the taste for what is better, ye are here the pioneers of Music. The reason why you cannot do more is, that in this land of business, Art can and must be but a secondary matter; and a much worse reason is, the proverbial *want of unity among the Germans*, which chokes and deranges everything.

"And for this very reason was the Germania Society a note-worthy and refreshing phenomenon to us. *Three and twenty Germans*, who for five years now in this "free" land have kept together faithful and united,—that is indeed a rarity, deserving to be held up as an example to

be imitated,—a phenomenon which shows us in a refreshing manner what Germans *could* accomplish here in every respect, *if* they would only remain faithful and united. Thus disposed, we went to the concert and again heard music, European music,—which awakened all the sweet remembrances of fairer times in us and made us revel once more in the lost Paradise of Art.

"Yes, that is Music,—those are Artists, who are in earnest, who consider Art a sacred thing,—to whom a concert is a solemn transaction,—to whom a score of Beethoven or Mozart is an *evangelium* of God in man. We will write here no *critique*; we have enjoyed, and in enjoyment the sharp-sighted judgment ceases. But for those of our friends, who have not yet heard the Germania, we only add the assurance, that choice of pieces, precision, delivery, expression and unity of performance reminded us, in proportion to the numbers of the band, of the best European orchestra, that of the Conservatoire in Paris. From director Bergmann, with his energetic bâton, to the beater of the drums, each man is in his place and be completely fills it.

"ALFRED JAEHL, who accompanies the Society, played the grand concerto of Mendelssohn-Bartoldy (opus 24) with full orchestra. We have known Jaell for a long time;—when we conducted the splendid Teatro Grande in Trieste, in 1840, the old Jaell brought to us the little Alfred, then about nine years old;—we heard him play and shared in our astonishment the father's great expectations.

"Thirteen years have fled since then,—we are in America and have exchanged the beautiful Art life for the unfruitful arena of politics,—and the little Alfred has become a great artist, and has kept the promise of the boy. What most surprises us in Jaell is not his extraordinary facility of overcoming difficulties, which he shares with Liszt; and not alone his delivery, so full of soul and rich in feeling, which he has in common with Thalberg,—but it is especially the manner in which he treats such a universally known and every-day affair as the piano. Under Jaell's hands it becomes certainly a different instrument, with tones, with an effect, not known to us before. In the Mendelssohn concerto it now complained languishingly like a flute, now sounded clear as a silver bell in the midst of the storm of brass instruments, and now trembled in expiring chords, like a harp. Yes, Jaell is an artist in the finest sense of the word,—an artist, whose performance leaves behind a lasting memory.

"Worthily by his side stands the little maiden, CAMILLA UNSO; not her double and triple stopping,—not her sharply seized highest chords, not her leaps and chromatic runs alone deserve admiration;—more than all this we were enchanted by the soul, the depth of feeling that lay in the delivery of this earnest child. The melting, elegiac Adagio of the dying scene in *Lucia* she rendered with an expression that reminded us of Rubini and Salvi in their prime. And then that quiet, that absence of the usual little coquetry of the so-called wonder-children;—serious, almost sad are her features, the eye rests deeply glowing under the thick brows, and is first animated, when she places on the bow and woos from the violin the first complaining tones. Once only did the serious child's face light up, when after the splendid delivery of the Adagio several bouquets fell down at her feet;—then her face was transfigured, she smiled and bent down to the flowers which she carefully picked up, almost forgetting that she had only sixteen bars' rest and must soon fall in again. Good child! How beautiful a youth-time! Flowers and Tones! Nature and Art, are thy enjoyments, thy life.

"And so it was with thee, too, Theresa Milanollo, never-to-be-forgotten maiden;—thou too didst live in flowers and music, and didst die ere the years of passion came and the prose of marriage and of household drudgery followed. Thine was a short, but beautiful existence, and thou didst lose nothing in that thou didst live no longer.

"But to thee, still, serious Camilla, with the soul of deep feeling in thy bosom and thy bow, we wish a long, long childhood, an eternal youth of Art;—and to you all, our friends and countrymen of the GERMANIA! the fullest success of artists wherever you may go, and long continuance of your dearest treasure,—*pure, untroubled HARMONY in Art as in life!* Continue Germans in heart and mind; continue German artists in music,—and we will ever think with pride and joy of you, as worthy representatives of German Art in America." H. B.

Floral Entertainment—The Festival of Beauty.

[We were not present on the occasion here described, but we take our correspondent's word for it that it must have been as beautiful as it appeared to him. Certainly, the idea in itself is a fine one, and might be worked up to excellent results.]

"One of the most interesting musical gatherings of the season occurred on the 22d ult., at the City Hall, Charlestown. We refer to the 'Festival of Beauty,' produced under the superintendence of Messrs. D. S. Pennell and J. B. Packard. The evening was a pleasant one, and at an early hour throngs of fairy-dressed young ladies, attired in white, and decorated with a profusion of every variety of roses, made the hall echo with their joyous tones, and filled it with the busy hum of preparation. There was not one sad face among them all. Not one brow bore the impress of care; but like 'Chanting Cherubs,' bearers of glad news to earth, they met upon the platform, and by their presence caused many a weary heart to thrill with a new delight and a brighter hope. Would that there were more of such training for our children! then, perchance, Age would not tread so closely on the footsteps of Youth, and Care would administer less of her bitter drug.

The exercises consisted of Songs, Recitatives and May Dances; and all who took a part, from the gentlemanly managers down to the wee bit of a bairn who personated a Dew Drop, infused a grace, vigor and life into their respective performances.

The subject was portrayed by the Seasons, each of which came in with its distinct, characteristic features. Spring, with its early bride and flowers; Summer, with its fragrant crown of roses; Autumn, with its harvest sheaves and golden fruit; Winter, with icy beard and snowy mantle. At length the Queen was arrayed for her coronation, and the Goddess, who had sat all the evening the fairest gem amid the beauties of nature with which she was surrounded, performed the ceremony with exceeding grace and appropriateness.

The Recitatives were well adapted to the occasion, both in sentiment and the manner in which they were delivered.

On the 22d the hall was well crowded; there was not a spare seat, and scarcely a spare standing-spot; and as a great desire was expressed to have the entertainment repeated, it was brought forward on the following evening, to a full and appreciative audience. At this point it would seem that the 'Festival' had been sufficiently participated in by all, but a request was again made to have it repeated in a larger building. This could not be granted owing to arrangements made for its repetition in other cities and towns.

This entertainment we consider highly interesting and instructive, and heartily commend it, and the gentlemen who have originated it, to the good will of all whom they meet, in whatever place they may visit for the purpose of producing the 'FESTIVAL OF BEAUTY.' A.

Foreign.

BELGIUM.—A statue has lately been erected to the famous old composer, ORLANDO LASSO, at Mons, his birth-place. He was chapel-master (in the middle of the 16th century) in the Lateran at Rome; the French king, Charles IX., who was a passionate lover of music, received him very graciously on his arrival in Paris, and wished to retain him in his chapel. But Orlando preferred to go to Munich, where for many years he led the chapel music of Albrecht the Magnanimous, duke of Bavaria, and finally died there. Judging from the accounts, the ceremonies on the occasion were not very imposing. At 11 o'clock, Lasso's Mass: *Or—ly à coup*, which he had set, after the manner of his time, to a well-known theme, was performed—not in the Cathedral, nor in the Church of St. Nicholas, where Lasso used to sing as choir-boy—but in a little obscure church of the society which has assumed the name of *Roland de Lettre*; and performed too with many modern embellishments, and with an organ accompaniment. After the mass, there

was a procession to the public garden, where the statue was consecrated, and the various musical bodies of the place were put in requisition. The statue was uncovered amid the thunder of artillery, several speeches were made, &c. &c. In the expression of the statue there is something very noble. With one hand Lasso touches the keys of a portable organ; the other is raised to heaven, as if he had just discovered a new chord. The house where Orlando was born is no longer identified.

FRANKFURT ON THE MAINE.—Mlle. Johanna Wagner is engaged at the opera, to appear in the characters of Romeo, Fides, Alice, Valentine, Leonora (in *La Furo-rita*) and Fidelio.

HAMBURG.—Jacob Schmitt, the once celebrated pianist, is dead.

BERLIN.—The performances at the Royal Opera on June 6th, were Auber's *Les Diamans de la Couronne*; on the 12th, Harold's *Zampa*; at "Kroll's Establishment," Boildieu's *Dame Blanche*, *Der Freischütz*, and *Zampa*. The composer of *La Gage d'Amour*, Adolph Hen-selt, has arrived here from St. Petersburg, and without delay proceeded to his newly-acquired domain at Gersdorf.

WEIMAR.—Flotow's new opera, *Indra*, produced on the occasion of the marriage of the Princess of Saxe-Weimar and the Prince of the Netherlands, made a complete *fiasco*.

BASEL.—At the Subscription Concerts an excellent orchestra executed an overture, by Charles Oberthür, to Shakespeare's *Macbeth*, which gave general satisfaction. The orchestration was much admired.

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Translated for this Journal.

A Sketch of Madame Mara.

By F. ROCHLITZ.

GERTRUDE ELIZABETH SCHMALING, afterwards Madame MARA, was born at Cassel, in the year 1749. Her early childhood was exceedingly confined and wretched. Her mother had died soon after her birth. Brothers or sisters she had none. The father, a poor town musician, could not pay a nurse, and had to spend the chief part of the day away from home in giving lessons. Then he would set the weakly child upon a little arm-chair, with a cramp in front to hold it up; and so left it alone, with closed doors, to itself and its own irksomeness. The child grew rickety; but there was nothing to be done for it.

In this way Gertrude got to be four years old. The father procured a little extra occupation in the repairing of musical instruments. One day, being called away to give a lesson, he had left lying there a violin, upon which he had been at work. The little girl, tortured with ennui, tried to reach it. She succeeded; Gertrude brought out tones; she had found a pastime. The father

caught her at it; she was punished; but the enjoyment had proved too sweet, and the fiddle was taken up repeatedly. In a little while the father again surprised her; and then with astonishment he heard that she produced the tones of the scale, all purely intonated and correct. Now he gave her a little instruction, and it soon went so far that she played little duets with him. The wonder spread abroad. Many persons wished to convince themselves of its reality; so the father carried the child, who, owing to that sickness, could not walk, into the houses of the music-lovers and played the duets with her. There was no mistaking the extraordinary talent: some benevolent persons took compassion on the child and offered their support; one, whose business called him to the Fair at Frankfort on the Main, took father and daughter with him. Here they let themselves be heard in little circles; they excited astonishment and found reward; and some kind families subscribed enough to support the father and procure better instruction for the daughter. She made most rapid progress; her health, too, was improved, so that the father, after a residence of nearly two years, resolved to travel further.

Gertrude had come to Frankfort in her sixth year; in her ninth she gave a public concert in Vienna. Here the English minister advised the father to go with her to London; and upon the ready compliance of the latter, who had heard somewhat of English guineas, he furnished him with recommendations. Gertrude was in her tenth year, when they came to London. She played in the houses to which she had been commended, exciting great attention, so that there was even talk of her at court and she was presented to the queen. She played in the royal Chamber Concerts; her virtuosity, which, if not brilliant in itself, was striking for a child so young, attracted: but the violent exercise of her body, small even for her age, in managing her instrument, excited partly laughter, and partly pity or aversion. An artist surely she is bound to be, they said to the father; but not to remain a violin player. What then? "Does she not sing?" That she had long done, and with a pleasing voice, but without any teaching, and even without any pieces for the voice; she had sung her violin solos, as far and as well as that was practicable. But now good songs were given her; she went through with them and delivered them not only with distinguished voice, but also not without some understanding and feeling of what she was singing.

Several persons of rank assisted the father, under the condition that he would let her receive thorough instruction in singing. The father took her to a celebrated Italian singing-master, PARADISI; who benefitted her decidedly by systematic development of her tones, solfeggio practice, &c. After a while certain bad habits manifested themselves in the teacher, which induced the father to take the little girl away from him; and so she was again left to herself and her own industry. Finally the queen desired once more to hear her. But where the child had produced excitement, where its helplessness and its droll ways had made people laugh, the performances of one just entering into maidenhood simply pleased, but were received quite calmly; and so her appearance at court, as in other distinguished circles, had no great influence upon her future.

So much, not more, and scarcely that, could Gertrude recall afterwards of this chapter of her life, down to her sixteenth year. And very naturally! Travelling, fiddling, and after that, singing,—was about all of life that really interested her: how could she have cared enough about anything else, to have it remain in her memory? And now that she excited no more curiosity in London, now that the guineas ceased to flow in, the father returned with her to Germany, and at once to her native city. He hoped to see her presented at court. But the landgrave would only hear Italians. The public met her with attention and with sympathy: but that could not ensure her a subsistence, especially as the seven years' war, just then concluded, had exhausted the resources of the place.

The father now turned to HILLER, at Leipsie, who had established a series of winter concerts, over which he presided as director. Gertrude's father begged him, if she went there, to help to make her known and to procure her the opportunity of being heard in public. Hiller, always reasonable and obliging, allowed both father and daughter to come, and at the Easter fair in 1766 they met. Hiller heard, examined, heard again: the remarkable talent was gladly recognized by him, nor was he slow to perceive the unpropitious situation of the daughter dependent on a father, honorable indeed, but narrow-minded and morose. He took counsel for both. First he introduced the singer before the friends of his house and of music, and then before the public at large: she met with unanimous applause. He now offered her the place of singer at the concerts, with res-

pectable advantages; took her, when she joyfully embraced the proposition, into his house, and made a suitable arrangement with the father, whereby Gertrude secured to him a portion of her income through his lifetime.

To this provision for the outward, father Hiller added a much more careful provision for her inward wants. In the first place he taught her to understand herself. "You are a singer," he began, "of excellent voice and of much capability; moreover there is manifested in your delivery, though you may scarcely know it or intend it, something of soul and character. Cling to that: by so doing you are always sure of some sort of success, so long as you are young. But what then? See here: it is in you, you have the power, to become a *great* singer, a true *artist*, if you have the will and the persistency, and will enter the right path. Once become that, and the whole world will be open to you, and furthermore the coffers of the wealthy and the high-born; and that not merely for the few years of youth. To be sure, the place where the great singer chiefly shines, the theatre, is—perhaps not wholly closed against you; but you will hardly ever find there your peculiar place. You are not pretty; and you have neither command nor knowledge of all the other means of producing effect upon the stage; even your figure and bearing are not in the least properly developed. Now certainly we will gladly help in all that as far as may be; but in a maiden, who is already almost seventeen, it is too late to expect anything remarkable in that line. You must become a concert and chamber singer, and, so far as depends upon yourself, you must remain such; that is to say, a singer upon whom are made, and justly made, the greatest claims, and who must execute whatever she undertakes to deliver—seeing that her audience have no other source of diversion, but observe the least minutiae—in the most perfect manner. Now an astonishing deal is required for that and it is a long way: but you can achieve it, and I will lead you into the way. You can do it, for you show firmness and persistency; your father says you are a stubborn creature. Be so; but turn the peculiarity to good account."—Gertrude comprehended, resolved, promised and kept the promise.

Hiller's instruction, which she enjoyed from this time forward, was not only the most simple and most natural, but also the most suited to its purpose. So far as actual singing was concerned, it was as follows: Every day without exception, early in the morning, she had to sing scales, from the full chest, through the whole compass of her tones, with perfectly pure intonation and with all the modifications from *fortissimo* to *pianissimo*, and the reverse. By this means not only her organs, but her tones themselves were enlarged and strengthened, so that each one, from the lowest to the highest, became fully equal to every other, and each so pure, that a wavering, or unequal, or impurely intonated tone seemed an impossibility with her. Then he taught her to enunciate distinctly and euphoniously; first mere vowels and then words. In the doctrine of harmony he carried her so far, that she felt every irregularity at once, so that afterwards she could yield herself to the suggestions of the moment without fear of mistakes. By the aid of a young musician he had her carried so far in piano-playing that she could accompany herself. If Hiller studied with her any larger vocal pieces, with a view to public

performance, he first explained to her the sense of the text and the music; next he insisted that she should render it all note for note, strictly as it was written; but after that, in all that concerned expression or embellishment he left her to herself, and only gave advice when he was asked. Yet after the piece had been performed in public, he did not neglect, at the little oft-times frugal supper, to point out and explain both what had succeeded excellently well, and what had not gone wholly to his mind.

All this, with Gertrude's spirit, talent and truly astonishing industry, produced the finest results. As to her industry, she sang, unurged, for five or six hours every day; and frequently in these exercises it was only a single phrase or passage, which was not left until it would go perfectly. But as for all the other branches which Hiller and his friends endeavored to teach Gertrude,—whether scientific or practical, whether for general culture or for the world,—including some indispensable knowledge of some of the modern languages,—there was little progress. "Do not plague me," she would say; "I want to become a singer, and nothing more. What else do I need? And should I have use for it, it will easily be found."

Thus Gertrude's residence in Leipsic, in the house of Hiller, (from 1766 to 1771), was decisive of her destiny. She had opportunity enough to hear and study many of the most excellent and most various works of art, especially in church and concert music, under her master's conductorship, and even to shine in such herself. This raised, enriched, and formed her mind, expanded and ennobled her taste. Nor did she lack opportunities to become acquainted with foreign virtuosos, and, of those of her own country, especially with an amiable and extremely graceful rival, CORONA SCHRÖTER;—nor of gratifying an odd enough caprice of her own, of entering into competition with excellent instrumental players: this stimulated to new efforts and increased her skill. It was especially the works of Hasse, Graun, Benda, Jomelli and Pergolese, with which she here made herself acquainted, and in which she appeared; but Durante, too, and Sacchini, Porpora, Caldara and others were no strangers to her. For Pergolese, on account of his tendency to sentimentality, for which the capacity was not yet developed in her, or perhaps did not exist in her, she had no partiality; like Hiller himself, she was most fond of Hasse. And this perhaps because Hasse,—not to mention his well-known excellencies as an artist,—sketched his arias, duets, &c., with a noble breadth, yet very simply, and with a still simpler accompaniment, so that to a clever singer there was a broad, free field left open to her own mode of treatment. This was favorable to Gertrude, since the spirit of original invention had begun to develop itself most strikingly in her, under her master's guidance. Thus she has been heard to sing some of Hasse's principal arias, over and over, six or eight times publicly, and hence,—since these arias, after the custom of the time, consisted of two main divisions, of which the first was always repeated,—she sang these first divisions twelve or sixteen times: and yet never did she deviate in her embellishments from the expression and style of the piece;—and no wonder, with Hiller for a master! for such a liberty would have made the old man almost jump out of his skin.

In this way Gertrude, and in this way all great

singers, formed their lofty school; and so they left the school to share the respect and attention of the world. If we dwell awhile in this contemplation of the past and compare the present with it, we can hardly help remarking, that singing then was really an Art, but now (with scarcely a few exceptions) a means of astonishing; then the public sought an inward satisfaction in it, now it seeks only to be stimulated and amused.

In the manner just now indicated Gertrude rendered lofty and animated pieces; those of a gentler and more inward feeling at that time she sang less willingly and less well. These were the domain of the deep-souled, graceful Corona. To do that, she required, besides the qualities already mentioned, also the most transcendent organ and the greatest flexibility of voice. The first she had; the second she made her own. Organs like hers are among the rarest gifts of fate, and in our days we have only known the like thereof, although in a far smaller compass of tones, in Madame CATALANI. Without being sharp or screaming in the least degree, Gertrude's voice was so powerful and full-toned, that one could distinguish it in the midst of the strongest chorus, with drums and trumpets accompanying. From this degree of strength she could diminish through all gradations to a tone so soft and yet so clear, that in passages for instance with an *obligato* instrument, the player scarcely knew whence to procure a tone that should be distinguishable, and yet not drown hers. And this control she exercised over the wide region of tones, (to use the technical language of musicians) from *G unmarked* to the *thrice-marked E*.

To acquire that flexibility and fluency, she set to work now with her characteristic "stubbornness." Whatever difficulties she could conceive of, she practiced all alone incessantly, till breast and throat could give the sounds out with the greatest certainty and ease, as if it were mere recreation; and what she could not herself conceive of, she would remark in the concert and other solos of the best instrumentists, whom Leipsic then possessed; especially the flutist, Tromlitz, and the violinists, Göpfert and Berger. Thus have these three worthy men, by their prompt, neat and elegant play, without their knowing or intending it, had a great influence in the developing of the singer into the virtuoso; for whatever *cantabile* passage came out finely on their instruments, Gertrude would imitate it in her singing, till she succeeded to the finest point.

[To be continued.]

Dragonetti.

Domenico Dragonetti, the celebrated performer on the double bass, was born in Venice, in 1771. His father, Pietro Dragonetti, was also a performer on that instrument, but by ear only; he excelled in accompanying a band at balls, and was likewise a professor of a sort of guitar with steel strings—an instrument which was at that time commonly in use for the purpose of teaching the chords in music. At nine years of age, Domenico, feeling an irresistible impulse towards music, applied himself to study, unknown to his parents, on the guitar of his father, and in a short time made incredible progress; so much so, indeed, that a certain Doretti, an excellent violinist and composer of ball music, having requested Peter to accompany him on the guitar in some of his compositions, and the son, Domenico, perceiving that his father did not perfectly well succeed, asked for the guitar, to accompany himself the composer. Peter, unconscious of the ability

of his son, refused to satisfy him; Doretto, however, observing the boy's assurance, persuaded the father to cede the instrument to him. How great was the surprise which Domenico occasioned to both parties, when, taking the guitar in hand, he began to accompany the notes of Doretto with chords so exact and so masterly as to resemble much more those of an expert professor than a mere lad! Domenico having at that time an acquaintance named Giacomo Sciaradori, a shoemaker by trade, but who was a passable violinist, and knew a little of music, begged this man to be his instructor in the rudiments of violin playing. He very willingly undertook the office, and with this frail assistance alone, aided by his natural genius and perseverance, Domenico soon picked up, unknown to his father, a knowledge of the use and management of his double bass. Soon after this, another musical performance took place between his father and Doretto, when Peter played the double bass. The son then again proposed (as he had done before with the guitar) himself to accompany Doretto with the double bass; when, on his request being granted, his extraordinary advancement on the instrument was so highly appreciated by Doretto, that he earnestly begged the father to allow his son to play in public with him at some of the most brilliant musical parties of Venice.

He was at this time about twelve years of age, and, on the father's consenting to his public performance, his fame soon spread through that city as a most extraordinary instance of precocity of musical talent. He was now placed under the tuition of Berini, the best master for the double bass in Venice, and received from him eleven lessons, that number being found sufficient, as Berini could teach him nothing further. Young Dragonetti, now abandoning himself entirely to his genius, determined to carry the culture of his instrument to the highest possible point of perfection, and with this object in view, associated himself with his friend Meistrino, who, being likewise endowed with extraordinary talents for the violin, was engrossed by a similar desire of fame. The two students commenced, therefore, at the house of Dragonetti, the most scientific and accurate exercises on the violin and double bass, employing many hours of the day in various practical experiments on music not adapted to their instruments. To these exercises of execution they added the composition of *capricci* and other short pieces, which pursuits lasted for several years, whilst the two friends were engaged, almost every evening, at the most brilliant musical circles in Venice, and on their return from these assemblies, would frequently amuse crowds in the streets by serenading with the violin and guitar.

When Dragonetti was only thirteen years of age, he held, with great applause, the situation of first double bass at the Opera Buffa, at Venice; and when in his fourteenth year, he obtained the same rank in the orchestra of the Grand Opera Seria, at the theatre of St. Benetto, where he remained always employed during his stay in Italy. When about eighteen, being at Treviso, he was invited by the distinguished family of the Signori Tommasini to join in their quartets. At this mansion he met a nobleman named Morosini, procurator of St. Marco, who, astonished at the performance of Dragonetti, complimented him by observing, that he was only sure of his not being a performer at the chapel of St. Marco, because they had no double bass there equal to him. On his return to Venice, the office of principal double bass at the above chapel was offered to him and accepted. This was thought a peculiar honor, since the post was certainly already well filled by Berini, and it had been a previous rule in the chapel that the first places should be given by seniority. Dragonetti, however, did not willingly accept of this office, being hurt at the idea of superseding his old master Berini, whom he much loved and respected; so much so, that he was just on the point of refusing the proffered honor when Berini appeared in his chamber, and, embracing him, entreated that he would accept the situation, as he (Berini) had been complimented with increased salary, and was perfectly consented to resign in favor of so eminent a successor.

About a year after this time, Dragonetti was offered a very lucrative appointment in the service of the Emperor of Russia, on which occasion he applied to the procurators of St. Marco for permission to resign; so far, however, were they from acceding to his request, that they augmented his salary, and relieved him from the embarrassment of refusal, by taking that duty on themselves. He was now invited to perform at the magnificent musical meetings which were given in Venice on the occasion of the grand festival for the new doge. He was likewise employed, with the pay of a concerto performer, to take the solo and other violoncello parts in quartets with his double bass. At one of these meetings, which was most numerous attended, he was unexpectedly called upon for a *concerto d' solo* on his instrument, from which he tried to excuse himself, having with him no music of that description. This apology was, however, not accepted, and he was at length obliged to play a very difficult concerto, written for the bassoon. After this time, he set himself to work to compose concertos, sonatas, and solos for the double bass, in which he introduced passages to prove the superiority of his power over the instrument, and many of which were attended with difficulties which he alone was competent to overcome. Nor was the execution of these compositions long delayed; for shortly after this time, the republic of Venice received fourteen sovereign princes within their city, when they elected Dragonetti one of the directors of their great musical festivals on that occasion, at which meeting he formed the delight of his distinguished audience by the performance of his own music for the double bass. He was sometimes called on to perform seven or eight pieces on the same evening, and almost always those of his own composition. One of his concertos so delighted the Queen of Naples, that he was commanded to repeat it in all the evening performances, which were fourteen in number. He afterwards presented a copy of the concerto to the queen, which was most graciously received.

Dragonetti next went to Vicenza, where he played at the grand opera. It was at this town that he was so fortunate as to get possession of the celebrated double bass, manufactured by Gasparo di Salò, master of the famous Amati. This instrument had formerly belonged to the convent of St. Pietro. Delighted with so precious an acquisition, Dragonetti hastened to get the instrument repaired with the utmost skill, on the completion of which he made a trial of it in the hall of his residence at Vicenza. How great was his surprise, when, after a few sounds, he observed the servants running from a distant kitchen in alarm, many of the brass vessels on the shelves having vibrated so powerfully to the tones of the double bass as to ring and shake as if they were all ready to fall.

On quitting Vicenza, Dragonetti proceeded to Padua to pay his accustomed friendly visit to the inmates of the celebrated Convent of St. Giustina. He took his newly-acquired instrument with him, and, in describing its excellences to Signor Turvini Bertoni, the celebrated chapel-master and organist of the convent, ventured to express an opinion that the lower strings of it might be made to produce a more powerful effect than could be derived from the bass of the magnificent organ of the convent. Turvini treated this proposition with ridicule, which so piqued Dragonetti, that he resolved to have his little revenge, and accordingly furnished himself in private with some immensely thick bass strings, which at night he attached to his instrument. The weather was perfectly calm, and, when sleep reigned through the whole convent, he quietly carried his double bass into one of the spacious corridors, and there produced, from the thick strings, sounds so strange and characteristic, as precisely to counterfeited the rising of a horrid tempest. The imitation was so complete, that nothing was talked of the next morning in the convent but the storm of the preceding night. Great indeed was the surprise of the fraternity, when they discovered, from the neighbors, the weather had been unusually serene. On the following night, Dragonetti, having remained unsuspected, was desirous again to conjure up the spirits of the air; but, unluckily, he so alarmed one of the monks, that, rushing precipitately from his

cell, he tumbled over the double bass, and the necromancer was thus discovered. After this anecdote, it may be well supposed that the organist allowed the double bass to be more powerful than his own instrument.

Dragonetti had now attained the age of twenty-four, and his fame as a performer being decidedly unrivalled in his own country, he was applied to by the celebrated singer Banti to make an engagement for London. In this request she was seconded by Bertoni, chapel-master of St. Marco, and Pacchierotti the singer, both at that time in England, and who on their return to Italy, prevailed on Dragonetti to accept the proposals made to him. He accordingly took leave of the directors of the chapel of St. Marco, who kindly granted him a year's leave of absence, with a continuation of his salary for that period. Dragonetti remained in London the rest of his life, occupying without a rival the place of first double bass in the Royal Theatre and the concerts of the Philharmonic Society. He died in 1846.

* From the New York Musical Review and Advocate.

Music at the Museum;

OR MR. BANGUM'S BALCONY BRASS BAND.

Mr. Bangum was sitting in his office in the Museum the other day, when he heard a knock at the door.

"Come in," said he.

The door opened, and a trombone entered. Mr. Bangum stared. The trombone was followed by an arm, and the arm by a body, the body belonging to no less a personage than Mr. Eli Fant.

"Mr. Bangum?" said Mr. Fant inquiringly.

"That's my name," said that gentleman.

"Good morning," said Mr. Fant.

"Good morning," said Mr. Bangum.

"I see that you have a band on your balcony," began Mr. Fant.

"Yes," said Mr. Bangum.

"And I came to see if I could get a situation there as trombone."

"I presume you can," said Mr. Bangum, "if we can agree upon terms."

"During what hours should I play?" asked Mr. Fant.

"They usually play," said Mr. Bangum, "from two to three in the afternoon, and from six to eight in the evening."

"What is the place worth?" said Mr. Fant.

"Five dollars a week?" said Mr. Bangum inquiringly.

"Very well," said Mr. Fant, "with great satisfaction. He had not expected more than three or four."

"You can begin to-day if you like," said Mr. Bangum. "The payments are weekly."

"Very well," said Mr. Fant.

In accordance with this agreement, Mr. Fant's trombone did duty for a week on Bangum's balcony, and very hard, too, did Mr. Fant bone away on his trombone. At the end of the week, he called on Mr. Bangum for his week's salary.

"I will make out a bill if you like," said Mr. Bangum.

"If you please," said Mr. Fant.

After a little turning over of leaves and comparing of books, Mr. Bangum handed him the bill. He read it over once, twice, three times, looking every time more and more mystified. At last he said:

"Mr. Bangum, you have made a little mistake here, I believe."

"Eh?" said Mr. Bangum; "not that I am aware of."

"Yes," said Mr. Fant, smiling. He couldn't help smiling to think how Mr. Bangum would laugh when he learned what the mistake was.

"It's rather a funny mistake. I don't see how you came to make it. The bill reads:

"Mr. Eli Fant to P. T. Bangum, Dr.

"To privilege of playing a trombone in his museum for the week ending May 14, 1853,\$5."

"Well," said Mr. Bangum, "I believe it was five dollars; wasn't it?"

"Y-es," said Mr. Fant, perplexed; "I believe it was. But I didn't look at it in that light."

"In what light did you look at it?" said Mr. Bangum.

"W-h-y," said Mr. Fant, still more perplexed, "I thought you paid me five dollars, not I you."

"Oho! no," said Mr. Bangum. "This is the state of the case. There are quite a number of persons in this city who wish to practise such instruments, but cannot do it at home, on account of disturbing the neighbors, so I let them a standing up place on the balcony; and each gentleman comes here, brings what instrument he likes, and practises whatever he wants to, without disturbing any body; that is, any body we care any thing about."

The office-door opened, and the trombone went out, followed by Mr. Fant; while Mr. Bangum proceeded to make out his bills against the other instruments. Mr. Fant has since given up the trombone. L. A.

Art in China.

The drama in China is at a very low ebb. It is still in the strolling state: such as it might have been when Thespis and his company declaimed from a wagon, or rather, such as it was in the middle ages, when mysteries were performed in the open streets and squares for popular edification.

A wealthy citizen, or, sometimes, the parish or municipality, hire a company of strollers, who erect their stage across a thoroughfare, with little respect for the public right of way. The entertainer and his friends occupy seats in front of the stage, and the tag-rag and bobtail stand in the rear.

The actors are mere boys, who are dressed in robes of silk and satin, rich with embroidery, but much tarnished and rumpled.

The subject of the play is usually taken from the life of some hero of mythology or history of China, and the plot is constructed with an attention to the unities of the drama that would have charmed a critic of the French school.

The narrative begins with the earliest events of the hero's existence, carrying them on in uninterrupted dulness to his apotheosis. The play usually takes hours, and some of them, I have been informed, some days. The spouting and posturing are varied by recitative singing in a shrill contralto key; and every scene begins and ends with banging of gongs and squealing of pipes, occasionally varied by the explosion of crackers, when the interest becomes thrilling, and some great event is enveloped in the noise and smoke, being left, in other respects, to the imagination of the audience.

There are some dramas which treat of the loves of the heroes, in which little is left to the imagination, although the dialogue is carried on in a lofty rant which never descends to comedy, much less to farce. With such taste, it is not surprising that this species of amusement is not in much repute, and that its professors should be classed with the mountebanks and vagabonds, to whose ranks they properly belong.

There are no moral lessons to be learned from the Chinese drama: it inculcates no good principles, nor does it hold the mirror up to nature. Buffoonery, coarse ribaldry, and exaggerated passion, are its chief characteristics: one cannot wonder at the low esteem in which it is held.

Music is not more advanced. All the singing is in an unnatural falsetto key, pitched as high as possible, so that anything more hideous and ludicrous than the sounds produced can scarcely be imagined. A tom cat caterwauling on the pan-tiles is the nearest approach I know to the vocal music of this refined nation. They frequently accompany the voice with a kind of violin, the scraping of which is sufficient to put one's teeth on edge. A lute with wire strings and a very wiry tone is sometimes used for the same purpose. The instrument, however, that is to be heard on all occasions, is a sort of pipe, very much resembling the bagpipe in tone.

The songs I have heard were all of very similar character, and were sung in short cadences, alternating with the symphony, reminding me very much of the Spanish seguidilla, as it is heard screeched by the muleteers in the mountain paths

of Andalusia; only that while the muleteer screeches, the Chinaman howls in a way that would excite the sympathy of a whole kennel of hounds, compelling them to join in an obligato chorus.

Chinese poetry is on a par with the music. It either delights in namby-pamby sentimentality, or puerile conceits. Graceful metaphor, subtle allegory, warmth of sentiment, a picturesque feeling for the beauties of nature, are all utterly unknown; while plays-upon-words, and a studied arrangement of phrases, delight the most fastidious critics, and satisfy their taste.—*London Leader*.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

THE THREE LIGHT-HOUSES.

To guard the ancient harbor
Three blazing beacons stand,
And warn the coming sailor
Of the dangers of the land.

One on the frowning headland,
Where the long waves dash and roar,
One on the stout breakwater,
And one on the reef by the shore.

Far out across the waters
They seem to stretch the hand
Of the mariners' wives and daughters,
Who're waiting on the land.

By day, their snow-white columns,
Above the surges' rear
Do shout a silent welcome
To the ships as they near the shore.

Soon as the west is glowing
With the sun's last setting rays,
You may see the shining beacons
Gleam faintly through the haze.

But, as the darkness deepens
And deepens into night,
Red grows the blaze of the beacons,
And stronger grows their light.

Though the moon shine bright in heaven,
Though stars are in the sky,
Though blackest clouds are driven,
Though storms and tempests fly;

Ever the sleepless beacons
Their watch and ward do keep,
With blood-red eyes still gazing
Far out upon the deep.

And ever pointing heavenward,
By day and night they stand,
Faith, Hope, and Love, proclaiming
The lights of the Better Land.

W.

How it is Sometimes Done.

We know too much of the genial, buoyant, mighty West,

"Drawing (as it does) huge shoals of people like the moon,
Whose beauty draws the solemn-noised seas." (Alex. Smith.)
to make it the scene of all the stupid jests that swarm the brain of addled waggery; but the following evidence of erudition, both "ancient" and "modern," on the part of a Cincinnati singing-master, furnished us by a professor of music, who himself resides in the "Queen City," is certainly too good to be lost.

Our informant says he was one day last winter walking along one of the streets of Cincinnati, when his attention was attracted by a flaming poster on the opposite side of the way, headed "SINGING-SCHOOL!"

Crossing over to see what new development was to take place in musical science, he read the following:

"All those who wish to be taught music in CLASSES as it was taught in ancient times by Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and MENDELSSOHN; and as it is taught in modern times by Mason, Webb, Hastings, Bradbury, and ZINER, will meet this evening," etc.

The misspelling of Zeuner's name, and the anachronism of putting Mendelssohn among the "ancients," is only equalled by making Handel, Haydn, etc., teach music in classes!—*Musical Review*.

VERDI'S MUSIC.—"I cannot," says the independent *Tirian*, "share the common prejudice against Verdi. His music seems to me fully equal to that of many operas we accept *de confiance*. It has life, *brio*, melody, movement. It is noisy, commonplace, but not dull. There are charming vocal effects in it, and occasionally exquisite phrases. If the instrumentation is poor, if the choruses are written in unison to conceal poverty of harmonic invention, if the trombones clang uproariously, these are defects I find abundant elsewhere, and therefore, on the whole, by way of variety, I welcome Verdi, and especially Verdi's best opera, *Ernani*."

A Theatrical Manager.

A Paris correspondent of the *London Literary Gazette*, relates the following curious transaction:—

The musical circles of Paris have been a good deal amused by a strange adventure. A few days ago, a man, well known, it appears, in certain circles of Paris for his extreme vanity, went to the director of the Grand Opera, and said, "Sir, I offer you £32,000 to make over your privilege to me!" "Thirty-two thousand pounds!" cried the stupefied director. "Are you serious?" "Perfectly," was the reply; "and, to convince you that I am so, I refer you to my friends Messrs. So-and-So, who will tell you that the money is ready to be paid the moment you accept my offer." The director hastened to the gentlemen named, and they confirmed the statement. Knowing that £32,000 do not drop from the clouds every day, the director declared his willingness to accept them; and immediately, by a formal agreement, resigned his privilege to the stranger. "And now," said the latter, "let the company be called before me."—Singers and musicians, dancers, and *employés* of all kinds, from the principal tenor down to the meanest candle-snuffer, appeared, with all due humility, in his dread presence.—Some he received affably, others coldly; of some he renewed the engagements, and others, with a haughty wave of the hand, he discharged. This done, he examined the list of free admissions, and struck off names by wholesale, and introduced others as freely. Then he ordered the architect to attend him. "What place is this I am in?" "The manager's room." "You must furnish it in more sumptuous style, and make such and such changes. What is that large room there?" "The place for the chorus to practice in." "Let the chorus go somewhere else, and transform it into my *salle de reception*. What rooms are those?" "The private apartments of the manager."—"Turn them into stables for my horses. What is that place?" "The practising-rooms of the *corps de ballet*." "Make it my kitchen." Having decreed these changes behind the scenes, the worthy gentleman gave orders for equally extensive ones in the stage body of the house. Everybody was thunderstruck at such grandeur, and well he might be. But as the Grand Opera belongs to the Government, it became necessary to obtain its consent to the nomination of the new and reforming director. Alas! however, for the great man: the government would not hear talk of him or his £32,000. And he was accordingly, without much ceremony, ejected from the theatre, to, it must be said, the great delight of everybody connected with it. The moral of this adventure is, that the French have sometimes a very strange way indeed of doing strange things.

A Triumphant March to the Opera.

[A Spanish paper at Lima thus records the second appearance of Madame BISACCANTI, at the theatre:]

On the sixteenth of the present month, (May,) it was announced in the usual manner that Donna Eliza Bisaccianti would present herself in our new theatre, to favor us with the opera of *Ernani*. Since the preceding night, when we had seen her in *La Sonnambula* on the occasion of her inimitable first appearance, she had elicited, on all sides, indescribable praises; but yesterday, the day of the announcement to which we refer, hardly anything was talked of from an early hour but the theatrical success which awaited the prima

donna, Biscaccianti, on the coming night; so that every one had taken care to provide in the morning a supply of natural flowers, garlands and wreaths, or doves dressed in ribbons, and adorned with various emblems appropriate to the purpose for which they were designed. The expected night arrived, and at three-quarters past six o'clock there stood, at the doorway of the Hotel de Morin, where the noble lady resides, a beautiful coach drawn by a superb span of horses, with two servants on the box, to convey her to the theatre: it was the coach of D. D. Buenaventura Seoane, President of the *Tribunal de Cuentas*, who on the said day had accompanied Madame B. to the baptism of an infant daughter of Senor Lorini, the manager of the theatre.

Around the coach were seen six servants, bearing torches to illuminate the triumphal march of the heroine and her distinguished companion, whose *corège* marched in the following manner: An immense crowd of people opened the procession: the coach followed, surrounded by gentlemen of the country and many strangers, among whom we noticed the principals of various commercial houses, as well as some officers of state and several military gentlemen; behind the coach came the band of music of the battalion Pinchincha, playing elegant national airs, and followed by a multitude of people.

The great crowd passed thus through the streets of Mercaderes, Espaderos and Lescane, to the square of the principal theatre, shouting on all sides "Viva la Señora Biscaccianti! Viva the glory of the theatre of Lima! Viva the Queen of Songstresses! and a thousand other *vivas* in honor of the lady. One of her admirers, carried away by his enthusiasm, shouted "Viva! in Biscaccianti is the soul of Bellini, of Donizetti, of Rossini, and the rest of the composers!" and all the people responded *Viva!!!*

In this manner, and in crowds, we entered the theatre, which was already filled at a very early hour with a numerous concourse, waiting to enjoy Ernani. The moment of beholding Biscaccianti upon the stage was that in which all sought to salute her. Her entrance was greeted with a shower of applause and the different acclamations, and as well in this act as in each of the succeeding scenes in which, now alone, now accompanied, Elvira has to sing, the friends of the illustrious artist, and the united audience, poured forth their delight anew, in wreaths, bouquets, and trinkets.

At the conclusion of the beautiful cavatina "*Ernani involami*," there darted upon the stage an immense floral branch, composed of natural and artificial flowers interwoven, and bound at the centre and the extremities with three precious and rich gold chains. The concussion which this giant of the Limarian gardens made in falling, was like a death-blow to any lyrical reputation which shall venture to follow Biscaccianti upon the stage.

Both at the entrance and the exit of our unequalled Eliza, brilliant fireworks were displayed. Passing out from the theatre on her return homeward, she had on her right and left two bands of music, that of the corps of artillery and that of the battalion Pinchincha; her most intimate friends surrounded the coach, bearing the bouquets and wreaths which were the trophies cast at her feet upon the stage; within the coach she was accompanied by her enthusiastic and intimate friend, D. Juan Soba Potillo; the large floral branch was carried on the step, so that it appeared that our Eliza was marching over a pathway of flowers. The same *corège* which had before attended her, with a still greater number of citizens and friends, accompanied her from the doorway of the theatre, all pronouncing new *vivas*, new acclamations. Thus this deified woman was escorted to her home.

Meyerbeer's own Opinion of the "Huguenots."

MR. EDITOR:—The following trifling anecdote might come in as an appendix to the article in your paper of July 2d, upon the "Huguenots:"

During one of the performances of *Robert le Diable*, Rossini happened to be in the same box with Meyerbeer, and apparently was so much

pleased that he said to Meyerbeer: "If you compose anything better than this, I will dance on my head." "In that case," said Meyerbeer, "I advise you to commence practising, as I am now writing the 'Huguenots,' which I think will be far superior to *Robert*." W. K.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

ON THE BEARD.

Tertullian, cloistered, old, with kindling eye,
Through reverend lips twice touch'd with grace
Cried out, "To shave the beard is blasphemy
Against the human face!"

Thy thought, an urn of light, O prophet true!
Drops lustre on one English line:
Thence studious Milton oddly haply drew
His "human face divine."

Now golden visions, on the sea of dreams,
Uprise from many an Eastern clime,
And on my view a shadowy glory streams
From many a form sublime.

The beard marks each: O'er Moses' breast it flows,
And when the cloudy column wakes
In flame, its massive undulation glows,
In Sinai's tempest shakes.

A light on that grand bead, those godlike lips—
The Greek's keen guess at the Divine—
It trembles, when Jove's words the spirit eclipse
Of his deep eyes benign.

Round Fletcher's mouth in curling gold it plays!
The fiery breath of genius flies
Through its divided and luxuriant maze,
Where England's worthies rise.

It shines, pure snow, on Titian's face, for whom
Italian suns in glory set;
On Ariosto's chin an amber gloom
With bright red wine drops wet.

Its arc of beauty spanning one pure mouth,
Descending with majestic flow,
Graces the noblest son of all the south,
Chaste Michael Angelo!

Spirits of power dwell where thy chisel wrought
Prayer in the atmosphere of Rome,
Where, swell'd by breathings of thy pious thought,
Floats Peter's ponderous dome.

Bard, builder, sculptor, lover! Of these names,
The last the least dare I refuse
To him whose verse, tender, ethereal, shames
Smooth Petrarch's sensuous muse.

Ah, manly men and golden days of old,
Ye vanish from my longing eyes;
In your blest places things of feeble mould
And forms fantastic rise.

A beardless, pale, or fancy-whisker'd herd;
Among them some, not all unmann'd,
Have, from the imperial body of the beard,
Cut but the Caesar hand.

Yet Nature smiles on every loyal soul,
Though giggling women pass him by;
And Fortune writes his name on her bright scroll:
A loyal soul am I!

Whose full beard flows like modulations of
Tide waves on some resounding beach;
Or bright brown waterfall, poised clear above
The thunder of his speech.

Our line bears one lov'd child, whose presence lights
A home where southern suns arise:
And tender dreams from starr'd, still, tropic nights,
Sleep deep in her dark eyes!

Niagara laughs hugely in the sun,
Through beard of snows with godlike glee;
And holds his solemn court when day is done,
In moonlit mystery.

A child's face, bright with laughter, wet with tears,
Is grander than all waterfalls:
Sooner its gentle voice the Almighty hears,
Than their sonorous calls.

She met me by that wonder one May morn;
Around my neck her arms she threw,
And from these lips young love had nigh forsworn,
Their nested kisses drew!

Still in the hallowed home of one pure breast,
One love abides for aye the same,
From the first cry unto the final rest—
Alike through praise and blame.

My mother's eyes are large, full-fringed and deep,
And gray and hopeful as the dawn;
Beneath a Juno brow they smile or weep,
In lines Olympian drawn.

They stream on me, whene'er we part or meet,
(My kiss of salutation shrined
From touch less pure,) with ample influence sweet,
The daylight of her mind.

My bearded mouth one crowning blessing bears,
Sacred from speech, without alloy—
Fruition of the hope of patient years;
Let Silence wait on Joy.

So Nature, kind, above man's wayward will,
And his deforming fancy's dream,
Holds her pure laws of use and beauty still
Unerring and supreme. *

Strictures upon the Stage,

AS IT EXISTS IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

IV. TRUTH OF EARTH AND SKY NEGLECTED.

We have been 'striking wide at Greeks,' aiming at large things and overlooking small, rejoicing in finishing touches and neglecting rudimentary ones; but small things, of apparently minor interest, are of the utmost importance. And such now challenge our attention. To return—simple and smiling Nature is offended with us, (I speak for the Stage) she will not visit our Theatre, indeed she cannot: for there is neither Earth to tread upon, nor Sky to canopy her. No, the Stage possesses neither earth nor sky. Oh, what an arena for the due representation of such dramas as the world never saw before, and can never see surpassed! Can we imagine Bosworth Field, or the Field of Agincourt, by looking at this *horn-piper's* board before us, decorated with those miserable, childish, contemptible pieces of straight scenery, representing banks, called foot-pieces; and surmounted by those equally contemptible straight bars of blue canvass, called sky-pieces?

Modern landscape painters have not been content with such generalization in clouds, as was once considered sufficient; but every altitude, with its peculiar cloud formation, is represented upon their canvass. (As the hour of noon, or sunrise, or five minutes before sunset, is told by their shadows.) This being understood in the arts, shall we remain content with this vile pretence at representing sky?

Bars of blue, not only so carelessly painted that they do not gradually decrease in depth of color, but also so clumsily contrived and placed that we see between them, catching sight perhaps of a coach and horses, or a chandelier, or anything else, in fact, that you would never expect to find hanging on the "horns of the moon." But that is not half so bad, as the boards of the stage. This makes a mockery of every field of battle, and is enough to turn into ridicule the catastrophe of nearly every great play that terminates in warlike strife.

Do not imagine that I am now speaking of impossibilities; or that this cannot be materially amended; for these things have already been done in a particular effort to aid a new play, to attract and delight for the time, but *never* as a permanent improvement. As an instance:—When Madame Vestris had the management of Covent Garden Theatre, a few years since, was produced for the

first time Sheridan Knowles's new play of 'Love.' In the scene in which the tree under which Huon, I think, is standing, is struck with lightning, the stage (the boards being every where concealed by a painted covering) had all the appearance of a park, with its slopes and banks, and irregular trees and shady avenues. All that could have been desired was achieved. It was an illusion such as I never saw before upon the stage, and particularly valuable, as showing us what can be done in this respect.

In the name of all that is natural, what advances can we be said to have made towards rendering a dramatic representation perfect, when we have never yet managed the bare ground for the characters to walk upon! What is the utility of all the rest? Their dressing in boots, cloaks, hats, feathers, &c., to come and walk before us on those smooth ball-room boards? It is all useless. Such a mass of imperfection is to be found nowhere else.

It is indispensable that these boards should be covered in every out-door scene. And once commenced there would be in good time a regular series of these "ground-pieces," (affixed, possibly, to the rollers at the back of the stage) representing different formations and varieties of ground structure; representing the rocky and uneven surface of highland districts, or meadow-field land, or the latter torn up and broken by the action of battle; and every variety of ground surface, natural or artificial, upon which the scene may be laid. By these adjuncts, much of the labor and skill in making paintings, that is now lavished on what is called "the scene," would be dispensed with; every stage would appear infinitely larger, for the scene and the stage would be one;—and the scenery would cost less money than it does at present, for all of it would be much more permanent. Good taste in the scenic art, would save much labor in vain, (indeed I might say much pains-taking to do mischief only, by bright lights and brilliant coloring which tend only to kill the costumes that are placed in the foreground); and adopt the more easy task of accomplishing a quiet tone to be a suitable background to the action.

[To be continued.]

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 16, 1853.

Harmony and Melody.

HARMONY is the heart, the mainspring and origin of music. Harmony is the elder sister, rather say the parent of Melody. Harmony is first, as Love is; Melody is derived from it, as Intelligence is derived from Love. Harmony is founded purely in nature, her immediate offspring. The vibrations of a tone generate first the tones which harmonize with it. Each sound naturally accompanies itself with the other notes of its accord. You have but to listen to the sound of a bell, or the string of an instrument tuned to any note, to become aware of its Third and Fifth in higher octaves, forming the perfect *Common Chord*. Above that, the Perfect Seventh, and so on.

In horns and trumpets these harmonic intervals yield themselves spontaneously as you blow harder. They are the natural scale of all such instruments. This *natural* or harmonic scale of notes, produced in this way, is very different from the melodic scale. It ascends by *Thirds*, the most pleasing consonant intervals. Melody results from dissonance, from the introduction or interpolation between these harmonic Thirds of the

notes which do not accord with them, simply because they differ less in pitch. Melody deals with smaller intervals, and constructs its scale in a more finely graduated ascending progression, wherein each sound is succeeded by the one whose pitch is least above its own. Now the concord between two notes is (to a certain point) inversely as their distances; those which are immediately contiguous to each other will not harmonize.

Harmony, therefore, classes by agreement and affinity: Melody classes by differences and antipathies, which it arranges into beautiful and complete series. Harmony is the expansion of the *ONE*; Melody is the escape from unity, the tendency to individuality and variety. Harmony is fixed and constant; Melody is discursive. Harmony gives *all in One*; Melody gives *one after another*, and would straightway run off into utter forgetfulness of its first starting-point, did not the centripetal law of Harmony lurking behind, though unperceived, recall its steps and round its course into a graceful orbit. So all thought is prompted by a sentiment and must be true to that, or what consistency is there after all in all its logic?—Harmony, then, is the combining, unitary tendency in music; it constitutes the atmosphere of the picture, and determines its whole sphere of sentiment. It is the pervading spirit of the composition, whether song, or symphony or chorus. If it is not expressed in the way of an actual accompaniment, still the truly musical hearer feels it to be understood and implied, as the invisible ground-work of the air or tune.

MELODY, on the contrary, (which of course implies Rhythm) is the unfolding and spreading out of harmonies or chords into orderly sequence, connecting the wide consonant intervals by intermediate notes, which can only bear to be heard in succession, (excepting of course those cases in which discord is desirable as preparation for harmony.) It is the restless and progressive tendency, which wearies of the richest, grandest and the most complete effect of simultaneous concord, and stimulates each part or voice to detach itself and move along. It would be taking steps continually; it denies or qualifies what was last asserted and takes a new position, passes into a tone that bears no necessary affinity to the first, and through this to another equally discordant with the second, but agreeing with the first.

Her first work, therefore, is to construct a scale of tones through which she may range. Remember, Harmony is secretly at the bottom of this scale, though Melody seems to make it of herself. She (Melody) graduates the sounds into a regular series of Seven, corresponding to the seven colors of the rainbow; and through the whole range of audible sounds this peculiar series of Seven repeats itself, higher or lower, in such wise that the same degrees or steps in these series correspond and form an accord of perfect identity. Each of the seven notes derives its character from its relation to the Key-note or Tonic of the Scale or Series; and the Diatonic scale itself, so called, is but the unfolding in gradual sequence of what is implied in one tone. Presently it appears that each of these seven may become in turn a Key-note and may be unfolded into its Scale or Series of Seven in a similar manner. But the intervals between the seven notes are not of equal lengths; two of them are only half-steps: to form a new scale, therefore, based on a new tone, new notes

must be introduced. Hence the origin of the Five Semi-tones, the Flats and Sharps, which are the *transitional* element, by whose mediation only can there be any modulation into new keys or scales. These, ranged in gradual progression amongst the original Seven, give us a new Series of Twelve, or what is termed the Chromatic Scale.

Harmony creates combinations, therefore, while Melody creates series. Harmony attracts, melts, blends into one; Melody distributes, bound, however, in her distributions by the nature of Harmony, which generates all her tones, and which says: Of the infinitely various shades of tone imaginable between any two given degrees of pitch, thou shalt use only *these* tones and no others, *these* which are of such fixed proportionate distances from each other, that their very differences may help to enrich my harmony."

Now mark the intimate connection between Melody and Discord. Discords (so long as no sounds enter which do not belong to the true scale) are not only tolerable in composition, but they even enrich and enliven the effects of Harmony. *The discordant element always is thrust in by the movements of Melody.* When what should be successive becomes simultaneous, there is temporary discord. Hold back a note that should move on, so that it finds itself in the midst of a new chord, and a certain jar of dissonance ensues. So if a note of a coming chord is anticipated, while the last chord continues to sound. In fact discord, (such as is legitimate in music, that is, such as does not borrow any sounds out of the prescribed scale or series,) is merely the confounding of tenses, Present, Past and Future. As the full ranks advance, a member of one falls back into the rank behind his own, or overtakes the one before. Have we not states of feeling much analogous to this? and is not the momentary dissonance of the co-presence of two states of consciousness, the meeting but not blending of a past state with the present, followed as it always soon is by a happy resolution, one of the richest experiences? Our passions have their laws of Concord, Discord, and Modulation, too, by which their music grows so rich and complex.

Music for the Piano-Forte.

Among the recent foreign publications, we notice two that are especially worthy of the attention of pianists.

The first is "*Twenty-Four Preludes in all the Keys*," by STEPHEN HELLER. Op. 81. Published by Ewer & Co., London. Heller is one of the most original, deeply poetic, and infallibly graceful of all the modern composers for the piano. There is always meaning, sentiment, and a certain delicate and subtle individuality in what he writes. Many of his choicest things too are far from difficult in respect of mere mechanical execution. After Chopin he is perhaps the finest of these modern poets of the piano, and he is very much more accessible to ordinary powers of execution, though he has written things that tax the wrists and fingers quite severely—witness his superb *Caprice Symphonique*, which plunges on like a roaring cataract, with unrelaxing speed and glorious abandon, through some thirty pages! His lighter pieces, like the *Etudes*, the *Promenades d'un Solitaire*, &c., are as easy as well as fascinating, and must wherever they are known ensure a welcome to a new work of Heller. Of these Preludes the London *Musical World* says:

Whatever M. Stephen Heller undertakes, he undertakes *con amore*. In the preludes before us, combined with their evident utility, we find strongly manifested that poetic feeling which gives a charm so individual and so captivating to all the compositions of the author. They are most of them short, but there is not one that does not develop some entirely new thought, and some fine points of musicianship. We cannot imagine more delightful practice for the pianist who wishes to attain style while vanquishing mechanical defects. Each prelude has its special air, and each its particular character. From the first, in C—"Très modéré, avec sérénité"—to the 24th and last, in D minor—"D'une expression plaintive"—there is not one that is uninteresting. The forty-five pages, of which the publication consists, literally sparkle with beauties, like brilliants in a jewelled diadem.

We recommend them, without reserve, to all who profess the instrument, and like good music better than mere trifling. None can study without advantage, none without ample pleasure.

The other is one of the chivalric exploits of LISZT, being no less than an arrangement for two pianos of Beethoven's Ninth or "Choral" Symphony. With two Liszt's to play it, it might perhaps amount to something; but it must require more than a Liszt-ian energy to compress the colossal and sublime expansion of the last or choral movement into a piano-forte abridgment. The first movement or Allegro one can conceive it possible to reproduce in that way somewhat satisfactorily; the Adagio too might yield a reminiscence of the orchestra, but in mere outline, destitute of all the exquisite instrumental coloring. The Scherzo again must be but a feeble, lifeless shadow of the original. Liszt, however, always comprehends his author well, and performs these labors of love reverently. We have it on the authority of the *Athenæum* critic that he has arranged this symphony with genius, skill and good sense.

Musical Intelligence.

Local.

MUSIC ON THE COMMON. The experiment succeeds beyond doubt or cavil. The music might be better, with larger and more especial organization, but under the circumstances it has been very good, and has been drunk in with every sign of attention and delight by a continually increasing crowd of listeners. There could not have been fewer than ten thousand persons, of all ages and classes, on the Common the two last times. And the scene was magical, with the purple sunset blending into moonlight, (just that witching and poetic light of Allston's Lorenzo and Jessica!) and the gas-lights softly gleaming under the massive foliage of the trees, or dancing on the glossy waters of our pretty fountain lake, (if so we may dignify the old "Frog-pond.") A favorite station this for hearing; for the sound comes larger and richer over the little intervening sheet of water.

So far there has not been an instance of positive insult or outrage in all that promiscuous crowd. Certain tunes, to be sure, of the hacknied, national, or negro kind, are apt to produce noise, by appealing to the peculiar sympathies of the noisy; and therefore the bands have done wisely to reserve their "Wood Ups," and their "Yankee Doodles," to the last hour.

Making our way the other evening through the denser crowd upon the hill, immediately around the stage, we were almost awed by the intense and palpable silence of the listeners. Verily, the brass bands have their earnest amateurs and dilettanti! But it is plain to common sense, that the music would be audible to a much larger circle, were it to proceed from the hollow, instead of from the breezy hill.

The Brigade, the Suffolk, and Bond's Cornet Bands have all done good service. The engagements of the Germania Serenade Band do not admit of their appearing until next Saturday evening (July 23d). The other evenings assigned them are Wednesday, August 10th, and Saturday, August 27th. They will discourse sweet sounds from melodious reeds, as well as horns.

BROOKLINE, DORCHESTER, & C.—It seems, we scarcely did justice to our suburban friends, in speaking of their summer evening music. Instead of taking the key-note from the city, they may be said rather to have set it. One writes us: "We had music in Brookline summer before last, having given the Germania Serenade Band their very first engagement, and were followed by Dorchester and Jamaica Plain; and long before the matter was decided in Boston this season, our subscription was collected and the reed band engaged." The Brookline concerts have attained even to the dignity of regular programmes.

London.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Since our last summary Grisi has appeared in *Norma*, and BOSIO as the princess, with CASTELLAN as Alice, in *Roberto il Diavolo*. Bosio produced a great impression, especially in her *Robert, toi que j'aime*, which still shines out among the purest reminiscences of our Boston concerts. This was followed by MARIO, FORMES, & C., in the never-failing *Huguenots*.

The next event has been the *début* of Madame MEDORI in *Maria di Rohan*. This lady has been pronounced by the connoisseurs of St. Petersburg to be the legitimate successor of Grisi. Her success, although the character of Maria was thought a poor one for her *début*, appears to have been very decided, and London dilettanti congratulate each other, now that Viardot Garcia has left the stage, and Grisi has restricted herself to a few parts, that a new goddess has descended. Mme. Medori's next personation, it is said, will be Mozart's Donna Anna; this will test her; but who, it is asked, will be the Don Juan? who the Elvira? The *Musical World* of June 25th says:

Madame Medori in person is somewhat large, but finely made. Her actions are natural, her motions free, and her attitudes striking and expressive. Perhaps there is too much freedom in her gait, which may detract from the dignity of her appearance. But it must be remembered that Maria is no queen-heroine, or classic dame. * * * The general opinion entertained, we believe, was, that she possessed an expressive and intelligent countenance rather than a beautiful one; and that her features were cast in the Gallic rather than in the Ansonian mould. * * * Of Madame Medori's voice we can speak with positive assurance. It is a magnificent soprano, large, thick, powerful, and brilliant. In quality it hardly possesses the roundness, richness, or voluptuous sympathy of the Italian soprano organ. It is a little in the throat, more especially in the middle register, and does not proceed pure and clear from the chest, like Alboni's, Grisi's, Viardot's, or most of the best Italians. Madame Medori's intonation is perfect. She invariably sings in tune, exquisitely in tune, and whatever note she attacks, she accomplishes it with the precision of a mechanical instrument. Her upper notes are deliciously pellucid and bell-like in quality, and, like Jenny Lind's, satisfy to the full the most sensitive ear. * * * As a bravura vocalist, we are inclined to think that Madame Medori will find her superiors at the Royal Italian Opera. She doubtless vocalises with much facility, but her execution is nothing out of the common way.

Verdi's *Rigoletto* "drew a host of fashionables" to a fourth performance, but "the pit was roomy, and the amphitheatre not crowded."—*Lucrezia Borgia* was given on an extra night, with a new ballet, called *Fleur-de-lis*. In the next cast of the *Prophète*, Tedesco is engaged for Fides in place of Grisi, who resigns all interest in the part, and Tamberlik for Jean, in place of Mario. For the 25th, Berlioz's *Benvenuto Cellini* was announced for the first time.

Mlle. CLAUS.—The concert of the young German pianist (June 15th) was a brilliant affair. Her own performances were Mendelssohn's Trio in C minor, with Molique and Piatti; one of Handel's *Suites de Pièces*; Beethoven's Sonata in C, op. 53; and finally a selection of morceaux, consisting of (1) a Presto Leggero from *Suites de Pièces* by W. Sterndale Bennett, (2) Andante in E flat, from 6th book of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte*, and (3) a Rondo Brilliant of Weber. In all she elicited the warmest praise. Of the second and third pieces the *Musical World* says:

The 8th suite of Handel, which we never heard played in public before, was quite a treat. The prelude was given with the proper gravity—the fugue with point and firmness—the *ollemande*, and *courante* with an indefinable grace, destitute of affectation—and the *gigue* with a vivacity that left nothing to be desired. The pale girl, with the luxuriant hair—a very type of the German ideal—by the magic of her fingers, and the magnetism of her soul, brought vividly before us the mighty old musician, with his copious wig; while the tinkling harpsichord was realised in the special sharpness of the Erardian tone. The illusion was perfect, and the pleasure of the hearers amply, heartily expressed.

COLOGNE CHORAL UNION.—The *London Musical World* says:

Their success has been almost without precedent. The ten concerts, especially the seven at the Hanover-square Rooms, were all crowded, and at the majority of them money was refused at the doors. Mr. Mitchell's speculation was a bold one, but it has entirely succeeded; and we understand that the members of the Union will carry over with them about £800 (their share of the profits), to be applied to the funds in aid of the completion of the great cathedral at Cologne. No such choral execution has been previously heard in England.

The repertoire of the Cologne Choral Union, as we have already hinted, might be improved. The character of the pieces is too generally effeminate and trivial. The manliness of the original *Liedertafel* has not been preserved, and what was once the rule has now become the exception. Some few pieces of Weber, Mendelssohn, and Ferdinand Hiller alone supported the musical reputation of the performances. The fault, however, does not rest exclusively with the Choral Union of Cologne, since the national song has deteriorated all over Germany; and there is not a single society whose efforts are directed to its restoration. The intercourse with France and Italy has corrupted, instead of refining, the music of the people; and the worst faults of two foreign schools have been engrafted on what was once vigorous and healthy.

MR. BENEDICT'S ANNUAL CONCERT took place on the 22d ult. This gentleman seems to be highly popular with all the artists; at least he has the faculty of marshalling them all about him, when he gives a concert once in a year in his own name. On this occasion his programme embraced more than thirty pieces (!) He had a full orchestra, namely the entire Orchestral Union, under Alfred Mellon, who performed Mendelssohn's *Ruy Blas* overture and Meyerbeer's march from the "Camp of Silesia." Then what a list of vocalists! To wit:

Mesdames Pauline Viardot Garcia, Clara Novello, Marchesi, F. Lablache, and Sims Reeves, Mademoiselle Agnes Bury, Misses Williams and Dolby, Signors Gurdoni, Ciabatta, Burdini, F. Lablache, Marchesi, and Gnglielmi, Herren Pischek and Reichart, Messrs. Weiss and Sims Reeves—a formidable host to make serviceable and tractable. Mr. Benedict, however, is an experienced hand in resolving such difficult problems, and all of these ladies and gentlemen had something effective to sing. Among the good things were a beautiful air from Mozart's *Seraglio*, well given by Herr Reichart, and a very interesting specimen from the Italian "Chamber duets," of Handel ("Che via pensando"), admirably scored for the orchestra by Ferdinand Hiller, and sung by Madame and Signor Marchesi; the "Deh vieni non tardar," from *Figaro*, sung by Madame Novello as no one else has sung it since Jenny Lind, at Her Majesty's Theatre; the unaccompanied trio, "Lift thine eyes," from *Elijah*, allotted to Mademoiselle Agnes Bury, Mesdames Marchesi, Lablache, &c.

There was also a selection from Benedict's own compositions: the overture to his *Minnesinger*; a very dramatic scene from his "Crusaders," composed originally for and now sung by Herr Pischek; several ballads; a choral part-song; a German *lied*; and finally a *bravura* duet for piano and violin, played by the composer and M. Vieuxtemps.

Bottesini gave one of his marvellous displays of the double bass; M. Sainton and Vieuxtemps a duet of Spohr's for violin and alto; and Herr Reichart, from Brussels, an astonishing flute solo. So much for the solos. Then came the "classical" point of the programme, which was no less than that "triple Concerto" of Bach, which we heard last winter in our friend Dresel's concerts, and which was executed this time by three such famous pianists as Miss Arabella Goddard, M. Benedict, and Mr. Ferdinand Hiller; "each of them introduced a *cadenza* at the *point d'orgue* in the first movement, that of M. Hiller being a masterly improvisation in a style that few pianists of the present era could approach."—But we are not through yet.

One of Madame Viardot's quaint and humorous Spanish songs (accompanied by herself); the duet, "Da qual di," sung with great effect by Mr. and Mrs. Sims Reeves; Mozart's impressive aria, "Io ti lascio," given by Miss Dolby with Mozartean purity (and accompanied by Mr. Lindsay Sloper); Purcell's vigorous song and chorus, "Come if ye dare," sung by Mr. Sims Reeves as no one else can sing it now, and the sparkling bass air from Mendelssohn's operetta, *Son and Stranger* (*Heimkehr*), "I am a roamer," which Mr. Weiss has made his own, were noticeable points in the third part of the concert. Several quartets, quintets, &c., in which some of the principal singers joined, enriched the selection, one of the best and most varied ever provided by Mr. Benedict for his fashionable patrons.

The concert began at twelve and lasted till half-past six (!), and the room, it is said, was more than three parts full at the conclusion. Verily, they have musical appetites in England!

Miscellaneous.

Galli, one of the greatest buffo singers of the Italian stage, has just died at Paris, aged 70. He was a native of Rome, and made his debut at Bologna in 1804. He sang for the first time at Paris, in 1825, where he was engaged at the Italian at a salary of 25,000 francs for six months. Rossini wrote for him "*L'Inganno Felice*," "*L'Italiano in Algeri*," "*Il Turco in Italia*," "*Torvaldo*," "*La Cenerentola*," "*La Gozza Ladra*," "*Maometto*," and "*La Semiramide*." Lablache was his legitimate successor in the principal parts written for him.

Signor Rossini, on being applied to by the Emperor of France to furnish a new score to the Grand Opera, the composer of "*William Tell*" is said to have declined, stating that his musical career was finished, but offering a Mass for the Coronation.

An attempt was recently made in Paris to perform a Spanish opera, "*Maravilla*," which most signally failed. About one half the singers were French, and the other half Italian.

M. Dababie, for many years belonging to the Grand Opera of Paris, died recently, aged 55. He was one of the singers in the original casts of Spontini's "*La Vestale*," and "*Fernand Cortez*," Rossini's "*Count Ory*," and "*Moise*," and Auber's "*La Muette*."

"*L'Italiana*," one of Rossini's operas, was recently revived at Milan. And what seemed not a little odd, the "*Isabella*" was an English lady who sings under the assumed name of Signora Giulia Amedei, and who is described as being "not without talent."

A new theatre has just been erected in the small town of Baden. It was inaugurated by Schiller's "*Joan of Arc*," proceeded by a prologue set to music by Strauss. It will amply accommodate an audience of 2,200 persons.

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Translated for this Journal.

A Sketch of Madame Mara.

From the German of F. ROCHLITZ.

[Continued.]

Such was Gertrude in her last years in Leipzig (1770 and 1771); and it is time that we return to the events of her life. A little episode, which occurred in the former of these two years, will serve us for a stepping-stone.

The elector of Saxony and his high house had not wholly abandoned their old custom of visiting Leipzig during the Fair. As concerts formed a part of the entertainments offered by the city to its noble guests, Gertrude became known to them and was noticed with the distinction she deserved. The system of extreme economy, which had become so indispensable, both to the electoral house and to the whole land, had greatly limited the Art institutions of the earlier and more brilliant Polish period, particularly the theatre, and most of all the costly Italian opera; even Hasse and his then world-renowned FAUSTINA had retired to Venice: it had grown very still at court, and those who had known it in its glittering and stirring days,

now found it lonely. And perhaps no one more so than the widowed electress, Maria Antonia, who had not only been the focus of the old festivities, but who was a zealous patroness of the fine arts which lent them so much lustre. (She practised painting and music with considerable skill herself.)

This princess sought now to retain or win such artists of excellence, as were willing to adapt themselves to the existing circumstances. The Opera was just now destitute of a distinguished prima donna; Maria Antonia thought of Gertrude, and sent for her to come to Dresden to attempt the principal rôle in one of Hasse's operas. Gertrude was twenty-one years old, had never trod the stage, never cultivated in herself any of its requirements, and had altogether neglected the bearing and movement, and still more the art of embellishing and making the most of her person; so that, as Hiller expressed it, she could neither go nor stand. But that will all come right! said father Hiller. One must try every thing! thought Gertrude.—She started off, arrived, and was presented to the widowed Princess, who saw at a glance what there was wanting. She took compassion on her, had assistance given her, as far as it was possible in so short a time—which truly was not far—and arranged that she should rehearse the principal scenes and decisive situations in her own rooms before her eyes. Gertrude appeared and returned richly rewarded to Leipzig. With eager curiosity her friends received her: "Well, how did it go in Dresden?"

"Ah, how do I know!" answered Gertrude.

"You pleased them, surely?"

"So they say. They pulled and worked over me; then they dressed me up, like a milliner's stock; and finally they shoved me off. So I have been on the stage and have sung. What a lay-figure I must have looked like in the character of queen Semiramis!"

"But at least they had taught you what was most indispensable,—what to do and how to demean yourself?"

"Certainly! I knew every time I went on how it ought to be."

Gertrude's fame now began to spread abroad. They spoke of her to King Frederic the Second of Prussia. This monarch, since the seven years' war, and since he had left off playing the flute himself, had begun to grow indifferent to music and to his musicians. As he had formerly found his favorite recreation in this art, and as he had

nothing now to fill the void, he was visited by more frequent returns of certain melancholy and to others often painful hours, than formerly. This they thought to remedy, could they only revive the old love of music in him. He would be tractable, they thought, to Gertrude's singing: so they told the king of her and tried to move him to take her into his service. King Frederic despised German singers, as well as German poets, although he had heard the former as little as he had read the latter; in fact, he compared the efforts of the former to the neighing of his horse. He rejected the proposal. But finally they persuaded him to hear Gertrude once. So she was summoned to Berlin. She arrived; and after a few days they carried her to Potsdam to sing in one of those famous chamber concerts of the king, in which he had been used to play the flute himself.

Gertrude was led into the concert room and placed at the little singer's desk by the piano. She saw the king sitting opposite the piano. Bending forward he fastened that piercing falcon eye of his upon her: she stood there calmly. Approach him she dared not; but as he kept his look still fixed on her, the concert master, Franz Benda, who knew his sovereign's ways, led her a little nearer to him. "She will sing me something?" said the king in his dry and hollow tone. "If your majesty commands it." "Aye, let her sing!" Gertrude, sure of her case, sang without any fear. By the advice of some interested persons she had selected one of the greatest arias of Graun, whom the king had valued, and indeed even loved. He knew the air and listened with attention. When she had finished he said in a friendly tone: "She did that well. Can she sing from notes, too?" He meant, at sight, a *prima vista*; and so Gertrude understood it. She answered with composure: Yes. Whereupon the king himself brought out one of the most difficult bravura airs, also by Graun, which the singer could not have known. He opened the score, saying: "The aria is good. That there"—pointing to some long artificial roulades—"that is stupid stuff: but if it is well sung, it sounds quite prettily. There, sing it!"—He handed her the notes, the parts were placed around, and the *ritornel* commenced. Gertrude sung it, and, as she said afterwards, at least without mistakes. When she had done, the king said: "Yes, she can sing." Then he made a few inquiries into her circumstances, to which Gertrude gave simple and fearless answers, and then left her.

In the succeeding weeks Gertrude was frequently sent for to Potsdam and sang before the king. Then a proposal was made to her to enter his service, which she seized upon with joy, and a pension for life of three thousand thalers was settled upon her. She had proposed to herself a journey to Italy, to complete her cultivation; but king Frederic decided: "She must remain here; there she will learn nothing new."

So now her subsistence was secured to her; her position was honorable, not laborious, and, as things then were, very advantageous. She found continual joy and satisfaction in her art, besides employment and support; while she was obliged to appear beside Concialini and Porporino, and emulate their perfection in the *adagio*—until then not her forte. The great king continually applauded and distinguished her; the public received her with esteem and favor, and her income was before long doubled. And so she would have led an exceedingly desirable, worthy and contented life, had not her hour arrived, though somewhat late indeed, yet not the less decisively, for becoming a wife. Until then she had taken no interest, or only a passing one, in men; she could not even imagine herself in any nearer relation with them, laughed at love-matches, and took it ill when she was jestingly rallied by her older friends: that she possessed a heart, or the capacity of loving, she had been conscious only in her art. Here, in her brilliant, advantageous position, she became an object of speculation to many who would have made their fortune through her: short and indifferent, however, she repelled all advances, until Herr MARA, of the private chapel of Prince Henry of Prussia, approached her with a similar design: and now, as if all at once, she was enchanted and transported.

Mara was not older than Gertrude: a handsome man and a distinguished violoncellist; whatever else he was, was quite suspicious. Wild, arrogant, extravagant, a spendthrift, sinking in the indulgence of passion from one disorder to another—so he was esteemed by all who knew him well: and he has since confirmed this judgment before all the world so fully, that we need not scruple to repeat it here. Mara, too intimate with women, as Gertrude had not been at all with men, soon noticed the impression he had made upon her; he besieged her, now with impassioned wooing and now with lordly arrogance, and so seized and bound her once strong, steadfast soul entirely to himself. The relation did not remain unobserved, the purpose was not to be mistaken. Gertrude was warned: she did not heed it; they told her of Mara's previous life: she would not believe it; they brought her unanswerable proofs: "He will become better!" Even king Frederic, who knew Mara, and really wished her well, caused her to be warned: but all in vain; indeed opposition appeared rather to excite in her the spirit of contradiction and confirm her in her own will. So she went before the king (1773, in her four and twentieth year) with the petition that she might marry Mara. King Frederic received it with manifest displeasure. "Tell her," said he to Benda, "she may do what she pleases with the fellow, only she must not marry him." But marriage was precisely what Herr Mara wanted; the petition was repeated. The king, who almost always decided quickly, delayed this decision, from easily conceivable motives of his gracious good will: the request was made a third time

and now granted; Gertrude became Mara's wife.

Now all went badly, as everybody had foreseen, except herself. Mara had money in abundance; he abandoned himself to his old habits. He kept himself up through the unbounded devotion and love of his wife towards him; and so he injured and insulted everybody that came near him, and drew his wife with him into his quarrels. Complaint after complaint came in; reconciliation was in vain attempted; one quarrel settled only begat several new ones.

Gertrude at last began to feel that things could not go on so. But what was to be done? As to converting or even bridling her husband, that she could not; quite as little could she leave him: and as she had brought the evil upon herself in spite of general warning, her pride demanded that she take her husband's part, publicly, everywhere, and contend for him by every means at the disposal of a fascinating singer. Even Mara himself seemed to perceive that things could not go on in that way: but it by no means occurred to him, as a serious matter, that he had only to change *himself*, to bring all right again; he was much more interested in the fact that the money-chests would stand open everywhere in the wide world to his wife. This consideration was confirmed by a private proposal from London, in which she was guaranteed three concerts with 16,000 dollars and 2,000 dollars travelling money. Accordingly he persuaded, he compelled the wife to ask leave of absence. She did it, as she did everything which he insisted on. The king rejected the petition in harsh terms, and that tempting offer had to be declined. Vexation and anxiety, ever renewed, burning passion for a faithless husband, and finally miscarriage, brought Gertrude upon a sick bed. She recovered only slowly; the physician advised the Bohemian baths. She asked permission, but the king declared that "Freyenwalde, too, is good!" He knew well enough that, once over the borders, she would not return. She recurred to her plan, when she first entered the king's service, of going to Italy: He decided: "The (Mme.) Mara may go; but *he* remains." It was easy to foresee that she would not go without him. Restored to health, she sang, and all the more movingly; the whole public sympathized in her unhappy situation; the king likewise, who conducted himself graciously; but his decision remained unaltered. Embittered, full of gnawing chagrin, she now set about it in another way.

The grand prince, afterwards emperor, Paul of Russia, came to the court; a grand opera was to make one of the brilliant entertainments given him by the king; Gertrude had the first part and was to shine before all the rest: on the morning of the day, for which the representation was announced, she sent word that she was sick. The king sent her warning; she was still sick; the programme would have to be given up, and there was no time to substitute another entertainment. Two hours before the beginning of the opera a carriage appeared before Gertrude's dwelling, surrounded by eight dragoons. A rough bearded captain stepped into her chamber: "Madam, I must deliver you alive or dead at the opera house." "But, you see, I am confined to my bed." "If necessary, I can take you, bed and all." No entreaty, no resistance was of the least avail. Gertrude had to rise and dress herself.

The officer politely offered her his arm, led her to the carriage, seated himself beside her, and produced her in the opera green-room. In burning tears she let them dress her up. Her first scene came; she went on, sang languidly and feebly, yet everything exactly as it was written in the score. So too with the succeeding scenes. But the foreign prince, thought she, must hear too what I can do; and so, in her last aria before the finale of the opera, indeed in its very last bars, at the principal *fermata*, she expended all her art and power upon an elaborate cadenza, the like of which no one had ever heard before. Gertrude closed this cadenza with a trill so prolonged, so raised from *piano* to *fortissimo*, from a slow to a most rapid alternation of the two tones, and again by the same degrees diminishing and finally expiring, that the hearer, in raptures as he was, felt also an anxiety lest she might rupture a blood-vessel. The grand prince himself stood up and applauded, leaning forward from the box; the crowded house joined in with thundering jubilation.

But thus, with bitter chagrin at heart, with discontent and passionate outbreaks at home, constrained to sing for others' pleasure,—and in open opposition to the king, who not long before had become master of two hundred thousand Austrians and was now used to being feared by all the world: her case grew unendurable. As they had no power to alter circumstances, and no will to submit, the only alternative seemed to be to withdraw themselves. By force that was not possible; so they hoped to accomplish it by cunning. A secret flight was resolved upon: a most adventurous plan in a state, where the prevention of desertion, at least on the part of the military, was systematically organized and most promptly executed. The pair attempted it; but, as might easily have been foreseen, they were soon captured and brought back.

King Frederic, not to punish the unfortunate woman too severely, did not inquire how far she had had part in the plan, and considered her as one led away. But he treated the husband as a deserter and in good soldier fashion: the Herr chapel virtuoso was promoted to the office of drummer to a fusilier regiment in a fortress. It is presumable that the king even by this means wished to assist Gertrude; she would get used to separation from her husband, and, free from his personal influence, might come back to her own right mind; his disgrace before her and the public might awaken her self-respect, so that she would of her own accord propose a separation.

These views of the king, if he had any such, remained unrealized in Gertrude; she had entwined herself about this man with all the nerves and tendrils of her affectionate nature. She was in despair; she came in with the most moving entreaties, the most humble supplication for the release of her husband; she promised to live at peace with him thenceforward, and to be entirely at the service of the king. She elicited no answer, and Mara remained a drummer. Finally, she agreed for that price to dispense with the double salary above mentioned, and to serve for what had been freely offered her in the beginning. This—the king accepted, and so Mara came back. This sacrifice for him, who was once more her husband, won the liveliest sympathy of the public for her as a woman. This was expressed to her in every form; they presented her with a copper-

plate engraving, representing the scene, from the then admired French operette, "The Galley-Slave," where the lady takes off the chains from her beloved, with the inscription:

Ame tendre et généreuse,
Tu brisas mes fers.

Upon Mara this experience made at least such an impression that he suppressed his arrogance and avoided open quarrels.

So passed several years: what monrful years for Gertrude! What a home must her's have been! What torture for her to be obliged to while away the king's time with her talents, when all her reverence and love for him had changed to fear and trembling! to appear before the multitude—"in beautiful garments," as Mignon has it in her song—for their delight, while her own heart was almost breaking with misery and torture! Her whole nature seemed transformed. She grew sickly, frequently quite ill; she shunned society, and nothing further gave her pleasure, not even her art; the light-hearted carelessness with which she had formerly passed her days, only concerned about her duties as an artist, had all vanished; a certain inward acerbity and bitterness was engendered in her, which repelled and gradually alienated others altogether. Gertrude now found everything intolerable, herself included: hence it is not to be wondered, that she consented, when Mara once more proposed flight.

This time they went to work more cautiously. Gertrude was to ride alone with one female attendant; Mara was to slip over the borders in a wholly different direction; they were to meet in Saxony. The stratagem succeeded. To be sure they were detained in Dresden by the Prussian ambassador, till he had written about them to the king and had received his orders: but he, weary perhaps of long resistance, and having now withdrawn almost entirely from the friend of his long life, Music, gave orders to send Gertrude her dismissal. He is reported to have said, of her relation to Mara: "A woman, who has entirely given herself up to a man, (the king's expression was even harsher,) is like a hound; the oftener you tread on him, the more devoted he becomes."

[To be continued.]

M. FÉTIS.

We abridge the following sketch from French and German sources:

FRANÇOIS JOSEPH FÉTIS, the learned musical theorist, critic and journalist, known also as an industrious composer, was born at Mons in Belgium, in 1784. He manifested a passion and talent for music at a very early age, and had his instruction from his father, who was organist at the Cathedral and conductor of the concerts in that city. He entered the Conservatory at Paris, in the year 1800, where he became the pupil of Rey in harmony. In 1804, he studied under Albrechtsberger in Vienna. He tried his fortunes in many branches of musical composition, not excepting symphonies and the larger forms of church music, but his true vocation more and more developed itself in the sphere of musical learning and criticism. He published first in 1823 his "*Traité élémentaire d'harmonie et accompagnement*," (Elementary treatise on harmony and accompaniment;) afterwards, in 1824, a valuable treatise on counterpoint and fugue ("*Traité du contrepoint et de la fugue*,") which was adopted as the basis of instruction at the Conservatory.

His next work was a memoir on the question: "What was the merit of the Flemish musicians in the 15th, 16th and 17th centuries," which received a prize from the Royal Institute of the Netherlands. In 1829, he published his "*Traité de l'accompagnement de la partition*," (Treatise on the accompaniment of a Score,) and in 1830 his popular little work, which has been translated into English and German; "*La musique mise à la portée de tout le monde*," (Music made plain to all the world.)

In 1827 Fétis commenced the publication of his very valuable musical journal, "*La Revue Musicale*," which he continued without interruption till November 1833, nearly nine years. Of the labors and responsibility of this task we may form some idea from his own description of it in his "*Biographie Universelle*": "With the exception of ten or twelve articles, Fétis edited the first five years alone, making an amount of matter equal to about 8000 octavo pages. During the first three years he gave every week twenty-four pages of small, close type, and in the fourth year thirty-two pages of a larger size. During this time he had to be present at all representations of new operas or revivals of old ones, at the débuts of singers, at all kinds of concerts; to visit the schools of music; inquire into new systems of teaching; visit the work-shops of musical instrument makers to render account of new inventions or improvements; analyze what appeared most important in the new music; read what was published, in France or foreign countries, upon the theory, didactics or history of music; take cognizance of the journals relating to this art, published in Germany, in Italy and in England; and even consult a great many scientific Reviews, for facts neglected in these journals; and finally keep up an active correspondence;—and all this without neglecting his duties as professor of composition in the Conservatory, or interrupting other serious labors." At the same time M. Fétis edited the musical "*Feuilleton*" in the newspaper "*Le Temps*," and he says that several times he has written three articles upon a new opera on the same day, amounting in all to about twenty-five octavo pages: namely one for his own *Revue*, one for the *Temps*, and one for the *National*; each article considered the opera under a different point of view, and all three appeared the day but one after the performance.

Fétis commenced the collection of materials for his great biographical dictionary of musicians as early as 1806. The first volume appeared in 1837 (Brussels; Meline, Cans & Co.) and the continuation in 1844 (Mayence; Schott & Sons). It is the most complete work of the kind in existence, filling eight large octavo volumes, under the title of, "*Biographie Universelle des Musiciens, et bibliographie générale de la Musique*," (Universal biography of musicians, and general bibliography of music.) It is a work valuable for reference, though the Germans complain, doubtless with some justice, of the partiality displayed in this and other writings of Fétis.

In the year 1833 Fétis was appointed director of the newly established Belgian Conservatoire at Brussels, which position he still holds. His musical journal has also been revived for some years past, under the title of *Revue et Gazette Musicale*, and principally edited by himself and his son. He has also continued to compose music, to write and publish books and treatises, theoretic, critical,

philosophical and didactic, and to give historical concerts and lectures upon music. For a fuller catalogue of his works, see article *Fétis*, in his "*Biog. Universelle*."

CHURCH MUSIC.

Ah, dearly do I love the organ's pealing,
With psalm-tunes holy and with anthem grand,
The while I drum the measure with my hand,
And gaze devoutly at the frescoed ceiling,
Where modern Angelos have spent their skill,
And mimic niche and pillar make display,
And shadows fling themselves in every way,
In independence of the sun's high will.
I love to hear the voice and organ blending,
And pouring on the air a cloud of sound,
Until, as with a spell, my soul is bound,
And every faculty is heavenward tending.
Bang goes a cricket!—Squalls a child, sonorous,
And earth's harsh discord drowns the heavenly chorus.
Shillaber's Poems.

Anecdotes of Gluck.

J. J. Rousseau's admiration for the genius of Gluck, as soon as he became acquainted with his works, is well known. All Paris observed him frequenting the theatre at every representation of Gluck's "*Orpheus*," although for some time previously he had absented himself from such entertainments. To one person he said on this subject, that Gluck had come to France to give the lie to a proposition which he had formerly defended, namely, that good music could never be set to French words. At another time he observed, that all the world blamed Gluck's want of melody; for himself, he thought it issued from all his pores.

Gluck was one day playing on his piano the part in "*Iphigenia in Tauris*," where Orestes, left alone in prison, after having experienced his accustomed agitation throws himself on a bench, saying, "*Le calme rentre dans mon cœur*." Some persons present thought they observed a contradiction in the bass, which prolonged the preceding agitation, after Orestes had declared that his heart was calm: they mentioned this to Gluck adding, "but Orestes is calm, he says so."—"He lies," exclaimed Gluck, "he mistakes animal exhaustion for calmness of heart; the fury is always here: (striking his breast): has he not killed his mother?"

On the day appointed for the first representation of his "*Iphigenia in Aulis*" at Paris, Gluck was informed that the principal singer had been suddenly taken ill, but that another would perform his part that evening. Gluck, who suspected cabal, immediately replied, "No; the performance must be postponed." That was declared impossible, the piece having been already advertised and announced to the royal family, under which circumstances there was no precedent of a postponement. "I will sooner," replied Gluck, "throw the piece into the fire, than submit to its being murdered in the way proposed." All remonstrance was in vain, and the circumstance was obliged to be reported to the royal family, who kindly allowed the performances of the night to be altered.

COULDN'T I COS HE SUNG So!—Leaning idly over a fence a few days since, we noticed a little four-year old "lord of the creation" amusing himself in the grass, by watching the frolicsome flight of birds which were playing around him. At length a beautiful bobolink perched himself upon a drooping bough of an apple-tree, which extended to within a few yards of the place where the urchin sat, and maintained his position, apparently unconscious of the close proximity to one whom birds usually considered a dangerous neighbor.

The boy seemed astonished at his impudence, and after regarding him steadily for a minute or two, obeying the instinct of his baser part, he picked up a stone lying at his feet and was preparing to throw it, steadying himself carefully for a good aim. The little arm was reached backward without alarming the bird, and Bob was within an ace of damage, when lo! his throat swelled and forth

came Nature's plea: 'A link—a link—a li-n-k, bob-o-link! a-no weet, a-no-weet! I know it! a link—a link—a link! don't throw it!—throw it, throw it,' &c., &c.; and he didn't. Slowly the little arm subsided to its natural position, and the despised stone dropped. The minstrel charmed the murderer! We heard the songster through, and watched his unbarred flight, as did the boy, with a sorrowful countenance. Anxious to hear an expression of the little fellow's feeling, we approached him, and inquired:—

'Why didn't you stone him, my boy? you might have killed him and carried him home.'

The poor little fellow looked up doubtfully, as though he suspected our meaning, and with an expression of half-shame and half-sorrow, he replied: 'Couldn't, cos he sung so!'

Who will say that our nature is wholly depraved, after that; or aver that music hath no charms to soothe the savage breast. Melody awakened humanity, and humanity—mercy! The angels who sang at the creation whispered to the child's heart. The bird was saved, and God was glorified by the deed. Dear little boys! don't stone the birds.—*Clinton Courant.*

"Benvenuto Cellini" in London.

The *Musical World* (London) thus relates and accounts for the failure of Berlioz's opera at the Royal Italian Theatre. The play upon the word *cabaletta* is amusing. The technical meaning of the term will perhaps be asked. It is used in most modern Italian operas to designate some little very singable and taking aria, which is commonly left to the mood and discretion of the singer as to time, and therefore marked *ad libitum*. Commonly, too, the aria is sung once simply and once with ornamental variations.

The opera of *Benvenuto Cellini* was composed for the Académie Royale (Nationale-Imperiale) de Musique et de Danse, no less than fifteen years ago. It was produced here in September, 1838, performed once, and put down by a cabal. The same fate attended it on Saturday night, June 25th, 1853, at the Royal Italian Opera. The opera was played, it is true, from beginning to end, but it was not listened to with sufficient attention to justify any verdict that may have followed the descent of the curtain. A strenuous opposition was maintained, by a well-organized and cleverly distributed party, from the first note of the overture to the last note of the *finale*. The party succeeded in damning the opera, but failed to show that the music was bad, since the majority of the audience were not allowed to hear it.

Under these circumstances we decline entering into any account of *Benvenuto Cellini*. Thus much we may say, however, as a matter of opinion:—the book is one of the silliest ever written, while the music, whatever its peculiarities (defects, if you please,) is interesting throughout—interesting for many reasons, and for none more than for its entire originality.

We wish we had been at Weimar when *Benvenuto* was brought out at the theatre, under the auspices of the intrepid Liszt, before the Court, and in presence of the composer. A correspondent of the *Athenæum*, who went to Weimar, to hear the opera, gave a full account of its success, and a long analysis of the music, which was read with avidity by the admirers of Berlioz, among whom we have the honor to rank.

Did the little capital of the little German Duchy read a lesson to the large capitals of Gaul and Britain? Time will prove.

Meanwhile, *nous ne sommes pas si bêtes* as to set down the demonstration of Saturday night as significant of anything that regards the merits and demerits of *Benvenuto Cellini* as a work of art.

1. The Royal Italian Opera is an Italian theatre.

2. The Italian repertoire of good old sterling operas is exhausted.

3. There is not an Italian composer of genius, or even of talent, now living and writing. (Rossini is living and fishing.)

4. Meyerbeer, Auber, Halévy, are gradually taking possession of the Italian stage in London.

5. Jullien has had an opera produced at Covent Garden.

6. None of Verdi's operas succeed in this country.

7. Her Majesty's Theatre is shut up.

8. The Italians begin to tremble for their supremacy. They have long reigned and long monopolised.

9. There are at least 500 Italian composers in and about London, with one, two, three or more operas in their portfolios. Say 2000 MS. operas at a round guess.

10. Mr. Gye cannot bring out 2000 Italian operas by obscure composers in one season, or even two. Moreover, in all likelihood, the very first he brought out, would empty his boxes, pit, stalls, amphitheatre, and gallery. Not a dog, a cat, a mouse, or a living creature of any known form would remain in the theatre. Even the spiders, who by this time must have acquired a certain taste for music, would run over the roof, and build their webs on the adjacent houses. Anything, indeed, in the "*cabaletta*" shape, from a new hand, would knock up Mr. Gye and knock down his establishment. The carpenters would go to sleep. The ballet girls would get varicose-veins; and the band would become stark to a member.

11. A new "*cabaletta*," then, is impossible. As well go back to Tubal Cain, with his hammer. Preserve us, Heaven, from the "*cabaletta*." We wonder we are not dead of the "*cabaletta*," this many a year gone. There are 100,000 "*cabalettas*" all alike. We would rather disinter the works of Blewett, and place them on the stage, with a *libretto* by Manfredo Maggioni, and Grisi and Mario in the cast. Any thing sooner than a "*cabaletta*." Tubal Cain and his hammer, the primitive music, would be far more welcome. The sparrow on the house-tops, with his music, or the cat in the *area*, with his music, or the old sailor without legs who carries a ship on his head and sings a gruff song, with his music, would be better for Mr. Gye than a new "*cabaletta*." The very thought of a "*cabaletta*" makes us sneeze.

12. There are no "*cabalettas*" in *Benvenuto Cellini*. Berlioz likes not the "*cabaletta*." He never disguised his aversion to the "*cabaletta*." For 20 years he has declared it in the *Debats*. Therefore the "*cabaletta*" likes not Berlioz (as Cherubini said of the *fugue*).

13. The derivation of *cabaletta* is evident. It comes from Cabal. It is a name of endearment for Cabal. The Italians, like the Germans, add something to names, in familiar conversation. The Germans would say *Cabalchen*. The Italians say *Cabaletta*.

14. BERLIOZ likes not CABALETTA, and CABALETTA likes not BERLIOZ.

15. There is a fable about a dog in a manger.

ELEUSINIA.

Lines suggested by the bas-reliefs on the Portland Vase; the figures of which are supposed to be illustrative of the Eleusinian Mysteries.

Blue darkness, as of deep midsummer nights,
Rolls round this Vase before me; and I see
The grand, pale phantoms of an older time
Fixed by consummate Art for evermore.

What naked man is this, that, fearfully,
Beneath a pillar'd portico moves on
Into the glimmering dusk? He, sick at heart
With the dull shows and wrangling of this life,
Would pass the magic Temple doors, and know
The faces of the glad Eternal Gods;
Would enter the majestic regions lying
Above the Olympic peaks, and gaze far down
The dazzling pits of Being, and the abyss
Where suns, and moons, and stars, without an end,
Boil upward like a storm of sparkling dust
Upon a ceaseless wind. And he would hear
The swift and glassy spheres, Heaven over Heaven,
Their nine-fold crystal thunders modulate
To perfect music and sublime consent,

In-orbing all things with round harmony;
Yet, pausing as in doubt and natural fear
Of what those haunted boundaries may enclose,
He stands upon the threshold of two worlds,
And hears the voices calling either way.

Oh, floating Love! white star within the dark!
Clear herald of the morning! lead him on
Through the long silence and the mystical night
To where the gods reveal themselves in flame,
And the great secret of the world lies bare.
Oh, beckoning Love! keep ever on thy path
With forward wings and backward looks, that he
May pass unflinching the severe aspects
That gloom about the palace-doors of Jove;
And, entering, may behold, and yet still live,
The fountain of that elemental Life
Which is the essence of all forms and modes,
From the intensest star beyond the sun
To the dejected worm; that subtle spirit
Which from inert, cold matter, summons forth
The green enchantments of the Spring, and all
The richness of the harvest. Lead him on
Past the old satyr visages, whose eyes,
For ever upward cast, seem ever waiting
Some revelation of the hidden sense
Of Heaven's marmoreal hieroglyph. And thou,
Fair shape of woman, whom the wise snake loves
To play with (like grey Knowledge twining round
The eternal youth of Beauty), hold him thus,
With thy kind hand upon his arm, until
His doubt and fear have flown, and he perceives
The inner throbbings of Elysian dawn
Pulse in the darkness, and the widening day
Silently open like a golden rose.

I turn the Vase, and see two watching shapes,
Female and male, who steadfastly regard,
With looks that breed a sense of quietness,
A languid woman sitting on a heap
Of rugged stones, beneath a large-leaved tree,
Close by a column; with one hand upthrown
Across the head; the other drooping
Holding a drooping torch, whose flame, high spent,
Falters and faints upon the verge of dusk.
A waking sleep, with pageantries of dreams,
Holds her in trance; and all the tide of life
Is at an ebb. Oh, melancholy eyes!
Oh, empty eyes, from which the soul has gone
To see the far-off countries! still look thus
Over the wastes of Time, that we may read
Thy owner's history written large and fair.

She, by long fasting and much solitude,
And by strong aspiration, has attain'd
To inward vision of the outward world;
Till, down the burning vistas of new sense
Her spirit, like a taper-dazzled moth,
Embalms itself in brightness, and is blown
In gusts of splendor round that central flame
Which lights the gross mass of the Universe,
As clouds are lit with sunrise. She has seen
The awful sanctities of Birth and Death
And Resurrection, and the hearts of things.
"Ob, Light, and Love, and Majesty, and Power,
Whereto my soul has journeyed from afar!
The strength of thy perfections drinks me up,
As drops of feeble rain or feeble dew
Are caught into the sunbeams! I am drawn
Into the wind of thy swift orbit—swung
Round the vast circle of created forms:
A conscious atom in the conscious whole;
A portion of the never-resting scheme.

AGREEMENT AND DIFFERENCE.—Sentiments join man to man, opinions divide them. The former are elementary and concentrate, the latter are composite and scatter. The friendships of youth are founded on sentiment: the dissensions of age result from opinion. If we could know this at an early age, if, forming our own mode of thought, we could acquire a liberal view of that of others, and even of those that are opposed to ours; we should then be more tolerant, and endeavor to reunite by sentiment, what is divided and dispersed.—*Goethe.*

MUSICAL WALKING CANE. The *British Whig*, of Kingston, C. W., boasts the possession of a very ingenious specimen of flute and walking stick combined, which answers admirably for either purpose. "It is of Parisian Manufacture, and its tones are equal to those of any Flute. One of these 'Orphean Walking Canes,' in possession of the writer, on being taken up by a demon of the 'British Whig,' played 'Nelly Bly' of its own accord, and had commenced 'The Last Rose of Summer,' when its owner made his appearance, when it struck up 'Wha'll be King but Charlie?' winding up the concert with a famous solo, such as walking stick never chirped before.—Our musical friends need not want now for 'musical companions.'"

BEAUTY.—Beauty is inexplicable: it appears to us a dream, when we contemplate the works of great artists; it is a hovering, floating, and glittering shadow, whose outline eludes the grasp of definition. Mendelssohn, [the philosopher, grandfather of the composer] and others tried to catch Beauty as a butterfly, and pin it down for inspection. They have succeeded in the same way as they are likely to succeed with a butterfly. The poor animal trembles and struggles, and its brightest colors are gone; or, if you catch it without spoiling the colors, you have at best a stiff and awkward corpse. But a corpse is not an *entire* animal, it wants what is essential in all things, namely, life—spirit, which sheds beauty on everything.—*Goethe.*

The Mocking Bird of America.

The American mocking bird is the prince of all song-birds, being altogether unrivalled in the extent and variety of his vocal powers; and, besides the fulness and melody of his original notes, he has the faculty of imitating the notes of all other birds, from the humming-bird to the eagle. Pennant states that he heard a caged one imitate the mewling of a cat, and the creaking of a sign in high winds. Barrington says his pipes come nearest to the nightingale of any bird he ever heard. The description, however, given by Wilson, in his own inimitable manner, as far excels Pennant and Barrington as the bird excels his fellow-songsters. Wilson tells us that the ease, elegance, and rapidity of his movements, the animation of his eye, and the intelligence he displays in listening to and laying up lessons, mark the peculiarity of genius. His voice is full, strong, and musical, and capable of almost every modulation, from the clear and mellow tones of the wood-thrush to the savage scream of the bald eagle. In measure and accents he faithfully follows his originals, while in strength and sweetness of expression he greatly improves upon them. In his native woods upon a dewy morning, his song rises above every competitor; for the others appear merely as inferior accompaniments. His own notes are bold and full, and varied seemingly beyond all limits. They consist of short expressions of two, three, or at most five or six syllables, generally uttered with great emphasis and rapidity, and continued with undiminished ardor, for half an hour or for an hour at a time. While singing, he expands his tail, glistening with white, keeping time to his own music; and the buoyant gaiety of his action is no less fascinating than his song. He sweeps round with enthusiastic ecstasy; he mounts and descends, as his song swells or dies away; he bounds aloft with the celerity of an arrow, as if to recover or recall his very soul, expired in the last elevated strain. A bystander might suppose that the whole feathered tribe had assembled together on a trial of skill—each striving to produce the utmost effect—so perfect are his imitations. He often deceives the sportsman, and even birds themselves are sometimes imposed upon by this admirable mimic. In confinement, he loses little of the power or energy of his song. He whistles for the dog; Caesar starts up, wags his tail, and runs to meet his master. He cries like a hurt chicken, and the hen hurries about with feathers on end, to protect her injured brood. He repeats the tune taught him, though it be of considerable length, with perfect accuracy. He

runs over the notes of the canary and of the red bird with such superior execution and effect, that the mortified songsters confess his triumph by their immediate silence. His fondness for variety, some suppose injures his song. His imitation of the brown thrush is often interrupted by the crowing of cocks; and his exquisite warblings after the blue bird are mingled with the screaming of swallows or the cackling of hens. During moonlight both in the wild and tame state, he sings the whole night long. The hunters in their nocturnal excursions, know that the moon is rising, the instant they hear his delightful solo. After Shakspeare, Barrington attributes, in part, the exquisiteness of the nightingale's song to the silence of the night; but if so, what are we to think of the bird, which, in the open glare of day, overpowers and often silences all competition? The natural notes of the American mocking-bird are similar to those of the brown thrush.—*Audubon.*

LONGEVITY OF MUSICIANS.—The following list of musicians, with the age at which they died respectively, is well worthy of attention:

Dr. Aldridge, 91; Dr. Ayrton, 74; Barthelmon, 74; Bird, 80; Dr. Burney, 88; Dr. Child, 90; Clementi, 80; Cervitto, 96; D. Corri, 81; Crodill, 70; Geminiani, 96; Giardini, 80; Gluck, 75; Neil Gow, 80; Handel, 75; Haydn, 76; M. Kelly, 76; Madame Mara, 82; Dr. Miller, 76; Palestrina, 81; Pouchee, 109; John Parke, 84; J. P. Saloman, 77; J. Sale, 72; J. S. Smith, 86; W. Shield, 80; Sir J. Stevenson, 74; S. Webb, 77; C. Wesley, 78; S. Wesley, 70; &c.

Cocks's Misc.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Strictures upon the Stage,

AS IT EXISTS IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

IV. TRUTH OF EARTH AND SKY NEGLECTED.—(Concluded.)

Again, let us look at the subject of Sky Expression. The highest effort of art here, would indicate a study of the expression of the sky and clouds as connected with the scene to be performed. Surely this is as important on the stage as in a 'battle painting' or an historical painting, and will make or mar equally the same. Yet on the stage one sky is made to serve *all* purposes and all scenes.

Some scenes in Shakspeare I would have confined to a mere low horizon and all the impression imparted to the sky. Of all objects affecting the mind through the medium of sight, the expression of the sky affects it perhaps more strongly than any. Without variety in this regard, how can we obtain poetical harmony? Would not a dark and portentous sky, with black clouds flying in collateral directions, as before a great wind, give power and elevation to a scene of strife? Shakspeare in such scenes strives at similar impressions throughout his poetry. The following lines occur on a field of battle:

"Th' battle fares like to the morning's war
When dying clouds contend with glowing light;
What time the shepherd, blowing of his balls,
Can neither call it perfect day or night.
Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea,
Forced by the tide to combat with the wind;
Now sways it that way, like the self-same sea,
Forced to retire by fury of the wind;
Sometime the flood prevails, and then the wind;
Now one the better; then another best;
And tugging to be victors breast to breast,
Yet neither conquerer nor conquered;
So is the poise of the fell war."

Now turn your eyes to that streak of speechless blue, hung there to represent sky; and how cold, how disconcerting, how disgusting is its dumb monotony! It should be labelled, as in olden times, with a placard to signify its intention. Surely it requires an interpreter, like the moonshine of Bottom the weaver:

"But there are two *hard* things;
That is to bring the moonlight into a chamber;
For you know, Pyramus and Thisbe meet
By moonlight."

* * * * *
"One must come in with a
Bush of thorns and a lanthorn, and say he comes
To disfigure, or to represent the person of
Moonshine."

Alack, how many 'Bottoms' we have had for managers! I shall quit the subject. Not for lack of matter; the subject is a grand one. Justice to Shakspeare in respect to sky expression alone would be a triumph. His works are full of sublime demands upon us to lift our eyes unto the sky, our hearts to the influences springing therefrom; the mysterious but unmistakable handwriting of God. O, where is the counterpart of this Book of Nature! And where the counterpart of such expositions of her every day work!

"See how the morn, with russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill."

"Look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east;
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops."

By Jupiter! we want a *changing* sky.

"Last night, when yon same star
That's eastward of the pole, had made his course
To illume that part of heaven where now it burns,"—

Here the scene is dictated by Shakspeare, yet is never so represented in Hamlet. I remember seeing the starry firmament introduced in a representation of 'Coriolanus,' in London, in a scene in which Caius Martius stood on a balustraded terrace, and looked down on the city of Antium. The stage was the terrace, and the city had the appearance of being below the level of the stage.

But these remarkable exceptions prove only the possibility of that for which I am contending. And I believe science and art will furnish the means for the fulfilment of everything that Shaksperian representations require.

But in the face of such general neglect, such misbegotten, unpoetical substitutes for truth, we will live and hope. *

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 23, 1853.

Honor to Art and Industry.

Under this heading the New York *Tribune* makes some just and trenchant comments on the inauguration of the great festival of Art and Industry at the opening of the Crystal Palace. The platform, it appears, was covered with politicians, soldiers, clergymen, and all the usual occupants of posts of honor, while no such distinction was extended even to the architects, who planned the noble edifice; and neither they nor any of the priests and heroes of the Useful and the Beautiful, the Artists and Inventors, were toasted or in any way alluded to in the vulgar and common-place political speech-making at the banquet which succeeded. Let statesmen and clergymen, and perhaps too, for some time to come, military heroes and commanders, have all the honor that accrues to them in their own several spheres. They all have *their* occasions, where they are justly paramount. But this was the festival of Labor, the festival of Art and Industry and Genius, of the peaceful, patient, quiet heroism which subdues rough nature to the wants of man and moulds the outward world into harmonious correspondence with the purest and divinest instincts of the soul. Here we assembled to behold what Art and Industry have done for us; and the artists, the inspired mechanics, the chiefs of industry, the inventors and executors of invaluable models and appliances of Use and Beauty, were

really the only persons who could wear a princely presence in this palace.

It is *their* Palace, as it is their hour, their demonstration altogether. For the first time the word Palace has a meaning and a fitness upon this side of the ocean. Palaces have implied kings and princes, false and envious distinctions. But this is the Palace of Industry, typifying the supremacy of the honest working millions, and glorifying those arts and occupations which are gradually emancipating, refining and elevating humanity, and lifting mankind at large up into the true and glorious estate of manhood. This is what gives Music, Sculpture, Painting, Architecture, as well as Poetry and Philosophy, all their worth. It is for the humanity that is in them, whereby they react inspiringly upon the humanity in each of us, that we respect and love and cherish all these arts. And the mission of the mechanic, of the intelligent laborer, is not, after all, so very distinct from that of the artist or the poet. For what is labor without intelligence, without a certain quickening ideal of perfection and completeness that nerves and guides with a religious certainty each blow. The crown of use is beauty. It is in the material as in the moral world; even a religious life fails to pass current until it attains to the "*beauty of holiness*." And so the mechanic arts all seek their perfection, not in superadding elegance to use, but in perfecting the rough prose of use into the poetry of beauty. More and more the civilized man demands an exquisite grace and finish in the commonest utensil, as in his house and furniture. We take this hint from nature, where every form, while most divinely fitted to its use, is thereby at the same time a revelation of beauty that enchants the poet and the artist. All progress in society is a tendency towards a life that shall be altogether artistic. The cultivation of Taste is indispensable to any true society; there cannot be liberty, there cannot be harmony, or happiness, or real holiness without it. Now if the fine arts create inspiring models, the mechanic arts translate their influence into every-day forms, multiplied all around us. If the sculptor sets up a noble form of beauty, which he moulded in the worship of beauty singly and directly for its own sake, so the mechanic and the artisan reflect this soul-inspiring lesson of beauty in the tasteful style and finish of their useful products, thus bringing the whole atmosphere and background of our daily life up to some correspondence with these best ideals of the artist. Art prophesies, what tasteful industry fulfils. It is a great day therefore in the history of our race, when men perceive this truth and when industry is inspired with a sublime self-respect, and erects its palaces, and holds great festivals that overlook the petty boundaries of nationality and call upon all mankind as members of one family to contemplate the general progress and look forward to the general destiny.

For this reason we say Amen! to the articles of the *Tribune*, and share its mortification at such a vulgar exhibition of barbarism as attended those inauguration ceremonies. But we have said more than we intended, which was simply to prepare the way by a few words for the following extracts:

We may as well confess the truth, but we do not live in a civilized country. The mere possession of edifices grand and diminutive, public and private, and the production of articles of

food and raiment, do not constitute civilization. The Romans, who had white slave-artists, men of genius or talent, were also civilized in the same sense. They could build a matchless Coliseum—still standing—a wonder of strength and design—but they also could make it the arena of gladiatorial combat, designedly ferocious and tragic. In this country also we have yet to see Labor and Art rewarded. We have yet to see an intelligent Mechanic or Artist, as such, elevated to eminent office; though if his blows and strength had been devoted to battering down ensanguined walls and he had a chivalric title, he might have been selected, other things equal.

Our public festivals are countless. On all national jubilee-days they spring up by tens of hundreds over the land. They are made the occasion of national glorification, or in other words, things and persons are supposed to be dwelt upon in toasts and speeches, which are honorable to the country, and enable it to hold its head up among others of the earth. But we record as a dismal fact, which taken single would place America among barbarous nations, that never, never on these occasions has any man been signalized, individuated, honored, or elevated by notice in toasts or speeches, who was not connected with politics either civil or military. We challenge proof of any such official notice being taken of Rumsey, Fitch, Evans, Fulton, Whitney, Morse, McCormick, Ericsson, Allston, Sully, Inman, Hicks, Powell, Powers, Greenough, Bryant, Willis, Irving, Anthon, Dr. Thomas Jones, Sears Walker, Silliman, Hare, Wells, Haviland, Strickland, Renwick, William Norris, David Dale Owen, Franklin Bache, Ralph Waldo Emerson, H. C. Carey—or any other of the historical names of the country—names which will live when the work of political shams will be reduced to their least elements, when Army and Navy shall be abolished. * *

This fact of political function overriding and stifling worth, work and genius upon all occasions of a public or national character was simply carried out in full deformity at the opening of the Crystal Palace; and, in order that the barbarism of that occasion might not be contrasted with its opposite at the public banquet at Niblo's Saloon, on the day following, the same ignoring of all names and persons not political was repeated.

Let us consider the real condition and philosophy of the occasion:

In presence of twice ten thousand spectators, of Commissioners from Europe and America, of the Chief Public Servant of the Republic, of a corps of journal-reporters taking down notes to be reproduced within a few days in thousands of newspapers at home and hundreds abroad, the ceremonies of the inauguration took place. There soared above them the vast dome: there loomed around them the great structure, covering five acres, and seemingly light as a dream: in which the might of engineering and the splendor of architecture resonant of the triumphs of the nineteenth century are combined—an architecture no stale iteration of the ever-present and under-done rendering of Grecian orders in this country, but palpitating with the courageous and advancing heart of the age—of the age when iron wrenched from the stubborn earth is made to work with the genius of the nation—to cut its way in the aboriginal forest; to redeem from swamp and pestilence the richest land; to wreath the great staples into form and value; to cleave in the steamer the angriest seas; to support with the strength of fabled deity whatever incumbent massive structure: and, in the last capacity, threaded through fields of crystal, to solve a new problem in the builder's skill. This all was before them—not the names of politicians who did nothing toward it, not the prides of men paid out of the public purse, not the precedents and actors of Church and State—but Art and Labor so displaying its calculations and proportions, and so opening its doors to the world. But no Art or Labor was there represented in person, while the Roman ideas which confined greatness to the politician, warrior and priest—combined in the high patrician person—were

absolutely carried out, and the world did not appear to have advanced for two thousand years. And the Banquet which followed was full in keeping with the Inauguration. Sir Charles Lyell being a foreign Commissioner, and Lord Ellesmere, a Norman nobleman, being absent owing to severe indisposition, was called upon to speak, but that was the only real tribute to science on the occasion. We wished on that occasion to have something except from politicians, in power or out of power, but with the above reservation we did not hear a word. We would like to have seen the company rise up *en masse* and cheer the architects who planned the building, and thus receive the homage which was so ungallantly withheld from them at the Inauguration—in the same way that Mr. Paxton was thanked and honored in public. But there they sat—countrymen of Thorwaldsen—unnoticed and unknown—no more named than they are in the official catalogue of the Crystal Palace.

We have no patience with such proceedings. Rhetoric is palsied in characterizing them as they deserve. Feejee islanders would honor a Robinson Crusoe who would give them a new string to their bow, but on the greatest occasion of Art and Industry this continent has ever known, we thrust both into the background—we wrench the claims from genius—we drive the laborers among the rafters of the dome to look down like blackguard boys on the official crowd beneath—we tell the makers of the treasures of the Exhibition to keep by their wares "during the ceremonies," as though they were not fit to sit alongside of cassocks and soldier-clothes—we follow out the uniform political fraud that prates of this or that speech in Congress saving the Republic, that omits on every public occasion to signalize Genius, that never mentions the Inventor, Painter, Composer, or Poet, that is circumfused in a sea of Roman and Norman lies!

THE INFLUENCE OF ART. The presence of one artist, or even of one person artistically and earnestly devoted to an art, though of no great attainments therein, is much in any circle. We say the mere *presence* of such a person and of his art, though he do not teach it, or seek systematically to impart it to his neighbors, is a great educational influence. If he be not himself a creative genius, if he be neither painter, sculptor, nor composer, yet he may be a constant expositor of the works of genius. His presence in a manner domesticates the arts among us, ensures to them a due respect and value, calls out by example whatever of latent taste or talent there may be for them in others, and fills the atmosphere with their grace and sanctity.

Music is especially available in this way. Music should be valued in society, if not as a study, yet as a pervading presence. He that *makes* music, from no other motive but mere love of it, does even a greater good than he that teaches it. There should be music floating about in the air, which should never suffer it to be a dull atmosphere. Snatches of melody should visit the workman in the field or shop, should impart a rhythm, if nothing more, to idle thoughts, should arrest the violent purpose, should soften and refine all hearts and manners. The presence of good music is the presence of a good spirit. The presence of deep and earnest music is the same thing as the presence of the deep and earnest minds who composed it,—a presence more surely felt than their speech or looks could be. Music is the outpouring of the lives, of the hopes and prayers and faith of men like Handel, Mozart, and Beethoven. It is good to have them with us. We know the moral influence of music has been questioned. It all depends upon the character of the music. Music is an expression of character, of the moods, the spirit, and

the meaning of the man that makes it. His words can only tell the meaning of his thought; his music tells the meaning of *him*. A Beethoven surrounds you with a braeing Alpine element, he leads you into the solemn depths of nature, where everything excites earnest, unutterable spiritual longings; while a Rossini is like a gay city about you. Especially in earliest childhood is this influence felt. The very infant is affected by music. We care not that he should understand it, that he should even seem to heed or listen. An atmosphere of music is a peculiar atmosphere, as much as is the atmosphere of pine woods, or fresh fields. The sensibilities, the character, the tone of feeling, the aspirations, the habitual consciousness of the child will be affected by it, and his whole after-life will be redolent of it. Beethoven or Mozart may be made a presiding genius over his earliest education, before any teacher can begin to reach him or any thoughts shall have begun to shape themselves in his unconscious mind.

Berlioz's Opera Again.

The Critic of the *Athenæum* gives a different view of the failure of *Benvenuto Cellini* in London, from that copied on a preceding page. In spite of characteristic vinegar, there would seem to be some good sense in it. He asks:

When, then, should fancies so distinct, with the advantage of orchestral coloring so luminous, delicate and voluptuous, so utterly have failed to please? Because our opera public is narrow and partisan? Because a cabal was raised 'to damn' the work, and this not 'with faint praise'? Neither solution is the real one. Because—we reply—the composer has been self-willed, without being mighty enough to bear down and to fascinate his audience by a personality which is musically defective. Because no touching ingenuity of color can in music of effect (which all theatrical music *must* be) make amends with a general audience for the disdain of known rules and for the mystification of form. The catastrophe of this day week is ascribable to the errors of the system which M. Berlioz has substituted for ordinary construction,—of which we have never lost sight nor varied in our expressed judgment of their taste and tendency. His plan of action—though far less remorselessly followed out in the opera which has failed than in the symphonies which have succeeded here—reminds us of nothing so much as of the tactics of a late English manager, who was laughingly accused of always keeping several goods plays in his strong box which were too good to be brought forward just at that moment. Let M. Berlioz exhibit a glimpse of a bright and characteristic and beautiful thought—lo and behold! it is forthwith snatched away, and the listener, denied the expected sequel, is dragged into labyrinths where all is vague and crude under pretext of his being raised above common-place and meagre pedantries. Yet, what is so old as confusion,—what so poor as disorder? That is no real affluence of design in which the artist, heaping up fancies, blots and scrawls one above the other,—tantalizes the amateur with an impression that some child's random and feeble hand has been wantonly straggling over the master's sketch. It is of no avail to misapply terms,—to call that composition which is *de-composition*, to plead for new forms, when all form is perversely obliterated.

It is of no use for us to recollect that after a time zealous sympathy with an interesting heresiarch can work itself oblivious of grave defects for the sake of the great qualities that exist by their side. This no opera-goer has leisure to do: unless, like the Germans, he has long graduated in chaotic no-meaning—long tampered with *no* ideas for *new* ideas—ere he enters the opera-house. Nay, even among the Germans, it may be asserted, individual likes and dislikes have more to say on these occasions than revolutionary æsthetic convictions. Dr. Schumann's congregation—for

instance—is cold to those who burn incense at Herr Wagner's altar, and *vice versa*. Both parties are recalcitrant against the inroad of the French iconoclast—though he be far more original in his doctrine than either Dr. Schumann or Herr Wagner. For, that M. Berlioz has indicated the true genius of a discoverer in his treatment of the orchestra, few open-minded persons will dispute. We are satisfied, also, that he has within him the materials of a great poetical musician. That he possesses command over these materials—that he has in any entire work brought them out—are assertions, to maintain which must involve the sacrifice of every known principle, practice and proportion in music. We are inclined to fancy, that could he recommence his career, with his present experience, we should have that which is incomplete in him completed—that which is crude mellowed—that which is inaccessible simplified.

Highly Important!

BOSTON, JULY 19, 1853.

To the Editor of the Journal of Music.

DEAR SIR:—As you seem to be so passionately fond of foreign performers and their music, I think it would be more congenial to your feelings, and also to many American musicians, if you removed yourself, office, and contents, to Germany.

Yours Respectfully,

NATIVE MUSICIAN.

REPLY.—The shortest way of getting us to Germany, will be to help us double our list of paying subscribers. Take hold, then, patriotic native American musicians, instead of wasting your efforts in jealous opposition of all advocacy or welcome of these interloping countrymen and scholars of Beethoven and Mendelssohn, and Pergolese and Rossini. If Mozart himself were to reappear on earth, and have the presumption to come over here and teach or give some concerts, you would perhaps flout him as an interloper, and cry out that the integrity and purity of the only genuine American school of musical art was endangered by his presence.

P. S. Our printer, reasonably enough, asks, "Why do you want the *contents* removed?"

"ELEUSINIA." Will some one inform us of the authorship of the beautiful poem on our fourth page? We found it in a Philadelphia paper, printed neither as original, nor with credit. Wedgewood copies of the "Portland Vase" are now so common, and its exquisite allegorical relief has puzzled so many curious admirers, that the poem will be read with interest.

Musical Intelligence.

Local.

This evening the music on the Common will be by the GERMANIA SERENADE BAND, under the direction of Mr. SCHNAFF; and judging from the excellence of their performance at the Commencement festivals this week in Cambridge, we have reason to pray that the weather may not cheat us out of a rare feast. The *ensemble* of tone in their instruments, half brass, and half composed of clarinets, flute, bassoon, &c., was very fine; their intonation always pure and true (which is far from always the case with mere brass bands); and the tasteful regard to light and shade, and points of expression, for which this band have always been distinguished, as well as their choice and artistic selections, must raise our standard of good out-door music.

AN ORGAN CONCERT.—On Wednesday we had the pleasure to be present, with some sixty or seventy other invited guests, at a little musical feast of a choice and unique character. The motive of the assembling was to witness the effect in a new hall (the small hall, or chapel,

of the Tremont Temple), of a fine new organ just erected there, at a cost of \$1600, by Messrs. E. & G. G. Hook, of this city.

The organ is of course a small one, suited to the room, though the rich, large volume and clear, penetrating quality of most of its stops, would doubtless amply fill a much larger place. It has two rows of keys, with *nine* stops in the Great Organ, and *seven* in the Swell. It has *twenty* pedal keys (more than an octave and a half), connecting with Double Open Diapason sixteen-feet pipes. There are *three* couplings, and the number of registers is *twenty-five*. The whole number of pipes is about *one thousand*.

The instrument was played by Mr. WILCOX, one of our most promising, musician-like and well-schooled young organists, a pupil of Dr. Hodges, and now intimately connected with the organbuilding of the Messrs. Hook. He gave us an exceedingly varied and yet tastefully contrasted series of pieces, including some very clever and delicate improvisations in the free style. A fugue by Bach, the fugue piece from the Messiah: "For by his stripes," followed very naturally by the slow and solemn conclusion to "We like sheep," &c., were played with distinctness, and true feeling, and told very impressively in the little hall, which proves both richly resonant and free from all disturbing echo. In these pieces we could admire the powerful and mellow quality of the open diapason of the great organ, especially in the tenor register, where it is so often feeble and characterless. In another vein Mr. Wilcox played with rare delicacy of expression the prayer from *Fregeschütz*, where that wild wind-harp accompaniment of the breeze sighing through the pine woods was beautifully conveyed by reed stops. Here, if we mistake not, we recognized the fine violoncello-like tones of a peculiar stop in this organ, called the *Viol d'Amour*.

With the aid of a good quartet choir, Mr. Wilcox also satisfactorily tested the virtues of his instrument in the accompaniment of chants, hymns, and other portions of the church service. Among the chants we recognized the solemn motive and harmony of Beethoven's *In questa tomba oscura*, which did impressive service in the chant form. Miss ANNA STONE sang, with all her brilliancy of tone and execution, and truth of intonation, the florid *Gratias Agimus* of Guglielmi, which she kindly repeated for the pleasure of the company. In this the clarinet obligato was effectively supplied by the organ.

Using the widest latitude of the organist's function, Mr. W. exhibited the variety of stops and the efficacy of the swell to great advantage in the overture to *Fra Diavolo*, which was quite a clever picture representation. Everybody left highly edified with the music and pleased with the chaste elegance, comfort and acoustic virtues of the "lesser temple." The lights, from gas burners suspended at intervals all over the ceiling, was sufficient, and grateful to the eyes, and gave a genial aspect to the place. The same may be said of the main hall or "greater temple," which had been courteously lighted for the inspection of the company as we passed out of the building. Further we have not room to say.

THE HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY seem to be happy and social from their success in the last winter's Concerts. Recently they presented their indefatigable secretary, Mr. J. L. Fairbanks, with a testimonial in the shape of a silver service,—and now on Tuesday they are to make a grand excursion down to Mingham.

NEW YORK.—The SONTAG-MARETZKE Opera, at Castle Garden, would seem to be the finest musico-dramatic combination that has yet been realized in America, and all reports proclaim it successful. Surely it ought to be, with such singers, and in such a place! Sontag, with Salvi and Badiali, in *Lucia*; Steffanone, with Salvi, in *Norma*, (in which Steffanone can be great, and they say, was so this time); Sontag again in the *Elisir d'Amore*, as we have seen her in Boston;—this is no poor account to render. But the event has been the two performances of Meyerbeer's *Roberto il Diavolo*, with Steffanone as Alice, Sontag as the Princess, besides Salvi, Badiali, Beneventano, &c. And last night there was announced *Don Juan*, with Steffanone for the Donna Anna!

At Niblo's, Mme. ANNA THILLON is again the "enchanted," in that and her three or four other well worn rôles.

GLANCE AT THE CONTINENT.

On the 24th of June, the Académie Impériale de Musique closed with a performance of *Le Prophète*. Chapuis sang the part of Jean de Leyden, and Mme. Tedesco that of Fides. The "*Cheval de Bronze*," by Scribe and Auber, is in preparation for the re-opening, which will take place on August the 8th. Mademoiselle Louisa Steller had made a second début in the *Huguenots*. The *Jeûne Étranger*, *Moïse*, and *La Favorite*, were amongst the latest performances. Mlle. Emmy La Grä is engaged for the Imperial Theatre of Vienna. The Opera Comique closed on the 19th of June.

The Committee of the Association of Dramatic Artists (Paris), announce a Ball, at the Jardin d'Hiver, for the 7th of July.

Ernst, the great violinist, has been received with great enthusiasm at Rochelle. He retains, it is remarked, that firm bowing and vigor, which placed him in the highest rank on his first appearance; but he has gained much in precision, and *prestidigitation*, to borrow a term, which seems to be consecrated to another instrument. His fantasia on Hungarian Airs called forth the loudest applauses.

At Vienna, Teresa Milanollo, the lady violinist, has given a series of eighteen concerts, and cleared 22,000 florins, about £2000 sterling. Paganini scarcely excited so great a furor. The Court and the high aristocracy were present at all her concerts. The Opera was opened on the 11th of June, with the *Prophète*. Roger, the famous Parisian tenor, is engaged.

A new musical journal is publishing at Florence, called the "*Gazzetta Musicale di Firenze*."

Mme. de Begnis has just died in Italy, at the age of 53. Her first appearance in Paris was in 1819, where she made her début in the character of Rossina, in Rossini's *Barber*.

It is not true, it seems, that Rossini was composing a mass for the *sacre* of the French Emperor.

Auber retains his position of Director of the Chapel, &c. to his Majesty, although the Chapel is (provisionally) dissolved.

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Translated for this Journal.

A Sketch of Madame Mara.

From the German of F. ROCHLITZ.

[Continued.]

Gertrude, inspired with a new sense of freedom, soon grew cheerful, hopeful and well again. She travelled with her husband through most of the larger cities of Germany. Unbounded applause and rich gains flowed in upon all sides. She took the first, but Mara looked out for the second. She had few wants and needed little for herself: so she left the whole to her husband, and was content as long as he was. But he was seldom so; the more he had, the more he spent, and there was usually nothing in the box. Then he grew morose and harsh towards his lady, to the extent finally of maltreatment; and she bore all. Plethora of money plunged him back into his old bad habits; she bore this also.

In the year 1780 they went to Vienna, where they staid some time. The emperor Joseph occupied his leisure hours at that time with his darling hobby, the theatre of the Italian Comie Opera; and this toy (with Signora Storace at its head)

was just then extremely fascinating. But Gertrude was in no way fitted for this opera; and accordingly she found small support with Joseph. But Maria Theresa, though advanced in years, and withdrawn from the world and nearly all things worldly, took a more gracious interest in her, and gave her, as she desired to visit France, a letter to her royal daughter there.

In 1782 Gertrude went to Paris. With such a letter she was at once presented to the queen; and Maria Antoinette, gracious and always attached to the German music, received her with the friendliest condescension, notwithstanding that she lacked everything, besides her art, that gave a lady currency at so highly cultivated a court. After she had sung before the queen at Versailles, and had been largely applauded and remunerated, she announced a public concert in Paris. The great fame that had shewn before her, her gracious reception by the still deified queen, and the presence of TODI, put all on tip-toe with expectation. The Todi passed universally, at least in France, for the first singer of the age; and as she added to her (in certain departments really enchanting) art the charms of beauty, grace, and the finest social culture, which were all wanting in the German singer, she proved for her, especially in Paris, all the more dangerous a rival. Gertrude herself, after she had seen and heard the Todi, was, for perhaps the first time, full of apprehension. However, the day came, she collected herself, summoned up all her powers, sang, and all were in raptures. Gertrude became the topic of the town and of the journals; Paris was divided into two parties, the Todists and the Maratists. "Well," asked the queen at Versailles of two courtiers, who, as she knew, had been present at the concert; "which of the two is the greatest singer?" "Undoubtedly the Mara," answered the first. "*C'est bientôt dit (c'est bien Todi)*," said the second, wittily enough. Could parties but discriminate, they would easily have found that the two artists—like a thousand things, in the arts, as in life—were not to be placed above or below, but beside each other; and that then they would both prevail, without any mutual injury. In the sublimely simple, and in brilliant bravura, Gertrude surpassed the Todi, as greatly as she was surpassed by her in heartfelt, tender, love-inspiring songs.

Gertrude remained through this and the following year in Paris. But as the French were never great friends to concerts, and least of all to serious

songs in them—nor are they so to-day;—and as Gertrude's proper place was not, as Hiller said, upon the theatre: she resolved to travel farther, and in fact to England. Here all was different; here the grand oratorio and great concert music—partly through the decided preference of the king and royal family—had stood in the highest esteem and been most richly supported since the time of Handel. Gertrude, judging herself and her talents now more calmly, found that for just this kind of music she was suited, as no other one besides herself.

But before we accompany her to England, it may be advisable to glance once more at her domestic and affectional relations, and then close this mournful chapter as briefly as possible, once for all, although we may have to anticipate the course of her life somewhat.

Mara had brought things to so bad a pass in Paris, and again in London, with his vicious habits, and even in his own house with his wife, that her attachment to him could not but grow cold at last. She separated from him, and, as she settled a not inconsiderable support on him for life, peaceably. He started off with his violoncello, and his bad tricks, and roved about through Germany, where finally, though somewhat late, he came to a melancholy end. Thus Gertrude had come to see that this man was good for nothing and entirely unworthy of the great sacrifice which she had made to him; she had learned wisdom; but only for this special case. Even when I met her personally, in 1802, consequently in her fifty-third year, she had a good-looking friend and companion of about four and twenty with her. He was named Signor Florio, and of his merits there was absolutely nothing visible to others, except that he played the flute indifferently well. We leave this connection, with all the curious stories, which the Berliners knew how to tell at that time; we leave earlier matters connected with it, letting them all rest, and merely single out two brief remarks, which appear necessary to complete the picture of this remarkable woman.

Gertrude, when she was once won by a man, gave him unconditionally and unreservedly her *all*,—her money-chest included. The consequence was, that when she came to look into it, in spite of the sums upon sums that had kept flowing in, she found it empty; that of the hundreds of thousands, which she had cleared in England alone, there was absolutely nothing left, when she again stepped upon the German soil; that even in places

like Berlin, where her two concerts yielded her a clear gain of between three and four thousand thalers; at her departure she possessed less than nothing; and that now, in her old age, especially since an accident has befallen her, which we shall mention in due time, she possesses scarcely any thing. Intimacy with a certain class of men, with all that it involved; as well as the withdrawal of better persons of both sexes, who could not and might not sustain any relation with such men: to these two causes it was owing that Gertrude, in all that good society teaches or compels, in all that one unconsciously derives from it, was so utterly deficient, that those who had not been informed of it beforehand, must have found it altogether strange. Besides her art, there was nothing in her to interest, but a certain true-heartedness and good nature; unless indeed one should be interested in the very union in one and the same person of such extremely narrow culture with such deep sense and high conception of her art.

Let this close this whole chapter of her life; and we will now resume the thread of her history where we let it drop.

In 1784 she went to London. Her fame had long preceded her: she was received with the greatest honor. She possessed the advantage, nowhere more necessary than in England, of speaking the language of the country with considerable fluency; she had learned it while a child and still practised it industriously. The Prince of Wales, afterwards king, became her protector; and every one knows what such protection can do even in England. Since the king kept no private music of any consequence, but only supported the public oratorios, especially those which had been so dear to him through his whole life, Gertrude made her first appearance in the Pantheon, and gained, besides the most brilliant reception, in two weeks 15,000 thalers. There was now no success for any concert in which Gertrude did not sing; so too her singing had to lend lustre to the great social parties of the nobility; and as the Englishman generally covets nothing, as he does nothing, in vain, she had followed the counsel of her friends and fixed the price for every piece she sang, at three hundred thalers; this was paid, and often more than this. Far greater was the fame and popular sympathy which she acquired, however, by assisting in the colossal concerts, founded and for some time kept up annually by Salomon and Cramer (both Germans), in celebration of the memory of Handel, in the immense interior of Westminster Abbey. Here the religious oratorios exclusively of that great master, never and nowhere surpassed in that form of composition, were produced, under the patronage of the monarch and the entire royal family, by an assemblage of at first more than two hundred singers and three hundred and fifty instrumentalists[?];—afterwards increased to a thousand—with an effect of which no one can have an adequate conception if he was not there to feel it. Handel, though a German, was regarded as the national composer; and accordingly this whole enterprise was considered a national one; and, since the entire proceeds were destined for the widows and orphans of deceased musicians, it became an obligatory act of benevolence. Certainly most worthy, as well as genuine old English views! and they inspired a brilliant welcome and a universal esteem towards the members who bore prominent parts in the performance. Among these participants was

by all means Gertrude—nay, at the head of the singers, and delivering the principal parts, which Handel usually gave to the first soprano, she was, next to the projectors, the most shining member of them all. For here first, here, as nowhere before or since, she found the place where she could exhibit her most peculiar excellence in all its power and fullness and effectiveness. In that vast space she could display her extraordinary organ; in the simplicity and grandeur of the composition, her simple and grandiose style of singing; in the expressive, the supremely true inventions of the master, how thoroughly she comprehended him, and had become imbued with his spirit, his intentions and his style. Here too she could try her capacity upon thousands of hearers; she could not only render the ever significant words intelligible to every mind, but she could convey each syllable, each accent with the most vital, penetrating power to every heart. Even to this day men, whose opinion is the best authority, remember with astonishment and joyful enthusiasm,—with what power, what grand expression of the firmest and most unqualified confidence she sang the oft-returning "*I know that my Redeemer liveth*," in that celebrated air of Handel's "*Messiah*," and singing spake, and speaking emphasized, attuning every hearer to the same feeling, and wafting all their souls aloft with her's. This, just this, was what no other singer but the Mara ever did or could do: and here was the culminating point of her art, as here too was its most brilliant triumph.

By these productions, as we have said, she kindled the enthusiasm even of the multitude toward her; and as this festival was annually repeated, and she stood at the head of the singers with the same ascendancy each time, she could rekindle the enthusiasm and keep it fresh. Hence it came, that scarcely any public concert met with favor, in which Gertrude did not appear; accordingly the managers had to solicit her assistance; and she, or rather her purse-bearer, used to grant it at the highest prices. Even the Italian theatre had to conform to the one wish of the public and the other of the singer.

Meanwhile she soon had occasion to taste, together with the richest rewards and greatest distinctions, certain old, well-known Anglicisms of a wholly different sort, and she had to put up with them for better or for worse. Every body knows the marvellously strict distinction made in England in the general opinion and treatment of things in the abstract and things in the concrete. The Court, or the persons who compose it, even the highest—what a difference it makes! The government, the administration, or the persons of whom it consists,—what a difference! So too, and far more so, in the case of less exalted objects; here, briefly speaking, in the opinion of the multitude everything is—merchandize; for all merchandize, money; for good merchandize, much money: the receiver, and the giver—they are nothing. Accordingly the singer, as a personified singing voice, deserves to be highly prized and richly paid: further than that, considered as a person, she is nought. We will cite a single example.

Gertrude's fame had spread from the metropolis into the other great cities of England; these also wished to hear her for a rich remuneration. This was the case with Oxford. She arrived there. In the concert, that had been prepared

for her with all possible splendor, she appeared in one of her greatest, but at the same time most exhausting pieces: a long recitative; the aria, first Adagio, in long sustained notes, and then the grand Allegro, in the most difficult bravura style. The audience were enraptured, Gertrude had finished, and *Du Capo!* was the cry. That is too much for human strength: do no such thing! Gertrude comes forward to excuse herself: she is not heard! She bows, expresses by gestures a request that she may say a word: it is not suffered! You get money—a great deal of money: now you must do our pleasure. She does not do it: they hiss, they thump, they scream: then she turns round and goes. How? Does she show her back to the audience, a thing which the actor on the stage may never do, but make his exit backwards, in the best way he can? The tumult grows more fearful: she waits it through, the whiles an instrumental piece is played, which they let pass in quiet. But now she must come on with her second aria. The instant she appears the tumult breaks out anew and will not end. This time its costs her more exertion to control her sensibility: meanwhile she lets the orchestra play the *ritornel* to the aria. As soon as she commences, all is still: when she has ended, the storm breaks out anew. Now, from suppressed excitement and from exhaustion, she can no longer sustain herself upon her feet; to turn round and go off she dares not venture: a stool stands near; she seats herself. But that was a new offence: what serves must stand. So now she is solemnly hissed off. Nor was that enough; but the next day she gets from the Chancellor of the University, Dr. Chapman, a formal warning never again to brighten the University of Oxford with her singing; and the newspaper contains the following article: "There have already been repeated complaints of the unmannerliness of Madame Mara; but since the Oxford men have become her teachers, she is on the point of putting the finishing touch to her education." Gertrude had inserted by way of answer: (for the newspapers of course are *free*!) "An attack of pleurisy, under which I was already suffering in Berlin, forbids my singing or standing too long at a time. And as no positive order with regard to standing or sitting has ever fallen under my observation, I am sure that I have not deserved such unfeeling and unjust treatment as I have experienced here. The Herr Doctor Chapman has my sympathy."*

* Even JOSEPH HAYDN, although world-renowned and honored, and especially in England, had there to taste the same experience. It is well known that Salomon had invited him to London to his grand concerts, under the condition that he would write something new for every concert, and conduct the work himself. To this we owe twelve of his finest symphonies. When the great master made his first appearance in the orchestra, to commence his direction, all the members, without previous concert, rose from an instinctive feeling of respect and love. This was a thing that had been only wont to occur, when the king or some one of the royal family entered the boxes; how was it to be suffered here? The public hissed and thumped, and screamed out, "Fiddlers! Fiddlers!" till the men, terrified, had resumed their seats and Haydn had caused the first chord to be sounded.

One of the most exalted personages sent Salomon to Haydn with the request that he would give him lessons on the piano. Haydn stared at his friend: "I? I am no piano player. Give lessons!" "I entreat you," replied Salomon, who was perfectly familiar with the ways there, "do not refuse; else it will get out, and then it is all over with our whole enterprise, in fact with your entire existence here. Ask what compensation you

please: put money in your pocket; go at the stated hours, and be quite sure there'll be nothing in it but the name of the thing." Haydn complied. The first time, he was introduced into the presence, graciously conversed with for a quarter of an hour and then dismissed. As for the other hours, he was allowed to pass them in the ante-chamber, where he found himself not ill at ease, since nearly every person present was emulous to entertain him. On his departure he received, besides the stipulated rich remuneration, a fine present for his faithful services as piano-forte master.

[Conclusion next time.]

Queen Elizabeth's Musical Skill.

Queen Elizabeth was, as well as the rest of Henry VIII.'s children, and, indeed, all the princes of Europe at that time, instructed in music early in life. Camden, in enumerating the studies of his royal mistress, says, "She understood well the Latin, French, and Italian tongues, and was indifferently well seen in the Greek. Neither did she neglect musick, so far forth as might become a princess, being able to sing, and play on the lute prettily and sweetly." There is reason to conclude that she continued to divert herself with music many years after she came to the throne. Sir James Melvil gives an account of a curious conversation which he had with this princess, to whom he was sent on an embassy by Mary, Queen of Scots, in 1564: "After her majesty had asked him how his queen dressed; what was the color of her hair; whether that, or hers, was best; which of the two was fairest; and which of them was highest in stature; then she asked, what kind of exercises she used. 'I answered,' says Melvil, 'that when I received my despatch, the queen was lately come from the Highland hunting; that when her more serious affairs permitted, she was taken up with reading of histories; that sometimes she recreated herself with playing on the lute and virginals.' She asked, if she played well. I said, reasonably well for a queen. The same day, after dinner, my Lord of Hunsdon drew me up to a quiet gallery, that I might hear some music, and (but he said that he durst not avow it) where I might hear the queen play on the virginals. After I had hearkened a while, I took up the tapestry that hung before the door of the chamber, and seeing the queen's back was toward the door, I entered within the chamber, and stood a pretty space, hearing her play excellently well. But she left off immediately, so soon as she turned about and saw me. She appeared to be surprised to see me, and came forward, seeming to strike me with her hand, alleging that she used not to play before men, but when she was solitary, to shun melancholy. She asked how I came there. I answered, as I was walking with my Lord Hunsdon, as we passed by the chamber door, I heard such a melody as ravished me, whereby I was drawn in ere I knew how; excusing my fault of homeliness, as being brought up in the court of France, where such freedom was allowed; declaring myself willing to endure what kind of punishment her majesty should be pleased to inflict upon me for so great an offence. Then she sat down low upon a cushion, and I upon my knees by her; but with her own hand she gave me a cushion to lay under my knee, which at first I refused, but she compelled me to take it. She inquired whether my queen or she played the best. In that I found myself obliged to give her the praise."

If her majesty was ever able to execute any of the lessons that are preserved in a manuscript known by the name of "Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book," she must have been a very great player; as some of those pieces, which were composed by Tallis, Bird, Giles, Farnaby, Dr. Bull, and others, are so difficult that it would hardly be possible to find a master in Europe who would undertake to play one of them at the end of a month's practice. Besides the lute and virginals, it has been imagined that Elizabeth was a performer on the violin, and on an instrument something like a lute, but strung with wire, and called the poliphant. A violin of singular construction, with the arms of England, and the crest of Dud-

ley, Earl of Leicester, this queen's favorite, engraved upon it, was purchased at the sale of the Duke of Dorset's effects many years since. From the date of its make, 1578, and from the arms and crest engraved upon it, it has been conjectured that Queen Elizabeth was its original possessor. It is very curiously carved; but the several parts are so thick, and loaded with ornaments, that it has no more tone than a mute, or violin with a sorline; and the neck which is too thick for the grasp of the hand, has a hole cut in it for the thumb of the player, by which the hand is so confined as to be rendered incapable of shifting, so that nothing can be performed on this instrument but what lies within the reach of the hand in its first position. The music of the queen's establishment differed but little from those of Mary and Edward. Burney says that the musicians, through all the changes of religion, tuned their consciences to the court pitch, that is, in unison with the orders of their sovereign, the supreme head of the church. But let us see if they had not reason on their side. In the reign of Henry VIII., Testwood, one of the choir at Windsor, was burned for being a Protestant, and another musician only escaped the same fate through the interference of a friend, who obtained his pardon on the ground that it was not worth while to burn him, "as he was *only* a musician;" and Marbeck was condemned, and saved "because he was a musician."

LISETTE.

My light Lisette
Is grave and shrewd,
And half a prude,
And half coquette;
So staid and set,
So terse and trim,
So arch and prim,
Is my Lisette.

A something settled and precise
Has made a home in both the eyes
Of my Lisette.

The measured motion of the blood,
The words where each one tells,
Too logical for womanhood,
Brief changes rung on silver bells;—
The cheek with health's close kisses warm,
The finished frame so light,
Such fullness in the little form,
As satisfies the sight;—
The bodice fitted and exact,
The nut-brown tress so lightly cur'd,
And the whole woman so compact,
Her like is nowhere in the world.
Such knowledge in the ways of life
And household order, such
As might create a perfect wife,
Not careful, over much,
All these so moved me,
When we met—
I would she loved me,
Thrin Lisette.

What if to-morrow morn I go,
And, in an accent soft and clear,
Lay some three words within her ear?
I think she would not answer no.
And by the ribbon in her hair,
And those untasted lips, I swear
I keep some little doubt as yet,
With such an eye,
So grave and sly
Looks my Lisette,
What words may show
Me yes or no
Of my Lisette.
The doubt is less,
Since we last met;
Let it be "yes,"
My dear Lisette.

The Magic of Music.

The sprightly correspondent of the *National Intelligencer*, who is travelling through Syria, and at last accounts had reached the ancient city of

Baalbeck or Heliopolis, gives the following description of the effect which his flute and the negro melody have upon the descendants of Ishmael:

"In travelling through Syria, as in other parts of the world, I always carry my flute with me, to relieve the lonely hours at night, and excite a social feeling among the natives. I had fluted my way after the fashion of Goldsmith, through many a difficulty; and now I was resolved to see what the magic of music would do in removing the prejudices of the Arabs. As soon as it was dark, we had a good fire lit in the corner, and pulling off our shoes, as custom required, we spread our mats close by, and sat down cosily to enjoy the cheerful fire, my friends (the Southerner and the English captain) smoking their chibouks, while I brought forward my knapsack, and commenced putting the pieces of my flute together. The Arabs, who had begun to crowd in, were greatly interested in the strange instrument that I was getting under way, and Yusef, who was rather proud of his civilization, sat by enjoying their remarks, and giving us a running interpretation. Some thought it was a sort of pistol, with a large touch hole; but the notion was ridiculed by the more knowing ones, who said it was plain to see that it was a new fashioned pipe, and that they would soon see me put the bowl to it, and begin to smoke.

"At last I got the pieces adjusted, and commanding silence by a mysterious motion of the hand, commenced playing that classical air of "Old Zip Coon," which I dare say was never heard before among the ruins of Baalbeck. There was the most breathless attention on all sides, interrupted only by the suppressed exclamation of Tahib! Tahib! (Good, good!) when I blew a very shrill or false note, and soon the women and children from the neighboring houses began to crowd in, and there was gradually a large circle formed around the room, and the audience squatting down in rows, till there was scarcely space enough to breathe. I blew away with all my might, for not only was I excited with the success of my experiment, but rather inspired with the music I was making, which I assure you was not bad. The familiar airs of home made me sentimental, and I merged into the doleful air, "Give me back my heart again," which was a miserable failure; not a damsel seemed disposed to listen to it. They commenced in the very middle of the most pathetic strain to call for "Old Zip Coon." When I had ended, there was no end of the tahibs. Mr. Coon was a decided hit.

"In order to vary the entertainment, silence was commanded again, and Yusef was desired to explain that there would be a song; that it was a song of an old black gentleman who lived in America, who was a pacha among the blacks; that he was called Uncle Ned, because he was so venerable, and being very old, the hair all fell off his head, and there was no hair at all in the place where the hair ought to grow; that he hadn't any eyes to see with, and consequently was as blind as a post or stone wall, or anything else that is supposed to be deficient in eyes; that he neither had teeth to eat bread with, and he had to let the bread alone and eat something else; that his fingers were as long as canes in the brake, which was about an average of sixteen feet; and eventually, that one day when he was out in the field, a horrible monster, called Grim Death, came along and caught him by the heel and carried him away, and he was never heard of any more except in this song, which was written in commemoration of these facts.

"Thereupon, having excited the most profound interest in the history of Uncle Ned, I launched forth into the song, keeping as near the tune as possible, and going through all the motions descriptive of the baldness of his head, the absence of his teeth, and the length of his fingers. When I arrived at the final catastrophe, where grim death seizes the old gentleman by the heel, I made a sudden motion at the heel of one worthy who was sitting near by, completely upsetting him with fright, and causing a laugh from the audience that seemed as if it would never come to an end! It was the best hit of the evening, and completely removed all constraint. The women had gradu-

ally uncovered their faces, and the men were in such good humor that they paid no attention to it; and we were all as jovial as possible—showing that people all over the world are pretty much the same by nature; and that there are few races so barbarous as not to be moved by music and a spirit of sociability."

Fortunata Tedesco.

[The critic of one of the leading London papers thus describes the debut of a singer well known to the Opera lovers in this country. Tedesco established a high position for herself in Paris during the past year, and appeared for the first time in London, as Fides in the *Prophète*, on the first of this month.]

The new Fides was warmly, but not enthusiastically, greeted. She had a severe ordeal to undergo, in supplying the place of Grisi and Viardot, and Madame Tedesco evidently felt it, being nervous in the extreme in her opening recitative, and in the duet with Bertha. In the grand aria, "Ah! mon fils," however, in the second part, her timidity was overcome, and the fair *debutante* sang with all her power, and produced an immense effect, and from that moment her success was assured. In the coronation scene, and in the prison, her vocal and histrionic powers were still further tested, and, at the conclusion, Madame Tedesco was unanimously declared a singer of the highest pretensions.

The chief qualities of Madame Tedesco's voice are power, grandeur, and largeness. In volume and sonority of tone, it more resembles Malibran's voice than any voice we have heard, and, in extent, it almost equals Alboni's. It is, in short, a grand dramatic voice, and wonderfully fitted to the music of Fides. Madame Tedesco is an Italian, but does not betray any tendency to the modern Italian school in singing Meyerbeer's music. In this respect, she exhibits as much art as Viardot, and more—we write it deferentially—than Grisi. Madame Tedesco is, moreover, a highly accomplished vocalist—a true artist, in the best sense of the word. She sings with great ease, and manages her voice with admirable skill. A slight inclination to exaggerate, as exemplified in the production of the lower notes, is the principal defect of her singing; but who that has sung at the Grand Opera of Paris ever escaped from the besetting sin of French singers—exaggeration? Not one whom we have ever heard. The wonder is, that Madame Tedesco displays so little exaggeration. One of the greatest charms of Madame Tedesco's singing is, her perfect intonation. Her voice is always in tune, whether she sings high or low, forte or piano. In that awfully difficult aria, "O, verità! figlia del ciel," in the prison, act 3, which taxes the vocal powers to the very utmost, Madame Tedesco was eminently successful, and created a *furor*. In rapidity and clearness of articulation, she was perhaps surpassed by Madame Viardot; but, in power of tone, quality of voice, purity, intonation, and every vocal charm, she was far superior. When it is remembered that this scena was written expressly for Madame Viardot, the triumph of Madame Tedesco must be considered the greater.

As an actress, we can hardly speak so unreservedly for Madame Tedesco. She is intelligent, easy, graceful, and exceedingly natural—accomplishments which go no small way to make up the sum total of the great artist—and, moreover, she is full of feeling, and passionate, and is not devoid of energy and abandonment; but, the tongue of flame has not descended upon her, and she is deficient only in genius. This is rather felt than rendered explainable in Madame Tedesco's acting. There is always meaning and the best endeavor in what she does; but she fails to establish that intercommunion of sympathy between herself and the audience which only the highest genius can effect, and which is independent of all art, and all power. In fine, she has not laid down the electric-wires between herself and her hearers, and spectators, and cannot strike a thrill home to the heart. But Madame Tedesco's achievement in Fides has been that which, perhaps, no other living artist (Alboni *excepto*)

could accomplish. To achieve what she has achieved, after the triumphs of Grisi and Viardot, is a feat, all but unparalleled, and must be chronicled as such.

Hector Berlioz.

[From the London Musical World, July 9.]

The departure of this eminent musician and critic is fixed for to-day, his duties in Paris not permitting him a longer absence. The grand concert, which was to have been given under his name, and for his benefit, at Exeter Hall, has, therefore, been abandoned.

As whatever relates to Hector Berlioz must be a matter of interest to those who admire and respect the highest and sincerest qualities of an artist, we shall not hesitate to make public a fact connected with the concert that should have taken place, but is now given up—a fact which confers credit on the committee who combined for the purpose of organizing it, and upon those who came forward spontaneously, as patrons and supporters. We cannot do this better than by publishing a translated extract from a letter which we have received from Hector Berlioz himself.

"My dear —: The concert cannot take place. The gentlemen of the committee, organized to get it up, have conceived the delicate, charming, and generous idea of devoting the sum realized by the subscription opened for the concert to the acquisition of the score of my *Faust*, which will be published, with English text, under the superintendence of Beale, and other members of the committee. It would be impossible to be more cordial and artist-like at the same time; and I rejoice at the result of the performance at Covent Garden, since it has been the cause of a demonstration so sympathetic, intelligent, and worthily expressed. Give all the publicity in your power to this manifestation; you will render justice to your compatriots, and, at the same time, confer a very great pleasure on

"Yours, &c., HECTOR BERLIOZ."

After a short stay at Paris, Berlioz will leave for Baden-Baden, where he is engaged to direct a musical performance on a grand scale, which will take place in the middle of August. The whole of *Romeo and Juliet* will be executed. Sophie Cruvelli, and her sister Marie, are also engaged; so that the "solemnity" will be one of irresistible attraction. Vivier, and his enchanted horn, alone are wanted to render it complete. Vivier, however—who has, for some months past, withdrawn himself from society, for the purpose of serious and uninterrupted study—has resolved to try his fortune in America. *Il a raison*. Vivier, *a tousjours raison*. His success in the United States is certain.

Correspondence.

LOUISVILLE, July 19th, 1853.

MR. EDITOR:—What does that "Germanian" mean, who, writing to your journal from St. Louis, denounces Louisville as devoid of good musical taste? The Germanians gave five concerts here,—the average attendance was eight hundred persons. At one or two of the concerts, Mozart Hall, which holds from twelve to thirteen hundred, was crowded to its utmost capacity. The best music, such as the overture to "Midsummer Night's Dream," a movement from the eighth symphony of Beethoven, were encoored, not noisily, but with the earnestness of "the hart, panting after the water-brooks." Beethoven's C minor symphony was listened to with breathless attention, and was received and spoken of in a manner which plainly showed that the great Prophet "knocked at the door" of every heart present.

The Germanian letter-writer complains of the loud talking among the audience. This was true at the first concert, but it was so sharply rebuked in all the daily papers, that, at all the succeeding concerts, and particularly during the performance of the fifth symphony, the music-lovers, who formed the majority of the audience, were allowed quietly to partake of the rich feast before them. Is it fair to believe what he would imply, that Louisville is the only city, where the vulgar practice of talking in the concert-room

still obtains? It is a great pity that the aforesaid letter-writer could not have been more discreet, if not more just—for should he and his brethren again visit Louisville, their good music might not save them from the necessity of playing to four very cold listeners, viz: the walls of the concert-room. [Stay, not so fast! You know your icy indignation would melt at the first hope or anticipation of any more such music!—Ed.]

We of Louisville are not fond of boasting, neither are we fond of having our reputation for musical taste so rudely assailed. Among us may be found many ladies as well as gentlemen, who ardently love and creditably perform the piano-forte works of Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn, and Chopin, as well as those of Thalberg, and the authors of the New School generally.

I had designed giving you at length my impressions of the concerts of the Germania Society, but what could I say that has not been already said? All praise becomes stale, when applied to such performances. I am only sorry that Germanian pen-holders cannot be as just to the tastes of their patrons as Germanian bow-holders are faithful to the composers whose music they interpret.

Yours respectfully,

S.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 30, 1853.

A Greeting from Germany.

For the sake of Boston,—if not for the natural pride of showing our friends what welcome this our journalizing enterprise has met with in the most musical country of the Old World,—we can do no less than print the following document.

We were not, we confess, at all prepared for such a recognition from head-quarters, for such a strong and hearty *Hand-druck* from such high authority as the first musical journal in all Europe, the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, published at Leipzig. This "New Journal for Music" is the paper founded several years ago by Robert Schumann; and, although it is strongly identified with the new movements in the musical world of to-day,—with what certain English critics sneeringly call "Young Germany," being a zealous exponent and defender of the artistic principles and efforts of Schumann, Wagner, Liszt at Weimar, Berlioz, &c., dating a new era of creative musical life from the ninth symphony of Beethoven;—yet its high and earnest and at the same time genial tone of criticism, and the rare talent and even genius employed in its columns, have made it eminently respected in the musical journalism of Europe. A passing notice for our humble sheet was the most we could have dared expect from it; judge then of our surprise at such a formal public greeting, such an "offenes Sendschreiben," to ourselves, and, what is more important and of far more interest,—to this little corner of the musical world, whose musical activity we have tried from week to week to mirror unto itself and unto the world at large, and also, so far as in us lay, to point to some good end.

For the sake of Boston, we have said, we print our "open letter" here. Because this is really the first appreciative, distinct recognition from the Old World, of what is and has been going on in our good city in the way of musical culture. It is the first admission from head-quarters of our musically artistic character. We at length have

credit, where credit is never carelessly or insincerely given, for some genuine love and true pursuit of Art, instead of for our ready welcome to all sorts of humbug. The catalogue we published last spring of the compositions of great masters heard here during the last winter, has operated like a charm to open the eyes of musical authorities abroad. Heretofore the European press has looked exclusively to New York for all indications of a musical movement in this country; its quotations on this subject from the American press, have been and are made almost uniformly from the New York *Herald*!—and one may judge what notions they must have in Europe both of music and musical criticism upon this side of the ocean. We are truly happy that our small sheet has been the means of carrying abroad some juster and distincter notions. Only let us, in thanking our German friends for their kind welcome, warn them against the impression that the sound, artistic musical efforts in this country centre too exclusively in Boston; for there are genuine artists and art-lovers also in New York, and a Philharmonic Society (not to name other excellent associations) which has educated a public to a permanent demand for music of the highest standard.

We thank the writer of this letter also for his high opinion of our musical catholicity and appreciation of what is genuine in new as well as older Art,—of our preparation for the advent of the Wagner music, whenever its fullness of time shall come for crossing the Atlantic. But we fear our generous welcomer sees and anticipates too much in us. As to the "New School," so called, we cannot stand committed to that of which we personally know so little; but we trust we shall be, (as it is only every honest editor's duty to be), always ready to receive without prejudice what is newest, as well as what is oldest and most long approved, provided it possesses, and we have wit or soul enough to see or feel that it possesses, any of the true vitality of Art. We have continually and glowingly upheld classic models; we have been invidiously called a "classicist" and partial friend of musical *old fogey-ism*; but our very love of the classics of musical art is with us the ground of the most unfailing faith in Progress. What is genuine is always new, and is an earnest of newer and greater yet to come. O for long life on this earth, or in conscious communication with it, that we may hear and hail the MUSIC OF THE FUTURE!

The letter suggests several topics, the discussion of which might well occupy our editorial columns for some weeks to come. There is one especially, of which this letter presents the great and generous side,—while the small and narrow side was represented in the little squib from a "Native Musician," published in our last,—which must and shall engage our attention at some length when we shall have more room than now: and that is the relation of Germany to America in the matter of musical culture. We wish, if possible, to suggest some thoughts, some facts, which may tend to relieve and cure this miserable and suicidal jealousy about "native" and "foreign," that torments so many who would fain carve a business out of music.

But we will not detain our readers longer from the letter, which is translated as literally and faithfully as we could do it, with the critical revision of one of our best German teachers.

[From the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, Leipzig, June 17.]

A Glance at the "Far West."

OPEN LETTER TO MR. J. S. DWIGHT,

Editor and Proprietor of the "Journal of Music,"
&c. &c., Boston.

The editor of the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*,—a journal with which you, dear sir, are well acquainted,—sent to the undersigned, a short time since, the first numbers (for April and May, 1853) of Vol. III. of your "Journal of Music," with the request that he would speak of them at some length in the *Zeitschrift*, and especially that he would continue to devote particular attention to your "Journal," which has excited universal interest among us.

This commission I have hailed with lively joy, and shall devote myself with zeal to this work. As I had found no opportunity until now of becoming acquainted with the "Journal," established by you last year, I was most agreeably surprised to find in you, dear sir, the founder of this enterprise, a man, who has not only earnestly comprehended his general task, and carried it through with circumspection and with knowledge, but who has also fully recognized and consistently maintained the decided position which a "Journal of Art" must take in the present day—in order to be able to meet with acuteness and convincing power the reactionary efforts of the stand-still party.

The United States, and above all Boston, have already received and distinguished many of our musical friends in a manner, not less honorable to this land, than to the artists who have been thus honored. Though we had been before informed of the brilliant success of individuals (we may allude here for examples to Otto Goldschmidt, A. Jaell, and O. Dresel), yet we were not always clear about the *reasons* of this success. We confess to you frankly, that here in Germany we had no very high idea of the musical culture of the North Americans in general, and that very unsettled opinions still prevail about the motives, which secure an artistic success in the United States. This may be partly owing to the doubtful attitude which New York especially has maintained towards modest German artists without great celebrity; furthermore to the conduct of Barnum and similar speculators; and finally to the extent to which "Humbug" has undeniably been pushed in North America, with extremely questionable talents, as by Lola Montez, &c.

We are therefore very much indebted to you, dear sir, that you have through your "Journal" convinced us of something better, in that you have thereby given us a more correct insight into the state of music in North America, and have essentially enlightened us about the heart and centre (*Kern*) of the artistic efforts there. We see with joy the development of a stirring musical life upon the best foundation, and the following up of an earnest artistic direction, the focus and starting-point of which we find in Boston, to which belongs decidedly the precedence herein before the cosmopolitan city [*Allerweltsstadt*; literally, *all-the-world's city*] of New York. We do not conceal from you that in this feeling of general recognition there is mingled a certain feeling of fatherland's pride, at having found in the "far West" an important centre for our native and to us sacred tones, for German ways of feeling and for German Art.

I will, so far as I am able, set down my thoughts about this more extendedly in an article, which shall have especial reference to your esteemed paper, and, starting from that text, shall enlarge upon the position which the United States now occupy and will hereafter occupy towards Germany in regard to music.

But first of all I feel impelled,—after finishing the reading of the numbers sent me of your "Jour-

nal"—to emphasize the fact, that the vital energy, which announces itself on all hands in the "New World," is already animating and beginning to lift up the musical efforts of that land; so that in matters of Art, as in so many other things, the so often with us underrated America not only disputes the priority with the always overrated Old England with her stiff forms, but has even in some part surpassed the mother country. This, to be sure, holds true hitherto more in regard to artistic intentions and the critical judgments of such independent and free-thinking sheets as yours,—than in regard to the practical execution of these higher intentions.

But, when we have once firmly fixed our eyes on an exalted goal and have consistently pursued it, we finally compel even opposing circumstances to serve us. The means for the attainment of a good end offer themselves at last of their own accord, since preconceived opinions and existing circumstances cannot give law in the long run; but on the contrary, one-sided ends must bend and accommodate themselves to higher ends, to escape annihilation through the controlling might of the Idea.

The surprising development of musical life in Boston offers the best proof of this. Your retrospect (of the 30th of April) upon the "Works of great composers performed in Boston during the past winter," gives truly astonishing results. At the top of that list shine the collective symphonies of Beethoven, every one of which, with the exception of the *first* (and weakest) was performed two or three times. Boston can boast of having brought out Beethoven's ninth symphony *twice in one winter*! By this one fact Boston raises herself to a musical rank, which neither Old England, nor many highly celebrated German chapels will dispute with her.

If we add to this, that in *one* season were represented: Mendelssohn, through all four of his symphonies and six overtures; Franz Schubert, through his C major symphony; Gade, through the C minor symphony; Schumann, through the B flat major symphony, &c., &c.;—that in the way of chamber music there were heard fifteen compositions of Beethoven, ten compositions of Mendelssohn, the clarinet quintet of C. M. von Weber, the E flat major trio of Franz Schubert, Schumann's quintet and variations for two pianos, &c., &c.;—finally that in Boston even songs of Schumann and of Robert Franz were resounding repeatedly,—not to speak at all of the oratorios, symphonies, overtures, &c., of a Bach, a Gluck, a Cherubini, a Handel, a Haydn, a Mozart, a Spohr, and so on,—our high esteem for such a city and our joy and sympathy in such sound artistic efforts will be found fully justified.

It would be impossible to bring the above-named works, as well as Bach's triple concerto and fugues, Chopin's E minor concerto, and the like, into repeated performance,—that is to say, into vogue, unless an equally lively sense for the earnestness of the old classic music, as for the wealth of fancy of the new romantic school and its sequels (which point to a significant future, while they prepare the way to it), had already existed in Boston, so that the forces had only to be awakened, which hitherto had only wanted room for their unfolding. So only is it explainable, how in Boston in a short time such significant musical unions and societies could spring up, as: the "Mendelssohn Club" (for chamber music), the "Musical Fund Society" and the "Serenade Band" (for orchestral works), the "Handel and Haydn Society" and the "Musical Education Society" (for oratorios of the older and the more modern schools), and the "Germanians" (who, among other things, first transplanted the ninth Beethoven symphony to America); societies, of which one must maintain that their origin, but

still more their continuance, could be nothing accidental or called out by speculation, but that an actual want created them.

The test for all such societies is a threefold one: their *quantitative* and their *qualitative* activity, and their *success*, which is founded in the sympathy of the public and which commonly determines the duration of such undertakings in the last instance. On all these sides the musical activity of Boston has already been so fully tested, that we may without hesitation declare, that many a German capital, (*exempla sunt odiosa*), which is very proud of its music, ought to take pattern from the systematic art-endeavors of the Bostonians, instead of remaining always imprisoned in the one-sided prejudice: "that America in regard to Art shows neither earnestness nor effort, but is and remains the land of musical charlatanry and humbug!"

In our fragmentary review of the Boston concert programmes we have purposely laid the emphasis upon the modern Art, from Beethoven to Schumann; although the old artistic tendencies, from Bach and Handel to Spohr and Weber, have been no less richly represented. We have done this on the one hand to show, that Boston has progressed farther with the times, than even German symphony soirées of the latest date! We have done it on the other hand, to point out the distinction herein strikingly exhibited between Old England and the New World.

England, with the single exception of the "New Philharmonic Society," in London, seeks an honor in not going forward. It looks with indignation upon all that has appeared since Beethoven and that is not named Mendelssohn; especially does it persecute Schumann and Wagner with mockery, whenever it finds a chance. On the other hand, it is a matter of fashion there, annually to sing through all of Handel's oratorios, to get enthusiastic about Bach's fugues, to regard Haydn and Mozart as the pinnacle of orchestra music, to accept Beethoven, Mendelssohn and Spohr only because one *cannot* ignore them, and one must force his nature to pronounce such compositions "very fine pieces." To cultivate old classic works is quite commendable, if that were not with the English on the one hand more a fashion than a conviction; if on the other hand it did not require extremely little understanding to find that "beautiful," which all the world has long ago pronounced so; and if it did not quite too often happen to the very honorable "gentlemen," to make colossal blunders in their judgments and to put, for instance, Czerny, Auber and Halevy into the same category with Beethoven, Mendelssohn and Spohr, and so on.

The more eminent the talents, which annually flow together from the whole civilized world into London, at "the Season," for the sake of—making money; the more imposing all this concentration of musical masses in London; so much the more inexcusable is the stability (not to say the stupidity), which England so stiff-neck-edly maintains against the modern advances of Germany,—i. e., of the land to which England is almost exclusively indebted for her whole musical culture and activity, for her best talents, her finest artistic gratifications and her best concert programmes.

The English criticism, especially, demeans itself toward the Art movements of Germany in such a manner (which you, sir, in a sharp reply to the London *Musical World's* absurd judgment upon "Young Germany," most indulgently call merely a "demolishing criticism"), that we can at once perceive of what a lamentable, one-sided and, in a word, taste-destroying character the future of the English music will be, when it prides itself on being based on retrogression.

But if it has already got so far, that your Boston

"Journal" enters the lists for SCHUMANN and WAGNER against the English criticism in the *Musical World*, the *Illustrated News* &c., and does battle for these spirits with a force of conviction, which inspires us with the highest respect for you—then it scarcely needs to be mentioned that the reverence, paid in Boston to the heroes of a past age, is no mere repeating over after the English "liturgy," but has proceeded out of own conviction, and is already so well balanced by the attention bestowed on the latest German Art period, that an all-sided, complete culture, taking in all the tendencies of Art, is actually striven for and must be reached. Where one sees such fruits, there must one shout out a glad and truly-meant "Glückauf!" (God-speed!) to the fresh and vital New World, and with joy greet in spirit a man, who, while geographically our antipodes, is yet in tendency and in endeavor our confederate (*Bundesgenosse*). The sympathies of the Art-related stand higher than those of the birth-related, for they are of a more spiritual sort. And the genuine cosmopolitanism reigns in the kingdom of the Ideal!

You will understand my joy,—which is like that which a traveller may have, when he discovers "in the far West" a new tract of fertile soil or a rich gold mine,—only when I betray to you the consequences of my discovery, which, as it seems to me, are neither to be called illogical nor fanciful.

You already study the works of our Robert Schumann with a lively interest; you defend them in fact with warmth and conviction, since you have had opportunity to become acquainted from your own observation with some specimens of his master works. This interest must increase, and never can die out, when you shall have once made acquaintance with Schumann's other works of art: with his second and third symphonies, his overtures to "Genoveva" and "Manfred," his superb piano-forte quartet, and first trio, his quartets for stringed instruments, and his ever young "Paradise and the Peri."

On the other hand, you devote a continued attention to Berlioz in your paper. You produce lengthy articles about him, give translations from his works, &c. Finally, you have repeatedly hailed with joy and have already made your own, (*in sich verarbeitet*) Beethoven's symphony with choruses, that effective mediator between yesterday and to-day, between the *this side* and the *that side* of one-sided Art.

All the very elements calculated to prepare one for the Wagner Art and to mediate between this and the present, you have, then, more or less already taken up into yourself; and therefore I already see in spirit the bridge thrown across the ocean, which, though it be tens of years hence, will lead the Wagner art-works over into the land of freedom!

England, Italy, and perhaps even France will only late or never be the soil, upon which Wagner's works will be domesticated and bear fruits. Italy has lived out forever; she is too prostrate ever to rise again; she shares the fate of noble Greece. England was *never* the true home of Art, and the few exceptions, which one might enumerate, have remained without fruits in their own land. France is grown too frivolous and is too sorely rent by political storms, to be able to concentrate herself upon the idea of a higher Art.

On the other hand I gain more and more the conviction, that Wagner, the man of free Art and the man of the Future, will one day rise up anew and find an abiding foothold in the land of freedom and the future, in spite of all hostilities, which will as little fail to meet him that side of the ocean, as they are still the order of the day upon our continent, and have made this richly gifted creative mind, alas, forever disgusted with his own fatherland.

This view is necessarily confirmed, since your "Journal" has given me evidence, what powerful

elements are already fermenting in North America, working their way out through all the "humbug," through all the mania of speculation and deliberate leading astray of taste, and seeking to assume fixed forms.

But a yet higher point of view leads to the like conclusion. Since we have had any history, the march of the development of humanity has been from East to West, from the rising to the setting sun. Far Asia was the cradle of humanity, as it was of Art; far America is the goal of the latest migrations of the peoples, as Europe was the goal of the earlier barbaric invasions. Though old Europe until now has kept its ideality for itself, and has regarded the new world only as the goal of realism, in trade, in manufacture and in politics; yet Art and Science are transplanting themselves, in often invisible, but vital germs, at first imperceptibly, but ever farther and farther. In science already America takes an honorable position, and Art will and must follow. Europe has an Art history of more centuries, than America counts decades of independent existence, and yet America develops itself with such astonishing rapidity, because the perfect civilization follows close upon the heels of the victims and the outcasts of our over-civilization.

In Art too, as in politics, the proletaries, the virtuosos of the arms and legs, made the first escape to America, and left their head, where they had lost it, there in Europe, which, weary of over-population, scattered its Art-proletaries as the first colonists to all the winds of heaven. It is but a few years now since Germany became satiated with the empty jingling of mere virtuoso-dom, and rid herself of those parasitical plants, which had dared to spread themselves over a soil, which a Gluck, a Mozart and a Beethoven fancied they had conquered for an everlasting possession.

And now that these old sins are scarcely shaken off, (and that in part only), are they supposed to be already forgotten? Shall old infatuated Europe reproach young and inexperienced America, that she too, like the mother country, has received these spirits of nothingness, who were first nursed into full growth at her own breast; misled in part by a false splendor which preceded them from Europe? That were a piece of inconsistency and self-righteousness, of which thoughtless imitators, but no self-thinking men, could be guilty!

America needs scarcely ten years for a transformation, which in our effete Europe would occupy an entire generation of men. Perhaps we shall, within a shorter time than we ourselves imagine, meet again "over there," to witness the first performance of Wagner's *Tannhäuser* in Boston, and to cry out with newly confirmed conviction to the land of the Future:

WESTWARD MOVES THE HISTORY OF ART!

HOPLIT.

Dresden, 1st June, 1853.

"WHAT DOES IT MEAN?" is often asked of a fine piece of music without words. The truth is, the meaning of music lies hidden in those deeper and more mysterious regions of the human soul's every day experience, which it is as vain to ignore as it is impossible to render into the distinct tones of thought. Music is deeper than speech, and makes its appeal to that within us that is deeper than thoughts of the understanding. Music expresses that part of our best and deepest consciousness, which needs precisely such a fluid, sympathetic language as its tones alone afford. Music begins where words leave off; by it our inmost, spiritual natures commune with each other. Hence the loftiest poetry, the most inspired and subtle charm of conversation, in short that magical something that distinguishes the utterances of

genius in its high hour, in whatsoever form, is an approximation to music and sets the finest chords to vibrating within us in somewhat the same way. The effect of music could hardly be described more accurately than in the very terms in which the higher ranges of Coleridge's conversation are described by his nephew, in the preface to the "Table Talk." For example:

I have seen him at times when you could not incarnate him,—when he shook aside your petty questions or doubts, and burst with some impatience through the obstacles of common conversation. Then, escaped from the flesh, he would soar upwards into an atmosphere almost too rare to breathe, but which seemed proper to him, and there he would float at ease. Like enough, what Coleridge then said, his subtlest listener would not understand as a man understands a newspaper; but upon such a listener there would steal an influence, and an impression, and a sympathy; there would be a gradual attempering of his body and spirit, till his total being vibrated with one pulse alone, and thought became merged in contemplation;—

And so, his senses gradually wrapt
In a half sleep, he'd dream of better worlds,
And dreaming hear thee still, O singing lark,
That saugest like an angel in the clouds!

Our Students in Germany.

We have permission to present our readers with the following extracts from a private letter, written by one who, present or absent, is an important member of our musical world here, and by whom the columns of this journal have often been enriched with pleasant correspondence. The names below mentioned are those of persons in whom we all are interested.

LEIPZIG, June 26, 1853.

"..... I wish you had been here this morning at our musical reunion—which takes place regularly once a fortnight at my rooms, and once in a week at Parker's. Last Sunday we were at Parker's. Mason came down from Weimar, where he is studying with Liszt, to hear Parker's quartet, which was performed for the first time. This opera pleased us all very much, and his professors, Richter and others, think it extremely well written. To-day we had a new quartet of Franz Schubert's, lately published, in G dur. The first two movements are fine—perhaps too dramatic for chamber music, but effective. I played the D dur trio of Beethoven, and we also had a quartet of Haydn.

"Next Sunday we are to have an extra matinee, as David is coming to play 1st violin; we are to hear the great B flat quartet of Beethoven, and the Schubert D minor.

"Fries (August), I suppose, is too modest to tell you in his letters what David said about him. He spoke to me in terms of very high praise of his talent as a violinist, and you will see that Fries has greatly profited by the lessons of the Concert Meister. My Quartet is going to be printed, so Fries will bring you a copy. I have a new one half done since my return from Paris, and hope to finish it before we start for the Tyrol, where Parker, Fries and I propose to spend a month from the 20th of July to the 20th of August, going by Munich and returning by Vienna."

Musical Intelligence.

☞ The GERMANIA SERENADE BAND will perform on Boston Common, Wednesday Evening, August 2d.

New York.

ITALIAN OPERA.—The success which has, thus far, attended the performances of the Castle Garden company, has not a precedent in the operatic history of that warlike structure. The price of admission is twice as great as it was during the former summer seasons, but the audiences have averaged two thousand in number. This may not seem large to the reader who has been accustomed to suppose that Castle Garden will seat seven thousand persons. It will do no such thing. The largest number that can be accommodated with seats commanding a tolerable view of the stage, is not more than three thousand; and we doubt if seven thousand have ever

been within its walls at the same time. Niblo can seat seventeen hundred and fifty; the Tabernacle twenty-eight hundred; Tripler Hall, we believe, about thirty-five hundred; an average fashionable church, about fourteen hundred; and when two thousand persons are in Castle Garden, Castle Garden looks extremely well attended; and everybody remarks to his neighbor, "Good house to-night." It is worth while, perhaps, to mention these facts, as the most ludicrous misapprehensions prevail among the pleasure-loving multitude with regard to the capacity of the houses they are accustomed to frequent. Of "L'Elizire d'Amore," which was produced last week, we heard favorable accounts,—attendance large, performance satisfactory, Madame Sontag bewitching. On Friday evening, "Don Giovanni"—that opera of operas—to hear which well performed in all its parts, were worth a pilgrimage—attracted a brilliant and much-expecting auditory to Castle Garden. The performance of "Don Giovanni," on this occasion, was, upon the whole, the best that we have heard of late years. Madame Sontag dressed, acted, and sang the part of Zerlina in a manner that left nothing to be desired. Nearly all the gems of her role were encored. Badiali was an effective and satisfactory Don Giovanni; Steffanone we thought particularly successful as Donna Anna; Rovere was a sufficiently comical Leporello; Madame Strakosch as Elvira, and Signor Vietti as Ottavio, were equal to their parts. The effect of the opera, as a whole, was marred by the imperfection of the chorus, by the introduction of an incongruous and ill-executed ballet scene, and by the noise of people leaving during the last act. The opera on Monday evening was the never-tiring "Sonnambula."

Home Journal.

ENGLISH OPERA.—There is no wearing out the popularity of Madame Thillon. As long as people have eyes, they will like to see such pleasing pictures as Madame Thillon is, whenever she appears on the stage. In the "Bohemian Girl," for instance, which has been played lately to overflowing houses, what a captivating creature she is! A jacket of scarlet velvet, fitting closely to her perfect figure, and rolling over each shoulder to display the daintiest of chemisettes,—a white skirt, with a very broad reddish border which brightened into a red and white edge—a little foot in a party-colored stocking and an almost imperceptible shoe—a round and radiant face haloed with curls, and a little blue head-dress—gold chains and all kinds of pretty ornaments about her person—who ever saw such a Gipsy Queen before? Not we. And then her singing—it is not perfect, it is never great, it is not always good; but what her voice cannot effect, her manner does, and every one is pleased, though in spite of himself. Hence, Niblo's Garden continues to be crowded. We must not forget to add, that Madame Thillon is efficiently supported by Mrs. Maeder, Mr. Frizer, Mr. Hudson, Mr. Leach, and a talented orchestra.

Home Journal.

London.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The eighth and last concert of the season took place on the 27th June. The programme was as follows:—

PART I.
Historical Symphony,.....Spohr.
Scena, Mme. Viardot, 'Der Freischütz,'.....Weber.
Concerto, Violin, M. Blagrove,.....Molique.
Duet, Mesdames Castellan and Viardot, 'Jessonda,'.....Spohr.
Overture, 'Oberon,'.....Weber.

PART II.
Sinfonia in B flat, No. 4,.....Beethoven.
Aria, 'Non temer,' Mme. Castellan,.....Mozart.
Concerto, Piano-forte, M. Ferdinand Hiller,.....Hiller.
Duet, Mesdames Castellan and Viardot, 'Cosi Fan Tutte,' Mozart.
Overture, 'Genuerinn,'.....Lindpaintner.
Conductor, Mr. Costa.

The symphony of Spohr is a work of great interest. Its design is to illustrate the four great epochs in the history of the musical art. The first movement (in G) opens with a kind of *fugato*, relieved by a *pastorale*, which is followed by a repetition of the *fugato*. The schools of Bach and Handel are not unsuccessfully imitated in this part of the symphony. The *largo* (in E flat) is supposed to represent the time in which Haydn and Mozart flourished. The slow movements in two of Mozart's symphonies (in E flat and D) have evidently served as the basis of this very ingenious parody; but of Haydn no indications whatever are to be found. The *scherzo* (in G minor), designed to illustrate the period of Beethoven, is the least characteristic of the four movements. It is no more like Beethoven than it is like Berlioz. The theme cannot fail to recall the minuet in Mozart's G minor symphony, but the development and instrumentation are Spohr's, "unadulterated." The *finale* (in G), directed at the modern style of orchestral writing, calls in the resources of all the instruments of brass and percussion, which are employed with a really brilliant effect. The opening subject suggests a reminiscence of Auber's *Masaniello*, while the abrupt modulations in the second *motivo* would seem to be aimed at Hector Berlioz; the general character of the whole, however, is as completely Spohr's as any movement of the composer in which he professes to be nothing else than himself. The symphony was remarkably well executed: and the composer, who was in the room, was compelled to rise from his place and acknowledge the applause of the audience. Madame Viardot's execution of the great *scena* of Weber was admirable, and her reading full of poetical sentiment. Had she power of voice enough to realize entirely her conceptions, her performance of this celebrated dramatic piece would be unsurpassable. As far as mechanism

was concerned, Mr. Blagrove's execution of Molique's very fine concerto in D minor was beyond reproach. The charming duet in A, from Spohr's *Jessonda*, was well sung by Mesdames Castellan and Viardot; and the magnificent overture to *Oberon*, played with great fire and energy, displayed the resources of the Philharmonic orchestra to striking advantage.

Madame Castellan sang the *scena* of Mozart extremely well; but it was, nevertheless, ineffective. "Non temer" is one of the airs with piano-forte accompaniment—perhaps the most beautiful of all. Its transposition for the orchestra, with the subterfuge of a violin *obligato* (however well played by M. Sainton) in place of the florid passages written for the original instrument was not only a mistake, but an unwarrantable liberty. Moreover the orchestration was by no means good.

M. Ferdinand Hiller's concerto was not the less welcome because it came at an unreasonably late hour. Both composition and performance were remarkable. The concerto comprised an *allegro* and *rondo finale* in E sharp minor, and an *adagio*, in D, which separates and agreeably relieves them. The *allegro* is in the "classical" *fantasia* style; while the *rondo* adheres closely to the accepted forms. Each of these movements is novel and characteristic, betraying vigor of thought and musical skill of a rare order. The *adagio* is melodious and expressive; and the whole concerto, while effectively written for the principal instrument, is scored with great ingenuity for the orchestra. M. Hiller has long been accepted as one of the best pianists on the continent, and his mastery playing on the present occasion was worthy of his reputation. His reception, and the applause bestowed upon his concerto, were as genuine as well deserved. The duet from *Cosi Fan Tutte* (an opera so unaccountably banished from our Italian stage) gave unanimous satisfaction. The overture of Herr Lindpaintner, a spirited and clever work, was admirably played.

The annual visit of Her Majesty the Queen took place on the 4th July, at an extra concert. The selection commanded by Her Majesty was the following:—

PART I.
Notturmo, March & Final chorus (A Midsummer) Mettelsohn
Overture, Scherzo song & chorus (Night's Dream).....Handel
Aria, 'Return, O God of Hosts,' (Samson).....Costa
Duet, 'Questa volta,' (Don Carlos).....Beethoven
Overture, 'Egmont,'.....Beethoven
PART II.
Sinfonia in A. No. 7,.....Beethoven
Romance, (Joseph).....Mehul
Terzetto, (Idomeneo).....Mozart
Overture, 'Euryanthe,'.....Weber

NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The fifth concert on Wednesday drew another crowded audience to Exeter-hall. The grand feature of the programme was the Choral Symphony of Beethoven; and a prominent attraction was the name of the celebrated Dr. Spohr, as conductor. The selection was as follows:—

PART I.
Concert Overture (Opera 126).....Spohr.
'Ave Verum,' and 'Kyrie Eleison,'.....E. Silas.
Symphony (No. 9).....Beethoven.

PART II.
Concerto (No. 2).....Mendelssohn.
Aria (Zauberflöte).....Mozart.
Overture (Jessonda).....Spohr.
Aria (Jessonda).....Spohr.
Flute Solo.....Reichert.
Overture (Prometheus).....Beethoven.

Dr. Spohr was greeted with enthusiastic applause. His concert-overture, a recent production, is more remarkable as an elaborate piece of orchestral writing than a work of invention. It has all the peculiarities of its composer; but it smells of the lamp, and the labor bestowed upon it is scarcely repaid by the effect produced. The magnificent overture to the opera of *Jessonda*, magnificently played, was quite another affair; here the genius of the composer is happily evinced.

[From the New York Musical World and Times.]

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A Sketch of Madame Mara.

From the German of F. ROCHLITZ.

[Concluded.]

Thus passed four years in England; and Gertrude wished to see Italy at last. Having obtained a call, she journeyed in 1788 to the carnival at Turin, where she sang with complete success before the court, and, in the opera, before the public. In the following year she appeared in Venice, and there they prepared a triumph for her, worthy of a queen. Still she felt that the Italian opera (and the Italians then loved none but opera music) was not just her chosen place; add to this the railleries of her fine and envious Italian rivals; and, what perhaps, if not for her, yet for her companion, was the most decisive consideration—that, rich as the rewards proved, still here there were only *scudi*, instead of English guineas: and we cannot wonder that in 1790 she went back to London, whence she went only once, in fulfilment of a previous contract, to the following carnival at Venice.

She returned this time through France. Singularly it happened that, as she was passing

through one of the main streets of Paris, (in the autumn of the unhappy year 1792), she found herself in the midst of a popular *emeute*. Anxiously she made her companion raise the window of the carriage and inquire what was the matter. With frantic shout, as if he were announcing a popular festival, a fellow replied: "We are carrying the queen to the temple!" (the prison)—the queen—she whom Gertrude had last seen conquering all hearts in the full radiance of her beauty, loveliness and grace, and enshrouded by all the splendor that the world can give! Overpowered with terror and with pain, she uttered a loud, and at that time almost dangerous, cry, and she was thrilled through with a horror, from which she could not for a long time recover.

Her present stay in London was a continuation of the former. The sympathy of the public; the recognition, the reward of her excellencies as a singer remained, scarcely excepting the last years, the same: and that, in a ten years' residence in one place, was a new proof of the greatness of those excellencies, if any proof were needed. About the beginning of her fiftieth year, later than with the vast majority of singers, nature began to assert her supremacy over the powers which she had lent her; Gertrude's voice became considerably weaker. But as this took place in equal proportion through all the tones of her great compass, and as she did not lose the pleasing and euphonious quality, at the same time with the strength and silvery loudness of her voice; as all the other excellencies of the singer remained, requiring only to be used with her experience in other ways and other music; she still remained a wonderful, and where the place was not too large for her present degree of strength, transporting artist. The rooms, in which she had been wont to shine in London, were not such limited ones; the ascendancy, which she had there exercised over men's minds in her singing, had been greatly due to the imposing power and fullness of her voice; she was obliged to descend, but did not wish to do it in the place that had beheld her at her highest height. So she resolved in 1802 to quit London and, by the way of France, return to her German fatherland. Even then, at her departure, the London music lovers gave her a proof of their enduring esteem and sympathy: her last concert was so thronged, that it yielded about seven thousand thalers.

In Paris they departed from the usual custom, out of regard for her great fame and let her have

the Grand Opera theatre for a concert. The house was crowded full; but here they were accustomed to the screaming voice of a Maillard and other singers on those boards; so the notorious and dreaded Géoffroy in his journal wrote: "Madame Mara sang excellently, no doubt; only nobody heard any thing."

On her journey through Germany she met everywhere with the most honorable reception, and, for that country, with an uncommonly rich reward. Frankfort, Gotha, Weimar, were stations where she stopped and let herself be heard. From there (in February 1803) she came to us at Leipsic, and here I made her acquaintance. I shall be permitted, therefore, although I have nothing important to relate, to proceed somewhat more in detail.

Gertrude arrived in the evening; on the very next morning her rooms were filled, especially, with such of the most distinguished men of the city as had known, esteemed and loved her nearly forty years before, and had owed many happy young years to her art. I went to Hiller's, and he took me with him. I, who had eagerly read whatever had been written in the praise of Gertrude, but for the rest knew little of her; I, who was then so much younger and inexperienced than now,—accompanied Hiller with heart beating high and with the most certain confidence that here I was to find all far different and more splendid than in the every-day world. What was I not about to hear! what lofty conversations upon Art! and what tender scenes of recognition was I not to witness!—Hiller did not have his name announced, but walked directly in; I after him, lingering full of expectation at the door. We found those much respected men: Platner, Müller, Felix Weisse and some others. Hiller winked to these, and placed himself before Gertrude with his head already bowed with age, regarding her fixedly with a mingled look of seriousness and sport. "Do you know me?" he asked finally.—"No!"—"What?" cried Hiller. "You will no longer know me, *Trudel*?" This popular diminutive of her first name had been exceedingly disagreeable to her in her maiden years, and they used to plague her with it, when she was in her peevish humors. The word brought that time instantly before her. "Hiller! father Hiller!" she exclaimed with joy. "That am I with your leave!" muttered the old man. And both looked at each other again for some time; "God help us!" resumed Hiller finally; "we have grown

old!"—"And ugly, too!" replied Gertrude.—"Certainly!" said Hiller.—And in this tone the talk went on. No sentiment, no singing; not a word, then, or afterwards, of the anticipated high talk on Art. Frau Gertrude was not at home in all that; so that I heard her first tone only in the rehearsal for her first concert. All that might have been excused; but all she said, was expressed—(how else could she have done, after so long an absence from Germany, which had only recently become refined in that respect?)—in the most ordinary forms of speech and in the broadest dialect. This was like pouring ice-cold water over me, and with dripping plumage, it was some time ere I could mount again.

And how did I find her in other respects? As a woman:—I cannot describe it better, than by saying that, in form, in bearing, in features, in the character and manner of her speech, in her view and treatment of men and things, as in her whole demeanor, she seemed like a true-hearted, active, yet composed and self-possessed farmer's wife, perfectly unconcerned about other people and other things, from Thuringia or some other well-to-do, but by no means refined, province. But now: as a singer! That simple, large, unornamented style, which seeks its whole effect through tone, expression, accent;—that style in which she had delivered Handel's works particularly,—she seemed to have renounced: not, one might trust her, from the wish to conciliate the fashion which had just then begun to offer any price to a delivery extremely fluent, richly ornamented, and wrought into superfineness of detail; but because she was conscious, that her voice no longer had the strength and the sonority to execute that earlier style of singing satisfactorily. That voice, in fact, was rather weak: but it was still strong enough for our hall, which holds at the most 800 persons and is excellent in its acoustic structure; and as she was capable of the finest and gentlest *diminuendos* down to the softest whisper, and still remained distinctly audible; as she could still give, with complete equality as to power and volume, the always wide compass of her tones, from *B* to *thrice-marked D*; her feebleness was only noticed with regret by those who had before known her in the fulness of her strength. Nor did the *veiled* quality of her voice (as musicians say), which had taken the place of its once clear silver ring, injure her at all with others; it only lent to the softer passages a peculiar, milder charm.*

With such a voice, and in the above-named extremely fluent manner, perfectly polished to every fineness of expression or adornment, she sang as we have never heard the like till Mme. Catalani:—she to be sure had greater power, though in a far smaller compass of tones. To make the most of all that still remained at her disposal, according to her own fancy, her own taste and rich experience, Gertrude had prudently selected compositions of a somewhat undecided character and quite simple accompaniment. For instance, she produced a long and figurative aria by Andreozzi, and a smaller one, which her companion, Herr Florio, had, in the etymological sense of the word, "composed"—in which he came in too with the lifeless tones of his flute *obligato*, and Gertrude, with equal skill and amiability, blended her voice wonderfully with those tones. Finally she gave the principal scena and aria of Zenobia, from An-

fossi's opera of that name. In this we could recognize her exceedingly noble and finished delivery of Recitative: but in the aria, towards the end, her physical strength did not hold out.

From us she went to Berlin. Here too she found, both universal sympathy, and several old friends. The old Friedrich Nicolai, especially, a zealous friend of music from of old, busied himself in many ways for her advantage. He renewed his youth in lengthy reminiscences of the good old times, when the Mara and the *Allgemeine Deutsche Bibliothek* had found so many friends and venerated. Gertrude's concerts were crowded to excess and richly profitable. But there was one thing which her friends should not have asked of her, or she should not have granted: but Nicolai,—as he then was, if he had once a notion in his head, he never desisted—by continually returning to the same spot, made his way through, as a continual dropping of rain will wear through a stone. He wanted her, in fact, to take the first soprano part in a solemn performance of Ramler and Graun's "*Tod Jesu*," and by all means to sing "The heavenly prophets," as she had done more than thirty years before. She finally consented and sang. But the success was not, nor could it be, remarkable. Setting aside the fact that the airs in this work, products of the taste of the period about 1750, (the choruses, and essentially the recitatives stand above all temporary tastes) could not, in the wholly changed direction of these modern times, satisfy longer those who had formerly found perfect satisfaction in them, and who now imagined that it would be the same thing now, provided they were only properly delivered:—setting aside this fact, the Mara now possessed only in the smallest degree the qualities wherewith she had transported audiences by these songs, in her youth; and what she still possessed, she could not and ought not to have used here, if she would not profane the hallowed and the venerable; besides, she pronounced the German now as they pronounced it more than thirty years ago, and in a manner that was now considered common. Then there were hearers, who are not accustomed in such cases to ask, why or wherefore? but who simply give themselves up to the impression as a whole, and in no small perplexity; there were friends in despair, and there were newspaper critics puzzled to find terms in which they could as far as possible harmonize the present feeling with the opinion that had been long established.—In Vienna, where the public had not known the Gertrude of the Past, and where they were accustomed then, as now, to confer a high prize on those excellencies commonly summed up in the word *virtuosity*, even at the expense of what is higher and more intellectual;—in Vienna she was brilliantly received, and, as everywhere else, richly remunerated.

In 1804 she went to St. Petersburg, and in the following year to Moscow. In both capitals she found the same favor, the same good fortune, that she had everywhere before. To this was added the particular good will of some of the greatest houses, in which music was esteemed not as desirable and useful, but as indispensable to their intellectual life; and even many a peculiarity of the mode of life there pleased Gertrude remarkably. Then she resolved to spend the rest of her days in the old and spacious capital of the Czars. Thoughtful, clear and firm, as she had always been in what concerned her Art, she now

determined to appear no more in public, but merely to sing by invitation in noble private houses;—nothing in the large and aspiring style, but pieces suited to her present strength, and in which, by her well adapted mode of delivery and finished execution, she could still show herself an admirable artist. Besides this, she gave instruction in singing to young ladies.

Approaching now her sixtieth year, and freed from certain weaknesses of passion and of purposeless *abandon*, she began at length to grow more thoughtful and firm in matters not pertaining to her Art. There was no Florio now to quarrel with her always large income; she made provision for her long accustomed comforts against the day when age and incapacity awaited her. In about six or seven years she had gained enough to purchase herself a house in Moscow, and soon afterwards a pleasant country seat outside the city, besides investing a considerable capital in a respectable mercantile house. She lived very well contented, and thought this quiet way of life secured to her for the remainder of her days. But fortune played the trick on her, which it has played on every one, to whose skirts it has long clung unappreciated: namely, the trick of suddenly deserting one, just at the very moment when he begins to need it most, to prize its gifts the best, and to feel the most painfully conscious of its absence. Napoleon with his armies was approaching Moscow. Whoever could, was obliged to flee; and all the arrangements for facilitating the flight of so many thousands, were, in order to surprise the enemy and prevent counter-movements, made so short a time before the outbreak of the general calamity, that the most of the fugitives in the bewildering confusion saved barely anything except their lives. Of these was Gertrude.—Napoleon and his hosts retreated; she came back; her house was burned down, the merchant announced his insolvency, the noble and wealthy families did not return to the desolate ruins of the city; nobody was in need of a singer or a music teacher: she had nothing left but to wander on, and no man asked if it were with a bleeding heart.

Here then, she was, as if at the completion of a wide circuit, standing again almost at the very point where she had stood half a century before: poor and homeless, without counsel, without help. But as the child did then, so now the aged lady found sympathizing friends, and help, at least for present necessities. She went into the Germano-Russian provinces: especially in hospitable, music-loving Livonia did she find a favorable reception. She lived, partly at Reval, partly in the country, as an inmate in several respectable families, which shared with her what fortune had vouchsafed to them; and this was done with friendliest good will. She in return instructed the daughters in singing, and entertained the social circles by her own delivery of pieces suited to her present strength. Thus she lived through four years, according to her own confession, very pleasantly, and for the most part more contented than before, when she was heaped with fame and money. But age longs after independence and has need of a secured repose. She tried to prepare this for herself in the two places where she formerly had been universally known and for some time at home: she travelled (in 1819) to Berlin and London; but she did not accomplish her end. Returning to Germany, she tried the same experi-

* Does this recall the Sontag of 1853?—Ed.

ment in her native city, Cassel. Here she found the most marked reception, both on the part of the electress and of the entire public; but even here she was not successful in the end for which she came. Then she resolved on a return to Livonia and to the position she had left before her last journey, a continuation of which had been promised her by several respectable families that had grown dear to her; and there, so far as I can learn, she is yet living in her eightieth year (1830).

So oozes away the rich life of the greatest German singer, like the rich waters of the greatest German river; and since a description of the same, like a description of the Rhine, admits of no conclusion, we will add by way of close what Ernst Platner, her renowned old friend in Leipsic, said, when she had just gone from us in the year 1803. "It has given me great pleasure," said Platner, "to see her again: but I would gladly have renounced the pleasure, and been reconciled if, ten years ago, after the most perfect rendering of an oratorio of Handel, she had suddenly died; for I know of nothing more depressing and more dreary, than a really significant person who outlives himself."—And even *he* had to experience that same fate, in superabundant measure, in himself!

Sketches of an Opera Singer.

Did you ever, says a late Paris letter to the *Boston Atlas*, or rather, are you old enough for the name of FILIPPO GALLI to have reached you? Yet he was a great man . . . once . . . for many years . . . from 1807 to 1837; longer than last winter's great men, eh? He was born in Rome, of a highly respectable family of the middle class; he learned music as a pastime, but so great were his talents for the art, that his parents, not without opposition on the part of his mother, who dreamed a brighter destiny for her son, than that illumined by foot-lights, determined his parents to place him on the stage; accordingly, his education was confided to one of the most celebrated soprano singers of that cathedral-trained band which owes to the surgeon's knife the preservation of their fine voices. He made an early debut; he appeared on the first stages of Italy; tall, handsome, well made, witty, agreeable, his success was immense, especially in Naples, in the San Carlo Theatre, where he was the idol of the day and night.

For seven years of successes, Galli sang on the parts of grave tenor. What a voice! A fever lay on him; when he was cured he found the fever had carried the voice off with it. Imagine his discouragement! After some time, however, he found that he had a magnificent bass voice, and in 1813 he made his debut as a bass in Trieste, in a company where Ronconi's father, and Rosina Pinotti, Lablache's sister-in-law, played. His success was so complete that from this moment Rossini composed for him his best parts, and every part was a new triumph for artist and composer. They were on a footing of most affectionate friendship; one was never seen without the other; on the promenades, at the theatres, cafés, in society,—they shared the same table and often the same bed. They had just arrived in Milan, more affectionate than ever, in consequence of their labors in the *Gazza Ladra*, then in all the glory of novelty, when on a sudden the strangest rumors were afloat in the vicinity of La Scala Theatre: the composer and artist, in consequence of a quarrel about the way an air in the *Gazza Ladra* should be sung, had ceased to speak. Poor Italy had then, as now, nothing else to talk about except art and artists, and as she threw into this narrow channel all the intense temperament of her character, this news excited a whirlwind of emotions. Before the curtain rose, the vast audience in La Scala, agitated by its curiosity, was tossed as some storm-lashed ocean. Galli was

received with the enthusiastic applause which always greeted him. When he sang, the auditors became silent; perhaps he was never more touching, more impassioned, better in the part of NINETTA's father than this night. When he ceased, the plaudits recommenced; he was recalled five or six times, they would not allow him to leave the stage. Then it was Rossini's turn for applause, (in Italy, you know, the composer always directs the orchestra in person.) there was new excitement, and after the public had applauded and Rossini bowed sufficiently, the audience cried to Rossini and Galli: "Embrace and be friends again; make it up, make it up! Vive Galli! vive Rossini!" The two friends flew into each other's arms, weeping, amid immense acclamations.

In 1821 Galli came to Paris. He first sang at the Grand Opera, with his usual success. In 1825, he joined the company of Italian Opera, then composed of Mmes. Fodor, Pasta, Malibran, Sonntag, Monbelli, etc. He staid here a short time and returned to Italy, where for eight consecutive years he remained a "star" of La Scala; successful in every piece but one. Then he went to Rome, to Madrid, and, tempted by the large offers made him, to Mexico. On his return, he sang in Barcelona, Madrid and Milan, where he bade farewell to the foot-lights, and applause, and fortune. During his whole life Galli had received an enormous income, varying between \$10,000 and \$30,000, but such was his generosity, his extravagance, and his negligence, that he returned even from Mexico poorer than when he went there. His table and his purse were open to all. When Rossini brought to him his engagement for Paris, he begged him to be economical in future. Galli promised readily, and told Rossini he would see the fruits of his kind advice at the end of the season. After the season closed the great maestro asked him if he had kept his promise. "Yes, indeed," replied he; "you know I got 20,000 fr. in debt every year; this year I have gone only 8,000 fr. in debt, so you see I have economized 12,000 fr. clear!" The last years of his life were sad enough; poverty oppressed, disease racked, charity supported him; and after all these triumphs, all these crowns, all this applause, and all this fortune, he had not enough to pay the church and the grave-digger. Jordan's Field was his last home. His friends had forgotten him; the crowd now applaud Napoleon Rossi.

The Ancient Music of Scotland.

The ancient music of Scotland has become a matter of faith or conjecture, so that no one arrogates to himself the knowledge to establish the facts of its truth, or the superiority of the whole, or of any neglected portion of it.

Music, like all other fine arts, has been progressive, being common to all ages and nations. From the accounts of Plato, the study of music was for a long time confined to the priesthood, and was considered sacred, and forbidden on all light occasions; but we can trace no accurate judgment of the relative excellence of the ancient music in the varied nations.

So far as Scotland is concerned, the first real account of its rise and spread is to be learnt in the various meetings of the clans during the rude and warlike times of the country.

The "Blackmatch," as originally organized through the Highlands in the feudal times, on their great days of assembly brought together the finest looking men their chiefs could muster, and also all the wandering and ancient bards, who performed extemporaneous airs and stories, accompanied with their harps and pipes to suit the nature of these occasions. Through these the national music of Scotland was kept alive, and the spirit of poetry kept floating from mind to mind without the aid of the printer, and perhaps, long before the Celtic nation had reduced the science to any positive rules.

Since the harp ceased with the feudal times, there appears to have been no musician of high merit in the Highlands capable of imparting, much less preserving, the music as then sung to its native words, or of giving that effect to its circulation which popular verses never fail to produce, al-

though there have appeared in Edinburgh, and other places, many industrious collections of the Scottish music, among the first of which was that of Oswald and McGibbons, who had the aid of Allan Ramsey, the author of the "Gentle Shepherd," to write verses to the air. It is delightful to look into the creation of the songs and airs of Scotland, because the most of these had a romantic origin in the love of their chiefs, or the return of some wanderer, the birth of an heir, or the settlement of some quarrel—while others, inspired from inward feeling, addressed themselves to the grandeur of the majestic mountains.

Among the most modern authors, King James the First, and also King James the Fourth, were celebrated composers, and onward to the period of James the Sixth may be reckoned the bright era of Scottish music. All these preserved composed, and discoursed most eloquent music and words, while one of the James's invented a new style of music, plaintive and melancholy, in which he was imitated by many of the Italians.

In reference to James the Fourth and Fifth, it would appear that the Scotch are now far behind them in their devotion to the gentle art; and even yet, while all the branches of polite education are fast progressing, the science of music has almost been a dead letter, at least in the education of the Scottish youth, except the small stir now beginning in the education of young ladies in superior seminaries; while, in Germany and other parts of the continent, it has long been one of the elementary branches of education.—*Cock's Miscellany*.

A GERMAN'S IDEA OF TIME.—"Vivian," the sprightly Art critic of the *London Leader*, hits it off, characteristically, thus:

Immanuel Kant was the curse of his nation; an illustrious iconoclast, he dashed the majestic idol, Time, from its pedestal, proved to his countrymen that Time did not exist—was a fiction—an idea—a mere subjective phenomenon; and from that time (which was *no* time) the Germans have severely ignored the existence of Time! Hence their immeasurableness in all things! their long books, long dinners, long pipes, long hair, long ballets, long operas, long-winded orations, long epithets—their slow coaches, slow movements, and slow conversaciones! Why should they hurry? *Tempus edax rerum?* A figment! Even those who recognize Time only think of killing it; Kant killed it! *s'ist doch wahr!* Amusingly illustrative of this contempt of Time, and utter disbelief in that venerable party's existence, was the display of Herr Schneider, the organist, at Exeter-Hall lately. He was engaged to play two solos in the intervals of the choral performances of our friends the Cologne singers. A splendid player Herr Schneider showed himself to be; but having once seated himself and commenced the performance, he, not recognising Time as more than a subjective phenomenon, fairly wearied the patience of a British time credulous public. He played and played and played and played. We yawned and fidgeted, and fidgeted and yawned, but still the terrible German held on his relentless way! At every moment he seemed coming to a close; delusive hope! he started off again to "fresh chords and quavers new," away! away, as if his life depended on it. A few mild hisses, monitory and minatory, produced no result. On! on! he went without a thought of pausing. Exasperated patience burst forth into ironical cheers and stampings; it was thought that by brave applause we might politely suggest to him that we had had enough. But still he kept on. He was not the man to be put down by clamour, sir! At last the thing became a joke—a painful joke—and only after five-and-twenty minutes assault upon our endurance would this fanatic quit his seat! Do you not see the necessary connexion between such an exhibition and the spirits of a nation whose language delights in words of this airy lightness and compendious brevity:

Schwerfallendes gesantaumelrhythmentrunkenbold!

Kant has done it all!

A Glance at the Present State of Music.

By DR. MARX.

From the "Universal School of Music."

The first glance we take at the present state of musical art, reveals to us a picture of musical activity so great and universal as may scarcely have existed at any previous period; excepting, perhaps, during those lovely days once shining upon Italy and Spain. Then, indeed, the stream of holy song gushed from the open doors of every church, flowed down from every pilgrim-crested eminence; from every balcony the clang of festive trumpets enlivened the banquets of nobles and princes, and, in the stillness of the balmy night, the trembling chords of mandolines and citherns mingled with the voices of tender singers. So our own country also resounded, in the days of Luther, with his songs of warfare. Powerfully exciting, inspiring, and confirming, they swelled from the church choir, and through the open doors spread over the crowded market-place; they filled the busy street with shouts of religious enthusiasm, and penetrated to the private family circle, the lonely chamber of the pious Christian.

That which, in those countries and those days, arose spontaneously as the inborn medium of expression of a people more easily excited, and inhabiting a country rich in nature's sweetest charms, or as the natural voice of holy zeal, has come down to us; not, it is true, as something foreign to our nature—for it had been lying dormant in the deeply poetic mind of our German nation long before it was awakened—but still as something acquired, in the form of a gift presented to us for our enjoyment, and as an ornament of our existence.

Thus are our public gardens, our social circles, and our festivals, everywhere filled with streams of harmony; bands of music, consisting of numerous instruments, the number of which is ever increasing, parade before our military hosts, or make the ball-room tremble with the "phrensy of delight." Where is the town, however small, which does not attempt to get up, at least, a series of winter concerts? How many virtuosi, how many quartet-societies, how many concerts of every kind and description, divert the music-loving multitudes of our larger cities! At what time were there seen almost everywhere so many opera performances almost the whole year round? What time or country* can show any thing equal to our musical festival and musical societies? Or, lastly, in what age, before the present, has music been so universally recognized as an indispensable branch of education, both in word and in deed, and with such sacrifices of time and money?

For this diffusion of music, the lively interest universally taken in its cultivation, in every sphere of life, accords proportionate means. However great the cost of instruction, instruments, printed music, &c., every family in the middle as well as the higher ranks of society endeavours to obtain them. There is no where a lack of teachers; singing is practised in every school; seminaries, universities, and special music schools, continue the instruction and lead it to a higher point; everywhere academies of singing, instrumental and general musical societies, established for the purpose of collective practice and performance, are found increasing. Municipal authorities and governments bestow attention upon, and provide means for the performance of works of art in chapels and in choirs, or for the musical instruction of the people; our publishers and music-sellers diffuse the works of all nations and all times to an extent and in a form unprecedentedly cheap and convenient; even the acquisition of good instruments has been considerably facilitated by the progress of the mechanical arts.

Wonderful power of the art of sound! To open all hearts! engaging the interest and drawing contributions even from those who, for want of instruction, or from a naturally defective organization, are denied a participation in its pleasures; who willingly make sacrifices for those belonging to them, and then step aside, content

with the feeling of having afforded to others a pleasure which they themselves cannot enjoy!

Whence has music this power? and how does it reward our love and sacrifices?

It has this power, and is all-powerful over mankind, because it seizes upon every fibre, sensually and spiritually, upon the whole body and soul, sensations and ideas. The rudest nature thrills under the effect of its powerful strains, and is soothed by its sweetness. Its sensual effect is in itself irresistibly enchanting; for the merely sensual hearer feels that this trembling of the nerves penetrates to the inmost depth of the soul, that this corporeal delight is purified and sanctified by its hidden connection with the origin of our existence. But he who has experienced in his own person how music calls forth, and leads, at pleasure, the most tender, powerful, and secret feelings of the soul, imparting brightness to its mysterious twilight, awakening it to a dreamy consciousness; he to whom the deepest perceptions and ideas present themselves as spirits diverting him from, and raising him above, the fluctuating play of feelings and emotions; who is, in short, aware that our existence would be imperfect, did not the world of sound supply the deficiency: such a one knows that the most intellectual pleasure of the senses derived from hearing music is merely an attraction to its spiritual fountain, from which are drawn purity of feeling, elevation of mind, the contemplation of a new and boundless world of ideas, and a new sphere of existence.

The one is the all-penetrating, universally prevailing power of sounds; and the other, the promise of this art—a more elevated and blissful existence, which we, knowing or anticipating, confide in, and to which so many of us and ours are devoted.

But its nature, like man's own, is twofold; partaking both of the sensual (*material*), and the mental (*spiritual*). It has power to raise us from a rude and barren state of being, to a higher, more susceptible, and spiritual existence; to soften and refine our feelings, to awaken in us ideas of pure and perfect humanity; to exalt us above the human sphere to the confines of the Divine, and, in this mental elevation, fill our hearts with love and holy zeal for every thing that is good and noble. But this self-same power of melody and harmony may also bury the yet unrevealed indwelling spirit in the alluring waves of excited sensuality, obliterating from the soul every noble feeling, and every virtuous power, and gradually leading it to that thoughtlessness, that want of principle and desire for sensual pleasure which dissolves or stifles every noble disposition, and in which train are found those strange twins, satiety and insatiability, and that terrible condition of the mind, utter indifference.

How then does this dangerous but dear art reward our love and our sacrifices?

In art itself, all is pure, noble, and good. It is the fault of our weakness, if to us its gifts become poison; if we linger inactively upon the threshold of its sanctuary, or allow its call to die away unheeded, and, instead of joining the company of the initiated in its sacred halls, lose ourselves in the courts destined for the offal of the sacrifices.

Many things have conspired to embitter the pure enjoyment and interrupt the pure and honest cultivation of the art of music in the present times. The waves of mighty events are penetrating into, and acting upon, every form of social and spiritual life, while the nations are still without a uniting and guiding principle of mental elevation*. Stupendous events and recollections have called forth, on the one hand, vehement desires, and a prevalence of violent and suddenly changing impressions; on the other hand, its opposite—inanition, and a deep longing for peace and quietness. In both directions, the material, as a means of violent excitement, or of soothing the mind into a pleasurable repose, has acquired undue preponderance over the spiritual element of art, and we see repeated a spectacle often witnessed before: that, in such moments when the tension of the German mind and character, in the masses of the people and those who speak to their hearts, suffers re-

laxation, foreign influences, especially the frivolity and ready loquacity of the French, and the enervated sensuality of the Italians, wrest the sceptre from native talent. In respect to music, it is in the opera especially that foreign mediocrity at such times gains its easiest victories, and carries everything before it in its rapid march. For, how many different means are not resorted to in these productions, to take the hearer by surprise and confound his judgment, so that their worthlessness remains concealed beneath that novelty of their effects! And how can the evil influence thus brought to bear upon the highest and most commanding point, fail to affect, in a similar manner, every other sphere and branch of art?

Are we compelled, on the one hand, to censure the mind-debasing materialism of the foreign opera, whose tendency in our days is the more irresistible, because we are still accustomed, indeed forced, on account of the more highly developed political and public life of our western neighbours, to look to their country as the balance-wheel of the great European clock; so, on the other hand, we acknowledge that which is positively good in those operas, and which has been too much neglected by our writers and composers for the theatres; viz. dramatic, or at least scenic, animation, and the progression from mere individual conditions to public and more universally intelligible and interesting relations of life. Only when this positive element shall have been more generally perceived and appreciated by our poets and musicians, amongst all the poverty, lowness, and errors of the foreign opera—then, and not till then, will German art, in all other respects so much more pure and true, be able to triumph over its rival in the theatre, as certainly and signally as it has done everywhere else.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

SONGS*

From the German of H. HEINE.

Evening Song.

When I on my couch reclining,
Lie veiled in night,
Then a sweet form floats before me,
A beautiful child of light!

And when in silent slumber
Just closing my eyes do seem,
Then glides that form so softly
Into my happy dream.

And with the dream at morning
It melteth not away,
But in my heart I bear it
About with me all day.

The Voyage.

I stood and leaned upon the mast,
And every wave I counted;
Adieu, adieu, my fatherland!
O fast the good ship bounded!

We passed the home of her I love,
The window panes were blinking;
I gazed, and gazed, but saw no sign,
Ah! none of me was thinking.

Ye tears, O do not dim these eyes,
That clear shall meet the morrow!
My poor, poor heart, O do not break
With all this weight of sorrow! J. S. D.

* Mendelssohn has composed music to these songs, for two voices, which is soon to be published here by Messrs. G. P. Reed & Co.

IMPROVEMENT IN ORGANS.—Few people who were at the Inaugural ceremonies of the Crystal Palace will fail to recollect with what fine effect the sacred chants and choruses were given, nor how greatly that effect was enhanced by the pealing tones of the magnificent organ that swelled forth with such majestic beauty and grandeur, filling the vaulted transepts and reverberating the solemn echoes from the dome and the remotest angles of the building.

* Be it remembered Dr. Marx is writing in and of Germany.

* The reader will recollect that this was written at the commencement of the struggles on the continent.—T7.

The peculiar sweetness, softness, fulness and richness of these sounds still linger pleasantly in the ear, and it will be long ere we forget either its deep-toned bass or its clear and silvery treble. Being a connoisseur in such matters we had the curiosity to examine this organ, and found that its superior excellence was owing to a new and marked improvement in organs that has not yet been brought before the public. We will attempt a description of the instrument.

This organ, which is constructed on a new principle, surpasses all other common organs by an important improvement in the wind-chest. The invention consists, in constructing air chambers running the entire length of the scale and sounding board, each chamber supplying all the pipes of a single stop with wind; consequently there are as many air chambers as stops; also, each pipe has its own wind connected with the air chamber. Sliders are entirely dispensed with; it is not easy to adjust sliders, so that they may move readily and yet fit closely enough to prevent the escape of wind, as they are affected by the atmosphere. In this organ, that great defect will never occur, and the stops will move easily in every state of weather, without escape of wind.

By this improvement, there is also attained almost double power, more promptness, evenness and sweetness of tone, and there is an especial advantage gained by its easy wind and attachment of action. This improvement was invented and patented June 15th, 1852. This organ was manufactured and exhibited by Alb. Gemunder & Brothers, Springfield, Mass., and may be examined at any time at the Crystal Palace.—*N. Y. Mirror.*

FROM A FORTHCOMING OPERA.—The scene represents a dark wood in all the murkiness of midnight, which will, however, be rendered distinctly visible from all parts of the house by means of additional lamps.

(*Music*—Adagio movement to express that the moon is behind a cloud, but may shortly be expected to rise.)

(Enter Florello.)

Flo. "No sound is heard."

(*Trombones, bassoons, etc., growl their lowest notes to imitate the profundity and depth of the silence.*)

"No human form I see."

(*Here he stares earnestly at a numerous and fashionable audience, who confirm his assertions with bravos and clapping of hands.*)

"I falter—faint—my breath begins to flee."—

(*Wind instruments to suggest the deficiency of breath, and express his want of expression.*)

"With two stiletos in my heart I lie."

(*Adagio movement. Florello puts his hand to his heart, and draws two sighs, but not one of the daggers. He rises, falls back against the stump of a tree, and the music expresses that he has torn his inexpressibles.*)

"Unseen," (*Rub-adub-dub*) "unheard,"—(*Tan-ta-ra-ra*) "alone," (*Jang-jang-crash*) "I die—die—die!" (*Diminuendo—Tweedle-dum! Tweedledee! Twee-wee-ee-e*)—and the music and the hero die away together.—*Geo. University Mag.*

SUPERIOR VIOLINS.—George Gemunder, 304 Broadway, New York—to whom was awarded, by a jury of the Royal Commissioners, connected with the exhibition of the Industry of all Nations at London, in the year 1851, in consideration of having exhibited a Joseph Guarnerius Violin, (chiefly) and for three other Violins and a Viola—a Prize Medal, has now, by a new method, improved the tones of his instruments in such a high degree, that they produce the same character of tone as those of the best far-famed Italian makers, without having the French method of preparing the wood by chemical process. By this mode of making Violins, the wood retains its whole power, whereby the tone is not only constantly improving, but is preserved as long as the instrument last.—*N. Y. Mirror.*

—A curious relic, lately sold in London for £2 15s., was Handel's tuning fork, giving the note A, interesting "not only from its connection with the immortal composer, but as showing the rise in pitch since his time, amounting to nearly a whole tone."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUGUST 6, 1853.

READ—REFLECT—ACT!—For the benefit of our readers and ourselves (for are not our interests identical?) we copy here a nice little article which we find in an exchange paper. The case is certainly "well put," and we can assure our readers that it matches our case point for point:

"To Each and Every Delinquent!"

"We want our dues.

"We are compelled to pay cash for our paper and printing.

"We pay cash for rent—cash for type-setting—cash for bread and butter for our families, &c.

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This, of course, is addressed to "whom it may concern," and not to those who have long since graduated from or who never entered the aforesaid class of "delinquents." The system of *payment in advance* is indispensable to the existence of a journal that must pay its way punctually from day to day. The fifty or sixty dollars which this day's paper costs us, we must pay this day: how then can we wait to the end of the year with the uncertain chance of getting the little two dollar subscriptions on which our enterprise depends?

The New Piano Forte of M. Sax, Senior.

The newspapers, for some weeks, have contained hints of a great improvement in our universal parlor instrument, recently made in Belgium, by M. Sax, the father of the father of the numerous family of *Sax-horns*, *Sax-tubas*, and the various intermarrying cousins which compose the homogeneous, or we might say *homo-tonous* elements of each and every brass band now in vogue. This latter gentleman is named Adolph Sax. And if Sax *filis* has opened a new era of brass, Sax *père* has perhaps atoned for it by a beautiful and simple method of enhancing the heavenly resonance of strings in that little domestic temple or pantheon of harmony which a good piano-forte is. The peculiarity of the Sax piano, as we find it described, is just one of those very beautiful, very complete, and seemingly very obvious suggestions, which one would fancy might occur to any thinking person, but which it is the privilege of genius once in a century or two to "happen" to get hold of. As we have seen no full description of it in English, we translate for our readers a very clear account furnished by M. Léon Kreutzer to the *Revue et Gazette Musicale de Paris* of May 29th. He is reporting of a reunion of artists, which took place, by invitation of M. Sax, in Paris, where he heard the new piano played upon by several of the best performers.

"Compare," says M. Kreutzer, "the tone of the violin with that of the guitar: the force and brilliancy of the first are not more characteristic, than the feebleness and thinness of the second. Is it owing to dimension? Surely not, for the violin has altogether the disadvantage in respect of size. It depends solely on the arrangement of the strings. Look at the violin: from the fret where the pins hold them prisoners, they rise by a gentle ascent to the bridge which supports them, and then sink on the other side of the instrument. Look, on the contrary, at the guitar: its strings

follow a direction absolutely parallel with the plane of the sounding-board. From this seemingly slight and unimportant difference results the beauty of the sounds of the violin, and the meagreness of the sounds of the guitar. Given the angular arrangement of the strings, and we have brilliancy and vigor; given the horizontal arrangement, and we have feebleness and impotence. This fact established, let us consider the case of the piano.

"Open it, and what do we see? An infinite number of strings arranged parallel as in the guitar, and drawing with a weight of 5,000 kilograms upon a frail plank of pine, which has to be supported by a double, or even triple barrier, of oak or iron. Now, with these barriers applied to the sounding-board, the vibration is gone, it is the mute upon the violin, it is the cold in the singer's throat. Yes; but various remedies may be employed to obviate these inconveniences in the piano. Adopt, for example, the system of angles used for the strings of the violin. Very well; but then the strain of the strings will become enormous. We shall no longer have to deal with 5,000, but with 20,000 kilograms, it may be; a bridge of iron would not resist that. Happily, M. Sax, senior, had a resource in readiness. In the first place he says to himself: The principle of angles by means of a bridge, for the direction of the string, is one of absolute utility; then, by a very simple calculation, he evades those stern requirements of the sounding-board, which have caused, alas! the death of so many pianos. The string A shall weigh upon the bridge with a weight, we will say, of ten kilograms; but the string B, its obliging sister, passing *underneath* the bridge, shall raise it by as many kilograms; then, after having traced an angle in opposite directions, the two strings will run along parallel to the point where the hammer is to come to strike them; and so on, in the same way, throughout the vast scale of the entire instrument, so that the sounding-board, delivered, like a vigorous child, from its barriers, its restraints, its leading-strings, shall vibrate in full liberty. The bridge, depend upon it, will support the entire burden, a burden really light, or rather none at all through this equipoise and neutralization of forces. Then the sounding boards, free and independent, may grow old with impunity, and will even grow better as they grow older, like those marvellous ones of Amati and of Stradivarius, which sound more pure and brilliant two centuries after they were made.

"Persuaded of the perfect exactness of the principle, which I have just explained, M. Sax constructed a first piano according to his theory; an imperfect piano, no doubt, in its mechanism; but he reasoned wisely in overlooking imperfections of detail, and fastening first of all upon the principle as such.

"In Belgium this discovery made a great sensation; it was approved, appreciated at its full value by men the most experienced and the least liable to the attraction of mere novelty. M. Fétis, the profound theoretician, in a Report addressed on the 8th of May, 1851, to the Brussels Royal Academy of Science, Letters and Fine Arts, learnedly pointed out the advantages which the manufacture of the piano will receive from the discovery of M. Sax. He describes the impression which the new instrument produced the first time it was heard. 'M. Sax,' says he, 'at first saw fit to apply his system to a little old square

piano of Lichtenthal, an instrument of dull and short sonority; its mechanism, completely used up, was composed only of hammers too small, which wavered and had no rectitude nor firmness of action; and finally the keys were in perpetual oscillation and continually rattling. With this *fine* instrument the artist sought to realize his great ideas. Having removed the sound board, he replaced it by another of only half the thickness of those generally used, and he employed no barrier. Then he established his bridge according to the principles before explained, stretched his wires, readjusted for better or worse the old Lichtenthal mechanism, and finally one of the intelligent sons of this man of genius sat down to play upon this cheaply made piano. Instantly the passers in the street stopped and tried to divine where the great orchestra they seemed to hear could be. It got rumored about. Several artists hastened to go and try the new instrument for themselves, and they were struck with admiration. What particularly astonished them was the long reach of the vigorous and pure sounds, and the power of the bases in a square piano of the smallest size. These results had been obtained at the first effort, without any gropings, and with the certainty which every high intelligence derives from a principle.

"M. Sax, senior, being, as great inventors often are, a little careless and indifferent, let the time pass without turning his discovery to much account, when a mournful event led him to Paris. In the space of a few weeks M. Sax lost two daughters and a son; it was then that M. Adolph Sax earnestly besought his father to quit a place so fraught with sad remembrances, and to come and establish himself in Paris. M. Adolph Sax saw that the progress of the art, as well as the reputation of his father, were interested in having the new principle, that should preside over the construction of pianos, placed in the clearest light before competent artists. Such was the purpose of the little reunion of which I have spoken, and at which were present M. Adolph Adam, member of the Institute, the distinguished pianists, MM. Fumagalli, Brisson, Dollingen, &c., and where all possible experiments were made with most minute exactness and impartiality.

"MM. Adam, Fumagalli, &c., first executed on the Sax Piano,—a square piano of small size and with strings perpendicular,—a piece, which they afterwards repeated on a square piano with strings *oblique* (and consequently longer), the most perfect one that could be selected from those made on the received plan. I do not believe that I deceive myself when I affirm that the superiority of the Sax piano was universally recognized, and that the sonorous power of the instrument constructed on his system, seemed at least triple that of the rival instrument.

"The new piano was then tried against a Grand piano, of large model, which combined all the desirable improvements. Here there was very nearly an equality as regards intensity, but not as regards purity, of sounds. The same note, struck first on one and then on the other of the instruments, gave almost the same resonance. In the piano made upon the old system, it seemed equally powerful, but less pure and less homogeneous.

"For myself, I was not contented with these tests alone. I had heard it objected, that the intensity of the sound would injure its clearness and make it confused. I wished at once to bring this

to the test of observation; I interrogated the new piano carefully; I confined myself to executing, on the lower portions of the instrument, close harmonies and those intentionally somewhat harsh, in order to convince myself of the perfect independence of the various resonances; and I acquired the conviction that if the Sax piano is remarkable for the power of its sonority, it is perhaps still more so for its incorruptible precision. I tried for instance such harmonic sequences as these: C (the low C of the violoncello), E♭, G♭, A; B, D, F, A♭; B♭, D♭, E, G; and musicians endowed with a fine ear easily recognized each of these notes individually, whereas upon other pianos they perceived only the vague and blurred sensation of the *diminished seventh*. The Sax piano, then, may seem created not only to vie against the orchestra in power, but also to elucidate and *purify*, if I may use the word, the execution of those learnedly and closely woven works of the composers of the last century,—works over which the modern piano, in spite of its immense improvements, has always cast a light veil of confusion.

"Such are the fruits of the invention of M. Sax. And when we reflect that these beautiful results have been obtained in the most defective conditions, upon an instrument of the smallest dimension, we cannot but do justice to the fecundity of the principle which has guided the ingenious maker, and predict for his discovery the most brilliant future, the most legitimate renown."

A Monster Concert by Young Ladies.

Seldom has it been our lot in sweeping the musical firmament with our telescope, to report a new phenomenon of such entirely strange and formidable size and aspect, as the sign which we have just read in the Southern heavens. We have given our readers a pretty faithful almanac of the motions of the regular planets, of the risings and settings of the fixed stars, the comings and goings of the comets, &c., in the universe of music. But neither the blazing "monsters" in England, nor the Great and Little Bears of St. Petersburg, nor Mozart's "Jupiter" with all his satellites; nor the meteoric Wagners of Germany; nor the far streaming comets of Julliens coming and DeMeyers gone, shaking their horrid hair in wonderful fantasias; nor Sontag and the sweet influences of vocal Pleiades (the queen one of whom is silent since last year); nor, in short, the whole Milky Way of Yankee musical "Conventions;"—can offer anything as novel and as startling as this long chart that just now lies before us.

It is the programme of an annual Concert by the pupils of the "Madison Female College," in Madison, Georgia, which came off on the evening of July 27th, under the auspices of Prof. G. C. Taylor, "musical manager and director." And if this is a specimen of the scale on which they "do up" the music in the educational seminaries down South, we would advise our German encomiast, "Hoplit," to look there rather than to Boston, for the "music of the Future."

Said programme first sets forth the names of each and every performer, to the number of *one hundred and thirty*, each with the prefix of *Miss*, with the solitary exception of one young "master Rossini," bearing the professorial patronymic. These consist of 97 young lady pianists, 11 young

lady guitarists, 3 young lady harpists, 13 young lady *violinists* (!), 1 young lady *violist* (!!), 4 young lady *violoncellists* (!!!), and 1 young lady *contrabassist* (!!!!). These are the regulars (pupils); besides whom 22 "irregulars" are mentioned. The entire programme, reader, would be too much for you; we select a few of the most notable items. It seems these young pianists fire in platoons, occasionally flanked in some of their exploits by the light archery of fiddle and guitar strings, or the deep artillery of that Amazonian double bass. After an introductory Grand March, comes Part First, of which we may as well give the whole:

1. Overture—To the Caliph of Bagdad, (on one, three, seven and nine pianos,)..... Boieldieu.
2. Wild Bird—Class; with Piano and Contra Basso Accompaniment,..... Von Weber.
3. Polka—Fire Fly, (9 Pianos,)..... Fowler.
4. Duet—Josephine Polka, (9 Pianos,)..... Thos. A. Becket.
5. Song—Ossian Serenade—Class; with Piano, Harp and Contra Basso Accompaniment, (By request,)..... Dodge.
6. Airs—Selections from "Daydare," (5 and 3 Pianos,)..... Auber.
7. Duet—Tyrolenne; from "La Fille du Regiment," (3 Pianos,)..... Donizetti.
8. Song and Chorus—Gypsy—Class; with Piano Accompaniment,..... M. Dix Sullivan.
9. Duet—Polka Favorite, (9 Pianos,)..... Julien.

From Part Second we may single out two items, viz:

1. Quintetto—Composed and Arranged for 114 hands on 9 Pianos, 4 Violins, 3 Guitars, 2 Violoncellos, 1 Viola, 1 Harp, and 1 Contra-Basso—(First Violins played by the Leader and Master Rossini A. Taylor, aged 7 years—all other instruments by Young Ladies,)..... Geo. C. Taylor.
4. Song—Sweet Home—Accompanied with the Harmonicon or Musical Glasses, an instrument invented by Beej. Franklin, (By request,)..... Paine.

Of the third part it certainly will be enough to give the leading item; how the senses and imagination of the audience after the intensely harrowing excitement of such a composition, could hold out to hear the eight more pieces on the programme, is a mystery to us, unless there were the quickening power of genius in it. It reads as follows:

1. Battle—Musical Combat, or Struggle for American Independence, being a Descriptive Fantasia, in which "God save the King" represents England, and "Yankee Doodle" the United States.
- Argument.—Heavy Cannonading—God save the King (England) makes the attack—is repulsed by Yankee Doodle (United States)—God save the King in the ascendancy with light cannonading on both sides; Yankee Doodle gaining with heavy cannonading on both sides—God save the King almost victorious—Yankee Doodle makes a last effort, when during a desperate struggle on both sides, Yankee Doodle becomes sole occupant of the (musical) field: After which Hail Columbia is introduced, illustrative of the heartfelt gratitude of "Our Country"—(9 Pianos, 17 performers. The Pianos to the Audience's left take God save the King—those to the right, Yankee Doodle,)..... Geo. C. Taylor.

New Music.

Oliver Ditson, from his ever-multiplying publications, sends us copies of a great variety, both of sheet music and of entire works. We notice for the present, only one:

The opera of *Norma*, by V. BELLINI, with Italian and English words. This is the first of a promised series to be called "Ditson's Edition of Standard Operas." Here we have the vocal score complete, with piano-forte accompaniment, of the great modern Italian lyric tragedy, which has made the fame of Grisi and so many *prime donne*, and which put the crown upon Bellini's reputation. As a whole we never liked it as well as the *Sonambula* with its fresher and more wholesome melody; its pathos, exquisite as it is, has seemed too prolonged, too uniform in tone and hence enfeebling to the hearer. Yet there can be no doubt of its great merits. Its popularity has been almost unbounded; and is it not the fertile treasury whence were drawn year after year the cavatina for the

debut of each star soprano, duets for concert-room and parlor, themes for piano-forte fantasias, and for innumerable instrumental show-pieces for violin, flute, oboe, clarinet, arrangements for brass bands?—and we are not sure but it has served the turn of psalm-book makers. At all events, a library of modern standard operas would be a strange thing without *Norma*.

But of *Norma* we have no need to speak; it is the new edition that claims our attention. And we can freely say that Mr. Ditson, at the low price of two dollars, has here made this opera accessible to almost every music-lover, and in a form convenient and beautiful; type small, but very clear and neatly, elegantly cut; good paper; good shape, namely a small quarto; and a substantial paper binding with old gothic-looking illuminated sides and red edges. Hundreds of opera *habitues*, though they may have but the barest smattering of the art of reading music, will wish to possess for reference sake this copy of the entire *Norma*; how it will brighten up melodious reminiscences, and reconnect the broken threads of memory!

Then again, when the amateur singer of a single song or two from *Norma*, can have the whole opera so cheap, will he not seize the opportunity to furnish himself therewith, instead of with the mere sheet music, that he may enjoy his song in its dramatic connection with the whole? We think the publisher can hardly count upon many purchasers who would ever think of attempting to sing the opera through in any of its characters; and therefore it strikes us that it was a needless precaution to accommodate some of the pieces to the ordinary compass of the voice by transposing them out of the original key. This, depend upon it, does impair the integrity of the work. Think of *Casta Diva* in the key of D, with two sharps! Must it not lose something of its character? And even if the transpositions are more available and therefore quite acceptable to the majority of amateurs, yet among musicians a *transposed* edition of a musical work never can pass for a *standard* one. We really hope that Mr. Ditson will reconsider this matter in the operas that are to follow.

One other deformity we could wish removed. The English words (copied from a London edition) are unorth, often unsingable, and ridiculous. Think of Pollio, in quick conversational accent, at the suggestion of Norma's name exclaiming:

"Icy shudd'ring's probe me
At her mere mention!"

The Italian is:

Preferesti un nome
Che il cor m'agghiaccia.

And then think of rendering the beautiful *Casta Diva*: (Chaste goddess, who dost silver o'er these sacred ancient trees, turn to us thy beautiful face without cloud, without veil!) in this way:

"Queen of Heaven! while thou art reigning,
Love upon us is still remaining,
Clad in pureness, alone disdaining
Grosser earth's nocturnal veil." (!)

But this is practically a trifling inconvenience, since we hold it pretty certain that whoever sings *Norma* at all will sing it in Italian, and the original Italian is here given. Besides it is easier to criticize a bad version than to make a good one. The truth is, there is no task more hopelessly difficult than that of rendering the Italian words of an opera into singable English, preserving at the same time rhyme and reason.

The interest of this volume is enhanced by some prefatory matter, containing a short Life of Bellini, a synopsis of the plot, &c. We cannot doubt the success and popularity of so fine an enterprise as this of furnishing the favorite operas entire and cheap. We only hope the future issues will be unimpeachable on the score of transposition; and if they must have English words at all, may they do better than copy the miserable London doggerel.

HOPLIT.

"HOPLIT," the name attached to the flattering German letter in our last, is literally a *nom de guerre*. It is simply the Greek 'οπλίτης (hoplites) which means a *warrior*, an *armed man*. Rühlmann, of Dresden, is, we understand, the real person, who has written many a sharp polemic article in defence of the Schumann and the Wagner School.

Musical Intelligence.

Local.

The Music on the Common, by the "Germania Sereinade Band," on Wednesday Evening, was generally well selected and very beautifully executed. They adhered closely to their programme, which consisted of three parts, the first and last with reed instruments, and the second by brass band alone. Certainly the clarinets, flute, and bassoon, gave a much finer outline to the melody, and a softer richness of contrast to the harmonious ensemble. Particularly pleasing were that delicate and florid overture by Persiani, the two-part song of Mendelssohn, and a luscious Labitsky waltz, with slow introduction. The operatic arrangements from *Ernani*, *Belshazzar*, *La Favorita*, and *Lucresia Borgia*, had the most familiar sound, and probably most captivated the ears of the multitude; but we should rather have heard something from *Freyschütz* or *Don Juan*.

There was one serious drawback in the difficulty of hearing so small a band of this sort. Out of the crowd we could hear nothing but the *forte* passages; while near the platform, in the crowd, though there were hundreds and hundreds of eager listeners, we were disturbed by the continual loud talk and play of restless boys. Probably the mere fact that it cost a voluntary effort of the mind to hear, was in a great measure the cause of the restlessness and noisiness. As the stiller hours came on, however, during the third part, we heard much more satisfactorily. On the whole, it was the most refined, artistic entertainment we have yet had on the Common; there were no "Wood-Ups," "Jordans," "Yankee Doodles,"—nothing more hacknied than the opera airs. Some day we hope to hear a band twice or thrice as large as this, organized on the same principle. Large it must be in order to vie in far-reaching sonority with the brass bands, which are all military bands, and organized upon the principle of loudness. Meanwhile, is it not worth a little extra stillness and attention, to hear such nice music as the Germanians give us!

Foreign.

WILHELMINA CLAUSSE has given a second concert in London, in which she seems to have surpassed herself. She played a sonata of Mendelssohn, with violin by Piatti; a *Suite de Pièces*, of Bach; the "deep, ray almost fathomless" Beethoven Sonata in A flat, (op. 110); the little "Duet" among Mendelssohn's Songs without Words; and Chopin's *Impromptu* in A flat.

NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The sixth and last concert (July 8th) attracted a crowded audience to Exeter Hall, and brought the second series to a close with distinction. The programme, if not precisely the best of the season, was that which contained the greatest variety. A large part was devoted to the orchestral music of Dr. Spohr, who again held the *baton*, and was greeted with the heartiest applause.

The concert commenced with a clever and ably instrumented overture in F minor, called *Genevee*, by Mr. Charles Horsley, whose oratorios of *David* and *Joseph* have made his name familiar to the public. The next piece was a quartet, for the ordinary stringed instruments, with orchestral accompaniments, one of the latest productions of Dr. Spohr. The form of this composition is unprecedented; nor is it likely to find imitators. The quartet is so complete in itself that the addition of orchestral accompaniments appears, to say the least, superfluous. Nevertheless, as a display of learning and ingenuity, Dr. Spohr's work is entitled to admiration. The manner in which he has preserved the fulness of the quartet, while making elaborate use of the orchestra, avoiding monotony while heightening and varying the coloring, cannot be too warmly praised.

Another remarkable composition, and one of a higher order, deeper interest, and loftier aim, was the symphony in C, for two orchestras, which Dr. Spohr has christened *Irisches und Göttliches im Menschenleben* ("The earthly and the heavenly in man's life.") The two orchestras consist of a small band of eleven instruments (two violins, tenor, violoncello, double-bass, flute, oboe, clarinet, bassoon, and two horns), supposed to represent the "Göttliches," or heavenly, and a grand orchestra, which

stands for the "Irisches," or earthly. These are in continual opposition; but in the end the good prevails, and man is saved. No musician ever set himself a grander task. The illustration of a theme so solemn and magnificent demands the loftiest qualities in an artist. That Dr. Spohr has wholly succeeded we are not prepared to assert; but that, in many places, he has risen to the highest flight of his subject is undeniable. The first movement (*Kinderwelt*) consisting of a short *adagio*, leading to an *allegretto* of great length, is intended to represent the innocence of the child, who unconscious of sin, cannot, even when yielding to temptation, be said to be corrupted. The little orchestra is principally employed in this, and with the happiest effect. No instrumental movement of Dr. Spohr's bears more continuously the mark of inspiration. The melodies—from the solo for the horn, in the introduction, to the end—are genuinely beautiful—fresher and more spontaneous, indeed, than are often suggested to their composer. Upon the instrumentation the greatest of living masters has lavished all his art. The second movement (*Zeit der Leidenschaften*) describes the period of life when passion exerts its sway. The conflicting elements which regulate the world's pursuits and pleasures here usurp the place of innocence; the past is forgotten and the future disregarded in the undivided contemplation of the present. Selfishness becomes the guiding principle, and worldly advantage the ruling influence. This portion of the symphony consists of a *larghetto*, depicting the serene state of man's mind until thus disturbed, and an *allegro agitato* in F minor, which paints the conflict that ensues. The first is appropriate, if nothing more, the last is exceedingly fine, and as suggestive as any other part of the work. In this and the third movement (*Endlicherseeg des Göttlichen*)—a *presto*, followed by an *adagio*, the first embodying the final combat between good and evil, the last the triumph of the former—the great orchestra is always prominent. The *presto* in C minor; while the *adagio*, with which the symphony concludes, in the major key, assimilates the holy rest that comes to man after the triumph of the good over the evil principle. The conception of the whole symphony is in the highest degree poetical, and its general development worthy of Dr. Spohr, among whose greatest and most lasting works it will undoubtedly rank.

VIENNA.—The Archduchess Sophia has given a musical soirée in her apartments, in which Teresa Milanollo, Thalberg and the notabilities of the Italian troupe took part.—Alexander Dreyschock is to pass the summer at Prague.—*Guillaume Tell* failed with the Italian troupe, but passed off with éclat at the Court theatre.—The German season opens under most brilliant auspices; among the artists expected from abroad, was Mlle. Johanna Wagner. Mme. Koester had sung with great success the rôles of Valentine and Bertha. Plotow's *Indra* was to be put upon the stage with a new distribution of parts, Mme. Koester replacing Mlle. Ney.

ST. PETERSBURG.—The Concert society has given its three annual concerts, in which Beethoven, Haydn and Mozart, were especially honored. Beethoven's Ninth Symphony was performed; think of Schiller's hymn to Joy: "Embrace, ye millions," &c., in Russia!—HENSELT, the gifted pianist, who had scarcely been heard in public for fifteen years, broke through his reserve and played Weber's *Concertstück* and a waltz of his own composition. His appearance in the musical world has called forth great enthusiasm.

DRESDEN.—A late number of the Police Gazette contains under the head of "Politically dangerous Individuals," the following: "WAGNER, RICHARD, late chapel-master from Dresden, one of the most prominent adherents of the revolutionary party, who was prosecuted for his participation in the revolution in Dresden in May 1849, is supposed to have the intention of quitting Zurich, where he has for some time resided, to come into Germany. A portrait of Wagner is here appended; should he be identified, he is to be handed over to the Royal State Tribunal in Dresden." Beethoven would probably be hunted in the same category, if he were living in these times.

JENNY NEY, the new-found jewel of the German Opera, has made here her debut as Norma, with the greatest éclat. TICHATSENEK excelled also as Pollio.

BADEN, July 17.—A letter in a French journal says:—"The musical season promises to be very brilliant; the fashionable world is here in full force; nothing to be seen but kings, princes and dukes, not to speak of multitudes of gentlemen of ancient stock. The ladies make fabulous toilets, and in the most elegant circles of Paris you could hardly find more wealth, more luxury, or more taste. The orchestra which plays in the kiosk before the *maison de conversation* three times a day, is composed of fifty musicians under the direction of Herr Eichler; it

is excellent, and contains solo-ists of great talent: Arban is one of them. For some days past we have had here Mme. Lagrange and M. Cavallini, who will give a concert in the *Salle des Fleurs*.

"From the 15th of July there will be a concert given every week by Ernst, the great violinist, Seligmann and Ehrlich." [Such a combination of significant names ought to make a good concert; think of it: *earnest* man, *happy* man, and *honorable*, is what they mean in English.—Ed.] "On the 20th of August there will be a concert on a grand Parisian scale. Berlioz, with the entire orchestra and choirs of Carlsruhe, and the music of an Austrian regiment, will bring out his *Romeo and Juliet* symphony, and other works. Mlle. Cravelli, Wertheimer and other singers are engaged for it. We have a German opera and a French troupe; the latter plays vaudevilles and comedies with a perfect ensemble. . . . Add to this that every Thursday we have excellent Austrian band music, by 80 musicians, under the direction of Herr Koenneemann; every Tuesday the bands of Carlsruhe; and every Monday and Wednesday a ball in the hall of the Conservatoire."

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Translated for this Journal.

Mendelssohn at Rome and at Leipsic.

By HECTOR BERLIOZ.

[Berlioz, in his "Musical Tour in Germany," describes his first visit to Leipsic in a letter to his friend Stephen Heller. This was in 1843, when he met Mendelssohn for the second time; and on this occasion he recalls their first youthful acquaintance at Rome in 1831. We translate a portion of the letter.]

On quitting Weimar, the musical city which I could most easily visit, was Leipsic. Yet I hesitated about presenting myself there, in spite of the dictatorship with which Mendelssohn was there invested, and of the friendly relations that united us at Rome, in 1831. We had followed since this epoch two such diverging lines in Art, that I confess I feared I should not find very lively sympathies in him. Chélaré, who knew him, made me blush at my doubt, and I wrote to him. I had not to wait long for an answer; here it is:

"MY DEAR BERLIOZ:—I thank you heartily for your good letter, and for your still cherishing the memory of our Roman friendship! As for me, I never shall forget it, and I rejoice that I shall soon be able to tell you so *vivâ voce*. All that I can do

to render your sojourn at Leipsic happy and agreeable, I shall do as a pleasure and as a duty. I think I can assure you that you will be contented with the city, that is to say, with the musicians and the public. I was not willing to write you without consulting several persons who knew Leipsic better than I do, and they have all confirmed me in the opinion that you will make here an excellent concert. The expenses of orchestra, hall, announcements, &c., are about 110 crowns: the receipts may amount to from 600 to 800 crowns. You ought to be here to fix the programme, and whatever else is necessary, at least ten days beforehand. Furthermore, the directors of the Society of Subscription Concerts charge me to ask you if you are willing to have one of your works performed in the concert to be given on the 22d of February, for the benefit of the poor of the city. I hope you will accept their proposition after the concert which you shall have given on your own account. I beg you, then, to come here as soon as you can leave Weimar. I rejoice that I shall be able to clasp your hand and bid you 'welcome' in Germany. Do not laugh at my bad French, as you did at Rome, but continue to be my good friend, as you were then, and as I shall ever be your devoted

"FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTOLDY."

Could I resist an invitation couched in such terms? . . . I set out for Leipsic, not without regretting Weimar and the new friends I left there. My connection with Mendelssohn had commenced at Rome in rather an odd fashion. At our first interview he spoke to me of my Cantata of "Sardanapalus," which had been crowned at the Institute of Paris, and of which my co-laureate, Montfort, had let him hear some portions. When I myself manifested to him a real aversion to the first Allegro of the said Cantata: "Yes, yes," exclaimed he, full of joy, "I make you my compliment . . . upon your taste! I feared that you would not be contented with that Allegro: frankly, it is *quite miserable*!" We came near quarreling the next day because I had spoken with enthusiasm of Gluck, and he replied to me in a tone of raillery and surprise: "Ah! you love Gluck!"—as much as to say: "How can a musician, such as you seem to me to be, have enough elevation in his ideas, or a lively sentiment enough of grandeur of style and truth of expression, to love Gluck!" I soon had an opportunity to avenge myself on this little taunt. I had brought from Paris the air of Asteria in the Italian opera *Telemaco*: an admirable *morceau*, but little known. I placed on Montfort's piano

a manuscript copy of this, without the name of the author, one day when we were expecting a visit from Mendelssohn. He came; seeing this music, which he took to be a fragment of some modern Italian opera, he set himself at work as a matter of duty to execute it, and at the four last measures, at the words: *O giorno! O dolce squardi! O rimembranza! O amor!*, whose musical accent is truly sublime, as he parodied them in a grotesque fashion, counterfeiting Rubini, I stopped him. and with a confused air of astonishment, I said:

"Ah! you don't love Gluck!"

"How! Gluck!"

"Alas! yes, my dear, this piece is his and not Bellini's, as you thought. You see that I am of your opinion . . . more so than yourself!"

He never pronounced the name of Sebastian Bach without ironically adding: "your little pupil!" In short, he was a very porcupine, whenever there was talk of music; one knew not on what side to take him to avoid getting wounded. Endowed with an excellent character, with a sweet and charming humor, he easily bore contradiction upon everything else, and I in my turn abused his tolerance in the philosophical and religious discussions which we sometimes raised.

One evening, we were exploring together the baths of Caracalla, debating the question of the merit or demerit of human actions and their remuneration during this life. As I replied with some enormity, I knew not what, to his entirely religious and orthodox opinions, his foot slipped, and down he rolled, with many scratches and contusions, in the ruins of a very hard staircase. "Admire the divine justice," said I, helping him to rise; "it is I who blaspheme, and it is you who fall!" This impiety, accompanied with peals of laughter, appeared to him too much, it seemed, and from that time religious discussions were always avoided.

It was at Rome that I for the first time appreciated that delicate and fine musical tissue, variegated with such rich colors, which bears the name: "Overture to Fingal's Cave" (*Die Hebriden*). Mendelssohn had just finished it, and he gave me a pretty exact idea of it; such is his prodigious skill in rendering on the piano the most complicated scores. Often, on days that weighed one down with the *sirocco*, I went to interrupt him in his labors (for he was an indefatigable producer); then he would lay down the pen with a very good grace, and, seeing me all swollen with

spleen, he would seek to mitigate it by playing to me what I designated among the works of masters whom we both loved. How many times, suddenly stretched upon his sofa, I have sung the air from "Iphigenia in Tauris": *D'une image, hélas! trop chérie*, which he accompanied, decently seated before his piano. And he cried out: "That is beautiful! beautiful! I could hear it from morning to night, always, always!" And we recommenced. He was very fond also of making me murmur, with my constrained voice and in that horizontal position, two or three melodies which I had written to verses of Moore, and which pleased him. Mendelssohn has always had a great esteem for my . . . *chansonnettes*. After a month of such intercourse, which had finished with becoming so full of interest for me, Mendelssohn disappeared without bidding me adieu, and I saw him not again. Consequently his letter, which I have just quoted, must have caused me a very agreeable surprise. It seemed to reveal in him a kindness of heart, an amenity of manners, which I had not known in him: I was not slow to recognize, upon arriving in Leipsic, that these excellent qualities were actually his. He has lost nothing at all of the inflexible rigor of his principles of Art; but he does not seek to impose them on you violently, and he limits himself, in the exercise of his functions as chapel-master, to exhibiting what he judges beautiful, and leaving in the shade what seems to him bad or of a pernicious example. Only he is always a little too partial to the dead.

The Society of Subscription Concerts, of which he had spoken to me, is very numerous and could not be better composed; it possesses a magnificent Academy of Singing, an excellent orchestra and a hall, that of the Gewandhaus, of a perfect sonority. It was in this vast and beautiful place that I was to give my concert. I went to see it as soon as I got out of the carriage; and I happened there precisely in the midst of the general rehearsal of a new work of Mendelssohn (the "Walpurgis Night.") I was marvellously struck at the outset by the beautiful *timbre* of the voices, by the intelligence of the singers, the precision and *verve* of the orchestra, and above all by the splendor of the composition. I am strongly inclined to regard this species of oratorio (*La Nuit du Sabbat*) as the most finished thing that Mendelssohn has produced to this day. The poem is Goethe's, and has nothing in common with the scene of the witches' sabbath in "Faust." It is founded on the nocturnal assemblies held on the mountains, in the first days of Christianity, by a religious sect faithful to the ancient customs, at a time when sacrifices upon the high places had been interdicted. Their custom was, during the nights destined to the holy work, to station in the mountain passes a great number of armed sentinels, covered with strange disguises. At a given signal, and when the priest ascending to the altar intoned the sacred hymn, this troop, of diabolical aspect, brandishing their pitchforks and their torches with a frightful air, set up all sorts of noises and terrific cries, to cover the voices of the religious choir and to frighten the profane ones who might be tempted to interrupt the ceremony. From this, no doubt, has sprung the custom in the French language of using the word *sabbath* as synonymous with a *great noise at night*. One must hear Mendelssohn's music to have an idea of the varied resources which this poem offered to an able com-

poser. He has turned it to admirable account. His score is of a perfect clearness, in spite of its complexity; the vocal and instrumental effects cross, contradict, and jostle each other in every way, with an apparent disorder which is the height of art. I will cite especially, as magnificent things in two opposite genera, the mysterious piece of the placing of the sentinels, and the final chorus, where the voice of the priest rises at intervals, calm and pious, above the infernal fracas of the troop of *quasi* sorcerers and demons. One knows not which to praise most in this finale: the orchestra, or the chorus, or the whirlwind movement of the whole! It is a masterpiece!

At the moment when Mendelssohn, full of joy at having produced it, came down from the desk, I advanced, in raptures at having heard it. The moment for such a meeting could not have been better chosen; and yet, after exchanging the first words, the same sad thought struck us both simultaneously:

"How! it is twelve years! twelve years! since we dreamed together in the Campagna at Rome!"

"Yes, and in the baths of Caracalla!"

"Oh! always a mocker! always ready to laugh!"

"No, no, I rail no more; it was to try your memory and see if you had pardoned me my impieties. So little am I disposed to raillery, that now, from our first interview, I am going to beg you very seriously to make me a bequest to which I attach the greatest value."

"What may it be?"

"Give me the bâton, with which you have just conducted the rehearsal of your new work."

"Oh! very willingly, on condition that you will send me yours."

"I should then be giving brass for gold; no matter, I consent."

And so the musical sceptre of Mendelssohn was brought to me. The next day, I sent him my heavy oak stick, with the following note, which, I trust, the "Last of the Mohicans" would not have disdained:

"To Chief MENDELSSOHN!—

"Great Chief! We have promised to exchange our tomahawks; here is mine! It is larger, thine is simple; only the squaws and the pale faces love ornamented weapons. Be my brother! and when the Great Spirit shall have sent us to hunt in the land of spirits, may our warriors hang up our tomahawks together in the hall of council."

Such is, in all its simplicity, the fact, which an *innocent* malice has wished to render ridiculously dramatic. Mendelssohn, when it came to the matter of organizing my concert, a few days after, really acted like a brother in my behalf. The first artist whom he presented to me as his *fidus Achates*, was the concert-master David, an eminent musician, a composer of merit and a distinguished violinist. David, who moreover speaks French perfectly, was of great service to me.

(Conclusion next week.)

STIRRING THE FIRE IN TIME.—A gentleman at a musical party, where the lady was very particular not to have the concert of sweet sounds interrupted, was freezing during the performance of a long concert piece, and seeing that the fire was going out, asked a friend in a whisper:—"How he should stir the fire without interrupting the music?" "Between the bars," replied his friend.

GRÉTRY.

The composer of the music of "*Richard Cœur de Lion*," was born at Liege, a well-known town in Westphalia, in the year 1741. At an early age he became sensible to the charms of music, and, to this sensibility, when he was only four years old, he was near falling a sacrifice. It is related of him, that being left alone in a room where some water was boiling in an iron pot over a wood fire, the sound caught his ear, and for some time he amused himself by dancing to it. The curiosity of the child, however, at length prompted him to uncover the vessel, and in so doing he overset it; the water fell upon and dreadfully scalded him from head to foot. From the care and attention that were paid to him by his parents and medical attendant, he at length recovered in every respect from this accident, except having a weakness of sight, which continued ever afterwards. When he was six years old his father (a teacher of music) placed him in the choir of the collegiate church of St. Denis, and unfortunately, but necessarily, under the tuition of a master who was brutal and inhuman to all his pupils. Young Grétry had his full share of ill-treatment; yet such was his attachment to this man, that he never could prevail upon himself to disclose it to his father, fearing that by his influence the chapter might be induced to take some steps that would be injurious to him. An accident, which for a time put a stop to his studies, deserves to be related here. It was usual at Liege to tell children that God will grant to them whatever they ask of him at their first communion: young Grétry had long proposed to pray on that occasion that he might immediately die if he were not destined to be an honest man, and a man of eminence in his profession. On that very day, having gone to the top of the tower to see the men strike the wooden bells which are always used during the Passion week, a beam of considerable weight fell on his head, and laid him senseless upon the floor. A person who was present ran for the extreme unction; but on his return he found the youth upon his legs. On being shown the heavy log that had fallen upon him,—"Well, well," he exclaimed, "since I am not killed, I am now sure that I shall be an honest man and a good musician." He did not at first appear to have sustained any serious injury, but his mouth was full of blood, and the next day a depression of the cranium was discovered; on which, however, no operation was attempted, and which was suffered to continue. From this time, but whether owing to the accident or not, it is not known, his disposition was considerably altered. His former gaiety gave way in a great measure to sadness, and never afterwards returned, except at intervals. On his return to the choir he acquitted himself by no means to the satisfaction of his father, who for a time withdrew him for the purpose of his receiving further instruction. He was now placed under the care of a master as mild as the other had been severe. When his father replaced him in the choir, his improvement both in singing and playing was found to have been very great. The first time he sang in the choir, the orchestra, delighted with his voice, and fearing to lose the sound of it, was reduced to the pianissimo; the children of the choir around him drew back from respect; almost all the canons left their seats, and were deaf to the bell that announced the elevation of the Host. All the chapter, all the city, all the actors of the Italian Theatre applauded him; and the savage master himself took him by the hand, and told him that he would become a musician of great eminence.

Some little time afterwards his voice began to break. It would then have been prudent to have forbidden his singing; but this not being done, a spitting of blood was brought on, to which, on any exertion, he was ever afterwards subject. Not long subsequently to this he was placed under the care of Moreau; but such was the exuberance of his genius, that he had previously attempted several of the most complicated kinds of music. "I composed six symphonies," says Grétry, "which were successfully executed in our city. M. Hasler, the canon, begged me to let him carry them to the concert. He encouraged me greatly, ad-

vised me to go to Rome in order to pursue my studies, and offered me his purse. My master in composition thought this little success would be mischievous to me, and prevent me from pursuing that regular course of study so necessary to my becoming a sound contrapuntist. He never mentioned my symphonies." Grétry walked to Rome in the early part of 1759, being then only eighteen years of age. Here, in order that his genius might be as much unfettered as possible, he studied under several masters, and he almost every day visited the churches in order to hear the music of Casali, Eurisechio, and Lustrini, but particularly that of the former, with which he was greatly delighted. The ardour with which he pursued his studies was so great, that it suffered him to pay but little attention to his health. This consequently became much impaired, and he was obliged for a while to leave Rome and retire into the country. One day, on Mount Millini, he met a hermit, who gave him an invitation to his retreat, which he accepted, and he became his inmate and companion for three months. He returned to Rome, and, young as he then was, he distinguished himself by the composition of an intermezzo, entitled "*Le Vendémiaire*." His success was so decisive that he was very near suffering fatally from the jealousy of a rival in his profession.

Admired and courted in the capital of Italy, Grétry here continued his labors and his studies with assiduity and perseverance, till Mr. Mellon, a gentleman in the suite of the French ambassador, incited in him a desire to visit Paris. In his way to that city in the year 1767, he stopped at Geneva, and there composed his first French opera of "*Isabelle et Gertrude*." Respecting the performance of this work he relates an amusing anecdote. "One of the performers in the orchestra, a dancing-master, came to me in the morning previously to the representation, to inform me that some young people intended to call for me on the stage with acclamation at the end of the piece, in the same manner as at Paris. I told him I had never seen that done in Italy. 'You will, however, see it here,' says he, 'and you will be the first composer who has received this honor in our republic.' It was in vain for me to dispute the point; he would absolutely teach me the bow that I was to make with a proper grace. As soon as the opera was finished they called for me sure enough, and with great vehemence, I was obliged to appear to thank the audience for their indulgence; but my friend in the orchestra cried out aloud, 'Poh! that is not it!—not at all!—but get along!'—'What's the matter?' asked his brethren in the orchestra. 'I am out of all patience,' said the dancing-master. 'I went to his lodgings this morning, on purpose to show him how to present himself nobly; and did you ever see such an awkward booby?' It was some time before Grétry could obtain in Paris a piece to compose; and he was first introduced to public notice there, in 1768, by writing the music to Marmontel's opera "*Le Huon*." This met with the most flattering success. The opera of "*Lucile*" followed, which was even more successful. His fame was now established in France, and he produced near thirty comic operas for the great opera house in Paris. Of these "*Zemire et Azor*," and "*Richard Cœur de Lion*," have been translated and successfully brought on the English stage. The taste of the Parisians tended greatly to corrupt that of Grétry; but he has done much towards improving theirs: they have met about half way; and perhaps the genius of the French language, the style of singing, and the national prejudices, even if he had determined to continue inflexible, could not have admitted of a nearer approximation than we find in his music. Sacchini has been known to say of Grétry, that he remembered him at Naples, where he regarded him as a young man of great genius, who wrote as much in the style of that school as even any of the Italian masters; but that when he heard his comic opera at Paris, many years afterwards, he did not find that his style had much improved by composing to French words and for French singers. Grétry, during the times of anarchy in France, became tainted with revolutionary principles: he went so far as to publish a work on the subject

of religion, intitled, "*De la vérité de ce que nous fâmes, ce que nous sommes, et ce que nous devons être*;" which shows him also to have been deeply tinctured with infidelity. He died at Montmorency on the 24th of September, 1813.

The Gondolier's Song.

From "Venice," by EDMOND FLAGG.

The voices of the gondoliers are more remarkable for strength than for sweetness—for power than melody: yet, at night, in the open air, at a distance, on the Lagoon, the Giudecca, or the Grand Canal, singly or accompanied by half a dozen other voices, nothing can be more delightful than the song of the Venetian gondolier. "Idle and alone in his barque, awaiting his company, or his fare, he abbreviates the night and breaks the silence of the Lagoon. Solitary in the heart of a crowded city, he sends his voice over the tranquil mirror; and the sleepy canals, the calm of the heaven, the splendor of the moon, the shadows of the lofty palaces prolonged on the water, the distant moaning of the Adriatic, the noiseless gliding of the sable gondolas, which move like spirits hither and thither—no rattling of wheels, no echo of footsteps, only the fitful and unfrequent plash of an oar—all these circumstances impart an indescribable charm to these world-renowned melodies." The wives and children of the fishermen of the Adriatic are said, at nightfall, to go down to the sea-shore of the Chioggia, Malamocco, Pelestrina, and the Lido, and shout their well-known and not unmusical songs, until each can distinguish in the distance, through the twilight, over the waves, the husband's and father's peculiar response. A like custom is said to prevail in the Tyrol.

But nowhere is the "Gondolier's Song" so indescribably charming as on the Grand Canal of a moonlight midsummer night. This is the great *salon musicale* of Venice; and, upon principles of acoustics, is admirably calculated to heighten harmonious effect. The silence of the night, the gondola gliding noiselessly over a waveless surface which acts like a harmonic mirror on the voice; the *facades* of marble palaces on either side, with their overhanging balconies, their open portals, their endless halls and galleries, and their leafy gardens beyond, augmenting without echo, the intensity of the sounds, all concur to aid effect. At midnight you stand on the *Pergola* of the Palazzo Buzinello, opposite the *Posta*, the ancient Palazzo Grimani. You hear the accord of distant voices rising on the still night. A choir of gondoliers in their barques are slowly ascending from the Molo, half a mile below, and singing "*La Biondina*," as they advance. The voices are full and round, the harmony perfect—air, tenor, bass, counter—every part is complete. The moon is riding high over the slumbering city in a cloudless sky—the marble piles are throwing their deep shadows over the slumbering canal; the *trabaccoli*, lying at anchor, seen slumbering, too. Nearer—nearer—nearer—by a *crescendo* which no art can match, the barque and the *barcarola* approach: louder and louder rise the notes on the ear, until, at length, beneath your balcony, the song has attained its *fortissimo*. It passes—the rougher sounds soften—they lessen—they lessen, as the barque ascends. At length it is beneath the Rialto arch, which, for a moment with its echoes, augments and rounds the air. It passes on—it turns the winding of the stream—it dies away—it is dead—it is gone! You hear no more; but you listen still; you listen—hushed—entranced—your very soul absorbed in the departed harmony. You draw a long breath—you speak to the friend at your side—your voice sounds to you harsh—you relapse into silence; and for hours after, those sweet melodies play like a rapture around your heart. And your thoughts, your dreaming fancies—they are far, far away—away from fair Venice, away from Italy, away from the grand Old World, away over the wide, wild ocean—away—at your home! Who that has listened to the moonlight, midnight serenade of the Venetian gondolier, can, while his life lasts, forget?"

A Novel Violin.

[The N. Y. *Mirror* thus describes an arrangement called "Robertson's Keyed Stop Violin," at the Crystal Palace:]

This is a new and excellent arrangement, consisting of a finger-board made of ebony, with thirty-three stops, called key stops, which stand above the strings, projecting one-sixteenth of an inch, and acting upon them perpendicularly; which must be admitted by all who know anything of the instrument to be a great desideratum. The violin is universally conceded to be the king of all instruments, and the very simplicity of its construction makes its mastery a matter of the utmost difficulty.

A beginner finds it almost impossible to hit with his finger the exact place upon the string to produce the proper note. Formerly this could only be attained by long practice, coupled even then with a correct musical ear and a sound judgment; now, thanks to this ingenious and simple contrivance, it is impossible to produce a false note, and the progress of the player is so greatly facilitated, that the study of the instrument, and its practice, are pleasant and easy.

The performer does not bother his brains about the scale—this does not exist in his mind at all as formerly it did, but is brought out to view at a glance, and the execution becomes purely mechanical. The tone of the instrument is not sacrificed a particle, and the most critical could not detect without the aid of the eye, whether this stop-board was on or off of any instrument. This board may easily be attached to any violin, and may be removed at pleasure.

This scale is laid out by ear, by the Harmonics and by a correct mathematical rule, which enables a new beginner, no matter how unpractised or unmusical his ear, to play the tune without producing those discordant sounds that always make us anathematize the practising of tyros upon this instrument. We are told that Spohr, of Germany, the greatest teacher of the age, fingers the violin upon the scale adopted by this inventor. They are manufactured at 181 Broadway, at a price (\$10 and upwards) that places them within the reach of all.

Spohr in England.

The London *Musical World*, of July 16, has the following:

We are informed that Dr. Spohr will not remain in London to conduct the opera of *Jessonda*, at the Royal Italian Opera. The presence of the illustrious composer being demanded at home, it is, we believe, his intention to start on Wednesday next for Cassel.

Since his arrival in London, Dr. Spohr has been reviving old and achieving new artistic triumphs. On the day of his coming he attended the Quartet Association of MM. Stanton, Cooper, and Patti, where he heard a very fine performance of his *Nonetto* for stringed and wind instruments. At the eighth concert of the Old Philharmonic Society, his Historical Symphony (in G, No. 6) was given. On both occasions, being recognised among the audience, Dr. Spohr was compelled to rise from his place to receive their felicitations. At the fifth concert of the New Philharmonic Society, the performance of his "Concert-Overture," and the overture to *Jessonda*, and at the last the execution of his Quartet with orchestral accompaniments, the Symphony for two orchestras, and the overture to *Der Berggeist*, under his own direction, added new laurels to the brow of the great musician. Again, at the closing *séance* of Mr. Ella's Musical Union, a new *sestet* in C major, for stringed instruments, was produced—a work which, while showing all the experience of age, displays in an astonishing degree that freshness and spontaneity which are supposed only to belong to youth. One of the last chamber productions of Dr. Spohr, this *sestet* is equally one of the finest and most captivating of them all.

In private circles the illustrious composer has been fêted as usual. At his own house he has received his friends, and made them acquainted

with some new quartets of his own composition. His activity is remarkable, and his vigor and artistic enthusiasm are as extraordinary as though forty instead of seventy had numbered the winters of his life. Last night, Dr. Spohr was received at the *Réunion des Arts*, where a programme, containing much of his own music, was performed in his honor. The fine quintet in G began the concert, Dr. Spohr (in consequence of the indisposition of Herr Molique, who was to have led it) himself filling the first violin. Every one present paid homage to the great composer, who bore the honor lavished upon him with his usual calm and modest dignity.

It is said that Dr. Spohr considers this his last visit to England. Not so we hope. His occasional appearance among us is indispensable to put fresh blood into the veins of our musicians. The example of such a man is precious, and his personal presence gives it immediate weight and consequence.

MUSIC.—Let taste and skill in this beautiful art be spread among us, and every family will have a new resource. Home will gain a new attraction. Social intercourse will be more cheerful, and an innocent public amusement will be furnished to the community. Public amusements, bringing multitudes together to kindle with one emotion, to share the same innocent joy, have a humanizing influence; and among these bonds of society perhaps no one produces so much unmixed good as music. What a fulness of enjoyment has our Creator placed within our reach, by surrounding us with an atmosphere which may be shaped into sweet sounds! And yet this goodness is almost lost upon us, through want of culture of the organ by which this provision is to be enjoyed.—*Dr. Channing on Temperance.*

A Musical Parson.

Dr. Ford, the rector of Melton, England, was an enthusiast in music, very singular in his manner, and a great humorist. His passion for sacred music was publicly known from his constant attendance at most of the musical festivals in the kingdom. One who knew him says, "I have frequently met him, and always found him in ecstasies with Handel's music, especially 'The Messiah.' His admiration of this work was carried to such an excess, that he told me he never made a journey from Melton to Leicester, that he did not sing it quite through. His performance served as a pedometer by which he could ascertain his progress on the road. As soon as he had crossed Melton bridge he began the overtures, and always found himself in the chorus 'Lift up your heads,' when he arrived at Brooksby gate, 'Thanks be to God' the moment he got through the Thurmasten toll gate. As the pace of his horse was pretty regular, he contrived to conclude the Amen chorus always at the cross in the Belgrave gate. Though a very pious person, eccentricity was at times not restrained even in the pulpit. It need not be stated that he had a pretty good opinion of his own vocal powers. Once, when the clerk was giving out the tune, he stopped him, saying, 'John, you have pitched too low—follow me;' then clearing up his voice, he lustily began the tune. When the psalmody went to his mind, he enjoyed it, and in paroxysms of delight, would dangle one or both of his legs over the side of the pulpit during the singing. When preaching a charity sermon at Melton, some gentlemen of the hunt entered the church rather late. He stopped, and cried out, 'Here they come; here come the red coats; they know their Christian duties. There is not a man among them that is not good for a guinea!' The doctor was himself a performer. I think it was at the Birmingham festival that he was sitting with his book upon his knee, humming music to the performers, to the great annoyance of an attentive listener, who said, 'I did not pay to hear you sing.' 'Then,' said the doctor, "you have that into the bargain."

When a true genius appears, all the dunces are leagued against him.

TO A WILD FLOWER.

[We find this beautiful little poem in a volume entitled *Poetical Aspirations*, by William Anderson. That a poet who can write such things, should be so little known, is a strong signification of the difficulty which characterizes the present age, with all its advantages, of attaining almost any degree of literary celebrity.—*Chambers' Pocket Miscellany.*]

In what delightful land,
Sweet-scented flower, did'st thou attain thy birth?
Thou art no offspring of the common earth,
By common breezes fanned.

Full oft my gladdened eye
In pleasant glade or river's marge has traced
(As if there planted by the hand of taste)
Sweet flowers of every dye.

But never did I see,
In mead or mountain, or domestic bower,
'Mong many a lovely and delicious flower,
One half so fair as thee!

Thy beauty makes rejoice
My inmost heart. I know not how 'tis so—
Quick coming fancies thou dost make me know,
For fragrance is thy voice.

And still it comes to me,
In quiet night, and turmoil of the day,
Like memory of friends gone far away,
Or, haply, ceased to be.

Together we'll commune,
As lovers do, when, standing all apart,
No one o'erhears the whispers of the heart,
Save the all-silent moon.

Thy thoughts I can divine,
Although not uttered in vernacular words;
Thou me remind'st of songs of forest birds;
Of venerable wine;

Of earth's fresh shrubs and roots;
Of summer days, when men their thirsting slake
In the cool fountain or the cooler lake,
While eating wood-grown fruits.

Thy leaves my memory tell
Of sights and scents, and sounds that come again,
Like ocean's murmurs, when the balmy strain
Is echoed in its shell.

The meadows in their green,
Smooth-running waters in the far-off ways,
The deep-voiced forest, where the hermit prays,
In thy fair face are seen.

Thy home is in the wild,
'Mong sylvan shades, near music-haunted springs,
Where peace dwells all apart from earthly things,
Like some secluded child.

The beauty of the sky,
The music of the woods, the love that stirs
Wherever nature charms her worshippers,
Are all by thee brought nigh.

I shall not soon forget
What thou hast taught me in thy solitude;
My feelings have acquired a taste of good,
Sweet flower! since first we met.

Thou bring'st unto the soul
A blessing and a peace, inspiring thought;
And dost the goodness and the power denote
Of Him who formed the whole.

Whistling a Psalm-Tune.

[From 'The Church-Goer,' published in the *Mass. Life-Boat.*]

We were, some years ago, paying a visit in Devonshire, England, and of course on the Sunday accompanied our friends to their parish church. It was one of those sweet rural places which it does one's heart good to go to; the ancient ivy-clad tower rose from amidst its multitude of surrounding graves, on which, as we passed towards the porch, sat the villagers, chatting on various topics. It was what is called Palm, or Flowering Sunday, and according to immemorial custom, every grave in that country churchyard was covered with flowers. We shall not, however, attempt to describe minutely the scene which ensued on the Parson's arrival, nor tell how, as he passed down

the churchyard walk, with his rusty cassock flying in the breeze, his sermon-book in one hand, and a huge clasped prayer-book under his arm, he with his right hand stroked the heads of the children near him, or courteously lifted his shovel hat, in acknowledgement of the bows of aged folk; nor how we observed a pale, consumptive-looking girl sitting on a tomb, (appropriate resting place for her) supported by her grandmother, watching, with large, hopeful, languid eye, for a smile from the good man whom she knew she should not hear many times more; nor how young bumpkins, with buxom girls on their arms, pulled front locks with their big fist, and blushed stupidly; nor, when we entered the sacred building and the service commenced, how the church was decorated with evergreens; nor how the ambitious choir, consisting of a bass viol, two fiddles, (neither of them being a Stradivarius nor a Cremona,) a reedy sounding clarionet, (it had been bought at a great bargain at a pawn shop in the neighboring town,) a bassoon, and a fife, executed "Awake my soul, and with the sun," in a very extraordinary style and manner; nor how all the little charity children in the gallery bawled prodigiously, nor how the cracked voices of the alms-house people quavered at the end of every verse, long after the other people had done singing, to the great indignation of the red-nosed beadle, who looked at the poor old creatures as if they had not souls worthy of singing at all when the Squire was present. We merely supply the outlines, the reader's imagination will readily fill them up.

One of the psalms of the day was written in a peculiarly "peculiar metre," or "perculer," as the clerk pronounced it; and, unfortunately, neither the fiddles, nor the bassoon, nor the clarinet, nor the fife, could for the life of them fit a tune to it; but we will do them the justice to say, that they did the best in their power to suit it, by mixing "long, short, and common metre" tunes together very ingeniously. They tried many ways, and very often—sometimes they would proceed very pleasantly through a few bars; first the bassoon would grumble discordantly,—then the fife would stop playing, although the violins fiddled away most perseveringly. In a little time the clarinet would wander away into a wilderness of sounds, lose itself and die in the distance with a feeble quaver, and lastly, a crash of discord would end the matter; and then came a new trial. But all would not do—and so, as a last resource, the old clerk got up, and to our utter astonishment, *whistled* a tune, which the choir caught cleverly; and the fiddles rejoiced, the clarinet went into ecstasies, the fife flourished wonderfully, the bass viol solemnly sounded—and the church-warden's face brightened up—so did the beadle's; the boys also bawled lustily; and from that time to this Palm Sunday and Whistling Sunday have ever been with us synonymous terms.

Musical Review.

Gems of German Song. Eighth Series.

Messrs. George P. Reed & Co. have issued four numbers of the Eighth Series of their valuable miscellany of German Songs. These are:

1. *The Orphan Wanderer*, by CURSCHMANN, to whom we have already owed some fine songs. The German words here are not given, which detracts from the complete idea of the "Gems." The English words are tame as poetry, but singable. The melody is a simple, mournful one in F minor, 4-4 measure, the accompaniment broken into arpeggio triplets in the right hand, with firm octaves in the bass. It brightens into the major of the key at the last lines of each verse, where the wanderer sees a ray of light. An easy, pretty song enough, but hardly a *gem* among so many choice and shining ones as Schubert, Schumann, Franz, and others have produced.

2. *A Song is oft the Sigh of Anguish*, by C. KREUTZER. Merely English words again, and very tame and prosy ones. The music simple and hardly above the average of the lesser host of German song-writers.

3. *To the Sunshine*, by SCHUMANN:—*O Sonnenschein! O Sonnenschein!* The German words are given, with a translation that comes nearer to their meaning than their melody; but they sing easily. The music has a corres-

ponding playful quaintness and is charmingly original. This is a gem.

4. *Ah! had I Pinions*, by RAHLES. English words only. A simple, pleasing style of Allegretto song, but not enough unlike a thousand others.

Rondo Capriccioso, for the Piano, by MENDELSSOHN. (9 pages.)

Oliver Ditson has done us a good service by the publication of this charming, characteristic fancy of the rare composer. The work is finely conceived and gracefully finished, consisting of a noble and delicately ornate Andante introduction in 4-4, key of E major, followed by one of those airy, fairy minor dances, in light (*Presto leggiero*) 6-8 measure, which are the genuine and undisputed property of Mendelssohn. Jaell, Dresel and others proved its fascination in last winter's concerts. It is not very difficult, but requires a light, rapid, and unflagging finger.

The Beauties of "Rigoletto," by VERDI.

Under this title Mr. Ditson is publishing a series of twelve numbers of the opera, which has just been exciting attention in Europe. They are arias, ballatas, cavatinas, cabalettas, duettos, &c., arranged with piano accompaniment, and with Italian and English words. This is a copy from a Vienna edition, designed for popular effect, in which the original key is freely altered to suit common voices. Each title-page bears a lithograph representation of the famous quartet scene; also a thematic index to the whole series. The melodies are pretty and Verdianish,—some of them indeed seem like Verdi gone to seed. But of the two already published, the duet: *Addio speranza* has considerable beauty. The other, a very simple cavatina: "Love is the soul, &c.," is of that taking, sentimental style which always enjoys a large popularity; though it seems to us such a thing as Verdi might in his common-place moods produce by force of habit, rather than to have sprung from any vital inspiration.—It would have made the edition more interesting if to each song had been attached the name of the dramatic character to whom it belongs in the opera: but that might have sadly interfered with the unlimited license of transposition!

Six Celebrated Duets, by MENDELSSOHN.

Published by Reed & Co. That word "celebrated" makes an awkward title; it is too much of the vulgar, show-bill order of announcement for so select a name as Mendelssohn. But we find the true thing when we look inside. The two last numbers of the six are just issued, called "Evening Song" and "The Voyage," with German words by Henri Heine, and a somewhat literal English version. Heine's name, however, is not mentioned, as it ought to be. These duets are simple, in that sweet, dreamy, peevish, wild, old ballad-like vein of melody, which came so native to the composer. They both deserve popularity, and are likely to have it.—The three earlier numbers of the series were published separately some time since, and are here grouped with these which were originally not published with them. They are, "I would that my love;" "Greetings;" and "O wert thou in the cauld blast," in which last Mendelssohn has so fully caught the spirit of the old Scotch melody.

Fine Arts.

The Athenæum Gallery.

The Athenæum exhibition has now been open for some time, and the visitor is well rewarded for an hour spent there. It is, as it seems to us, the best collection that has been exhibited for several years; larger and more tastefully arranged than usual, and including, with the well known pictures so familiar for many years to the visitors of the Athenæum, a very considerable number of works by both ancient and modern artists, never before exhibited here, the property of private individuals, who deserve the grateful thanks of the public for thus liberally making them accessible and visible to all. The importance of the benefit thus conferred cannot be too highly estimated, nor can the good effect on Art and artists be too strongly dwelt

upon. We have no princes here, as in the older countries, who can throw open to public inspection the priceless treasures of their galleries,—the accumulation of centuries. We have few or no private collections of works of Art. These luxuries are for the great and the rich alone to possess, and the moderate share of wealth that falls even to the most favored of us, under our institutions, renders it impossible that any individual should have more than a very few treasures of this sort. The best of which most of us are able to boast, is perhaps a choice engraving or two, or a plaster cast of some master-piece of sculpture. We have no Guidos, no Claudes, no Canovas, no Allstons, in our rooms. Yet the love of Art, in some form or other, is universal, and the craving *must* be satisfied; thus we adopt the democratic fashion of establishing, as best we may, public institutions, such as the Athenæum, (which reflects such honor on the city of Boston), which shall be open to all, at a moderate price, and where all may see such works of ancient and modern Art, the productions of native and foreign genius, as the means of such institutions can collect.

We have princes, too,—our Merchant Princes—(the true prince), whose forethought and liberality long ago founded this Institution, and still maintain it. They scour the whole world in search of gain, and scarce anywhere can you go that you do not come across a Boston merchant; and there are few who come home, bearing their sheaves with them, who do not also bring some picture, some statue, some beautiful memento of foreign lands to ornament their New England homes. Nor need we say that our true prince does not hide his light under a bushel. He does not keep his pictures secluded in his darkened best parlor, all the year round, but here they are, all hanging on the walls of the Athenæum, to be seen by all men. The catalogue is full of the names of our public spirited-citizens who so nobly share their abundance with us all. All honor to them! They have done well, and we trust this spirit will still more prevail, and that we may occasionally see more, in this way, of the treasures that ornament the drawing-rooms of our city.

Our visits to the Athenæum have not been to criticise, but to enjoy, and so, now that we have pen in hand, we will not play the part of critic, but rather of *cicerone*. There is much in this exhibition of what we want most to see—of *American Art*. Many names in the history of Art among us are here represented; from the venerated name of ALLSTON, whose great unfinished last work, (like the antique Torso,) attracts irresistibly the attention of the appreciating visitor, down to the very latest of our resident artists who exhibits his first picture. Kensett, Ames, Champney, Wild, Hunt, 'Young America,' are all there, and honorably represented. Of Page we see nothing but the beautiful "Holy Family," full of the promise which late accounts (placing him at the head of modern artists in Rome,) tell us he has amply fulfilled. Has no one a specimen of his later pictures?

Two fine pictures by Leutze are among the chief attractions of this exhibition: "The Landing of the Northmen," and "Columbus' Reception at Barcelona by Ferdinand and Isabella, on his return from his first voyage." These pictures are fine specimens of Leutze's style, and attract universal attention. They are owned by gentlemen of Philadelphia, and have never before been exhibited here. But we have neither the space nor the ability to speak critically of them, but must pass on to the Gallery of Sculpture.

It may be that our great American composers are yet unborn, but it is now no longer asked: "Who reads an American book?" (for nobody reads anything else,) and the transcendent merit

of our American Sculptors stands everywhere acknowledged and confessed. And here are fine specimens of all of them. Crawford's "Orpheus," and Brackett's "Shipwrecked Mother," (concerning which a very interesting letter from the late Horatio Greenough will be found in the Catalogue,) are the chief of the larger works of our sculptors; and many fine busts by Greenough, Powers, Clevenger, Crawford, Dexter, R. S. Greenough, and others, are there, doing no small honor to the artists. Our sculptors surely, live, and *will* live as long as the marble in which they have wrought shall endure. But we must bring this rambling talk to a close, and recommend all who are doomed to pass the sultry summer in the hot city, to spend occasionally, a leisure hour at the Athenæum Gallery.

If you cannot take wing and go to the Falls, the Sea-side or the Crystal Hills, like your more favored neighbor; go and take a refreshing look at the skies, and lakes, and mountains, that our artists have brought down here to your very door. Here is the mountain come down to meet you, O Mahomet! Go and look upon it! You need not look always upon bricks and mortar; here are blue skies, green meadows, and cool, flowing streams, where you may wander in imagination at your pleasure. Italy and New Hampshire are spread out before you. Open your eyes and be glad!

We would also, especially direct the attention of strangers to an Institution which by its Gallery of Fine Arts, and not less by its Library, fills so important and honorable a place among the institutions of our city. W.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUGUST 13, 1853.

Music at the Museum.

It has not been in our power to be present since the re-opening of this little pet theatre of Boston, which has long since acquired the character of affording, in the long run and the year round, the best as well as the cheapest dramatic entertainment, and which, guarantying the absence of many of the old vices of the theatre, has won over many a moral enemy to theatres and actors, and made its spectacles and plays a favorite resort for families with and for the sake of the children. We are told, that, in addition to the annual *renaissance* of paint and paper, the orchestra has begun to make all vibrate with unmistakable symptoms of new life. Mr. HERMANN ECKHARDT, the successor of Mr. COMER in the directorship, passed the opening ordeal to the satisfaction of all; and by his own spirited compositions (among which we hear of waltzes "worthy of Labitzky," and an overture woven out of national airs with "no small skill of counterpoint") actually inspired the hope of good times coming in the way of popular theatrical music. We can readily believe it, for Mr. Eckhardt is known to us as a good musician from the time that he first appeared among us as conductor of the "Saxonia Band," when he conducted Haydn Symphonies as well as waltzes. Before that, he had formed his artistic ideas and habits in so musical a capital as Dresden, where he played in the orchestra of the Royal theatre and chapel for five years under the celebrated Richard Wagner, and is of course familiar with what is classical, and what is new of note in music.

In the Museum, Mr. Eckhardt is placed, to be sure, over a sphere of light, popular, *ad captandum* music, where ears uncultivated are to be won, and very listless, roving, careless thoughts pre-occupied. But it is an important sphere to preside over. The Museum, thanks to Mr. Kimball, is essentially the people's and the children's place for imagination-kindling amusement. Amusement it must be first of all, and all its appeals must be exciting, piquant, quickly apprehended, engaging the senses first, and then through them the mind, the heart and even the higher spiritual faculties and aspirations. A vast deal of culture, we all know, may come through amusement. And a well-ordered theatre, if only Art and Taste and Genius preside, instead of the mere mountebank tact and talent for clap-trap, combines all the means for infusing fine artistic culture in the shape of mere amusement.

What might not be made of those fairy spectacles which have enjoyed such popularity at the Museum. Suppose that, instead of the harrowing martyrdom of a "Jewess," and such feasts of horrors, enuring the delicate moral palate to most questionable mustard and red pepper, we could have something as fine and as instinct with genius, as the "Midsummer Night's Dream" represented on the stage, with the young Felix Mendelssohn's felicitous, congenial music! Something far short of that, even, were a consummation devoutly to be wished for. We are glad to learn that Mr. Eckhardt has had experience in the art of arranging musical spectacles, in which our friend COMER has long been so serviceable.

It is from this point of view that we regard it as a fact worth notice that an artist takes the lead of the Museum orchestra. Why shall it not lead by due degrees to the building up and making permanent there a really fine orchestra. There is nothing like an orchestra for giving people an idea, a sense of real music. And there is no place in Boston, (if we except the churches and the streets most paraded through by military bands,) where the *people*, the masses, especially the rising generation, get their ideas of music formed so much as at the Museum. Think of the responsibility of that. Mr. Kimball! think what an opportunity! Can a public-spirited, philanthropic manager be willing to have humdrum, empty, mere foot-lifting music in his theatre, when he is able to have good. But of that ability of course we are not the judge. We simply throw out a hint of what may be done in raising and refining popular taste in places and through instrumentalities which have already won and for a long time held the prestige of popularity.

The Prelude.

We translate the following from the first part of a critique, in the *Gazette Musicale*, on the "Twenty-four Preludes" of Stephen Heller, already noticed in this Journal.

"The Prelude is a form given by nature, and of which Art has no right to take possession save on the condition of leaving it that character of liberty, of spontaneity, of audacity, which must ever remind us of its origin. One preludes in all things and for all things: but in music alone have the great masters adopted the prelude into the order of regular things, under the semblance of an absolute independence; and this is what constitutes the real difficulty of the genus. There

are fixed points in the concerto, in the sonata, just as there are in a sermon: with a little practice and a little *savoir faire*, these fixed, conventional formulas, so far from cramping one, become a support. The prelude lives only by the idea, the sentiment that there is in it, and as it does not live a long time, it is bound to produce its effect forthwith. It has not the resource of long developments, or charmingly contrived returns; it has only the aid of surprise. We can always dispense with it: which is one more reason why it should carry the vote at once and justify its usefulness by pleasure.

"In our days, when there is such exploitation of all sorts of means, when lassitude is fashionable, especially among critics, it has often happened to me to read judgments upon dramatic works, expressed as follows: 'This piece pleases me, precisely because it is not a piece.' Might we not say also of such or such a prelude: 'This piece pleases me because it is not a piece.' But if it is not a piece, it should be something which gives us the desire for one, which opens at some corner the perspective of one, which inspires occasionally a regret that the author has stopped in so beautiful a road and so soon, as in a conversation interrupted at the most interesting point.

"I do not profess to write the theory of the prelude, but I could not help saying what has come into my mind on hearing and reading the charming collection which Stephen Heller has just published. It is in studying his fine and delicious compositions that the rules of the genus have appeared to me, and that, following the example of makers of an *Ars Poetica*, from Aristotle down, I have deduced the principle from the fact. All the natural conditions of the prelude, Stephen seems to me to have realized. I will say more: If Stephen Heller had not composed preludes, he would have violated one of the essential laws of his destiny and his vocation. By temperament, by taste, by instinctive and reflective tendency, he belongs to that class of minds, who, without precisely having a *fear of long works*, love much better to *gather the flower* of a matter, than to *exhaust* it. He is the sworn enemy of those people who incrust themselves in a happy word and never let it go before they have made a silly common-place of it. Music also has its happy words; and it is a fault, alas! too common, to spoil them by wanting to exaggerate and prolong their impression.

"In the twenty-four preludes of Stephen Heller are found some, like the first, for example, which are less than a page in length: the longest are three pages, and most of them are only two. Each is distinguished by its movement, its color, and all together offer the merit of an extreme variety. I doubt not that their places have been marked with care in the collection, while at the same time chance may not have passed for nothing. It is a powerful attraction, that of contrast, and Stephen has known how to secure it very skilfully. To those who are not acquainted with his style or works, I should in vain attempt to convey a comprehension of what there is truly superior and exquisite in this suite of little pieces, some sad and dreamy, but with an amiable sadness and spiritual dreaminess; others impetuous, impassioned, but with a passion which has nothing brutal nor savage. Fortunately, the talent of Stephen Heller enjoys so large a popularity in France, in Germany, in England, that I may dispense

with any definition. In his preludes, as in all his previous productions, he has written not a phrase, a note without knowing why. Nothing escapes him that is insignificant, indifferet, vague. It is always the tradition of the immortal Haydn, the master of masters in the art of writing with distinctness and with spirit. It is always a music with which the mind is satisfied, at the same time that the ear is seduced and charmed."

The Chimes of Lancashire.

(Extract from a private letter.)

ADELPHI HOTEL, LIVERPOOL, }
Tuesday, July 19, 1853. }

We arrived in the noble, broad river Mersey, the harbor of this great city, Sunday morning about six o'clock, and in two hours more were passed through the Custom House without trouble, and were seated at breakfast in the charming, quiet coffee-room (*just like the Albion*), in which I now write.

Now let me tell you, my delights began. Hearing a most musical sound swelling on the air above the noise of the carriages in the street, I asked the waiter, (a clergyman, as the Americans call them, for all the waiters here dress in black, with white cravats.) "Is that a chime?" "Yes sir," said he, "it's the chime of old St. Peter's Church, sir, close by, sir, in the next street, sir, Bold Street, sir, opposite and turn to the first right, sir." Leaving my breakfast half finished, I had seized my hat, and was at the hall door before he had concluded his information. Guided by the sound, I found the queer old tower, and soon groped my way up a narrow stone staircase, to the ringer's chamber. Ten men, mostly old men, were all lustily pulling at the ropes, and I sat with them half an hour. Lancashire is the head-quarters of bell-chiming, and Liverpool is the capital of Lancashire, and this was the best chime in Liverpool:—and all this heard within half an hour of landing. When I told the ringers I had come from America that morning, specially to hear the chimes of Old England, and that this was the first I had heard, I thought they would have smothered me with all sorts of civilities. An English gentleman since told me, that if you wish to win the heart of a Lancashire man, it is only necessary to "like the bells." But wherever I have been in these three days—whoever I have met, I have invariably found that it is only necessary to mention that I am an American, to ensure the utmost cordiality and heartfelt politeness. Shamefully, abominably, do our travelling countrymen misrepresent this most amiable and hospitable people. I cannot conceive the reason, unless it be the old Revolutionary grudges; quite sure am I that the feeling is all on our side. I can't say enough on this point. Every face brightens up at once with an expression of kind interest when you mention America here. You must see it to believe this after all the lies which the thin-skinned Yankees have told us.

"Native Musician." No. 2.

BOSTON, AUGUST 9th, 1853.

To the Editor of the Journal of Music.

DEAR SIR:—I was present at the performance of the Germania Serenade Band upon the Common last Wednesday evening, and I think it must have been very gratifying to the performers themselves to have had the nearly *exclusive* plea-

sure of hearing their own sweet artistic sounds.—Throughout the performance of part first, had not my attention been startled occasionally by a blast from some *brassy* instrument, I should have thought that a large portion of their programme consisted entirely of *Rests*. But in part second they seemed to gain new animation, and could be heard somewhat better, yet not sufficiently to please the audience. I think the Boston Brass Band, or the Brigade Band, with their brilliant pieces, would have been far preferable to seven-eighths of the people present on that occasion.

Part third, in regard to hearing, was about the same as part first, with the exception of two pieces, one of which you, in your last number, seemed to infer as "hacknied." I mean Yankee Doodle. Hail Columbia, if I mistake not, you, in a former number of your Journal, have called *hacknied*. This they also performed. My dear sir, I, for one can never listen to my country's national melodies but with feelings of pleasure and delight; and in saying this, I feel confident that I speak the sentiment of every true American; but I presume your foreign ideas prevent you from thinking so.

P. S.—In my note of the 19th of July, which you published in your Journal, I noticed that you left out (by mistake, probably, in reading the proof-sheet) the letter *t* in the word "contents;" also you put a small *a*, instead of a capital, at the commencement of the word "American." But I excuse you, on the ground that you might have been excited by reading the *touching remarks* it contained at the time you revised the proof for the press.

Yours Respectfully,

NATIVE MUSICIAN.

[We trust the writer will favor our columns occasionally with communications as curt and spicy as the above, and one before. As to the "contents," there was no neglect of proof-reading, but the note was printed *literatim et punctatim* after the MS., which is scrupulously preserved. Two theories of the peculiar spelling suggested themselves: one was hurried penmanship, the other was illiterate origin. Now the moral *animus* of the note naturally inclined us to the latter theory; for, if a blackguard may be presumed to wear a slouched hat, so the writer of an ill-tempered anonymous squib may very naturally be not entirely precise in his spelling.—ED.]

["Native Musician" may now sound his B♭ for "a spell," we think.—Printer.]

The Rhenish Men Song Union.

The New York papers announce the arrival in that city of one of those German companies of male part-singers, so celebrated in Europe, and one of which (the Cologne Union) has recently produced so great a sensation in London, by a series of ten concerts, of which we have already copied some accounts.

The Union now in New York is called the *Rheinischer Männer Gesang Verein*, and includes, as we are informed by private letter, the solo quartet singers of the aforesaid Cologne Union. This Quartet have sung together during the last six years in the principal cities of Northern Germany, and have been crowned as the best Quartet at nearly all the great German Song Union festivals. Their *repertoire* consists of nearly two hundred pieces, consisting of quintets, quartets,

trios, duets and solos, exclusively of German composers, such as Kücken, Mendelssohn, Zöllner, Gade, Marschner, Fesca, Lachner, Becker, Wagner, Ries, Weber, Reichardt, &c. (By the way, the one fault found with the Cologne singers by the London critics was the second or third-rate character of too many of the compositions which they sang. This need not be, and we trust *here* will not be, as they have plenty of first-rate ones to draw from.) They are said to excel in slow music, yet they sing several comic pieces with great humor, delicacy and exactness. The voices are good, and the first tenor sings the *C sharp* above the lines with full chest voice.

They are accompanied by Sig. CRUVELLI (or Herr Kriivell), a baritone, who is a brother of the prima donna Cruvelli, and has a fine voice, though with little school. It is their intention to engage GÖCKEL the pianist, who as pupil of Mendelssohn gave a concert not long since in New York, and little PAUL JULIEN with his violin, and with this array of talent to commence from New York a concert tour through the United States.

Such is the account we have of them; but of course the proof of the pudding is in the eating. We can imagine nothing more interesting or more serviceable to the cause of musical taste in this country, than to have our people hear a model of the fine part-singing of Germany; especially if we could have a full chorus, like the Cologne Union:—why cannot this quartet constitute itself the heart and nucleus of a larger band of singers, who may be easily found and trained, if *they* (the quartet) are all that is represented?

Musical Intelligence.

Local.

NEWPORT.—The "GERMANIANS," with the assistance of OTTO DRESEL, have been giving a series of classical *matinées musicales* in the hall of the Ocean House. The following was the programme for Friday noon, Aug. 5th:

PROGRAMME.

1. Quartetto No. 2, D minor, for two violins, viola and violoncello, Mozart.
Allegro moderato.
Andante.
Mennetto allegretto.
Allegretto ma non troppo.
Performed by Schultze, Meissel, Meyer and Luhde.
2. Trio in C minor, op. 66, for piano, violin, and 'cello, Mendelssohn.
Allegro energico e con fuoco.
Andante espressivo.
Scherzo, molto allegro quasi presto.
Finale, allegro appassionato.
Performed by Otto Dresel, Schultze and Luhde.
3. Septetto, op. 20, in E flat major, for violin, viola, 'cello, contrabasso, clarinetto, horn and fagotto, Beethoven.
Adagio, allegro.
Scherzo.
Andante con variazione.
Performed by Schultze, Meyer, Luhde, Balcke, Schulz, Küstenmacher and Thiede.

ALFRED JAEHL has arrived, and the charming little CAMILLE URSO is the pet here as everywhere. The Germanians gave their first *Soirée D'ansante* at the Atlantic House, on Thursday evening.

We understand that the Germanians have deputed one of their number to Europe to engage new members for their orchestra. They propose to increase their regular force to *forty* instruments against the winter campaign in Boston. This, with such assistance as they can command from *quasi* members resident in and about Boston, will enable them to man a Beethoven symphony with *fifty* instruments. What will they have to fear from Jullien and all his hosts?

NEW YORK.—The great JULLIEN, the "Mons," and grand mogul of "monster concerts," has arrived, and pnts up at the Clarendon. Dodworth's Band have serenaded him. The next steamers will bring his principal

artists, such as ANNA ZERR, the high-voiced soprano, BOTTESINI, the king of contrabassos, WUILLE, the hornist, LAVIGNE, the oboist, KOENIG, the cornet-a-piston player, &c. &c.:—a goodly number of prime artists for a nucleus; the rank and file of the hundred, or musically speaking, the *ripienists*, will, we presume, be picked up in this country. Shop widows are full of portraits of the great Jullien and his men; one or two of them fine-looking fellows, while the bright, *qui-vive*, shrewd, Jewish, Leopold de Meyer-like face of the "Mons" himself, looks the impersonation of an advertisement.

Music publishers have Jullien waltzes *ad libitum*; and the London *Musical World* has teemed, for weeks and weeks past, with a seemingly ever "to be continued" romantic and thrilling biography of Jullien, from the time of his infant Mozart-ship up to his present full-blown summer,—all nicely cooked and savored for the American market. We shall see what we shall see; if he does *well*, he shall surely have credit for it. But the "mons" that trumpets its labor too ferociously, is apt to awaken expectation of a—

Jullien is to open at Castle Garden on the 25th. Thence the SONTAG opera will remove to Niblo's, to commence there on the 26th.

GOTTSCHALK is in New York again, and may be expected to give concerts soon. We trust that he will let himself be heard in Boston.

LIMA.—The Spanish papers of this city are still full of the unbounded praise of BISCACCANTI. The poetic rhapsodies, the triumphal doves and processions, (such as that of which we copied a description not long since,) the earnest solicitations through the newspapers for the repetition of this or that "sublime" rôle, are all characteristic of the South American Spanish enthusiasm. Making all allowance for that, her genuine artistic success must still have been very great. The Signora's health obliges her to desist from singing for the present, but the management have made her the most liberal offers, and the opera-going public seem determined to have her re-engaged at *any* price, and made the fixed star there during the next autumn and winter. Catharine Hayes arrived at Lima, heard the Biscaccianti, and at once passed on to Valparaiso.

Private letters inform us that our Boston prima donna has improved wonderfully in voice, in singing, and above all in acting, so as to be considered there as really a *great actress*. We wish her continuance of all success there or elsewhere; but in the Spring, at all events by May, our new Boston opera house will be ready for opening; and what artist can more fitly appear at that opening, and lend lustre (whether alone or with other stars) to the first season, than our own Boston Biscaccianti! We trust the directors will see their interests, as well as the public pleasure, in taking early measures to procure her. It is some five years since we have heard her here in opera. If her gain in acting has been equal to her gain in singing, as we heard her in her concert after her second return from Europe, she is indeed an artist. More anon.

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Translated for this Journal.

Mendelssohn at Leipsic.

HECTOR BERLIOZ to STEPHEN HELLER. (1843.)

[Concluded.]

The orchestra at Leipsic is not more numerous than those at Frankfort and at Stuttgart; but as the city is not wanting in instrumental resources, I wished to augment it a little, and the number of violins was consequently raised to twenty-four:—an innovation which, as I afterwards saw, excited the indignation of several critics who had taken their ground. Twenty-four violins instead of sixteen, which had always until then sufficed for the execution of the symphonies of Mozart and Beethoven! What an insolent pretention! . . . We tried in vain to procure three other instruments designated in several of my pieces (another enormous crime); it was impossible to find the *corno anglaise*, the ophicleid and the harp. The English horn (I mean the instrument) was so bad, so dilapidated, and consequently so extraordinarily false, that, in spite of the talent of the artist who played it, we had to renounce the use of it and give its solo to the first clarinet.

The ophicleid, or at least the feeble instrument of brass which they presented to me under that name, did not resemble the French ophicleids; it had scarcely any tone, and besides it was in *B natural*, which obliged the performer to transpose by a semitone and consequently to play in keys almost impracticable; in *G flat*, for instance, when the orchestra was in *F*, or in *C flat* when it was in *B flat*. The ophicleid therefore was considered not arrived; its place was supplied, for better or worse, by a fourth trombone. As for the harp, it was not to be thought of; for, six months before, Mendelssohn, wishing to bring out fragments of his *Antigone* in Leipsic, was obliged to have harps brought from Berlin. As they assured me that he had been but indifferently satisfied with them, I wrote to Dresden, and Lipinski, a great and worthy artist of whom I shall have occasion to speak, sent me the harpist of the theatre. It only remained to find an instrument. After much useless hunting among various makers and music-sellers, Mendelssohn at length learned that an amateur possessed a harp, and he obtained the loan of it for some days. But, admire my luck, the harp once brought and nicely furnished with new strings, it turned out that M. Richter (the harpist from Dresden, who had so obligingly come to Leipsic at the request of Lipinski) was a very clever pianist, moreover that he played the violin very well, but the harp scarcely at all. He had studied its mechanism for eighteen months only, so as to execute the most simple arpeggios, which commonly serve for accompaniment to the singing in Italian operas. At the sight of the diatonic passages and *cantabile* designs which are often met with in my symphony, his courage failed him altogether, and Mendelssohn had to sit down at the piano on the evening of the concert and represent the harp solos and ensure the *entrées*. What embarrassment about so small a thing!

However, my course once taken with regard to these inconveniences, the rehearsals commenced. The arrangement of the orchestra, in this fine hall, is so excellent; the relations of each performer with the chief are so easy; and the artists, who are perfect musicians, have been accustomed by Mendelssohn and David to give such attention to the studies, that two rehearsals sufficed for the long programme, in which figured, among other difficult compositions, the overtures to "King Lear" and the *Franc-Juges*, and the *Symphonie fantastique*. David moreover had consented to play the violin solo (*Rêverie et Caprice*) which I

wrote two years ago for Artôt, and of which the orchestration is quite complicated. He executed it in a superior manner, and with the great applause of the assembly.

As for the orchestra, to say that it was irreproachable after two rehearsals only, in the execution of the pieces just named, is to bestow on it an immense praise. All the musicians of Paris, and many more besides, will, I am sure, be of that opinion.

This soirée troubled the musical consciences of the inhabitants of Leipsic, and, so far as I was allowed to judge from the newspaper polemics, discussions ensued, which were at least as violent as those of which the same works were the subject some ten years since in Paris. While they were thus debating the morality of my harmonic doings and achievements, some treating them as fine actions, others as premeditated crimes, I made the trip to Dresden, which I shall soon have to relate. But, not to divide the recital of my experiences at Leipsic, I proceed to tell you, my dear Heller, what occurred, on my return, at the concert for the benefit of the poor, of which Mendelssohn had spoken to me in his letter, and in which I had promised to take part.

The soirée being organized entirely by the Society of Concerts, I had at my disposal the rich and powerful Academy of Singing, of which I have already expressed myself with such merited praise. You may imagine, I took care to profit by this fine mass of voices, and I offered to the directors of the Society the finale for three choirs to the "Romeo and Juliet," of which the German translation had been made at Paris by the learned professor Duesberg. It was only to fit this translation to the notes of the vocal parts. This was a long and painful labor; besides, the German prosody not having been observed by the copyists in their distribution of long and short syllables, there resulted for the singers such great difficulties, that Mendelssohn was obliged to lose his time in the revision of the text and the correction of such faults as were most troublesome. He had moreover to exercise the chorus during nearly eight days. (Eight rehearsals of so large a chorus would cost in Paris 4,800 francs. And I am asked why I do not give "Romeo and Juliet" sometimes in my concerts!) This Academy, in which there figure, it is true, some artists from the theatre and the pupils of the *Thomas-Schule*, is nevertheless composed almost entirely of amateurs belonging to the cultivated classes of the

city of Leipsic. That is why, when any serious work is to be learned, it is so much more easy to obtain a great number of rehearsals. When I returned from Dresden, the studies were far from being terminated; the male chorus especially left much to be desired. It pained me to see a great master and great virtuoso like Mendelssohn, charged with this subaltern task of singing-master, which he fulfils, I must say, with an indomitable patience. Each of his observations is made with gentleness and a perfect politeness, which one would enjoy the more in him, if he but knew how rare these qualities are in all such cases. As for myself, I have often been accused of ungallantry by our ladies of the Opera; my reputation in this regard, is perfect. I deserve it, I confess; as soon as there are to be studies of a grand chorus, and even before commencing them, a sort of anticipated cholera chokes my throat, my bad humor manifests itself, although nothing as yet can have given cause for it, and my looks convey to all the choristers the idea of that Gascon who, having kicked an unoffensive little boy that was passing by him, when the boy remarked that he *had done nothing to him*, replied: "Judge a little, then, what you would get if you *had* done anything to me!"

Meanwhile, after two more sessions, the three choruses were learned, and the finale, with the support of the orchestra, would undoubtedly have gone perfectly well, had not a singer from the theatre, who for several days had complained of the difficulties of the part of Friar Lawrence, with which he was charged, come to demolish our whole noble edifice of harmony, which we had raised with so much pain.

I had already remarked at the piano rehearsals that this gentleman (I forget his name) belonged to that numerous class of musicians, who do not know music; he counted his rests badly, he did not come in at the right time, he was unsure in his intonation, &c.; but I said to myself: perhaps he has not had time enough to study his part; he learns very difficult parts for the theatre, why may he not get through with this? Meanwhile I often thought of Alizard, who always sang this scene so well, and I regretted that he was at Brussels and did not know German. But at the general rehearsal, the night before the concert, as this gentleman had made no farther progress, and, what was more, as he grumbled between his teeth I knew not what Teutonic imprecations, every time they were obliged to stop the orchestra on his account, or when Mendelssohn or I sang his phrases to him, my patience finally forsook me, and I thanked the chapel, begging them no longer to occupy themselves with my work, seeing that this bass part rendered its execution impossible.

On returning, I made this sad reflection: Shall two composers who have devoted for long years whatever of intellect and imagination nature has given them, to the study of their art; shall two hundred musicians, singers and instrumentists, attentive and capable, fatigue themselves for eight days to no purpose, and then renounce the production of the work which they have undertaken, merely because of the insufficiency of one single man!! O singers who do not sing, you, you too are gods! . . . The Society was greatly embarrassed how to supply in the programme the place of this finale, which is half an hour in length; by means of an extra rehearsal which the orchestra and chorus were willing to undergo on the

morning of the concert, we got through it. The overture to "King Lear," which the orchestra were masters of, and the offertory in my Requiem, in which the chorus has but a few notes to sing, were substituted for the fragment of "Romeo," and executed in the evening in the most satisfactory manner. I may even add that the piece from the Requiem produced an effect which I did not anticipate, and won me an inestimable suffrage, that of Robert Schumann, one of the most justly renowned composer critics of Germany. Some days after, this same offertory called forth an eulogium, upon which I had counted still less. It was in this way. I had been taken sick at Leipsic, and when, as I was about departing, I asked what I was indebted to the physician who had attended me, he replied: "Write for me, on this sheet of paper, the theme of your offertory, with your signature, and I shall be beholden to you forever; never has a piece of music struck me so much!" I hesitated a little about remunerating a doctor's cure in that fashion, but he insisted, and chance having furnished me an occasion of responding to his compliment by another better merited, would you believe that I had the simplicity not to seize it? I wrote at the top of the page: "*A. M. le docteur Clarus.*"

"*Carus,*" said he, "you give my name an *l* too much."

Instantly I thought: "*Patientibus carus, sed clarus inter doctos,*—and I did not dare to write it. . . . There are moments when I am guilty of a rare stupidity.

A composer-virtuoso like yourself, my dear Heller, has a lively interest in every thing relating to his Art; I find it very natural therefore that you have addressed to me so many questions on the subject of the musical richness of Leipsic; I will reply laconically to some of them. You ask me if the great pianist, Madame Clara Schumann, has any rival in Germany, whom they can decently oppose to her?

—*Je ne crois pas.*

You beg me to tell you if the musical sentiment of the great heads at Leipsic is good, or at least directed towards that which you and I call the beautiful?

—*Je ne veux pas.*

If it is true that the confession of faith of every one who pretends to love high and serious Art is this: "There is no god but Bach, and Mendelssohn is his prophet?"

—*Je ne dois pas.*

If the theatre is well composed, and if the public is much to blame for amusing itself with the little operas of Lortzing, which are represented so often?

—*Je ne puis pas.*

If I have read or heard some of those old masses for five voices, with continuous bass, which they praise so much at Leipsic?

—*Je ne sais pas.*

Adieu, dear Heller! Continue to write beautiful caprices, like your two last, and may God preserve you from fugues with four subjects on a choral!

Melody.

The following remarks, evidently from the pen of a musician, form a portion of a series of articles on "The Progress and Influence of Music,"—published a few years ago in the *London Morning Post*:

One of the branches of musical Art least under-

stood, and upon which the most uninstructed consider themselves qualified to give an opinion, is Melody. It is the fancied stronghold of the amateur critic; and even our budding misses venture to lisp melodical judgments. Melody, properly understood, answers to the single-figure principle in the sister Art, in regard to which Sir Joshua Reynolds has left us the following precepts:—"When the picture consists of a single figure only, that figure must be contrasted in its limbs and drapery with great variety of lines. It should be as much as possible a *composition in itself*. It may be remarked that such a complete figure will never unite and make part of a group; as, on the other hand, no figure of a well-conducted group will stand by itself.

These principles, applied to music, will furnish us with a complete definition of melody. A strongly marked musical figure will no more admit of great variety in the accompanying parts, redundancy of accessory ideas, or contrapuntal development, than will the single figure in drawing of complicated grouping or undue prominence of the component parts. The principles of fine melody are as fixed and immutable as those which regulate the mazy convolutions of counterpoint and fugue, or the progressions and modulations of harmony. It is not to be produced by chance. It is the result of knowledge, as distinguished from mere intuition. Its fundamental laws are rhythmical symmetry, a natural succession of intervals and tonal consistency. Harsh and extreme distances are as contrary to its nature as is a vague and difform style of rhythm. The excellent precepts transmitted to us from the ancient contrapuntists for the carriage of voices, form the basis of our laws respecting the production of pure melody. Diatonic intervals should ever be preferred to chromatic, monotony avoided, and "variety in unity" never lost sight of.

The principle laid down by Sir Joshua Reynolds, that the single figure should form a *composition in itself*, means, when applied to music, that a well-constructed melody should, even without the accompanying parts, be gratifying and satisfactory to the ear. If this condition be fulfilled, its general popularity will be inevitable. General popularity, however, must be understood to convey a much more extended meaning than a mere barrel-organ circulation. The indiscriminate zeal with which the unlettered crowd occasionally adopts a vulgar tune cannot be admitted as a proof of its excellence. The ascendancy of such productions over the public mind is invariably of short duration, and generally to be ascribed to local influence, or their popular association with some passing event, and *always* to the absence of something better. The truly popular airs are those which have stood the test of ages; the compositions of those inspired writers who, like all true poets, are the exponents of those eternal ideas of the true and beautiful implanted in the human breast, and who, as they tell of things already known and felt by all, though never so well expressed, have but to speak to be understood. The true poet, whether of words, tones, or colors, is an oracle in which the undying spirit of truth finds a voice. It is for him alone to "strike the electric chain with which we are darkly bound," causing it to vibrate through all time.

An idea prevails that the national airs of various countries are evidences that melody is the offspring rather of nature than art; but to establish this theory it will be necessary to prove that uncouth distances and rhythmical deformity are as agreeable as the opposite qualities; that a defective scale is equal to a perfect one; that monotony and mannerism are as admirable as variety in unity—in short, that melodies composed by a barbarous and ignorant people are as excellent as those invented by the great writers. The most rabid admirer of those interesting old acquaintances will, we opine, scarcely go so far. Far be it from us to evince any lack of reverence for antique, time-honored melodies. They are entwined with our earliest recollections; they surprised us into admiration before the reign of judgment commenced; they are associated in our minds with thoughts of hope and dreams of happiness; some of our best poets have wedded to them their

worthiest inspirations; they are endeared by a thousand ties to our memory; and we cannot listen unmoved to—

"The melody of youthful days
Which steals the trembling tear of speechless praise."

These, however, are adventitious circumstances, to which we have alluded merely because we feel convinced that they have very much influenced the public mind. People love to hear that which reminds them of the time when "pale pain" was unknown to them—hence the erroneous conclusions they arrive at.

One peculiarity of melody is that it more easily takes the stamp of individuality than the more complex branches of the Art; and we shall hazard the reproach of having made a trite observation when we remark that the native airs of various countries are impressed with the general features of the national mind and character. The conception of melody, owing to the singleness of its nature, is more immediate, and emanates more directly from the feelings and emotions, than the complexities of harmony and counterpoint, which demand more consideration and calm reflection. The mind, always subject to local and physical influences, takes its color from surrounding objects; and its first musical impulse, which is melody, becomes naturally imbued with the circumambient spirit of the time and place. Hence the distinct character of national melodies. We must, however, warn the true student against giving undue importance to this fact, and urge him not to consider, because he may be an Englishman, that he is bound to imitate English composers. Let him rather reflect that great works are of no country, but are as universal as the immutable principles upon which they are constructed, and that it is better to strive to be great in Art than merely national."

Music in Russia.

St. Petersburg possesses two theatres—the *Little* and the *Great*. A third was provisionally constructed for an Italian company, but destroyed by fire, shortly after the opening. The *Little Theatre*, devoted to Thalia, is occupied alternately by the Russian comedians and the French company, who represent vaudevilles, comedies of Moliere, and sometimes even dramas. The second, or the *Great Opera*, is destined to the performance of Russian tragedies, operas, ballets, and to the German company, which some years ago gave Weber's *chef d'œuvre* there. The decorations are beautiful, and the costumes rich; but the orchestra is bad and incomplete; and vainly would you look for a distinguished singer in the company. Hence the theatre is generally deserted and the higher classes, who alone frequent plays, go only to the vaudevilles of M. Scribe, whose success is as certain at Petersburg as at Paris. Many causes are opposed to the formation of good musicians at Petersburg. If even there were an academy of music, or any similar institution, they would be useless; for the title of artist is too exalted for the people to indulge any hope of attaining it; the nobility will not descend to it; and a middle class, which might have it, does not exist.

These two theatres are under the imperial direction, which obliges them to close during the six weeks of Lent and Easter. Then begins the era of *Musique du Salon*, which terminates on Maundy Thursday. This ephemeral existence is marked by daily concerts, given in the Philharmonic Rooms, a magnificent building. Some distinguished artists are heard at these concerts. Field or Mayeron the piano-forte; Boehm and Maurer on the violin, Vandes on the clarion, and Sussmann on the flute, are names which appear daily on the bills, varying only the order in which they are printed. Never is a Russian name found among them. The vocal department is very weak as to the solos; but the choruses are perfectly executed by the singers of the court. The orchestra is not numerous; it performs with tolerable precision, but without expression; and it would, probably, be much embarrassed if required to execute one of Beethoven's symphonies in its true character.

The church-music, all in plain chant, shows

sufficiently the happy results which might be expected under another government, from the astonishing musical dispositions of the Russian people. It is impossible to describe the effect produced by three hundred infantine voices singing, without accompaniment of any kind, the soft and simple melodies of the Greek rite.

Military music is generally very good in Russia—the intonation of the horns and trumpets is peculiarly remarkable. A sort of music, peculiar to Russia, remains to be mentioned. It is produced by a kind of tubes, which give but one note each. Such an orchestra, to be effective, must, of course, be very numerous; but the effect is admirable. The sound, better supplied than that of any other wind instrument, may be swelled and diminished at pleasure, and thus joins force to expression. This music which is sufficiently rare in Russia, is in great requisition at the fetes; it is generally played in a garden, and the effect produced at a great distance, on a delightful Russian night, is wonderful.

The Russians possess a great number of national songs, which, at first hearing, are not without a certain charm; but they have the fault of being all formed on the same model, which gives them a monotonous tinge, by which one is soon fatigued. But a more complicated kind of music could not be executed on the *balalaika*, the only instrument by which the Russian *moujik* is accompanied. A piece of wood, rudely shaped, narrower and more flat than the guitar, furnished with three strings, has neither great resources, nor very attractive charms. As to the words of these songs, they are for the most part but little honorable to the poetic spirit of the Russian troubadour.—*Old English Magazine*.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

A B A T H.

O Summer! Summer, with thy golden crown!

Thou comest o'er the wolds with fiery feet:
The white-skinned Naiads languidly lie down
Amid the sultry heat.

O! now to bathe in some sweet marble fount
In those fair gardens Epicurus founded;
Where in bright streamlets icy waters mount,
By myrtle trees surrounded;

Or in a bath where old Boccaccio
Made murmur to the air with gentle cadence,
Where oft with zoneless waists and cheeks a-glow,
Came Florentine fair maidens.

But no! we have the sea, the flashing sea,
And tread the wild expanse of silver sands;
We hear old poet Ocean chanting free
His tales of alien lands.

Strip to the wooing wind. From rocks romantic
Plunge in the fresh, green, laughing, quivering brine;
Sate thee with kisses of the fair Atlantic,
And then—go home and dine.

CATALANI AND GOETHE.—Her want of literary attainments joined to her vivacity in conversation, sometimes produced ludicrous scenes. When at the court of Weimar, she was placed, at a dinner-party, by the side of Goethe, as a mark of respect to her on the part of her royal host. The lady knew nothing of Goethe, but, being struck by his majestic appearance, and the great attention of which he was the object, she inquired of the gentleman on her other side what was his name. "The celebrated Goethe, madame," was the answer. "Pray, on what instrument does he play?" was the next question. "He is no performer, madam,—he is the renowned author of Werter." "Oh, yes, yes, I remember," said Catalani; and turning to the venerable poet, she addressed him,— "Ah, sir, what an admirer I am of Werter! A low bow was the acknowledgment for so flattering a compliment. 'I never,' continued the lively lady, 'I never read anything half so laughable in all my life. What a capital farce it is sir!' 'Madame,' said the poet, looking aghast— 'the Sorrows of Werter a farce?' 'Oh, yes; never was anything so exquisitely ridiculous!" rejoined Catalani, laughing heartily as she enjoyed the re-

membrance. And it turned out that she had been talking all the while of a ridiculous parody of Werter, which had been performed at one of the minor theatres of Paris, and in which the sentimentality of Goethe's tale had been unmercifully ridiculed. The poet did not get over his mortification the whole evening; and the fair singer's credit at the court of Weimar was sadly impaired by this display of her ignorance of the illustrious Goethe and the Sorrows of Werter. *Hogarth's Reminiscences of the Opera*.

MUSICAL CATECHISM.—We find the following afloat in the papers:

"What is a slur?"

"Almost any remark one singer makes about another."

"What is a rest?"

"Going out of the choir to eat some refreshments during sermon time."

"What is called singing 'with an understanding'?"

"Marking time on the floor with your foot."

"What is a staccato movement?"

"Leaving the choir in a *huff*, because one is dissatisfied with the leader."

"What is a swell?"

"A professor of music, who pretends to know everything about the science, while he cannot conceal his ignorance."

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

"Massachusetts Musick" a Century Ago.

In looking through the valuable collections of the Antiquarian Society, the other day, the writer found a few items of some musical interest. Besides works of a later date, in the eighteenth century, a quaint production was discovered, bearing upon its dilapidated title-page the year 1721, (the last figure only, somewhat dubious) and comprising twenty-four "Sacred Tunes, with Some brief and very plain Instructions for Singing by Note." This collection is probably the one referred to in some histories, as edited in 1721, by Rev. Thomas Walter of Roxbury, Mass., and with the exception of the "Bay Psalm Book," used in the seventeenth century, is believed to be the first book of sacred music printed in this State. It is said to have been recommended by fourteen divines!

I may be permitted, perhaps, to add a few extracts from the learned author's "Instructions," wherein he refers more particularly to the prevailing "Ways of Singing Sacred Musick," in those days, and to the need of reformation therein. Possibly our author's strictures upon the *quavering* style of execution, and the tedious protraction of musical notes,—a fault paralleled nowadays by too great rapidity, as well as an absurd *excess of accentuation* among singers,—might prove a salutary admonition to more modern performers; certainly, in several "churches which I purposely forbear to mention."

"My Rules will be Serviceable upon a three-fold Account. First, They will instruct us in the right and true Singing of the Tunes that are already in Use in our Churches; which when they first came out of the Hands of the Composers of them, were Sung according to the Rules of the *Scale of Musick*, but are now miserably tortured, and twisted, and quavered, in some Churches, into all horrid Medley of confused and disorderly Noises. Our Tunes are, for want of a Standard to appeal to in all our Singing, left to the Mercy of every unskilful Throat to chop and alter, twist and change, according to their infinitely divers and no less odd Humour and Fancies. Yea, I have myself heard (for instance) *Oxford Tune* sung in *Three Churches* (which I purposely forbear to mention) with as much Difference as there can possibly be between *York* and *Oxford*, or any two other different Tunes. Therefore any

man that pleads with me for what they call the *Old Way*. I can confute him only by making this Demand, *What is the Old Way?* which I am sure they cannot tell. For one Town says their's is the true *Old Way*, another Town thinks the same of their's, and so does a Third of their Way of Tuning it.

"Again. It will serve for the Introduction of more Tunes into the Divine Service. For at present we are confined to *eight or ten Tunes*, and in some congregations to little more than half that Number, which being so often sung over, are too apt, if not to create a Distaste, yet mightily to lessen the Relish of them.

"One more advantage is this. That by the just and equal *Timing* of the Notes, our Singing will be reduc'd to an exact Length, so as not to fatigue the Singer with a Protraction of the Notes beyond the Compass of a Man's Breath, and the Power of his Spirit: A Fault very frequent in the *Country*, where I myself have twice in one Note paused to take Breath. And then the even, unaffected, and smooth sounding the Notes, and the Omission of those unnatural *Quaverings* and *Turnings* will serve to prevent all that Discord and lengthy Tediousness which is so much a Fault in our Singing of Psalms: For much time is taken up in shaking out these Tunes and Quavers: and besides, no two Men in the Congregation quaver alike, or together."

The very plain "Instructions" of the author are contained in about twenty-five pages, very much after the stereotyped order of modern singing-books. The music, designated by diamond-shaped notes, and divided into "*Cantus*," "*Medius*," and "*Bassus*" parts, upon the respective "Cliffs," comprises "Canterbury Tune," "St. Mary's Tune," "The One Hundredth Psalm Tune," "Peterborough Tune," and some twenty others of a like character. A few pages of manuscript sacred music are added, quite evidently the work of some ancient chirographer.

I will only presume to trespass further, in order to give the title of a single pamphlet, published in Philadelphia in 1783, in which the author anticipates the "Complete Introduction of the Organ," and its great "Excellency," in all places of Public Worship. Possibly the "Introduction" of competent *Organists*, in some of our Country Churches might be equally practicable and beneficial!

"The Lawfulness, Excellency, and Advantage of Instrumental Music in the Publick Worship of God, Urg'd and Enforc'd, from Scripture, and the Example of the far greater part of Christians in all ages. Address'd to All (particularly the *Presbyterians* and *Baptists*) who have hitherto been taught to look upon the Use of Instrumental Musick in the Worship of God as unlawful. By a Presbyterian."

"Musick has charms to sooth the Savage Breast,
To soften Rocks, and bend the knotted Oak."—*Congreg.*

Yours, W. S. B.

Worcester, Mass. 10th August.

"There is something in it (music) of Divinity more than the ear discovers. It is an hieroglyphical and shadowed lesson of the whole world and creatures of God: such a melody to the ear as the whole world, well understood, would afford the understanding. In brief, it is a sensible fit of that harmony which intellectually sounds into the ears of God. I will not say, with Plato, that the soul is an harmony, but harmonical, and hath its nearest sympathy unto musick."—*Sir Thomas Brown's Religio Medici.*

I pant for the music which is divine;
My heart in its thirst is a dying flower;
Pour forth the sound like enchanted wine,
Loosen the notes in a silver shower:
Like an herbless plain for the gentle rain,
I gasp, I faint, till they wake again!—*SHELLEY.*

CHILDE JULLIEN'S FAREWELL.

Childe Julien had a concert and a ball,
The one was given to him, and one he gave;
The former was a "testimonial,"
The latter was a "*Masqué*!"—and the wares
Of his conducting basses theretofore gave
The air till day was fully up, and then
Quaint figures (Debarfours and Pirates brave)
Bought Covent-garden strawberries, and men
And women pawed to see the sunlight come again.

So when his Brougham-horse homeward turned his head,
Childe Julien mused within his Brougham upon
The hours that erst o'er Drury-lane had sped,
When he his spotless gloves and shirts would don,
And tap his desk till every mother's son
Of all his band sat as beneath a spell.
Waiting his signal: these were past and gone—
Thinking how soon he'd breast the Atlantic's swell.

'Twas thus he softly hummed to Drury-lane—Farewell!
Farewell, farewell, my concert's o'er,
My ball is finished too,
And now I have another shore
In speculative view:
Bunn, Jenny Lind, and Thackeray
I follow in their flight;
So looking from my Brougham, I say
My Drury-lane, good night!

O! tell me true, my Koenig good,
With me wilt cross the wave,
Where "Rule Britannia's" not the mood,
And there's no queen to save?
"Oh, yes, Sir Childe! I'll not forget:
By thee to stick alway:
Anew I'll "Yankee Doodle" set,
And variations play!"

Come hither, come hither, my monster drum,
And tell if thou hast fears,
To go where British guns are dumb,
And "British Grenadiers?"
"Oh, yes, Sir Childe! to share thy fame
After I'll roam with thee.
For sheepskin must be much the same
On either side the sea."

Away, away! the steam is up,
The paddle-wheels revolve,
The shores whereon I last did sup
In distance lost dissolve:
America my opening bars
Shall welcome with delight:
Welcome! ye Yankee stripes and stars!
And Drury-lane, good night!

[*London Digress.*]

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUGUST 20, 1853.

The Age of Music.

What is music? And what has it to do especially with this age? And why do we give it such a central eminence among the topics of a Journal which seeks to further all æsthetic culture, to represent all the Fine Arts, and "Humanities," making it in a manner the key-stone of our arch?

These are questions which we do not propose now to answer categorically, or systematically, or thoroughly. Nevertheless, in an off-hand and direct way, plunging right into the middle of the subject, as if you and we sat talking in our arm-chairs, reader, we think we can give an answer, substantially, if not in a complete and shapely form.

Musick is, then, just what it is commonly claimed to be by its true lovers. We repeat the common phrases. To-wit: Music is a universal language—

—The Fine Art of the feelings, passions, emotions.—Audible beauty.—The natural language of enthusiasm, exaltation, ecstasy.—The vehicle of the religious sentiment, of aspirations too deep, too vague for words.—The most exciting of the Arts.—The *CHRISTIAN Art par excellence*.—And so on, *ad libitum*.

These claims are all just; these definitions, if not entirely definite, all true. And why? Because Art, of whatever kind, deals primarily with Beauty: and all Beauty is the result, the form of Motion (that is to say, of all free, unimpeded, undisturbed motion); and Motion, movement, is the universal sign and undeniable assertion of force, of power, of inspiration, in a word of Life; and finally all free, undisturbed motion is vibratory, undulatory, measured, proportionate, rhythmical. Motion is the constituent element and fibre, therefore, of all that we call Music. Music, physically considered, is the direct product of Motion. Without Motion, no Music. Without free vibration, according to the natural mathematical ratios, no tones, no scale, no accords and no discords.

Music, therefore, is directly and immediately the product and the sign of free and measured Motion: as the forms, groups, colors, curves, &c., of the other Fine Arts, are the "still life" after-patterns of the natural forms of motion. The shape of the waves, and the marks they leave upon the beach, are graceful, symmetrical, artistic. The beauty you admire in them is only the form, the outline, the *silhouette*, the impression of that free, undulating movement of the water. In the same way, may not this compound and perfection of all beauty of form, the human body, in its true estate, be the fixed result and form of the whole complex and harmonious movement of the soul that animates and uses it, in its relations with the outward world?

Physically, then, music is *motion*, and it is nothing else. And nothing moves that does not impress upon the air a vibration, or (which is the same thing) a *sound*, which if inaudible to our ears, is so only because the sound is above or below the limited compass of the sensibility of our auditory apparatus. If I sing, a vibration of my soul, my feeling, imparts itself to the atmospheric medium, and travels on until it becomes a vibration in your soul, your feeling.

The spiritual fact of Music corresponds precisely with this physical fact. Its business is wholly with the *moving* part of human life. It is not (directly at least) the language of thoughts, ideas, perceptions, reasonings: for all these are quiet, passive, prompted by some moving force behind them. But it is the language of the *emotions*, of the passions, of the prompting impulses of the soul: of the active and impelling principle in us, of the vital springs and forces of our conduct and our characters.

What has it to do, then, with this age in which we live? Rather ask, what has it *not* to do with an age so full of movement? an age in which humanity is all in motion, with a quicker *tempo*, and a vaster field and object than ever before? In the times of most excitement, most life, most progress, when aspirations are the strongest, feelings the keenest, and when pulses beat the quickest, then should music mean most, and then should its meaning be most a necessity of the human soul. Some think music a quiet, dilettante luxury, most incident to times of leisure and the wealthy courts of kings; flourishing only in conservative nooks

and retirement. So it may be, temporarily, and in one sense. But the music sipped in such Sybaritic leisure was only born and created amid the most earnest movements of humanity; never when society was stagnant; and if ten quaff it as a sensual, idle pleasure, as one who watches the smoke-curls of his cigar, there is usually at least one soul in which its vibration lives on and becomes a seed-principle of great life and great movement in society by word or action.

We Americans know well enough that here, upon this broad Western Continent, is the Future of Humanity fast building itself up. In proportion to this incalculable amount of new movement of Humanity, shall be, must be, the out-gush of new musical inspiration, the up-heaval of new and mightier than Handelian mountain-chains of sublime works of musical Art, here, in this practical, utilitarian, unæsthetic world.

Music is the language of enthusiasm and bates common-place. All enthusiasm, we said, is rhythmical in its utterance. It rises above prose. Who would crawl and creep, if he had wings? So, as society is the more animated by great ideas and great enthusiasm, the more does it read its own truest texts and prophecies in the rhythmical and universal dialect of music.

We say, universal. Do not all things in our day tend to the opening of perfect channels of intercourse between man and man, the world over? Do not universal trade, universal currency, universal science, universal fraternity, all the machinery of rail-roads, telegraphs, &c., involve the necessity of that language which is universal? And as interests, opinions, prejudices in all their diversity, give way to feelings, purposes, and hopes, which are unitary, instinctively alike in all men, shall we not find music more to our purpose, more to the serious and general ends of life, than any other medium of expression. The crown of utility is Art; and the central one among the Arts is Music.

Finally (there is only room to hint it,) Music is the Christian Art—wholly the product of the Christian centuries—because it is the Christian heaven working in modern societies which constitutes the very vitality of all this mighty, multifarious, and yet unitary movement of which we have been speaking.

Mozart's Twelfth Mass.

Seeing a public performance of this work announced (during the past week) in the Boston daily papers, we were reminded of an old attempt to describe our impression of the music. It may possibly add something to the interest of the performance, with those who heard it. Such as it is, we transfer it from a merely literary magazine, in which it appeared several years since, to these columns, where it is more sure to meet the eye of music-lovers.

The music of the Mass has latterly commanded some attention among musical circles, even in this country, outside of the Roman Church. For music, fortunately, is of no sectarian persuasion, and come from whatever source it may, if it be genuine, great music, it goes to the very inmost heart of all men, and becomes a blending, reconciling influence. Sacred music, in the common sense of the term, includes many forms of composition, from the simplest to the most elaborate, in all of which, much genuine inspiration is most worthily treasured up. The

Catholic Mass, once a very solemn and severe musical service, limited to great plainness, was in its essential form, something so germinal and organic as to be very attractive to the modern composers; and in the hands of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Hummel, Cherubini, and the like, it has become expanded (some would say secularized,) into the most perfect, in many respects, of all the forms of extended vocal and instrumental composition.

Such music is too beautiful, too vital, too human, too universal and eternal in its meanings to be monopolized by any church. They belong to humanity,—these precious legacies, these living holy influences of genius; and none the less so that we gratefully acknowledge that it was the patronage, and to some extent the spiritual maternity of the Roman Church, which chiefly called such genius to such occupation. When will Protestantism do as much? Let those who are anxious to improve its music borrow what they can, of these good things; let them study till they appreciate this part of the common heritage, come through what hands it may, till warmed by what is true and divine in it, their Protestantism, or religion of whatsoever name, shall itself impart an impulse to the genius that can create even greater music than has yet been.

The depth and beauty of the Masses grow upon the hearer with every repetition; and little musical groups who study them together, singing such portions as they can, by way of practice, or holding social "readings" of them for the edification of themselves and listening friends, soon become partial to them, before all other vocal music. And well it may be! For in their composition the rarest genius, the profoundest musical learning and science, the most inspiring texts, and the most solemn occasions conspired. The Mass is commonly written in four voice parts, (sometimes, as in Beethoven's *Missa Solennis* in D, with four solo and four chorus parts,) with alternations of solo, quartet, and chorus passages. And each voice-part, as well as the air, has a movement and a melody of its own, maintaining a clear individuality, at the same time that all are woven into a complex and harmonious unity, according to the profound *fugue* principal which more or less runs through all Art, hinted at when not strictly followed. But all this science is perfectly subordinated and essential to expression. Complex and subtle as is the organic structure of such music, it is so *because* it is so spontaneous a creation of nature and of feeling. Mozart's and Haydn's Masses abound in melodies, which entwine themselves about the popular heart as sweetly and as readily, as any street tunes, only let them become equally familiar; showing that the highest can speak to the common breast.

Nor is it such an objection, as it seems at first sight, that they are sung in a foreign and a dead language. The Latin text of the Mass, which is *always the same*, and not, like our psalmody, a whole voluminous rhymed literature, any dozen of whose stanzas are made to go to the same tune, if only of the right length,—rehearses in few, fit, manly and euphonious words, all the essential moods and phases, memories and attitudes, and aspirations of the Christian worship. They are mostly of a very universal character; all, indeed, easily interpreted so. And this little series of time-hallowed texts or germs, which every worshipper can understand, (since they simply recall common experiences, and do not task the reason with new trains of thought,) are verified, over and over, by music, into infinitely various suggestions. There is no risk of sameness; for, for the purpose of music, a few good words are better than many, and old words are better than new. What the Madonna has been as a subject to the old painters, are these constant texts of the Catholic Mass to the composers. The words, though in a dead tongue, are in these cases living symbols: the oldest and most universal symbols, those which are identified with more than one

age and one people, so they be simple, are the best. Now to an habitual audience, no matter how illiterate, the meaning of the *Gloria*, the *Benedictus*, the *Sanctus*, the *Crucifixus*, etc., is as readily recognized, as if each one could translate and parse each Latin noun and verb; far more readily apprehended, in fact, than would be the sense of some new sentences or stanzas every Sunday in their own vernacular.

As we have said, there is abundant alternation of sentiment in a Mass; it modulates through all the important shades of the devout emotions, while the impression of the *ensemble* is predominating cheerfulness,—without which it could not be the voice of any true religion. The grave and solemn supplication of the opening *Kyrie eleison* (Lord, have mercy;) the triumphant *Gloria in Excelsis*, subdued to heart-felt, quiet thankfulness in the *Gratias agimus*, shaded for a time by the *Miserere* and *Qui tollis*, but sparkling into sunshine again in the *Quoniam*; the august *Cum Sancto Spiritu*, wrought frequently into an elaborate fugue: this for introduction. Then the middle portion, which is the "heart" of this great "mystery," consisting of, first the cheerful, honest, hurried, narrative style of the *Credo*; next the deep, dark, mysterious, awe and pity-moving harmonies of the *Et incarnatus est* and the *Crucifixus*; and finally the sudden deliverance and contrast of the *Resurrexit*, leaping forth in rapturous joy and freedom. To this add another solemn choral pause, the *Sanctus*; then the stately, gentle, spring-like *Benedictus*; the profound tenderness of the *Agnus Dei*; and the happy, child-like dismissal hymn of *Dona nobis pacem*: and is not here enough, when it is all made alive and glowing with the recreative warmth of music, to constitute a complete act of worship in itself?

On the distinctive styles of the great modern Mass composers, we can say little here. Haydn's Masses are perhaps the most popular, as well as the most uniformly elaborate and ornate in their structure; child-like, sunny, fertile in imagery, and of an infallible ease, and grace, and elegance, as you would expect from the composer of the "Creation," and the "Seasons;" and he can take you shuddering through subterranean passages of dark and gloomy harmony. But Mozart is deeper and more spiritual, while the greater part of his masses, written before he was twenty-two years old, are comparatively unlabored and spontaneous productions, that seem to have gushed forth directly from his young religious nature. And yet they seem, the best of them, to have been wrung from the profoundest experience of the long-tried heart of a man, as well as to pour forth the raptures of a bright seraph-soul, which has not yet buried any portion of its heavenly inheritance in the earth. Beethoven wrote but two, and they are as grand and deep and original, and full of the sense of the Infinite, as are his mighty instrumental works. Hummel and Cherubini we have only room to name.

It was to Mozart that the peculiar spirit of this kind of music was most native. You feel it in the most careless, as in the most elaborate thing he does in this form. All that we have said has been simply preparatory to an attempt at a descriptive analysis of what is the greatest of his regular masses, namely, his celebrated Twelfth Mass. But in offering it, we must confess our perfect consciousness of the untranslatableableness of music into speech. The "Requiem" is a more stupendous production, and undoubtedly the deepest revelation of Mozart's genius; but here we take the Twelfth Mass, as a specimen of the regular Masses.

It opens in G major, and is commonly called the Mass in G, although a majority of its movements are in the next related and most central, that is to say, the *natural* key—the complete noon-day sunshine of the key of C. This would be Greek to unmusical readers, and indeed there are learned musical theorists who deny that there is any characteristic difference in the keys or scales of music; yet in the every day experience and conversa-

tion of musicians, such a difference is recognized and means not a little. The tone marked C in our tone-system, or series, occupies about the centre of the whole compass of tones through which the four classes of male and female voices range; and correspondingly it may be supposed that a line equally dividing the whole audible compass of tones high and low (audible, we mean, and appreciable to the collective hearing of humanity,) would pass through a tone marked C, which, though subject to some variation of the "concert pitch" through ages, is always an approximation to, a sounding, as it were, for that absolute centre of our human scale of hearing. It is the equatorial region, so to speak, of the tone-sphere. As each of the twelve notes is the centre of one system, the fundamental "tonic," the alpha and omega of one scale; so the whole C scale or system is the greater centre about which all these systems turn, holding the same sovereignty or chiefship among the various keys, which the key-note or tonic holds among the tones of its own special scale or key. Its expression is of the fullness of life, the completed octave of experiences. There is a sense of at-home-ness and repose when music stays in it or returns to it. It is broad and sunny and serene, with the calmness of a fully awakened being, of a harmonious activity in which all the struggling aspirations or sinking regrets seem reconciled forever in the joy of perfect realization. The very sublimest heights of musical effect, the few grandest passages which have seemed to rend the veil and universalize our being while we listened, are in this key. For instance, the chorals "And there was Light," in Haydn's Creation, and the magnificent climax of Beethoven's Symphony in C minor, where all the struggling, restless purposes of the preceding movements effect their deliverance into C major in the Triumphal March. It cannot be said, of course, that this is the only sublime; but the sublimity of all other keys has in it always something of the restlessness of passion; this alone reaches the clear celestial; this alone is Light itself, colorless, because in it all colors blend. Most suitable is it for this blithe Catholic worship—for the truly catholic and universal sentiment of the Mass. For this is the religion of Joy. Creeds may narrow and authority may crush the ignorant votary; but listening to this music he is caught up into celestial states. As we have written elsewhere, the mystery of the cross and the ascension, the glorious doctrine of the kingdom of heaven, are not reasoned out to his understanding, or doled out as dry crumbs of catechism, but they are passed through his very soul, like an experience, in these all-permeating clouds of sound.—But to proceed at once to our analysis.

A single firm bass voice commences the *Kyrie eleison*, and pronounces these words twice in a grave and slowly measured tone of supplication, yet fully self-possessed and balanced. Then a single tenor begins repeating the same notes, the first voice pausing for a measure, but instantly overtaking it with a more figured and elated step, though always slow and dignified as it began. Soon a soprano and an alto pour in their sweet floods to swell the strain—floods of rose-light upon the gray heaving ocean. The orchestral accompaniments brighten and become more varied as the full choir adds its weight to the quartet; and the parts go on, now blending in rich chords, now echoing each other's sudden thoughts of melody, until there is a regular cadence on the key-note, and a momentary suspension of the voices. The instruments however keep on, modulating into the Dominant, when presently again a single bass begins with *Christe eleison* (Christ have mercy!) and is joined as before by the tenor, and then by the upper parts of the quartet. The musical ideas expand and multiply; the accompaniments grow more and more active and inventive of all manner of melodic graces. The perpetual transformations and reproductions of the musical themes, it is impossible to describe; but hope and trust and love find large room and free play in the course of this solemn initiatory supplication, and Music exercises its right here of lifting into lyric fervor even the prayer in which our souls bow down. The *Christe* closes on the chord of D, the instruments adding at the same time the Dominant Seventh, whereby the original key-note is brought back, and with it a repetition of the *Kyrie* in the same plainer and severer strain in which it was first given out.

Now in quick yet steady time goes up the *Gloria in excelsis* (Glory to God in the highest,) in full chorus, climbing through the common chord intervals of the key

of C. The heat is in the accompaniments, the voices take deliberate, long notes at first. Through one whole octave they have climbed, and the silvery soprano soar to G above, which they sustain as long as breath will hold out, while the bass makes vigorous laconic answers, several times, to the liquid chiming voices of the tenor and the alto, as they move so brotherly and sisterly, arm in arm together. Boldly and swiftly falls the unison, as an individual snubbeam, in the words *et in terra* ("and on earth"); and sweetly, as in rainbows, does that beam spread itself open into all the colors of a soft full chord upon the word *pax* (peace), which the voices breathe once, and then hush themselves to listen to the ethereal accompaniments, then breathe it once again. Twice is the whole passage given, for the ear demands it. The great choir resigns to the quartet the gentle ejaculations: *Laudamus—benedicimus—adoramus—glorificamus* ("we praise thee, we bless thee" &c.), and the subdued devotion of the *Gratias agimus* ("we give thanks"), which sinks awhile into the serious minor mood of gratitude ("most musical, most melancholy!"); when the whole vocal sea breaks in again with the "Lord God, Father Omnipotent," for a triumphal close. This *Gloria* has been sung in Boston with sublime effect by a chorus of seven hundred voices, during the August Musical Conventions; the only drawback being the substitution of English words.

In the earnest, deep Adagio of the *Qui tollis peccata mundi* (Who takest away the sins of the world), and the *Miserere*, in C minor, the plaintive voices slowly and painfully lift their long chromatic waves of harmony, while the blessed skies descend in mercy upon them in the exquisite melodic figures of the orchestra. They soon emerge into the relative major of the key, and the smothered prayer of penitence breathes freely again in the genial element of E flat, in the very darkest depths of its prostration pressing open uow and then the gates of solemn joy. It is the grandeur of grief, wherein glorious prophecies are born. The sad chorus sinks into itself again, into the same minor key; but in its last and lowest prolonged murmur, with which it dies away, the Third is raised (a common practice in the old ecclesiastical music, and one most true to nature), and the closing chord surprises and revives you with C major.

Forth springs the sprightly *Quoniam*, rejoicing in its freedom, and you fling off every weight to revel in its long lark-like carols. This is in G. And now comes the grand finale to this anterior portion of the Mass, the elaborate *Amen* fugue: *Cum Sancto Spiritu*. All the voices are consolidated at first upon the massive chord of C, and give the words out once in simultaneous Adagio movement. Then the basses start off with the swift theme or subject of the fugue; the tenors follow, then the alto, then the soprano, and all these go up in spiral chase, kindling with new enthusiasm, and weaving of their eager individualities a perfect unitary Whole, which rises as serenely as if there were no rivalry, no mutual pursuit and flight among its members. It is the admirable balance resulting from the very furor of their emulation. In point of artistic skill, this of course is the difficult and learned citadel of this whole composition. But it is not a mere scientific achievement; nor is a true fugue ever merely that. There is no form in nature, in which life, force, passion, genius, more spontaneously clothes itself, than in this which is the fugue in music, and which in other arts has manifestations perfectly analogous, while nature's forms of motion, as waves, fountains, running fields of grain, the upward flickerings of flame, and the spiral tendency in plants, are types of it, both variable and constant, on all sides of us. The fugue is the sublimest form of music, the orderly whirlwind of passionate enthusiasm, of religious rapture, raised by the feeling of the Infinite, and striving with exhaustless energy, "renewed like the eagle's," to reach the throne of the One. A fugue seems never finished; it is a typical form of the Infinite. More or less of it, its spiral tendency, enters into all Art. And in music we are disposed to think it the inspired part of all form, the very heart-secret and most unteachable and esoteric method of genius. Its expression in this *Amen* Chorus, is as of wave after wave of being, pouring in to swell the ocean triumphs of God.

The middle portion of the Mass is the *Credo*, or confession of faith, which embraces several movements, and is always joyous. In this Mass of Mozart, it has all the

bold confidence and child-like innocence of a spontaneous declaration of trust in infinite goodness. The words of this old creed *literally* never yet went down with all devout minds, but their general tenor is broad and universal, and music, the interpreter in this case, is altogether so. It extracts and reëmbodies only the spirit of the doctrine, leaving the "letter that killeth;" it brings out that inmost life of it which all hearts feel, and miraculously revivifies and transfigures the cold statements of the understanding with the warm faith of feeling. In music there is no controversy; in music there are no opinions; its springs lie deeper than the foundations of any of these partition walls; its breath floats undivided over all their heads. No danger to the Catholic, whose head is clouded by dull superstitions, so long as his heart is nourished and united with the life of all lives by this refreshing dew!

The commencement of this *Credo* is a quick movement in C major, full of spirit and decision, and of an upsoaring faith. The voices climb above their respective natural limits, semitone by semitone, leisurely exulting upon each new height won; and it seems as if the whole tone-structure would grow up into the sky. A happy idea in the orchestral accompaniment, adds unspeakably to the grace and buoyancy of this: one little rhythmic figure of a single measure, reiterated through it all, only floating higher or lower with the vocal harmonies, seems to coin the whole space between earth, and heaven into bird-like carols; so simple, yet unpurchasable are the means of genius. Now creeps the awful shadow of a mystery over all this sunshine. The key is changed to the relative minor; a bold and startling call of the instruments commences the Adagio, answered by mellow, mournful strains of the wind instruments, sombre and portentous.—A tenor solo sings of the Incarnation, in a most pathetic, deeply reverent strain; *Crucifixus*, in short broken accents, is whispered by the bass, the soprano, the alto, first in succession, then together, while the tenor pursues its mournful theme. All unite in long grave tones of darker harmony on the words *Passus et Sepultus est*, ("he suffered and was buried,") and again the struggling chords pass out with a shudder into the bright daylight of the major of the key. At the *Et resurrexit*, (and he rose again,)—this too in the key of C,—the exultation of the strain seems almost audacious, so quaintly and irresistibly are the crowded syllables hurried away by the energy of the music. There is a certain see-saw carelessness too, in the rising and sinking of the song-tide, which tempts one to ask if humor can have place in heaven. The reaction, in the accompaniments, between a rushing bass and syncopated full chords in the upper parts, gives a crowded and disorderly sensation, when nevertheless all is perfect order, and the beautiful goddess of Art never snaps her magic coëstus.

It is a singular fact that music so unconsciously betrays a chaste smile of humor in the midst of some of its most exalted passages. Mozart's operas and Haydn's quartets, are full of humor, which resides purely in the music. The symphonies of Beethoven relax their proud flight, and recover their Titanic strength, in the versatile, wild *Scherzo*, which means *jest* and *frolic*. Even in Handel's most sublime Messiah, there are touches of colossal humor in the play of one or two of those grand choruses. Strange as it may seem, this frolic child was born amid the heaviest brain-work, and hard by the holiest springs of feeling. There is nothing trivial in it, certainly in this case; moreover something of it is attributable to a certain traditional Catholic cant, as it were, in music, of which there is always more or less in this part of a mass. The time is rapid, the rhythm irregular (the frequent syllables seeming rather chanted than sung,) the voices much of the way in unison, and the whole progression singular. But after the sweet, subdued strain: *Confiteor unum*, how solemn and big with meaning is this very unison upon the words *Et expecto resurrectionem!* ("I await the resurrection!")—all the manifold hues of feeling, whose variety made harmony, shrink back into naked identity, at the solemn surprise of that thought! Every trace of sportiveness or quaintness has long since vanished, and now the passage *Et vitam venturi sæculi*, passes off with mingled bursts of rapture and low tremulous tones of love. Here ends the *Credo*.

In the third and last division of the mass we have the grave and solemn *Sanctus*, in full chorus, as of a kneeling multitude, which is incontinently followed by the

loud clarion peals of the *Hosanna in Excelsis!* And then that most exquisite introductory symphony—almost overture—to the *Benedictus qui venit*, (blessed is he who cometh,) with its innocent, blithe pastoral warble of reed instruments, is played in the key of F, which is always like a soothing walk with nature. This is the most elaborate and ornate portion of the Mass, excepting of course the fugue before described. Full of tenderness and grateful love, it gives free scope to voice and fancy; and the fond melodies, as if loath to part with their sweet lives, grow into livelier efflorescence, and require of each part in turn a solo such as tries the heights and depths, and flexibility of the best trained voices. It is a beautiful and finished whole and leaves nothing which heart or taste could desire.

But our terms, as well as the reader's patience, no doubt, are exhausted, and we will signalize the *Agnus Dei*, whose beauty and tenderness are perhaps the most profound of all, by silence; and let the whole float gracefully and lovingly away in the fresh, buoyant, simple strain of the *Dona nobis Pacem*, (grant us peace!)

Jullien's Orchestra.

The London *Musical World* names the following performers, who were to follow their leader to this country in the steamer from Liverpool, on the 3d inst.:

Four first violins—Thomas Baker (leader), Henry Hill, E. Mollenhauer, and F. Mollenhauer. These gentlemen are all known to the public as talented artists. The extraordinary duet playing of the brothers Mollenhauer must be well remembered by those who attended Jullien's concerts in the winter.

Second violin, Louis Barque; tenor and viol d'amor, Schreus; first violoncello, Lütgen; second violoncello, Engelke. Most of these are from the celebrated band of the Theatre de la Monnaie, otherwise the Grand Opera, at Brussels.

A. Winterbottom, and White—both English double-bass players of talent.

LAVIGNE, first oboe—one of the greatest performers in the world; De Prins, second oboe—another good player on the same instrument, also from Brussels.

WUILLE, first clarinet—the Belgian Lazarus, an artist who has no superior on his instrument; Sonnenberg, second clarinet, a player of the highest ability, who has frequently distinguished himself at the Drury Lane concerts.

COLLINET, flageolet—the little king of that little instrument.

REICHERT, flute—an executant of unrivalled ability, whose performances have been frequently the source of astonishment and delight to the musical public during the season now expiring, (at Benedict's monster-concert, at the concerts of the New Philharmonic Society, at Jullien's Testimonial Concert, at the benefit of Sims Reeves, &c., &c.) Reichert is a Belgian, and was introduced to Jullien, while at Brussels, by Fétis, the distinguished theorist, critic, and principal of the Conservatoire.

Second flute, Charles—a good player; first bassoon, Hardy, an English performer of eminence; horns, Stenebrugg and Hughes—the former from Brussels, and both tried performers.

WINTERBOTTOM, trombone—one of the finest players on that fine instrument, who performed a solo, composed by David, the violinist of Leipsic, at the Philharmonic Concerts this season, with the greatest success.

Ophicleide, S. Hughes; Cornet-à-pistons, Holt; Drums, F. Hughes—well-known English players of ability.

DUEM, trumpet—from Brussels—the greatest player on that difficult instrument in all Belgium, and an equal proficient on the cornet-à-pistons.

Solo Cornet-à-pistons, KOENIG; Solo Contrabasso, BOTTESINI; Solo Vocalist, ANNA ZERR. Bottesini will go in an English boat, after the rest of the band.

We may add that the music in *Struensee*, which its illustrious composer, Meyerbeer, presented to Jullien at Berlin, will be among the novelties introduced at Castle Garden.

Miss Elise Hensler.

The *Gazette Musicale* of Paris (M. Fétis's paper) reports the annual *Concours*, or trial of skill, among the pupils of what is now styled the "Conservatoire Impérial de Musique et de Déclamation," which occupied the last week of July. There were competitions held and prizes given on different days, in harmony, in piano, organ and double-bass playing, in fugue and counterpoint, in solfeggios, and finally on Saturday in singing. Our young friend had not been in the Conservatoire long enough to compete according to usage; but a special exception was made in her favor. Nor was it reasonable to anticipate a prize in her case, among so many much more practiced singers; yet out of twenty-nine competitors, she stood as high as number six, having received by unanimous vote of the judges the second *accessit*, which is the fourth degree of distinction, after a first and second prize and first *accessit*. Several Americans were present, who seem to have taken an enthusiastic interest in the occasion; and we were weighing the propriety of publishing a private letter, when we found a fuller one already public in the *New York Times*, of which we copy the principal portions. There is no need of our helping the newspaper circulation, which it is sure to receive; but our journal would hardly be complete without it. We rejoice sincerely in the success of the young artist, and congratulate those who so heartily came forward to ensure her talent the best European culture.

The young lady in question was Miss HENSLE, whom some music-loving Bostonians sent to Paris about six months ago, to perfect her musical education. She passed her examination for admission easily, and made such progress that M. Auber advised her to sing at the *Concours*, on trial, of which I am speaking. This was a rare proof of confidence, for she had been in the institution less than four months, and there are few instances of competing at an exhibition, after so brief a period of study. It was of course out of the question for her to win a prize. There were thirty concurrents besides herself, all of whom had been pupils over a year, and many over two years, and some of whom had in previous trials obtained prizes, and now, of course, expected higher prizes. The prizes are five: the *First Prix* consisting of 200 francs, or its value in music; the *Second Prix* consisting of 100 francs, or its value in music; and a *First, Second, and Third Accessit*, or certificate, without any value attached to it, other than the honor of having won it. The judges are nine in number: Auber, Adam, Halevy, Carafa, &c.; they sit in a large box in the first tier, directly in front of the stage. They make no allowances for anything—neither for fear, for youth, for failure of memory—the examination is purposely made severe, and is surrounded with as many circumstances of awe as possible. It is thought, with reason, that persons who are to confront audiences of many thousand persons, and obtain their bread before the foot-lights, must be trained early to forget their apprehensions, and devote all their energies to the purposes before them. There is no orchestra—the accompaniment is that of a simple piano. The singer's voice is alone in the theatre, with the compact audience, the frowning judges, and its friends under the chandelier, if it has any.

Our protégé was the twenty-fourth upon the list—the turn had been decided by drawing numbers from a hat—Auber's hat. If she were frightened, (and she says she was,) it did not appear in her voice. She overcame the thickly sown difficulties of the air, easily, and struck into the trill towards the end, which waylays the executant like Hell-gate in smooth water, with decision and effect. The audience listened better than they had listened lately, and were evidently rivetted by the exceeding beauty of the voice, though they had just heard more brilliant execution. The success was better than we had dared to hope, and we agreed that if there were six prizes, we might venture to claim one.

When the *Concours* was over, the disputants were called upon the stage, and the voting began in the jury-box. *Casta Diva*, which had been most admirably sung, won the first prize; and M. Auber communicated the gratifying fact to the smiling Mlle Girard. The laureate rose, and curtsied to the jury; and the audience applauded à outrance. This prize was granted unanimously. In the second prize there was a dissenting voice—one ball was given for Miss Hensler. We, under the chandelier, exchanged wondering glances, and supposed we had misunderstood. The voting continued—four balls for Miss Hensler, for the first *accessit*! "Why, what does this mean," said Mr.

—of Boston. "Why, it means," said Mrs. —, of Philadelphia, "that we shall have the second *accessit*, sure." Great agitation ensued under the chandelier. The voting began again. Nine balls, a unanimous vote, for us and our candidate! This result, utterly unexpected and unhoped for, was the cause of congratulations on all sides. Perhaps the most pleased was Bordogni, the Professor, who confesses now that he had aimed at the third *accessit*, but not at the second.

Musical Intelligence.

New York.—Jullien's "monster" ophicleid is exhibited in Broadway, and there is much talk of his *monster drum*, used in his concerts when great, striking effects are required, and played upon, it is said, by a drummer at each end. This has not yet arrived; it probably will take two ships to bring it. But Jullien has a bigger drum than that at his command; namely, the great *press drum*, which stretches its sheep-skin over the whole land, and is a wonderful *E pluribus unum*, made up of a vast number of all sorts of drums, including "snare-drums," "side-drums," "base-drums," humdrums, and doldrums. This is the great drum suspended over Jullien's orchestra, one end of it in Europe, the other (now the loudest) in America; and Jullien is the king of drummers thereupon.

Foreign.

PARIS.—The Académie Impériale de Musique will reopen on the 8th or 10th of August, with the *Huguenots*. M. Meyerbeer has written some new *airs de ballet* for the third act.—Madame Viardot has arrived in Paris.—Emile Prudent has left Paris for Geneva.—Sowinski, the pianist, has gone to Vichy.

Ferdinand Hiller has left Paris for Cologne, where he intends to reside permanently, as principal of the Conservatoire in that city.

M. Halevy has finished his new three-act opera for the Opera Comique, which is in full rehearsal, and will in all likelihood be brought out in the first week of August. Meanwhile they have been playing at that theatre *Holdé* (Auber), the *Diserteur* (Monsigny), *Le Maçon* (Auber), and *L'ombre* (D'Argentine), with Mademoiselle Revilly and Lemercier, MM. Sainte Foix, Mocker, and Puget. The last, a new tenor, appears to have achieved a great success in *Holdé*, which has resumed all its old popularity.

The Theatre Lyrique will shortly re-open with a new three-act opera by Adrien Boieldieu, the son of the famous Boieldieu.

Two other new operas, by Clapisson and Wekerlin, are in preparation. Among the troupe are Madame Cabel, from Brussels, M. and Madame Meillet, from the Opera Comique, &c., &c. M. Séveste, the manager, has appointed M. Deloivre, the violinist, who was so many years in England, the *chef-d'orchestre*. The Opera Lyrique is the third national French Opera in Paris. Carlotta Grisi is in Paris.

Liszt is expected daily at Paris.—The music publishers of Paris have addressed a circular to the Operatic composers, requesting them not to allow the authors of *Fau-deuil* to insert popular airs from their operas in their pieces until after the expiration of five years.—Madame Ugaille is singing at the *Variétés*.

A letter from a small Italian town, called Bassetto, informs us that Verdi is composing an opera on the subject of Shakspeare's *King Lear*.

Pesth.—Mademoiselle Terésa Milanollo, the violinist, is giving concerts here with great success.

At Seville a new opera has been brought out by a Spanish composer, in which Madame Gassier has completely taken hold of the public sympathies. The name of the composer is not mentioned.

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GAËTANO DONIZETTI.

In 1815 a young man might have been observed toiling along the high road towards Bologna; he oft turned to throw a glance, from time to time, on the walls of Bergamo, the native city he was then quitting for the first time. If a tear coursed its silent way down his youthful cheek in remembrance of the dear father, of the adored mother he was leaving behind him, it was speedily chased thence by the sun-smile of Hope with which alternately his face grew radiant, that smile of Hope, the natural offspring of every young aspirant bound on the unknown yet bright road—to Futurity. Besides, the sun of Italy is so transcendent, the air so pure and light to the lungs of seventeen! and, how eager the pinions of Liberty, when they essay their virgin flight! These mingled feelings, did they not of themselves constitute happiness? Our youthful traveller also, was he not happy? O, truly happy! he was young, handsome, and well-provided, and he dreamed the golden day-dream of Glory, Honor, and Wealth. Yet how far was he from appreciating the *real* happiness he then possessed; lost as he was in the Future, and the realization of his reveries.

In 1847, a carriage, carefully closed, entered Bergamo; within it reclined a man of sad and melancholy appearance; his vacant looks portrayed the profoundest grief; and his sombre visage

was not relieved by the faintest ray of mind or intelligence. This living corpse which returned to its native city, was that of the young man who left it thirty-three years before, so rich in Hope for the Future. Moreover, his then dreams had been realized; Glory, Honor, Riches, *all* he had obtained; the world resounded with the praise of his name; kings and crowned heads had disputed for the honor of bestowing their Orders of decoration upon him, and of overwhelming him with their favors; every country had poured forth her gold and her laurel-wreaths as the reward of his Muse; was not all this the happiness he had dreamed of, he had aspired to?—But, at what price had he purchased it? his life would not have sufficed—he had bartered for this—his soul! The mind had given way beneath its overload of daily—of nightly—of hourly toil. Donizetti expiated in agony and suffering, mental as well as bodily, the pleasures he had furnished for thirty years to the intellectual and civilized World.

The examples of longevity amongst musical composers are of the rarest. Mozart, Weber, Cimarosa, Herold, Bellini, Mendelssohn, only proved, by their premature death, what must be the result of over-assiduous labor, and how the Art of Composition, oft-times so vain in its results, becomes serious in its practice. Of all the sister Arts, this is that which exacts the greatest amount of soul-offering from the devotee at its shrine. The inventive faculties cannot disperse themselves into or express themselves by the chisel or brush, as is the case with the Painter or Sculptor. To know how to compose, is to know how to subdue a fever, an *estro*, and apply it to Music—but this fever, have it who will, if it be deficient in you, you do not compose; ideas fail you, you think you originate, but you merely imitate, or make a piece of mosaic work; if, on the contrary, this *estro* attack you too often, you die: you die at thirty or at forty years of age; you have completed twenty or thirty lyric dramas, or a superb religious work; your contemporaries proclaim you as "a great man." Ten years after your death, not one note of your compositions is executed: twenty years—and they laugh those to scorn who dare still to cite your name: and your successors rise in the meridian and set with equal swiftness. Is not this a chronicle of nearly all composers, especially of those of Italy? Look, besides, at the painful struggle, which marks a theatrical career anywhere, especially that in Italy!

There is one thing granted in that country to the aspirant, if we are to put trust in public memoirs and private rumors, viz: opportunity; but this, with fatal drawbacks. The *Maestro* must have his talent at his pen's point; be prepared to illustrate any text, however rapid or absurd; to be serious or comic as the Manager pleases; to study the caprices of singers of every order of caprice, and what is more, the fashion of the hour, whether it be the flourish of a Rossini or the *cantilena* of a Bellini. For, that the public is in some sort indifferent to what is new, or at least declared to be so, by all who cater for its en-

tertainment, is a fact well known to all who have had dealings with managers and artists; the former having for ever the word—"impossible!" in their mouth when any experiment is proposed; the latter rarely sure or hopeful of any effect, unless it be the repetition of some popular *cantabile* or *bomba*. In this we have one element of stage decline, which has never been duly examined, and still less grappled with. To return, however, to the special result of it under consideration,—the wonder seems, under all circumstances, not that so few Italian composers should be original, but that their works should manifest a single taste of novelty. It is observable that at least seven or eight operas were written by the composer under notice, before a symptom of style was revealed; and it was not till after the production of "*Anna Bolena*," "*L'Esule di Roma*," and "*L'Elisir d'Amore*," that he was admitted to take rank among the best of the Opera-writers who supply the Carnivals and Fairs with so-called novelties. On examination of these works, some speciality of merit must be admitted by all save the perversely bigoted. It will be found, that, besides admirable writing for the voices, there is an unusual variety and correctness in the instrumentation.

In Italy, it is sad to say, they do not cultivate the endearing faculty of remembrance; the operas of Verdi by right of their noise, could but be considered as fit antecedents to the roar of the artillery which so recently out-clamored them on the Lombard plains—and the dog-star Verdi has nearly already obliterated the serene planet Donizetti.

Gaëtano Donizetti was born at Bergamo in 1798. His father, holding an honorable municipal office, destined his son to the study of the Law; but, it was prognosticated that the young Gaëtano would become an artist, and his early inclinations and tastes directed his attention to Drawing and Painting. These lighter occupations displeased his father; the son combated the father's wishes, which were for making him a lawyer; the father combated the son's desire to enter the Architectural profession; a compromise between the two was effected; the one gave up the desk; the other the T square; and it was agreed that Gaëtano should become a musician.

He was at first placed with Simone Mayer who then resided at Bergamo. Spite of some already established and undisputed successes, Rossini had not as yet seized and appropriated wholly to himself the sceptre then jointly shared between Paër and Mayer. These instructions, therefore, of one of the first men of his day, were doubtless a great boon to the young Donizetti. Mayer, not slow in acknowledging and appreciating the intuitive aptness of his pupil for the Art, entertained such a sincere friendship for him, that he never addressed him otherwise than as his "dear son." He would not as yet suffer him to undertake studies of too abstruse a nature,—and violently opposed that wish of his family which was for sending him to Bologna to receive the instructions of the Padre Mattei, a learned contrapuntist, the pupil and successor of the famous Padre Martini.

After three years of study, Donizetti was considered to be fairly launched in the career that was his destiny to run through with so much *éclat*. He made his *debut* at Venice in 1818, by a work, entitled "*Enrico di Borgogna*," which obtained so much success, that he was entrusted with another commission for the same city against the following year. After producing his "*Il Falegname di Livorno*" at Mantua in 1819, he visited Rome, where in 1822, the good reception given to his "*Zoraida di Granata*," not only procured him an exemption from the conscription, but also the honor of being carried in triumph to, and crowned at the Capitol. His immediately succeeding works, which followed one another without interruption, may be looked upon as only signaling that bright epoch of Donizetti's Art-career, in which he but distinguished himself as a happy imitator of the Rossini school. It was not until 1830, that this composer's especial individuality discovered itself in his "*Anna Bolena*," produced at Milan, and which met with the greatest success. This famous work, composed expressly for Pasta and Rubini, was first presented in England on the occasion of Pasta's benefit in July 1831. The *libretto* of the piece possesses better poetry than the common run of *libretti* since the days of Metastasio; but the plot is meagre to a degree, although fiction has been freely called to the aid of historical matter-of-fact. In representing the unhappy Queen, Pasta had an opportunity of uniting in the same part, the prominent beauties of every character in which she had previously distinguished herself, displaying by turns, the most elevated dignity, the tenderest melancholy, and the sweetest pathos. Although forcibly reminded of Medea, Desdemona, and Nina, no direct resemblance might be found to either of those characters—the likeness being no other than that which must necessarily exist in a perfect representation of those passions. The part of Jane Seymour was on this occasion sustained by Mme. Gay, a thin wiry Soprano, and that of Sineaton by Mlle. Beck, a pleasing, but young and inexperienced Contralto. Lablache looked and acted the bluff tyrant admirably, and his singing was in his very best style.

In 1835, Donizetti visited Paris for the first time, and there produced his "*Marino Faliero*," which work did not obtain the real success that it deserved; Donizetti made but one bound from Paris to Naples; where he produced the same year "*Lucia di Lammermoor*," an opera destined to make the tour of, and spread its author's reputation through, all continental Europe. The failure of "*Marino Faliero*" may be, we think, ascribed to the mismanagement of the *libretto*, which according to* established Opera-fashion, goes as far and foolishly astray from the drama already written, as the story would possibly allow it. The Dogressa is here provided with a lover, and, what is worse, turns out, by her own confession, to be what "the ribald Steno" had declared her,—thus, taking away the offence of his calumny, as well as destroying the chaste, but not cold loftiness of the character as it stands in Byron's drama. In "*Marino Faliero*," as in Donizetti's other operas, there are to be found spirited and characteristic passages: as, for instance, the opening chorus among the arsenal workmen, which is energetic and stirring; also, the quaintly national gondolier chorus at the commencement of the second act; and the duet between the Doge and Israele Bertucci, if not original, is extremely well written. His two subsequent productions, the "*Lucia di Lammermoor*" and "*Belisario*," made their appearance in England somewhat in reverse order; viz. the "*Belisario*" in the April of 1837, the "*Lucia*" in that of 1838. With regard to the former work, the *libretto* follows the original story, about as nearly as "opera-wrights" usually agree with historians. The music may certainly be quoted as "below par"—its original performance in England, (with the exception of Gianoni's very impressive acting and singing in the part of Antonia) was quite a-piece with the music. A Signor Inghindi, not long previously a favorite *basso* at the Opera-Comique of Paris, made his *début* in the

principal part. The most extended stretch of charity could not make us "give one obolus" of praise to his "*Belisario*." Subsequently produced for Castellan and Fornasari, this opera failed "to draw." The arrival of Signori Rubini and Tamburini and the fame of Mme. Persiani's success in the "*Lucia*," drew together a large auditory to witness the first representation of that opera in 1838. It must be confessed, that as a whole, in spite of our then great orchestral advantages, this work was received far more coolly here, than in Paris. There is a concerted piece in the second act, "*Chi raffrena al mio furore*," which has a sweet and flowing melody, and Rubini's last air was worked up by him into a marvel of expression, whence it may be praised as offering the artist a fair canvas on which he may labor—of which opportunity artists have since fulsomely availed themselves: but beyond these points, and a chorus at the opening of the marriage-scene, we cannot and ought not to specify any piece as of especial moment. Rubini of course was Ravenswood,—Tamburini—Sholto Ashton. In the course of the metamorphosis of a Waverley novel into a peg for Donizetti's music, Sir William Ashton has disappeared *in toto* together with his lady-wife, besides other characters who chequer so impressively the web of the original story; Bucklaw, however, is spared—and was spared on this especial occasion for Signor Tati, who made him as coarse and disagreeable as laird could be in reality, and interpolated an air from "*Zelmira*" to show his powers; a proceeding remarkably unwise when Rubini was singing and had to sing. Signor Morelli of pains-taking memory made his appearance as bide-the bent, and did his duty in good tune and with great propriety.—Subsequently we have had other "*Lucias*:" Mme. Castellan, Mme. Frezzolini, and Mlle. Lind, whose entirely new and impassioned reading of the character won her in this country the brightest leaves of her many-laurelled wreath.

An opera written for Rome in 1833, entitled "*Il Furioso*," or, "*L'Isola di S. Domingo*," was given by the Lyceum opera-Buffa company in 1836, and introduced to this country Signor F. Ronconi (brother to the Ronconi): he was young and full of promise as an actor as well as a singer, his voice being a baritone of peculiarly agreeable quality;—but a Signora Luini, of whom, (owing to previous newspaper-paragraphing) great expectations had been formed, on this occasion made her last, as well as her first experiment in London. The opera (a weak one) in consequence of this failure, was never repeated.

In 1840 our composer revisited Paris; where, in a single year, he produced in succession "*I Martiri*" (*Les Martyrs*), "*La Fille du Regiment*," and "*La Favorite*." It is a curious fact, that not one of these works then achieved a decided success. "*Les Martyrs*," of which the *libretto* was founded on the "*Polyeucte*" of Corneille, turned out to be the re-production of an opera formerly brought forward at Naples for Nourrit, and, moreover, a performance which the Censorship had interdicted. "*La Fille du Regiment*" fared but little better at the Opéra-Comique; the after-translation of this piece into every language, and its concurrent representation on all the boards of Europe, sufficed to convince Donizetti, that in judgment of the work, the Parisian public gave an erring verdict; the well-known delineations by Mmes. Lind and Sontag of the bright *Vivandière*, and the continental reputation of Mlle. Zoia in the same character, are of too recent moment to need recapitulation here. The year 1839-40 witnessed the rise and fall of the Théâtre de la Renaissance; the passing popularity of this house was due entirely to a translation of the "*Lucia*." The directorship had requested an original work at Donizetti's hands, and he had just completed for that purpose his "*Ange de Nigida*," when the establishment closed its doors. The (then Royal) Academy having solicited also another score from the popular *Maestro*, he presented them with "*Le Duc d'Albe*," the subject of which, however, not pleasing the management, its production was set aside. Winter, nevertheless, was drawing nigh, and a new opera must be forthcoming; the directors begged of Donizetti his "*Ange de Nigida*," of

which there were but three acts; nothing remained for Donizetti, but to re-write the whole of the principal *soprano* part, at first intended for the light, airy voice of Mme. Thillon, and suit it to the exigencies of Mme. Stolz's hard and declamatory *mezzo-soprano*; moreover, an entire act had to be added—viz: the fourth. All this was merely play-work to our fertile genius; the commencement of the rehearsals was almost contemporaneous with the drama itself—and all the music was composed in a less period of time than it took the artists to commit it to memory. As it is eminently characteristic of "the man," let us here narrate how this fourth act of "*L'Ange de Nigida*" (*La Favorite*) was composed; the act in question being in itself a *chef-d'œuvre*, and universally acknowledged as such. Donizetti had just dined at the table of one of his best friends; he was refreshing himself with his favorite beverage, a cup of coffee, the aroma of which precious berry he partook of, almost intemperately, in every possible shape, hot, cold, *en sorbet*, *en bonbon*, etc.:—"Dear Gaëtano," said his friend, "it grieves me to treat you with so little ceremony, but my wife and self are under an unavoidable engagement to pass the evening from home; we shall be therefore obliged to deprive you of our company; farewell, then, till the morrow." "O, must I go then?" replied Donizetti, "and so comfortably as I am off, enjoying myself over your super-excellent coffee! Do you attend the *soirée*, and leave me here by the fireside; I am just in working cue; they have only to-day sent me my fourth act, and I am certain to have finished a large portion of it ere I retire." "Be it as you wish," answered his friend, "make yourself quite at home, and here are writing materials in abundance; adieu, then, once again, until to-morrow, for we shall probably return very late, and long after you have left,"—it was then about ten o'clock; Donizetti sat down to his task; and by the time his friends came home, at one in the morning, he saluted them with "Look you here! have I not well employed my time? I have finished my fourth act." With the exception of the cavatina "*Ange si pur*," which originally belonged to "*Le Duc d'Albe*," and the *andante* of the duet, subsequently added at the rehearsals, this entire act had been composed and committed to paper in the short space of three hours! It would have been wrong to have predicted the ultimate success which awaited "*La Favorite*" from that which attended its first representations. The simplicity of portions of the music seemed "*mesquine*;" the national melodies which it contained were adjudged as being "cold;" and the famous fourth act itself was at first esteemed as somewhat *outré*! What success it did then meet with, was, therefore, rather due to the talent of Duprez, Barroilhet (his first appearance,) and Mme. Stolz, than to the merit of the work itself. Mme. Stolz, indeed, appeared to far greater advantage in that, than in any of her after-creations. The "*Favorite*" succeeded but moderately, without *éclat*, and in the language of the side-scenes, "did not draw," until a *danseuse*, till then unknown, and who had but appeared on one occasion at the Renaissance, was transported, like "*La Favorite*" itself, to the boards of the Academy, and made her *debut* in a *pas* introduced in the second act of this opera. The success of the dancer was great, that of the opera itself became colossal; people came at first for the dancing, but went away enraptured with the music. "*La Favorite*," at last, by this casualty, set fairly swimming on the tide of public favor, has since maintained its position as one of the most attractive and permanent works in the repertory of the French Grand Opera.

After visiting Rome, Milan and Vienna, and bequeathing a lyric drama to each of these cities—Donizetti again returned to Paris in 1843, and there composed "*Don Pasquale*" and "*Don Sebastien*." The immense favor with which the former was received quite negated the failure of the latter, which failure, must, however, be attributed to the long and painfully lugubrious scenes of funereal pomp, which chilled and deadened in their shroud-like draperies strains worthy of a far better fate; indeed, portions of "*Don Sebastien*," may be said to exhibit music of a far better order

* At least, then established opera-fashion, Scribe and Meyerbeer have now set a better example.

than any of his many compositions. This was the penultimate opera of Donizetti; he subsequently, in 1844, produced his "*Catarina Cornaro*" (the last) at Naples; and then returned to Vienna, where he sometime held the situation of *Kapellmeister* to the imperial Court. There it was he composed and produced his *Miserere*, than which a poorer attempt has rarely been seen, and rarely a work more guiltless of design. No doubt the required conciseness amounted to a serious difficulty; but, assuredly something more than mere correctness might have been attained with such unlimited power of orchestra and chorus as the *Maestro* had at command.

In 1845 came his last and fatal visit to Paris, whither he brought the now first-developing seeds of that malady to which ere long he was destined to succumb. In a short time, his friends remarked with alarm the symptoms of intellectual decay: the attacks became at length more frequent, and proportionately increased so much in intensity, that it was found necessary to place him in an Asylum at Ivry, which he entered at the end of January 1846: he remained an inmate of this establishment until the month of June 1847, when he was transferred to a similar habitation at Paris, in the Avenue Châteaubriand. The approaching winter caused his medical advisers to fear the northern inclemency for their illustrious patient; they hoped his native air would have a more favorable influence upon his health. He quitted Paris in September; but scarcely was he arrived at Brussels, when he sustained a most violent attack of paralysis; his reason suffered a further diminution, the melancholy which prostrated him assumed a more desperate and incurable character, and his ceaselessly flowing tears seemed to pour forth in unconscious regret at quitting France, the fostering land he was never destined to see again.

He was received at Bergamo by his excellent friend, the *Maestro* Dolci. Here, a new attack of paralysis seized him on the 4th of April, 1848, and he finally expired on the 8th of the same month, surrounded by his disconsolate home friends, and lamented by the larger and more extended circle of his appreciators and admirers in the world without.

Donizetti thus died three years older than the century; the number and sequency of his operas (almost past reckoning) we give hereafter, but the following are those that keep the stage in London and Paris: "*Anna Bolena*," "*Lucia*," "*Marino Faliero*," "*Parisina*," "*La Favorite*," "*Maria di Rohan*," "*Linda di Chamouni*," "*Gemma di Vergy*," "*La Fille du Régiment*," "*L'Elisir d'Amore*," "*Don Pasquale*," and "*Betty*." Adding those which are still performed in Italy, we believe that a score would comprise all that are in favor, from amongst the four-and-sixty musical dramas which the composer threw off within no very long period. It would be idle to criticise his works severely, the wonder is that they contain so much real music, in the shape of fresh melody, and fairly correct orchestral writing. We refer to the second act of "*Marino*" with the *barcarolle* and *scena* for the tenor; to the brisk and *gaillard* tunes of "*La Fille*" (which Mendelssohn was once heard to defend in a fashion little less lively, against some ponderous classical critics)—to the fourth act of "*La Favorite*"—to the quartet and serenade in "*Don Pasquale*"—in proof of the assertion that, as compared with his successor Verdi, Donizetti was a sound and charming composer. It was his good fortune to write in turn for Pasta and Grisi, for Duprez, Rubini, and Lablache, (no opera of his do we call to mind as containing a great *contralto* part;) and it ought to stand for praise, that all the operas thus produced have proved strong enough to remain in request, apart from the particular artists, for whose express exhibition they were composed. In short, though Donizetti's death can only be recorded as a welcome release, so great was his suffering; his withdrawal from active life made a serious void in Italian Opera which no one has as yet filled.

We now proceed to a complete catalogue of his dramatic works in their due chronological order.

No.	A. D.	Place	Title
1	1818	Venice	"Enrico di Borgogna."
2	1819	"Il Falegname di Livonia."
3	1820	Mantua	"Le Nozze in Villa."
4	1822	Rome	"Zoraida di Granata."
5	Naples	"La Zingara."
6	"La Lettera Anonima."
7	Milan	"Chiara e Serafina," o, "I Pirati."
8	1823	Naples	"Il Fortunato Inganno."
9	"Ariston."
10	Venice	"Una Follia."
11	"Alfredo il Grande."
12	1824	Rome	"L'Ajo nell'Imbarazzo," (pool.)
13	Naples	"Emilia," o, "L'Eremitaggio di Live."
14	1826	Palermo	"Alabor in Granata."
15	"Il Castello degli Invalidi."
16	Naples	"Elmida."
17	1827	Rome	"Olivo e Pasquale."
18	Naples	"Il Borgomastro di Saardam."
19	"Le Convenienze Teatrali."
20	"Otto mesi in due ore."
21	1828	"L'Esule di Roma."
22	Genoa	"La Regina di Golconda."
23	Naples	"Gianni di Calais."
24	"Giovetti Grano."
25	1829	"Il Paria."
26	"Il Castello di Kenilworth."
27	"Il Diluvio Universale."
28	"I Pazzi per progresso."
29	"Francesca di Foix."
30	"Smelda de Lamberazzi."
31	"La Romanziera."
32	1830	Milan	"Anna Bolena."
33	Naples	"Fausta."
34	1832	Milan	"Ugo, Conte di Parigi."
35	"L'Elisir d'Amore," (mingo.)
36	"Lancia di Castiglia."
37	1833	Rome	"Il Furioso," o, "L'Isola di S. Do."
38	Florence	"Parisina."
39	Rome	"Torquato Tasso."
40	1834	Milan	"Lucrezia Borgia."
41	Florence	"Rosomonda d'Inghilterra."
42	Naples	"Maria Stuarda."
43	1835	Milan	"Gemma di Vergy."
44	Paris	"Marino Faliero."
45	Naples	"Lucia di Lammermoor."
46	1836	Venice	"Belisario."
47	Naples	"Il Campanello di Notte."
48	"Betty."
49	"L'Assedio di Calais."
50	1837	Venice	"Pia de Tolomei."
51	Naples	"Roberto Devereux."
52	1838	Venice	"Maria di Rudens."
53	1839	Milan	"Gianni di Parigi."
54	1840	Paris	"La Fille du Regiment."
55	"Les Martyrs."
56	"La Favorite."
57	1841	Rome	"Adelia," o, "La Figlia del Arciere."
58	1842	Milan	"Maria Padilla."
59	Vienna	"Linda di Chamouni."
60	1843	Paris	"Don Pasquale."
61	Vienna	"Maria di Rohan."
62	Paris	"Don Sebastien."
63	1844	Naples	"Catarina Cornaro."
And, 64—	"Le Duc d'Albe," (hitherto unpublished and unrepresented.)

There is treasured up also on the shelves of the Opéra-Comique at Paris, a little one-act operetta, of which the title has not as yet transpired. It is almost beyond a doubt, but that both this and "*Le Duc d'Albe*" will one day be brought forward on the respective boards for which they were originally destined. Independently of his dramatic works, Donizetti had composed several Masses and vesper services, besides other church music. In Italy, innumerable *Pezzi da Camera*, in the shape of *arias*, *cavatins*, *duettes*, &c. A series of vocal pieces published at Paris under the title of "*Soirées du Pausilippe*."—A cantata on "*La Morte d'Ugolini*," and a dozen quartets for stringed instruments.

Whilst mentioning "*La Favorite*," we cited an example of Donizetti's facility at composition; we now quote another to prove that he united generosity with talent. During his stay at Naples in 1836—he was given to understand that an obscure little theatre was about to close, and that the performers attached to it were in a dreadful state of distress; he sought them out, and gave them all the money he then had, for the immediate relief of their wants. "Ah!" said one of the artists to him, "you would make us actually rich, were you to give us a new opera!" "As to that," replied the *maestro*, "you shall have one within a week." A *libretto* was required, but, not a single dramatist would contribute one to the sinking establishment. Donizetti, calling to his recollection a *vaudeville* which he had formerly seen at Paris, entitled "*La Sonnette de Nuit*," made a translation of the same in less than a day: eight days after, the opera of "*Il Campanello di Notte*" was finished, learned, performed—and the theatre saved!

It will be thus seen that Donizetti was of a literary turn, for he proved on two other occasions that he could unite the talents of the poet to those of the musician; he translated himself the two

* N. B. The o marked with an asterisk have been produced in New York and Boston.—[Ed.]

libretti of "*La Fille du Regiment*" and "*Betty*." He married, at Rome, the daughter of a solicitor of that place. This union, though a happy one, turned out but of short duration. He lost two children during their infancy, and his wife was again *enceinte* when she expired of cholera in 1835. Desolate under his bereavement, he transferred all the affection from his wife to her brother M. Vasrelli, with whom he was ever afterwards united in the bonds of a most affectionate friendship and relationship.

Donizetti was tall, and his frank and open countenance bore testimony to the excellency of the heart and mind that animated it; it was impossible to approach him without liking him, because he continually gave people the opportunity of appreciating one or other of his many good qualities. Whenever he composed, he always had a small ivory scraper carefully laid beside his manuscript. On being once questioned as to the continual presence of an instrument of which he made so little use, he replied—"This scraper was presented to me by my father, when he pardoned me and gave his consent that I should become a musician. I have always taken the greatest care of it, and though I use it but little, it is a comfort to me to have it by my side whenever I compose; as it seems ever to bring with its presence a father's blessing"—these few words delivered with so much simplicity and sincerity will suffice to prove how full of heart was Donizetti. In composing, he worked without a piano-forte, and wrote on easily without stopping; it would have been impossible to believe the actual kind of work he was engaged upon, since continuous and unremitting practice had given him the most clear-sighted and ready facility.

When, at the commencement of his painful malady, he was placed in the asylum at Ivry, his appointed keeper was one of the officers of the place, named Antoine. Although poor Donizetti's intellects were then much shattered, he still manifested a disposition of much kindness, and Antoine became so much attached to his patient, that he never left him; this excellent man did not cease to give the most touching, assiduous, and disinterested attention to him, until his last moments. There is a letter from this Antoine to Donizetti's dear friend M. Adolphe Adam, in which he describes the final sufferings of the renowned *maestro*; though these portions of the letter are too harrowing and painful for us to quote here, we cannot conclude without giving the affectionate guardian's own account of the funeral honors bestowed on his poor master's memory.

"... The obsequies took place yesterday; the excellent M. Dolci took all the arrangements upon himself, and neglected nothing which should render them worthy of the glory of so great and good a man. More than four thousand persons were present at the ceremony. The procession was composed of the numerous clergy of Bergamo, the most illustrious members of the community and its environs, and of the civic guard of the town and suburbs. The discharges of musketry mingled with the light of three or four hundred large torches presented a fine effect—the whole was enhanced by the presence of three military bands, and the most propitious weather it was possible to behold. The service commenced at ten o'clock in the morning, and did not conclude until half past two. The young gentry of Bergamo insisted on bearing the remains of their illustrious fellow-citizen, although the cemetery in which they finally rested lay at the distance of a league and a half from the town. The road there was crowded along its whole length by crowds of people who came from the surrounding country to witness the procession,—and, to give due praise to the inhabitants of Bergamo, never hitherto had such great honors been bestowed on any member of that city."

Donizetti was Director of the *Conservatorio* at Naples; *Kapellmeister* to the Emperor of Austria; and was decorated with the Legion of Honor, as well as with several other orders. Two better mementos of him have survived all these vain dignities—the admiration of his works, and the esteem and love of those who knew, and could appreciate, his nobleness of character and most intrinsic goodness.

Sonnets on Musical Instruments.

By C. P. CRANCE.

I.

THE VIOLIN.

The versatile, discursive Violin,
Light, tender, brilliant, passionate or calm,
Sliding with careless nonchalance within
His range of ready utterance, wins the palm
Of victory o'er his fellows for his grace;
Fine fluent speaker, polished gentleman—
Well may he be the leader in the race
Of blending instruments—fighting in the van
With conscious ease and fine chivalric speed;
A very Bayard in the field of sound,
Rallying his struggling followers in their need,
And spurring them to keep their hard-earned ground.
So the fifth Henry fought at Azincour,
And led his followers to the breach once more.

II.

THE VIOLONCELLO.

Larger and more matured, deeper in thought,
Slower in speech, and of a graver tone,
His ardour softened, as if years had wrought
Wise moods upon him, living all alone,
A calm and philosophic hermit;
Yet, at some feeling of remembered things,
Or passion smothered, but not purged quite,
Hark! what a depth of sorrow in those strings;
See, what a storm grows in his angry breast!
Yet list again—his voice no longer moans,
The storm hath spent its rage and is at rest;
Strong, self-possessed the Violoncello's tones,
But yet too oft, like Hamlet, seem to me
A high soul struggling with its destiny.

III.

THE OBOE.

Now come with me beside the sedgy brook,
Far in the fields, away from crowded street;
Into the flowing water let us look,
While o'er our heads the whispering elm-trees meet.
There will we listen to a simple tale
Of fireside pleasures and of shepherd's loves.
A reedy voice, sweet as the nightingale,
As tender as the cooing of the doves,
Shall sing of Corydon and Amaryllis;
The grasshopper shall chirp, the bee shall hum,
The stream shall murmur to the waterlilies,
And all the sounds of summer-noon shall come,
And, mingling in the Oboe's pastoral tone,
Make thee forget that man did ever sigh and moan.

IV.

TRUMPETS AND TROMBONES.

A band of martial riders next I hear,
Whose sharp brass voices cut and rend the air.
The shepherd's tale is mute, and now the ear
Is filled with a wilder clang than it can bear;
Those arrowy trumpet notes so short and bright,
The long-drawn wailing of that loud Trombone,
Tell of the bloody and tumultuous fight,
The march of victory and the dying groan;
O'er the green fields the serried squadrons pour,
Killing and burning like the bolts of heaven;
The sweetest flowers with cannon-smoke and gore
Are all profaned, and Innocence is driven
Forth from her cottages and woody streams,
While over all red Battle fiercely gleams.

V.

THE HORNS.

But who are these, far in the leafy wood,
Murmuring such mellow, hesitating notes,
It seems the very breath of solitude,
Loading with dewy balm each breeze that floats?
They are a peasant group, I know them well,
The diffident, conscious Horns, whose muffled speech
But half expresses what their souls would tell,
Aiming at strains their skill can never reach;
An untaught rustic hand; and yet how sweet
And soothing comes their music o'er the soul!
Dear Poets of the forest, who would meet
Your melodies save where wild waters roll?
Reminding us of him who by his plough
Walked with a laurel-wreath upon his brow!

The True End and Means of Musical Culture.

By Dr. MARX.

From the "Universal School of Music," (London.)

What, then, is the real and legitimate object of all musical culture?

Enjoyment of its Pleasures—this we pronounce to be the first object of the study and cultivation of music. A joyless occupation with music—and how frequently do we witness this—how common is the remark that, the joy with which the learner commenced the study has gradually given way to indifference, or even dislike!—a joyless occupation is pernicious to artistic culture, and more injurious to the learner than non-occupation, as it not only robs him of the time that might be devoted to other useful or pleasing pursuits, but also destroys his susceptibility for the charms of musical art.

But this enjoyment should be really *artistic*, not merely extraneous, still less anti-artistic. And here it is our duty, especially to warn against that prurient vanity which delights in displaying difficulties overcome, and technical dexterities acquired solely with a view to astonish others. Nothing is more foreign to genuine Art, which was given to us to raise us from the narrow sphere of personal existence and personal feeling, to the region of universal joy, love, and enthusiasm; nothing is more inimical and destructive to all true love for, and enjoyment of, the musical art, than this poisonous mildew which spreads itself over the practice as well as the productions of that art; nothing is surer to drag the mind from the purifying atmosphere of artistic activity down into a close and painfully oppressive region of envy, jealousy, and selfishness, than such an ill-concealed desire to shine; nothing, finally, reveals more clearly to the intelligent observer the wide gulf that separates vanity from the true perception of Art, than this mistaking of an external means for the legitimate purpose. And yet, how common are such vain desires and efforts in our concert-rooms and private circles! How seldom is it the real intention of our virtuosi and amateurs to delight their hearers; how much more anxious are they to create astonishment amongst the less-practised or unartistic crowds, by newly invented sleights of hand, the legerdemains of a Döhler, Henselt, Thalberg, or whatever may be the name of the latest twelve-finger composer! And how often do we find teachers encouraging such doings, in order to gain new pupils by applause obtained in this manner! The lowest, most unconscious, and merely sensual enjoyment of music, the most superficial delight in a tripping dance tune is more artistic, noble, and fruitful than this wide-spread abomination; a chaste and feeling performance of the most insignificant ballad, or the lightest waltz, is, to a man of real musical knowledge, a better proof of the abilities both of pupil and master, than those prematurely forced, and after all exceedingly cheap, artifices of vanity.

For the mere sensual delight in Art also awakens an immediate spiritual interest; and it is this *spiritual interest in Art* which we consider as the highest aim of all artistic culture. Let us only be careful not to close the mind and heart in capricious and perverted efforts, tending to suppress or disturb our feelings and the inward working of our spirit, and the immediate sensual impressions from a work of Art will infuse new life through the nerves, a more elevated pleasure through the mind—a life and pleasure such as pure artistic enjoyment can alone impart; the certainty that those around us participate in our feelings will thaw the rigid crust of egotism, and this mutual pleasure will ensure the sympathy and love of our associated friends. The heart opens itself gladly to a new sensation, a new emotion, such as a work of Art excites; it receives the new impressions more readily and fondly, because they are free from the dross and asperities of personality; it is a communion of soul with soul, full of mutual sympathy, and yet free from any material, or otherwise disturbing, adjunct. And thus, the ærial creations of the composer pass their significant existence before us, and dwell with us—now in joy, now in sorrow—just as conceived by the artist, but always innocent and uncorrupted. In union with our personal existence is one of ever-varying ideal-

ity, and we experience within ourselves its immeasurable richness, when compared with the narrow sphere of our material life. Conditions and persons long extinct—those charming images conjured up from Hellas and the superstitions of the East, by Gluck—the patriarchal simplicity and grandeur of that people, from whose night was to raise the light of the world, portrayed in Handel's majestic songs—the furious contentions of the Pharisees and their followers, in opposition to the serene holiness of the New Covenant, in Bach's imperishable strains—all this is brought home to us, and the far distant past becomes an imaginary present existence. All that can charm the human heart in innocence, joy, tenderness, or childlike caprice; all that breathless, burning love, exalting delight, or graceful play of affection and humor can present to our excited feelings; the mysterious searching of the mind into its own innate existence, into the hidden depths of the nature of all beings—all that was given to a Haydn, a Mozart, or a Beethoven, to reveal—the whole unbounded range of the spiritual and ideal world, which no word can describe and no mortal eye behold—all is open to us, it is bestowed on us as our own.

To live in and for our Art, to open our whole mind and heart to its influence, in short, to cultivate it in the proper manner—this is the condition on which its invaluable gifts are offered to us. But it is an *indispensable condition*.

It is not the possession of great artists and great works of Art which secures to a nation, or even to its more gifted individuals, the successful cultivation and the full enjoyment of an Art. Were this the case, no nation would stand more securely upon the pinnacle of musical cultivation than Germany, whose composers have been, at least for a century, the exponents of the richest and most exalted ideas ever embodied in sounds. And yet we have had to experience, in one single century, three different periods of decline, immediately succeeding the days of the highest elevation to which music was successively raised by Bach and Handel—Gluck, Haydn, and Mozart—and, lastly, Beethoven. Indeed, were we disposed to accede to the loudest and most numerous assertions of the day, it would almost appear that all had perished, excepting the memory of the past, that nowhere can a trace be found of that spirit which pervades and which created the masterpieces of former days.

Mere hearing, or an entire dependence upon the ear, is *still less* deserving of confidence as a means of cultivation, notwithstanding that it must form the basis of, and become our guide through, the whole course of musical education. For we hear both *bad* and *good* music, and we discover, not only that the feeble and impure produces its effect (often more rapid and extensive,) as well as the pure and elevated; but also, that in this circumstance we are compelled to recognize a proof of the power of musical sounds, which, under its most imperfect development, still exercises so great a sway over the human mind and feelings, even when unsupported by the influence of auxiliaries, prejudice, or fashion. Indeed, it is undeniable that this sensual power of music often imparts an effect to the performance of works of little intrinsic merit which surprises even the experienced musician, especially when the performance is of a massive character, and is aided by considerable, perhaps over-estimated, talent. It is the power of masses and the real or assumed talent of the principal performers, but not the work itself, which produces such effects. This shows us, on the one hand, how weak is that defence of an artistic production of dubious character which is grounded upon its success; on the other, how hastily those judge and act, who fancy that excellence is alone sufficient to ensure victory. Yes, it will prevail in the end! It will be transmitted from one generation to another, and the edifice of Art will attain as glorious a perfection as has been promised to mankind. It is, however, a different question, whether this certain assurance will justify us in overlooking and neglecting this artistic and moral elevation of the present generation, when it is in our power to promote it. The history of the world counts by centuries and wide

intervals, like those between the stars in the firmament, separating from each other epochs of human progress; but the short span of human life could not dispense with a single ray of the beneficent lustre of those stars.

Lastly, the merely abstract, *i. e.* technical, mechanical, or exclusively scientific cultivation of music, is *equally incapable* of leading us to that spring which is the fountain head of Art. It is an observation which we have unfortunately but too frequent occasion to make, that such a false, abstract cultivation leaves the mind void and barren, and year after year causes noble germs of life and artistic joy to wither and die. We have but too frequently occasion to notice that the most superficial ideas of the nature and purpose of Art, the greatest indifference as to its real advancement, and the widest aberrations from its true and legitimate course, are to be found amongst those disciples of technical and abstract science, amongst our *virtuosi* and those *dilettanti* who follow in their wake, amongst our professors of thorough-bass and æsthetic writers on music.

A proper artistic education, like genuine Art itself, does not aim at mere mechanical proficiency, which constitutes the merit of an artisan—nor does it lay great value upon mere external contemplation, which leads away from the living fountain of Art to dead abstraction; but is directed towards the soul and essence of the thing. The task which it proposes to itself is to impart to every individual, or at least to as many individuals in a nation as possible, a proper idea of the real nature and object of Art, and to ripen this perception into active life.

This task divides itself into two distinct operations. The first is to discover in the student the germs of artistic susceptibility and talent, to awaken and animate them, to remove the obstacles tending to obstruct their growth, and to train and foster them, so that they may become living powers. The second is to take, from the highest artistic point of view, a survey of all that Art is intended to effect, or is capable of effecting, and has already achieved. All this, or as much as each individual is capable of receiving, is now to be imparted to the student. It is not the hand or ear only which it purposes to teach and train; but it aims to penetrate through the medium of the senses to the soul, and by exciting his feelings to awaken his artistic consciousness. This done, the waves of sound may now flow through the air: that which has been internally perceived, which has become the property of the thinking mind, will remain a secure acquisition, a safe foundation for farther operations.

Such is the task of a proper artistic education, sketched in fugitive outlines: the training of the natural abilities, of feeling and understanding, to the highest attainable point of perfection. This is the only means and indispensable condition of a really pure and complete enjoyment of all the blessings which Art can bestow; this is also, more or less, the clearly perceived aim of all those who devote their lives and energies wholly or partially to artistic pursuits—this is especially, whether it be or be not acknowledged, the undeniable and indispensable duty of every teacher.

Would it be an empty dream to wish for our nation, endowed as it is with so much musical talent, a general and really *national* musical education, in this highest and only true sense of the word? Are not both the wants and claims of our nation clearly indicated by its innate mental depth and fertility, to which the names of hundreds upon hundreds possessed of distinguished talents, and the successful attempts at the very highest tasks in every walk of Art, bear such undeniable testimony? Is our national song—richer, grander, and more deeply felt than that of any other people—never again to resume its important and legitimate place in our public festivals? Is our Protestant church for ever to remain deprived of her own proper and befitting music, which centuries have prepared and perfected for her? Is the Catholic church, in which music constitutes such an important element of worship, to experience in our own country the same continued degradation of the sacred song as in Italy, where strains from Rossini's, Bellini's, and Auber's operas desec-

rate the holiest moments of devotion; or in Spain, where all church music has ceased, save the chanting of the priest? We do not apprehend such a result; and every one who looks into the future with the same confidence as we, will find in it a stimulus to unremitting exertion. For an industrious and energetic nation like ours, something better and higher is in store, than the mere sensual delights which tender Nature bestows on her children of the South, to wile away their sweet hours of leisure.

The word and labor of a single individual can, however, effect but little in such a matter; the mass of accidental and intentional obstructions is too great to be overcome by the efforts of one man, or a small number of men. But government may accomplish the task, provided it have not only the right will, but also succeed in finding the right men to carry out its designs—not mere *artisans*, who live by and teach Art as a *trade*; but men who have made the spirit of Art, as well as its forms, the understanding of its genius, as well as the mastery of its technical difficulties, the task of their lives.

Lastly, and irrespectively of everything that has been said, we have to acknowledge that this condition and culture of Art amongst a nation is altogether dependent upon its political and moral condition; a circumstance which accounts in particular for the direction Art has taken amongst us during the last twenty or thirty years. The whole history of Art, however, testifies that in this respect also, the destiny of a nation is controlled by supreme intelligence and goodness, and not exposed to the whims of a blind fate. Let every one, therefore, cheerfully do his best, and trust that ultimately a blessing will surely attend his honest efforts.

Meyerbeer's "Robert Le Diable."

Some years since a rich Dutchman commenced forming a library of a thousand volumes, consisting entirely of playbills published in all parts of the world. He spared no expense, no trouble, to complete this collection of singular statistics. Through correspondents in the principal towns in Europe, he obtained all the yellow, red, and blue placards which are to be seen daily on the walls of theatres. Having made his selection he classified those he had chosen, and had them bound. In this singular library, are to be found the *débûts*, the benefits, the names of all the actors, the expeditors of managers driven to extremities, the varied history, the stirring life of the dramatic crowd, who, rushing from theatre to theatre—applauded in some, condemned in others,—changing from one *rôle* to another, sometimes covered with diamonds, sometimes with tinsel—occasionally rising to the top of the profession by their talents or good luck, and afterwards falling from the first parts to mere *supers*,—playing the lovers in company with five or six successive generations, or ending their career by disappearing to retire—the more fortunate to their ease, the more unfortunate to the hospital; this bustling history of a world quite separate from ours—a world which lives every night before the foot-lights—is written in these bills, in every description of letter used by printers, and tells—how truly—the increase or diminution of the actor's reputation, marked by the size or form of the type in which his name appears.

The drama has also its history and its patent of nobility in these archives. From this pile of advertisements, collected with so much labor, it appeared that the operas which were most frequently represented within a quarter of a century, up to the year 1840, were *Der Freischütz*, *Tancredi*, and *Robert Le Diable*. We shall not attempt to base any theory upon this singular similarity of success. It would be difficult, for instance, to tell why the public has always given so decided a preference to *Tancredi*, above all Rossini's *chefs d'œuvres*, unless we can attribute it to the well-known air, *Di tanti palpiti*, which has been sung by the whole world, and has been even heard by travellers in most remote regions of South America. Whatever the cause, the universal success of *Robert le Diable* is easily un-

derstood. The music comprises specimens of every style; and each auditor may generally select from this fine opera some favorite air for his particular keeping. The story is considered philosophical in France, poetical in Germany, picturesque in Italy, interesting everywhere. All nations and people of every age, are pleased with tales of wonder, and delight in fables. The Devil, who has a son whom with paternal kindness he wishes to bring into the infernal regions, has always been considered a most natural character by every one. Add to this the great variety of the situations, the novelty of some of the passions put in movement, the diversity and the splendor of the scenery and dresses, the nature of the dances, graceful and serious at the same time, the supernatural apparitions, and above all the admirable music, so perfect, that fresh beauties develop themselves upon each repetition of it; and we cannot feel surprised that the world has made this work known, and that it must continue to enchant the eyes and ears of all audiences.

Robert, in the first eight years after its production, was performed in one thousand eight hundred and forty-three (1,843) European theatres. It was first produced in November, 1831, and it is not easy to imagine the influence its immense success has had upon Art and artists. What successive generations of *tenori*, of *prime donne*, have essayed the parts of Robert, of Alice, and of Isabelle! How many instrumental performers have learned, executed, varied, and arranged this music! Singers do not last long, particularly tenors; they disappear after a short career, and are heard of no more. At the opera in Paris, a few years makes a striking change; they produce three or four Roberts, and five or six Alices, who pass away as quickly; without speaking of the other characters. We could well fill a library, although, perhaps, not usefully, with the pieces arranged by a thousand composers from the airs of this opera; and in 1824, in Paris—will it be believed,—a grand Mass was selected from its inexhaustible stores. Everywhere, at the theatre, in the tavern, at military parades, in the churches, at concerts, in the cottage, and in the palace, was and is to be heard the delicious music of *Robert*. Goethe pretty nearly predicted its success—he pointed at Meyerbeer as the only composer, in his opinion, who could understand Mephistopheles, and bring him upon the stage. But Goethe entertained a most patriotic antipathy to Italian music, and would not have considered even *Robert* as sufficiently orthodox. Nevertheless, Germany seized upon it as being essentially German, and within two or three years it was played in all the German States. At Vienna however, the *censure* forbade the representation of this great work, German religionists being too strict to permit the production of devils and saints, of monks and the church, the cross and the gates of hell, upon the stage. However, the music was so fine, and was spoken of so enthusiastically, that permission was obtained, to produce it, suppressing the scenes of the cross and the nuns, in the third act, and the church scene in the fifth act; thus changing the plot, and giving to the opera the name of *Robert de Normandie*. Unfortunately, however, it was produced in a less mutilated condition, at two of the Vienna theatres, and as usual was most successful.

In London it has been played at four theatres at the same time. Six months after its representation in Paris, during the ravages of the cholera, Nourrit, Levasseur, and Madame Damoreau were preparing to bring it out in London. In the meanwhile, an attempt had been made to produce it in English, but this was difficult, as the music had not been published. Bishop went to Paris, obtained some isolated portions of it, attended every representation, remembered all he could, invented the remainder, and arranged it *à la* Bishop, giving a mere sketch; took merely the outlines, like a traveler making a hasty sketch of a picturesque site while rolling along *au grand galop*.

Notwithstanding its many deficiencies and faults, *Robert* thus arranged, met with great success, though we can imagine how much it lost in crossing the channel, when it was necessary to

play two other pieces to fill up the evenings of its performance.

In Italy also, *Robert* was rejected by the *censure* at the moment Milan, Florence, and Trieste were preparing translations of it. But in a few years afterwards the Marchese Martellini obtained permission to produce it at Florence, and Nourrit was engaged to sing his usual rôle. A few days before his death, his mind was full of his first appearance as *Robert* in Italy; and in his last letters he spoke warmly and feelingly of the great success he anticipated. In 1840—41, *Robert* was at length given at Florence on the stage of the Pergola, and played to crowded and applauding houses four or five nights a week, for the greater part of the Carnival, and drew to *la bella città* crowds of *fanatici per la musica* from all parts of Italy.

We shall not trace the history of *Robert* any further. It is too well known to our readers.—*Message Bird*.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUGUST 27, 1853.

Composer and Public.

We are indebted to a correspondent for the following extract from a German letter. The thought which it contains is an important one, and goes some way to explain and settle, in the sphere of music, the old difference of genius *versus* popularity. We think the limited reception of Schumann's music, compared with that of Mozart, Mendelssohn and Beethoven, is here well accounted for, without denying Schumann to possess rare genius. But if Schumann's earlier works were more marked by wealth and nobleness of musical ideas, than by mastery of the means of clear, appreciable expression, it was but the fault of inexperience; and we believe it to be generally admitted that his later efforts have been more acceptable upon the score of clearness and symmetry of form, and of that sort of euphony which at once engages the general ear.

The great mass, the public, necessarily must always and everywhere consist of musically uneducated, or at least only partly educated persons, and cannot be expected to imbue the composer with respect for their opinion. And yet this same public is the great power, the tribunal so much dreaded; and every one who appears before it with a labor of his mind, wishes to be well received and to make a good impression, however at bottom of the heart he may despise it.

The question is now: Must the composer when creating his work, consider the million?

We leave aside the species of *so-called* artists, who know of no other aim but to gain the acclamation of the multitude, and for this deny their proper nature; and again, such as do not rise beyond the level, where the multitude are kept by their taste and powers of conception. Suppose that such an artist meets success, that he becomes the lion of the day:—he has his reward by disappearing with the changing fashion and by being forgotten equally as fast as he has risen. The *true* artist, however, must strive for a higher end; the world in which he lives is not the acre around him; he follows his genius, he pours out his own innermost thoughts, which fill his soul. For him there is only one danger,—that his imagination carry him astray on false paths; that his mode of conception grow more abstractedly artistic than purely human; that the *tone-means* which he employs in expressing his ideas be not always the most adequate and practical; and that his work in

consequence be misunderstood, or at least, remain without response.

Here, I think, is the point, where the composer ought to be deliberate. He must consider that Music is an Art which requires as its means the sense of hearing, and which, therefore, is approachable by *all*, and that he makes no sacrifice in the value of his work, if he smoothes the way to its understanding by dint of due consideration of that mediating sense. He therefore must strive for a fine *tone-effect*, for an appropriate treatment of the instruments and of the human voice, and he must make a rational use of the assistance and advantages which the latter lend. Such an immeasurable genius as Beethoven, who secluded himself more and more from the external world, could follow his muse unguardedly, and finally leave aside all such aids. But I apprehend that even he did not escape the danger intimated above, particularly in his last period, and that the non-consideration of this danger has been of disadvantage, especially in his vocal compositions. I refer, for instance, to his D minor Symphony (the Choral) and the piano works of his last period. Schumann has failed often in a similar direction. In his opera "*Genoveva*," he introduces many songs, which are entirely unsatisfactory to the performers; and the opera, simply for this reason, could not escape its unavoidable doom, in spite of all the beauties in the choruses and the orchestral part.

In this respect Mozart and Mendelssohn have understood better their advantage; without injuring the conceptions of their genius, they did not disdain to surround their music with sensual beauties. I allow that Mendelssohn sometimes has proceeded in too reflective a manner, but he still reached the immediate beautiful effect, avoiding the reproach, "that the intention is perceived," which, for instance, you can hardly ever withhold from Meyerbeer, who wastes his talent by an empty contending for *effect*.

In opposition to Schumann, Mendelssohn may be called objective in that sense, that is in his relation to the work which he is about creating; but his compositions appear no less subjective, for he has left on all his works a very individual type, that specifically Mendelssohnian stamp. And this again, in a like manner, can hardly be said of Schumann's musical thought and expression, with his greater share of ideas and wider horizon. Mozart also had much that was stereotyped and constantly recurring in his work, so that he was wanting in complete objectivity, and it was only given to one, to Beethoven, to keep each work completely separate and objective, to appear *new* in each, and still always the same great and powerful Beethoven.

MORE NATIVISM.—"Native Musician" does not favor us again this week; but in lieu of such amusement we can treat our readers to a few delectable specimens from a new musical journal, which we find upon our desk, and which is altogether devoted to the cause of nativism in general, and to the advertisement of its editor's new psalm book in particular.

Indeed, musical "native Americanism" has now *two* organs of its own, so that we need no longer publish the anonymous squibs which we receive, to show the nature of the animal. The first is a semi-monthly, called *par excellence* the "*Boston Musical Journal*," and edited by Messrs. B. F. Baker and A. N. Johnson. The second, the one from which we quote, is circulated gratis, to the extent of 30,000 copies (according to its own account) and is called "*Bird's Musical Advertiser*." It commences: "We" (*Bird*) "have made a book, a singing book," &c., which it

proceeds forthwith to announce and recommend as glibly as if it were some new nostrum or elixir, under the title of the "*Singing School Companion*." This editor is a deadly foe to all foreigners and foreign influence in music. By music he appears to mean simply and exclusively an affair of country choirs and singing schools. He is virtuously indignant against our young countrymen who go to Europe to learn music; puts our friends in Leipsic under sanctimonious ban, for finding quartets of Beethoven and Schubert on a Sunday more edifying than the ninety-nine millions of Yankee psalm-tunes; asks what sort of choir-leaders they will make when they come home, &c., as if that were the end and aim of all true musical culture. But for the specimens; here is the musical creed which it is deemed so important to instil into the minds and hearts of Young America.

We do not dislike foreign musicians, we have the highest respect for some of them; but for that toadyism which is blind to everything which is not imported, we feel the utmost contempt. We have no doubt young men may improve themselves as musicians by practice and study in Europe, but there would be as much sense in importing and adopting the old worn out system, by which Europe is governed, as to think of teaching the masses here, music by any imported system, German or Italian. We want an American system, —and we will have it. (!)

Lowell Mason has already done more to create happiness, more to introduce this most innocent and pleasing accomplishment to the notice of the millions, than all the foreign teachers have done or will do in nine hundred and ninety-nine years. B. F. Baker will this year, through the influence of his meetings in Boston and other places, do more to educate the mass of young people musically, than all the foreign musicians in America.

Foreign musicians have carried millions of dollars of our money away, and left those who have paid it unfit to enjoy good, simple music, [of the *birds*?] especially the music of the church [i. e. Yankee Psalmody.]

Will Teachers be so good as to examine the "elements" of the *SINGING SCHOOL COMPANION*. They are not imitations of any system, they are our own, and was the result of years of experience, with our eyes open to the want of a better system for teachers. They have been approved by many of the best teachers of music in the country, and we venture to hope they will be by others who have not yet seen them.

Four million copies of the "*Singing School Companion*" sold. So a friend said he was told the other day, and he congratulated us upon our success. We told him it was not so, and we should not sell that number in less than two years.

Do singers quarrel? Yes, about half as much as other people. Do they enjoy themselves? First rate. Just as they deserve to.

We don't mean to praise our book, and therefore only say that it is the cheapest, the best, the handsomest, and the most popular book which was ever published.

Don't go to sleep in the singing seats; you may snore, or you may swallow a fly and get choaked.

The above will show how wittily, entertainingly, patriotically and piously the whole sheet is edited. Now, here is our paraphrase of extract number one:

We do not dislike native musicians; we have the highest respect for some of them, whom we see to have more real earnest artistic aspiration than they have of the self-advertising, mercenary spirit; but for that narrow-minded, selfish dread of seeing music in this country judged according

to the European, (i. e. the artistic) standard, lest it should spoil the trade of mechanical psalm-book and sentimental song manufacturers, we feel more patriotic shame than individual contempt. We have no doubt young men may learn the elements of music well enough at home of native teachers, and that much true musical impulse is evolved from our thoroughly "native" musical "conventions," so-called; but there would be as much sense in importing and imitating the Chinese music, as in thinking to discover any germ of a high, original, American Art, in such dry, impotent, mechanical manufactures, as go forth annually in cart-loads from the great mill of the psalm-book makers (as a class, we mean). We too want, hope for and believe in, not an "American system" in music, but an American new era of musical Art; a new manifestation of musical genius, which will be distinguished not by narrow nationality, but by the universality, the generous humanity, the broad and glorious inspiration that shall make it the language of a brighter period of a whole human family redeemed and reconciled; but such a music, when it comes, will wear no traces of a blood or spiritual relationship with what is called New England psalmody and musical trading "professors;" these will first have to be scourged out of the temple like the money-changers of old.

A New Church Organ.

MR. DWIGHT,

DEAR SIR:—I visited, by invitation of the well-known organ-builder, Mr. Thomas Appleton, yesterday, his manufactory at Reading, to see and test the qualities of an organ which he had just completed for the use of the new Unitarian Church, in Bangor, Me., to be played upon by Mr. John Tufts.

The organ is twenty-two feet high, fourteen feet wide, and ten feet deep. Its case is made by Mr. Newman, of Andover, in a beautiful imitation of rosewood.

It has two manuals, the lower being the great organ, the upper, the swell with a choir bass; also pedals to the extent of two full octaves; and the position of this instrument in the church will be only six feet from the ground floor. (A great improvement; it would be still better if it were placed on the floor.)

The Great Organ comprises—

1. Stop Diapason, bass, }	56 pipes.
2. Melodia, }	56 "
3. Open Diapason, }	56 "
4. Tenoroon, }	56 "
5. Viol d' Amore, }	56 "
6. Keraulophon, }	56 "
7. Flute, }	56 "
8. Principal, }	56 "
9. Fifteenth, }	56 "
10. Twelfth, }	56 "
11. Sequialtra, (3 ranks) }	168 "
12. Trumpet, treble, }	56 "
13. Trumpet, bass, }	56 "

Whole number, 728

The Swell comprises—

1. Stop Diapason, }	44 pipes.
2. Open Diapason, }	44 "
3. Bourdon, }	44 "
4. Principal, }	44 "
5. Viol da Gamba, }	44 "
6. Night horn, }	44 "
7. Cornet, (3 ranks) }	132 "
8. Piccolo, }	44 "
9. Hautboy, }	44 "
10. Trumpet, }	44 "
11. Tremulant, }	—
Total, }	528

The Choir Bass comprises—

1. Stop Diapason, }	12 pipes.
2. Open Diapason, }	12 "
3. Bourdon, }	12 "
4. Principal, }	12 "
Total, }	48
Sub-Bass, }	25

Also, the following Couples—

Great Organ and Swell.
Great Organ and Swell, an octave above.
Pedals and Great Organ.
Pedals and Great Organ, an octave above.
Pedals and Choir Bass.
Pedal Check.
Bellows Signal.

The total number of pipes, then, is 1,329.

Mr. Appleton, in building this fine organ, has fully sustained his well-earned reputation. The depth, fulness and richness of the diapasons, I have not heard excelled; the sweetness of the reed, and other fancy stops, is superb, especially the *Melodia*, *Viol d' Amore*, *Keraulophon*, *Night horn*, *Viol da Gamba* and *Hautboy*.

I have not seen an organ of that size which has given me such satisfaction, whether in detail or as a whole. I thank Mr. Appleton publicly, for giving me the opportunity of seeing and hearing it. He has a host of admirers who will rejoice to hear of his success; and I address this letter to you, my dear Sir, knowing your willingness in promulgating to your readers whatever may be useful to them and encouraging to a worthy man.

Yours Truly,

F. F. MÜLLER.

Boston, Aug. 20, 1853.

The writer of the above is well-known to the lovers of good organ music in our city, and his opinion, so spontaneously expressed, must carry weight with it. We congratulate our Bangor friends on the acquisition of a fine organ, since in the person of Mr. John Tufts, above alluded to, they possess a stirring, modest young "native musician" for an organist, who is in earnest with his Art, spending his energies in the true study and practice thereof, instead of in that self-advertisement and that jealousy of foreigners, which are so characteristic of many of our "native professors."

DONIZETTI.—Many times we have been asked for a life of this popular composer; but have in vain sought for any complete account of him, until now. The article on the first page of to-day's paper, is from the preface to the London edition to *Lucrezia Borgia*, published by Boosey & Co. We give it rather for its facts, than for its criticisms.

Musical Intelligence.

Local.

SALE OF AN ORGAN.—We ask the attention of those interested to the advertisement in another column. The old Odeon organ is associated with some of our best musical experiences, and is in a condition to do excellent service again in many church or concert hall that may become its fortunate possessor.

GERMANIA SERENADE BAND.—We thankfully acknowledge the receipt of a spirited and life-like group picture of Mr. SCHNAPP and his seven musical confreres, all standing with their instruments ready for harmonious action. It is lithographed by Hoffmann, from a daguerreotype by Ives, and printed by P. Wagner. We are sure, many of the recipients of their sweet strains will be glad to possess themselves of this speaking memorial to the eye.

Foreign.

PARIS.—Mme. Charton Demeur is engaged at the Opera Comique, and will perform some of her favorite characters, including *Le Domino Noir* and *le Caid*. M. Corti has resigned the direction of the Théâtre Italien. One season has sufficed to show him the difficulties of operatic management. M. Blumenthal is in Paris, en route for Switzerland. Sivori has quite recovered from his late accident.

The French Opera, which is to re-open in a few days, with the *salle* completely cleansed, restored, and ornamented, is about, it is said, to cease to be under the direction of M. Roqueplan, whose affairs are believed to be in an embarrassed position. His successor will probably be M. Poirson, formerly manager of the Gymnase.—(From the Correspondent of the Morning Chronicle.)

BADEN-BADEN.—The first of the series of concerts intended to be given by Ernst, MM. Seligmann and Ehrlich took place on the 16th ult. The grand saloon could not contain half the crowd who flocked to hear these talented artists. The programme consisted solely of instrumental chamber-music—a quartet by Beethoven, variations for piano and violin by the same author, and solos by Ernst and Seligmann. The success was complete. For the second concert, which took place on the 23rd ult., Mdle. Wertheimer and M. Lyon were engaged. The lady sang an aria by Verdi, which did not meet with much success, but she had her revenge in an air from the *Curionneur de Bruges*, for which she received three rounds of well-merited applause. M. Lyon sang twice; he has a very agreeable voice, and the audience were pleased with him. A trio by Beethoven was admirably executed by Ernst, Ehrlich, and Seligmann.

It is impossible to describe the enthusiasm that greeted Ernst in his *Feuillet d'album* (from the "Gages d'amitié"); and in his *Carnaval de Venise*, the applause was immense, and the great violinist was unanimously proclaimed the German Paganini. A grand festival is announced for the 20th August, at which Hector Berlioz will conduct his *Symphonic cantate—Romeo et Juliette*.

COLOGNE.—Mlle. Johanna Wagner has made her debut in this city, and met with a success worthy of her great reputation. She appeared in the part of Romeo, and was well supported by Madame Rindersdorf, as Juliette.

WIESBADEN.—M. Vieuxtemps is about to give a concert at this fashionable town.

MAGDEBURG.—Herr Hartung, who is condemned to death for poisoning, has petitioned the King to adjourn his execution till he has finished an opera, of which he has written the libretto, and has almost finished the music!

Advertisements.

ORGAN FOR SALE.

THE large and well known Organ, built by Thomas Appleton for the BOSTON ACADEMY OF MUSIC, will be sold at auction, unless previously disposed of, on Saturday, 10th of September next, at 10 o'clock, A. M., at the Hall of the Lowell Institute, where it now stands. The Organ is of large dimensions, being 2 feet in height, 16 feet in width, and 12 feet in depth; and cost \$5,500. It contains 27 Stops, viz: Great Organ, 11; Choir Organ, 8; Swell Organ, 8. It has all the modern improvements in the action, Coupling Stops, Pedals for Sub-Bass of two octaves, &c.; and in short, all that is usually put into the best Organs in the country. With regard to the quality of its tone, it is esteemed equal to any organ ever constructed by that well known builder.

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Treas'r of Boston Academy of Music.

Boston, August, 1853.

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Mar. 5. tf

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VOL. III.

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NO. 22.

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The Death and Burial of Chopin.

[The following, written as a private letter to friends at home by a young American who made the acquaintance of Chopin in Paris, a short time before his death, has been kindly placed at our disposal. It was written from the heart, and with a true appreciation of the spirit of that most individual, delicate, and spiritual composer. It cannot fail to interest those who have read the memoir by Liszt, translated for this Journal a year ago, and still less those who have learned to know and love the music of Chopin.]

PARIS, OCT. 18, 1849.

Chopin is dead! His ardent, loving soul, too long unequally yoked with a weak, decaying body, has at length been set free. After a weary struggle of more than twelve years with two terrible maladies, consumption and the asthma, he is at rest, a rest from his sufferings too long delayed, a rest from his labors too early granted. He was but thirty-nine years old. From this master so mature in knowledge and in experience, so young in power and freshness and grace, what marvels might we not have expected! Imperfectly known in America, Chopin is recognized in Europe, as a

prince in his own right. And now that he is gone, they will bury him like a prince: and not like any vulgar prince, from whose fresh grave the mourners flock to the ante-chamber of his successor. For who shall succeed to the control of that treasury of wayward and subtle conceptions which existed in the heart of this refined, and, in his way, inimitable genius? Chopin's life was in his music. The fiery, chivalrous nationality of the Pole, "*le Français du Nord*;" the melancholy, in no degree morbid, of long ill-health, manfully borne; the delicacy, almost feminine, of an aristocratic nature, and of exquisitely nurtured tastes, tastes never languid, never perverse; the tenderness of noble instincts, the truthfulness of earnest convictions: these all combined to make up the charm of Chopin's compositions. Who has not felt, especially in listening to his endlessly varying compositions upon the arbitrary movement of his national dance, the mazourka, that "with that key, Chopin unlocked his heart"? The treasures of that heart he will now unfold, in other spheres, and in the freedom of a grander life!

More sought by fame than seeking it, Chopin passed the twenty years of his life in Paris withdrawn within a circle of highly gifted and appreciating friends, from whom the noble and affectionate qualities of the man won a love more precious by far than the enthusiastic admiration which the rare occasions of his appearance in public secured for the artist. Fortunate they, to whom the full beauty of the composer's works was fully revealed, interpreted as they were, in the confidence of friendship, by him who alone had the secret of their significance!

Driven from Paris by the disturbances of 1848, Chopin went to England, where, after an exhausting season in London, he undertook an autumnal journey in Scotland, which prostrated him greatly, and he came back, as he said, "*pierced by the climate*." In London he appeared for the last time in public at a concert given for the relief of the Polish refugees. In this respect, like our own G——, Chopin was superior to that selfish indifference in matters of public duty, which has so often been charged upon artists as a body. He loved his country warmly, and never proved recreant to her cause, from the hour when he left Warsaw, an exile of patriotism, to the hour of his death. Holding the Fortunatus's purse of the great musician, he gave of his abundance freely at every call of his country, or of her sons in dis-

tress. From the time of his return to Paris, he declined rapidly; but such was the force of vitality in his fine organization, that he died at last only after a keen agony of several hours, bearing up bravely and sweetly to the end. Dear friends were with him—his mother and his sister, who had just arrived from Warsaw. One face alone, which should have been by his bedside, was wanting; strangely, sadly wanting, that he might die with the song of *Thekla* in his heart. He was of too profound a nature to live or to die an irreligious man; and his simple faith was displayed in his last moments in the most touching and dignified manner. The servants of the house in which he lived, deeply attached to him, brought their children to receive his blessing. "No! my friends," he said; "a sinful man cannot bless your children, but I am going to the dear God, and I will pray to him to bless you and them." He asked that Mozart's Requiem should be performed for him. The artists of the Conservatoire, the singers of the Italian Opera, have taken it upon themselves to fulfil this request, and the *Chant du Cygne* of the mightiest of the masters will be sung for the repose of his soul by them in the noble church of the Madeleine! Was I not right in saying they would bury him like a prince?

THURSDAY MORNING.

Yesterday the funeral took place. The body of the immense church, and the Hautes Tribunes, the galleries which run along the side walls between the chapels, were filled with an audience of nearly three thousand persons, gathered by special invitations from the mother, the sister and the near friends of Chopin, to assist at his obsequies. The high altar was canopied in black, the choir filled with the artists who had assembled to do honor to the departed; and before the altar in the body of the church, stood a sort of funereal temple, in which the coffin was to be laid during the mass.

The day was one of unrivalled beauty, and the brilliant sunlight streamed over the gorgeous walls and the silent multitude, the great majority of whom were dressed in mourning. There was an inexpressible solemnity in the first aspect of the scene. But as the throng increased, and the sunlight played more and more brightly on the gay colors and gilded columns of the building, the silence was broken by the buzz of voices, the musicians began to tune their instruments, and my mind gradually wandered off into thoughts most

foreign to the occasion, till a sudden thrill ran through us all, and by one common instinct every sound was hushed before a deep solemn voice chanting the opening words of the Roman service for the dead. Slowly moving up the nave came the long procession of white-robed priests,—before them the abbé —, whose magnificent voice filled the church with its low reverberating tones,—behind them four robed in black bearing the dead. I cannot tell you with what a painful shock the reality of the scene rushed then upon my mind! How instantaneously did this one unconscious, senseless form, brought thus into that splendid and brilliant assembly, subdue their splendor and overshadow their brilliancy! Slowly the priests moved on—solemnly the coffin was laid in its place; and disposing themselves about the altar steps the priests went on with their imposing chant. The responses came from the organ-loft, breathed through that distance in so subdued a tone that, but for the extraordinary silence, we should scarce have heard them. For the first time I began to understand the power over the senses and the imagination of the offices of the Roman church. The sounds of the chanting gradually died away, and then after a pause a soft atmosphere of slow, sweet music began to float about us. The music deepened on and on, the exquisite harmony of the instruments flowing a widening river, till suddenly the waves divided before a mighty voice—a voice which rose and rose, louder and more loud, full, rich, more clear than the ring of trumpets, more sweet and deep than the tones of an organ—the wonderful voice of Lablache! My anticipations of this voice were more than fulfilled. Hardly could I persuade myself that it came from human lips. In all its power faultlessly sweet, it overwhelmed my senses in its flood of melody. This was Lablache. Of the rest, to say that my ignorance has no words to describe the progress of the Requiem, is to say little. Even —'s vocabulary might fail him here. How the delicious voice of Viardot came pouring through the serene atmosphere of instrumental harmony! How the great organ thrilled the very walls (this is no metaphor) with its solemn lamentations! How the silvery tones of the wind instruments rang out in triumph over the thunder of the violoncellos and the drums! How the clear, religious tenor voice of Alexis Dupont sent up its divine supplications! You know the parts of this incomparable composition far better than I; yet can you hardly imagine the effect upon me of that divine *Agnus Dei* near the close, rendered as it was yesterday rendered. Shaken by a mighty movement, the mind could scarce compose itself in the brief, prayerful pause, before a low, dream-like, inexpressibly calm and holy strain came stealing over the soul, and breathing out the perfect benediction of faith and peace from Heaven. Never had I known the profound power of the greatest music till then. Fear, trouble, hope itself, were put at rest, and death seemed beautiful in this revelation of the calm that is with God. The sin and the shame, the sorrow and the suffering of this world—between them and the soul redeemed, what a limitless sea of Light and Love is rolling!—

When I raised my head, the sunlight was streaming broader than before through the wide-opened doors, and the procession was moving out.

The crowd dispersed—the gay world of Paris went on its way rejoicing: the true friends, sor-

rowing, bore their dead to Père Lachaise, and laid him, yet not with hopeless tears, in his grave.

Faithful to the last, four men, than whom Paris has none more notable in their several ways of life, walked beside the coffin of Chopin to its resting-place: the great-hearted and venerable Prince Adam Czartoryski, Delacroix the painter, Camille Pleyel, and Meyerbeer.

Shall I tell you now what I read in this morning's paper?

"A young man, a German violinist, apparently in extreme poverty, was yesterday arrested by the police, for attacking the Suisse of the Madeleine, during the celebration of the obsequies of Chopin. It appeared that the young man, extremely desirous to hear the performance of Mozart's Requiem, presented himself at the church without a card of invitation, and was refused admission. He applied in vain at all the doors, and having unsuccessfully endeavored to bribe one of the officers by the offer of two francs, he finally contrived to slip in at the western gate. Being discovered by the Suisse, he was repulsed, but made another attempt at another entrance, and succeeded in getting into the vestibule, from which place also he was ejected after a severe struggle. On being interrogated, the violinist could only excuse his conduct on the plea of his raging desire to hear the Requiem, and his fury at being disappointed. *It appeared that the forty sous piece which he offered at the gate, was the only money about his person.*"

Within, the apotheosis of the Artist recognized and triumphant! Without, the Artist poor, unknown, begging for the bread of his soul—spurned by a beadle from the door of God's temple!

SONG OF CAROLINE VON GUNDERODE.*

FROM THE GERMAN.

It is all drear and sad;
Nothing more makes me glad;
Odors no odor bring,
Breezes no quickening;
Poor heart, how sad!

All is so still and gone;
Heart and soul left forlorn;
Seeking I know not what,
Resting not, knowing not
Whither I'm borne!

One master mould of clay
Stole all my thoughts away!
Since I its beauty felt,
Near me it still hath dwelt,
Mme, though away.

One sound my heart still hears,
One that my spirit cheers;
Soft as a flute, one word
Soundeth on since 'twas heard,
Stoppeth all tears.

Spring's blossoms all are true,
They all come back anew;
Not so doth Love, alack!
That cometh never back,
Fair, but not true!

Can love so love-less be?
Can mine so stay from me?
Joy sit so heavily,
Hugging inconstancy?
Sad bliss for me!

Phoenix of loveliness!
Thou on bold wing dost press
Far to the sun's bright beam:
Little disturbs thy dream
My lone distress!

J. S. D.

* The celebrated friend of Bettina, who found so tragic a death in the waters of the Rhine.

[From Novello's Musical Times.]

Mendelssohn's St. Paul.

By G. A. MACFARREN.

* * * The merit of this truly great work lies, first in the subject, which, besides that it excites the universal sympathy of every Christian, and especially of every Protestant public, affords many and great opportunities for musical expression of the highest order, without which opportunities the artist would feel in vain, would in vain lavish his skill, capable only, by the cold results of his labor, of exciting our admiration, never of kindling our enthusiasm: and next, in the style of the music, which presents the broad simplicity of the pure contrapuntal school with such bright, vivid coloring as is afforded by the development that our Art, hand-in-hand with the beautiful science that controls it, has undergone since that school prevailed. These are the elements of the success of *St. Paul*, which would have been, however, but unsubstantial chaos, save for the creative power that moulded them into form, and invested that form with pre-eminent beauty.

There is one drawback in the general effects of this Oratorio, to which only I can attribute its present lesser popularity in England than that of the other great sacred work of Mendelssohn. As such I can only regard the frequency of the narrative recitatives. These could not, without the violation of propriety, have been made musically interesting, neither could they have been made to afford any scope for the display of the declamatory power of the executants; but, necessitated as they are by the arrangement of the text, I feel them to be a sacrifice to the words, of which the words make most ungrateful acknowledgment. In the *Messiah* and in *Israel in Egypt* there are no such unfortunate passages, essential to the carrying on of the action of the history at the expense of the musical interest of the Oratorio, and these works are here, perhaps in consequence, very much, I may almost say infinitely, preferred above all the other sacred works of the master,—and Mendelssohn appears to have anticipated the present objection by his avoidance of such a distribution of the subject in his later work. Great as are the dramatic, the declamatory, and the musical beauties that balance the passages to which I refer, and very small as is the extent of these in proportion to the entire work, which is otherwise all of interest, the effect of these narrative recitatives is certainly not outweighed, and if their presence in the Oratorio may scarcely be called a blemish, I, at least, cannot but feel it to be, as I have said, a drawback in the general effect. Either in Germany this drawback, if such it may be called, acts not, or it is counteracted by some other influence that prevails not here, for as I learn on all hands, *St. Paul* is there the most esteemed among artists, and the most popular with the public of all Mendelssohn's works.

One feature, a very prominent one, of this composition is its incorporation of several of the Chorals or Hymns of the Lutheran Church. This must conduce greatly to the popularity of *St. Paul* throughout Protestant Germany, where these ancient tunes are very much more generally, very much more familiarly known than are any of the Psalm-tunes, except the hundredth, and possibly some one or two besides, in use in the Church of England, known in this country; because such household, such almost instinctive familiarity with the simple tunes as prevails in Germany must there give a peculiar charm to their introduction in any elaborate composition, to which we (who know the Choral, not by long habit that has grown up from infancy, but for the first time as here presented), are wholly unsusceptible; and, moreover, must enable those hearers to trace the tune through the contrapuntal development to which they are occasionally submitted, with a clearness to which only an intimate knowledge of the work can help us, and with an interest to which we must ever be strangers.

It may be desirable for those who know not the practice (as was my case for long after I knew and admired *St. Paul*), to explain that it has always been a custom of the Protestant composers of Germany to employ these Lutheran chorals

after the manner in which Palestrina and other musicians, who devoted their talents to the service of the church of Rome, employed the Gregorian tones, as plain song or canto fermo on which to construct every variety of contrapuntal elaboration, sometimes simple, sometimes florid, sometimes double, sometimes constructing a fugue upon some independent subject, upon which the canto fermo is ingrafted; and the Protestant writers have emulated, and even surpassed, the profundity of research and complexity of contrivance in which the Roman Catholic contrapuntists so eminently distinguish themselves, as though they identified their art with their church, and the rivalry of the one induced a rivalry, no less honorable surely, in the other. Thus we find that besides harmonizing a collection extending to three hundred or more of these primitive Lutheran chorals, in plain counterpoint, Bach selected from them themes for many of his more elaborate instrumental and vocal compositions, among which may be cited the ten church cantatas, first published a short time since by the Bach society of Leipzig, each of which is founded on one of these venerable tunes, and one of them, consisting of seven distinct movements, airs, duets, choruses, has no other subject but only one choral which is diversified by seven several modes of treatment. Many other composers, if not to the same extent and if not with the same success as Bach, certainly in the same spirit of musicianship, and, I am inclined to believe, also of devotion, have in like wise expended their utmost ingenuity in the treatment of some or other of these Lutheran tunes, and Mendelssohn was in this exercise of his art no less active than the rest.

It is to be observed as peculiar in the treatment of those chorals, that composers have allowed themselves the greatest and the most arbitrary license with regard to the rhythmical arrangement of their theme, writing it either in longer or in shorter notes, in common or in triple measure, with utter indifference as to its original form, if, indeed, it were possible to trace this through the modification to which traditional preservation has subjected them. Not only in the rhythm, but even in the intervals of the tunes we find many various readings in the renderings of various authors, and in the several readings of the same author; thus, in the cantata of Bach to which I have alluded, since the same choral forms the only subject of seven several movements, the effect of the whole is by no means so monotonous as might naturally be expected, since, by lengthening some notes and shortening others, by varying the measures, and by changing some of the intervals, especially by the occasional introduction of notes or ornament, ingenious contrivance elicits more versatility from one fixed theme than barren invention could display with unlimited scope for the exercise of its feeble power. This will account for some discrepancies that appear between some of the chorals introduced in *St. Paul* as they are here presented and as they are to be found in other compositions, and between the various renderings of the same subject in different parts of the present work.

It must be understood that it is the custom of the performance of the choral in the Lutheran churches, where it is given in its simplest form and sung by the whole congregation, to pause at the end of each strain of the tune and line of the words, however various the length of each, and, when the performance is accompanied by the organ, these pauses are filled up with interludes at the discretion of the organist, more or less after the manner, but rarely to the extent of the interludes played between the verses of the psalms in our parochial churches. This custom has given rise to the practice with musicians of separating the strains of the choral by shorter or longer interludes when they introduce it in prolonged composition, sometimes consisting only of a florid passage while the last harmony of the voices is sustained, sometimes consisting only of extensive fugal development of the subject employed as principal counterpoint against the canto fermo. Such is the origin of the interludes by which, in some cases, the several strains of the chorals employed in *St. Paul* are divided, with what happy skill and with what admirable effect the complete success and great popularity of these prominent

portions of the work in this country, where the tunes derive no interest from constant intimacy and early association, fully attest.

The appropriation of these Lutheran hymns to the subject of the present Oratorio, is peculiarly pertinent, for the same tunes are invariably connected with the same words, and therefore suggest the words to which they belong whenever they are heard, and, these presenting always allusions to, or embodiments of, the principles and tenets which it was the sacred mission of St. Paul to promulgate, their introduction forms a popular, and instantly appreciable, and I think, a simple, beautifully poetical illustration of the narrative of the Apostle's career. Besides this poetical purpose in their incorporation in the work, we have also to consider the powerful relief even upon our untampered ears, they afford to the more extended rhythmical forms, and the more copious development of the other portions of the Oratorio; then we must regard our composer's especial fondness for exercising his musicianship upon these themes, irrespective of their appropriation to the purposes of devotion or their expression of its feelings, evinced in his introduction of them not only in his sacred works, but into his chamber music, which, if not necessarily of a secular character, can scarcely have been designed to bear a sacred tendency: and we may, not unfairly, suppose that this fondness sprang from the custom of his countrymen and from his emulation of that Colossus of counterpoint whose works were his chief and constant admiration, so as to be esteemed, in fact, a point of artistry, no more than from a devotional feeling of which he found his art the most congenial medium of expression. Thus is explained the appearance of the Lutheran Chorals in the work under notice; and the consideration that Luther fulfilled the character of a new St. Paul to the Reformed Church, and that these very verses and these very tunes were of his own dissemination, and are peculiarly characteristic of the Church he established, gives such truthfulness, such pertinence, as I have said, to their present application as must be appreciable by every one.

[To be continued.]

FRENCH ACTORS.—It certainly materially adds to the dignity and respectability of the dramatic profession in France, that a large number of its members are men of refined taste and liberal education, quite capable, if they chose, of earning a living, and of even earning themselves a name, in other arts and pursuits than that they have chosen to follow. Among them are to be found elegant scholars, dramatists, poets, painters, sculptors, musicians—not mere dabbles, but proficient of approved merit. At the Comedie Francaise most of the principal actors are men of learning and literary accomplishments, profoundly versed in the history and practice of their art, to whose literature they have, in several instances, made valuable additions, and which many of them have studied not only in French, but in the masterpieces of foreign poets and dramatists. Samson and Regnier may be cited as brilliant examples of the class of stage players who thus at once illustrate and elevate their profession. At the Odeon, Henry Mounier is at once author, artist, and actor, and in all three lines he is full of originality. He performs in his own plays, and earns double applause. At the same theatre Tisserant is a musician, and has written vaudevilles and some pleasing poetry. In most of the other theatres, and in various degrees, similar instances might be cited. The Porte St. Martin has at this moment among its actors, sculptors, vandevillists, and the eccentric Bonton, who composes *chansonnets*, and is a professor of the guitar.—*Blackwood's Mag.*

DON'T WALK SO FAST.—"I have often used," says Grétry, "a singular stratagem, to slacken or quicken the pace of a walking companion. To say you walk too fast, or too slow, is impolite save to a friend; but to sing softly an air to the time of the walk of your companion, and then, by degrees, either to quicken the time or make it slower, is a stratagem as innocent as it is convenient."

AUTUMN.

BY C. P. CRANCH.

Downward Time's sunny slope the year descending,
With slow step, glides;
Like Pan he seems his reedy music blending
With the eternal tides.

The loud, full strains of the bright festive Summer,
He once outpoured,
Now modulate with low and gentle murmur
To a rich minor chord.

Slowly he goes, with gay leaves red and yellow
Around him bound:
With wheat and ripe fruits large and mellow,
Well over-topped and crowned.

As from a tree, he drops the days so golden,
Like his own fruits,
Each one a reflex of that sunshine olden,
That woke Arcadian flutes.

Far o'er the crystal streams, through tangled woods,
To mountain sides,
He breathes o'er all his still autumnal moods,
As softly as he glides.

The grass is green beneath his silent tread;
But the pale leaves
Are falling; passing sometimes o'er their bed
The chill wind sobs and grieves.

And the small rain comes drizzling through the air;
The cold gray cloud
Hangs on the faces of the mountains fair,
And wraps them in a shroud.

Yet stealth on the cheerful stout old Year,
And draws away
His clouds, and bids the sunlight, glittering clear,
Burst out in joyous day.

The glow of vigorous eld, a kindly light
Is on his face.
At morn, at sunset, through the cool moist height
Still goes his steady pace.

Down to the deep vale of the Past he goes.
Invisible gates
Before him open and behind him close,
Locked by the stern old Fates.

And we are gliding with him hand in hand;
There is no spot
Where we may pause to question or command
The power that yieldeth not.

May I but pass as peacefully as thou,
When age draws near,
With fruits and gay leaf chaplets on my brow,
Like thee, departing Year!

UNDER WHAT DENOMINATION COMES A MUSICIAN IN POINT OF LAW?—Bavaria, the land of beer, of poetic monarchs, of Jesuits, and Countesses of Landsfeld—answers that question for us; for itself only, it is to be hoped! The case is this—Richard Wagner, who lives at Zurich, has been prevailed upon to take the direction of a monster musical festival; Wagner is a political refugee, full of new-fangled notions more or less original; a host of musicians from Munich and adjacent towns, wanting to visit Zurich for the occasion, applied for the necessary passports, which were refused, on the following plea:—That artisans—travelling journeymen, (*Handwerksburschen*) are forbidden to enter Switzerland, on account (*sousentendu*) that the air is impregnated with notions too liberal to be agreeable to the Bavarian passport-office. This state of things would be ridiculous if it were not serious, and serious if it were not so ridiculous.—*London Paper.*

A MUSICAL DOG.—Schneitzhofer, a pupil of Cherubini, had a dog which in the orchestra of the Grand Opera in Paris was used as a Diapason, since he, upon the command of his master, invariably gave *La* as correctly as it could be produced by any tuning-fork.

Seeing the Monkey.

A correspondent of the Newark Advertiser writing from Branfield, Connecticut, gives the following account of the vocal and instrumental music of that place:—

"Our singers are a caution to all hearers not to lend their ears, which Anthony desired to borrow of the Romans. What they lack in skill, they make up in volume. This is especially true of our female vocalists. Why, my dear friend, they scream. Having no taste to discriminate in this matter, and, unfortunately, the directions in their tune books being in an unknown tongue, they attack a psalm as a fort to be carried by storm. And they do carry it.—Evidently, there is a strife among them who shall sing the loudest, and the palm is not yet conferred. They are getting up a concert now, and perhaps the question will be decided, when that comes off. By the way, a good story may be told of our chorister's attempt at improving the psalmody as well as the music of our church. He set some music of his own to one of the Psalms of Watts, a very familiar psalm, in one of which occur these lines:

"O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound."

Calling on his pastor, who has more music in him than you would think, the chorister asked his approbation of a new version of these lines, which would render them more readily adapted to the music he had composed. He suggested to read them as follows:

"O may my heart be tuned within,
Like David's sacred violin."

The good pastor had some internal tendencies to laugh in the singing-man's face, but maintaining his gravity as well as he could, he said that he thought he could improve the improved version, admirable as it was. The delighted chorister begged him to do so, and the pastor, taking his pen, wrote before the eyes of his innocent parishioner, these lines:

"O may my heart go diddle diddle,
Like uncle David's sacred fiddle."

The poor leader, after a vain attempt to defend his own parody, retired, and I guess he will sing the psalm as it stands.

We have an organ of course. They tell us that every church has an organ, if it is anything of a church. Ours is not a very large one, but it is large enough in all conscience for the house, and the playing. It is somewhat larger, and makes more solemn, churchlike music, than the organs which your strolling music peddlars carry in the streets, grinding pennyworths of sound for their ragged customers. But it does sound very much like those vagabond factories of music murder, I fear, from an incident of last Sunday.

A lady from New York was up here, having been spending the summer in the country. As this was to be the last Sabbath of her visit, she took her son, a child of four years old, to meeting with her for the first time. As soon as the organ commenced its strains, the little fellow started up with delight; he looked back to the gallery, he stretched his neck; he got upon the cushions and raised himself to his very tallest; his mother remonstrated with him and told him to sit down. But he refused, and continued gazing aloft with straining eyes. "Sit down," said his mother. "I won't!" he cried, so as to be heard all around, "I WANT TO SEE THE MONKEY."

Jullien's First Concert.

[From the N. Y. Courier and Enquirer.]

Monsieur JULLIEN is a humbug; which may be news to our readers, but is not news to Monsieur JULLIEN. Let us not be misunderstood. Monsieur JULLIEN is not a pitiful humbug, or a timorous humbug, or, worse than all, an unsuccessful humbug; he is a splendid, bold, and dazzlingly successful humbug; one who merits his great success almost as much as if he had not employed the means by which he has achieved it. Monsieur JULLIEN, having blazoned himself and his principal artists in infernal scarlet and black all over

the town, for some months,—having issued an infinite series of portraits of himself, and ruined the prospects of the Art Union by establishing several free galleries of portraits of his colleagues,—having occupied (and handsomely paid for) a large portion of valuable space in our columns and those of our principal contemporaries by informing people of what they knew perfectly well before or did not want to know at all,—having brought over from England forty and odd orchestral performers, when we could hardly support those who were already here, and created a dearth in the musician market by recklessly buying up the services of sixty more,—having had six advertisements daily in every journal to announce what could just as well have been told in one,—having withdrawn a rather middle aged looking portrait of Madame ANNA ZERR to substitute a younger and prettier (but not too young and pretty) portrait of Mademoiselle ANNA ZERR,—having announced that the well beloved Castle Garden of the New Yorkers could be formed into "the most perfect *salle de concert* in the world," and that he had built "an entirely new orchestra on the most approved acoustic principles" for their especial delectation,—having done all this, he sends us a vast and ponderous card of admission printed in scarlet and gold, in the folio form, upon brilliantly enamelled board, and bound in crimson morocco; the meaning of all this being that if the New York public, ourselves included, would go to Castle Garden on last evening we would hear some very fine orchestral music; and this was humbug, although Monsieur JULLIEN gave us all he promised us, and more.

But if this were humbug before we got into "the most perfect *salle de concert* in the world," what shall we say of the performances after we entered that seventh musical heaven? We mean the performances of Monsieur JULLIEN. Exactly in the middle of the vast orchestra was a crimson platform edged with gold, and upon this was a music-stand, formed by a fantastic gilt figure supporting a desk, and behind the stand, a carved arm-chair decorated in white and gold, and tapestried with crimson velvet, a sort of throne for the musical monarch. He steps forward, and we see those ambrosial whiskers and moustaches which *Punch* has immortalized; we gaze upon that immaculate waistcoat, that transcendent shirt front, and that unutterable cravat which will be "read about" hereafter; the monarch graciously and gravely accepts the tumultuous homage of the assembled thousands, grasps his sceptre, and the violins wail forth the first broken phrase of the overture to *Der Freyschütz*. The overture is splendidly performed. The vast body of strings, the perfectly pure quality of tone, and the absolute execution of the wind band, the marvellous drilling of the entire body, and the conductor's unexceptionable construction of the score, make this hearing of *Der Freyschütz* an event to be remembered.

But Monsieur JULLIEN again claims our attention, and intends to have it, and will accomplish his intent. The last idea to be allowed to enter the minds of the audience, is that the composer or the musicians have any agency in producing these fine effects. It must be Monsieur JULLIEN, who not only rides the whirlwind and controls the storm, but who furnishes the tempest, the thunder and the lightning. Other conductors use their batons to direct their orchestra. Not so with Monsieur JULLIEN. His band is so well drilled at rehearsal that it conducts itself at performances, while he uses his baton to direct the audience. He does everything with that unhappy bit of wood, but put it to its legitimate purpose of beating time. It is continually in motion, but to judge from its position whether it is moving in the first, the middle or the last part of a measure, would be a puzzling matter. Its use in Monsieur JULLIEN's hands is to seem to draw out the music from one instrument and another, as if it were an enchanter's wand. Now Monsieur JULLIEN lets it float lazily over the heads of the violins as they bow off a graceful legato; now he brings it chickering down through the air as he stretches himself and it towards a flute which is executing a descending *staccato*; and it chickers up again as the oboe

responds in an ascending reply. Suddenly he wheels bolt around, with his back to the audience, and brings it down with vigorous blows and ponderous manner over trumpets, horns, trombones and ophicleides, and the very Castle rocks with the tremendous peal which it seems to startle from their brazen throats. An undulating murmur runs through the string band: it follows, or is followed by the inevitable baton which is swept slowly round the orchestra with an ineffable and weary grace. The movement quickens and the baton accelerates its inspiring pulsations. It seems to lift the performers with it as it is jerked convulsively into the air above their heads. To the uninitiated, that baton seems to compel them to come one by one into the crash and conflict of sound: its vivid energy becomes terrific as the climax approaches; and as it culminates in a crash which sounds like the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds, made musical, Monsieur JULLIEN is seen standing with both hands raised in phrensy, as if he expected to be borne aloft by the explosion,—the baton gleaming above his head. The music is magnificent, and so is the humbug, as Monsieur JULLIEN caps its climax by subsiding into his crimson gilded throne, overwhelmed by his exertions, a used up man.

Monsieur JULLIEN gave us a rich instrumental entertainment last evening; as we remarked before, all he had promised us, and more. The discipline of his orchestra is marvellous. He obtains from fifty strings a *pianissimo* which is scarcely audible, and he makes one hundred instruments stop in the midst of a *fortissimo* which seems to lift the roof, as if an hundred men dropped dead at the movement of his hand. He gave us KOENIG, whose cornet utters a tone so pure, so vocal, so human, and whose execution leaves praise without words to utter itself;—BOTTESINI, the PAGANINI of the *contra basso*, who met his first recognition in these columns and from this pen(!);—and ANNA ZERR, with a voice which seems to start in its ascent where other voices stop, and an execution which puts to shame instrumental precision. Orchestral effects finer than those produced by Monsieur JULLIEN's colossal band could hardly be, and we do not wonder at the enthusiasm which they awakened in the enormous audience which listened to them.

But if all this be true,—as it is—why do we say that Monsieur JULLIEN is a humbug. For this reason. Humbug does not necessarily imply a cheat on one side and a dupe on the other. It is the art of drawing attention and attaining success by a bold but delicate adaptation of one's course to the taste, whim, and prejudice of an individual or community; which generally results in allowing people to deceive themselves. Thousands thought they were delighted last evening with JULLIEN's music; and so very many of them were. But if JULLIEN would dress in a quaker coat, stand at a conductor's desk of pine wood, and make no use of his baton except to direct his performers, he might play to empty benches. But this he very wisely does not do. He gives the people not only what they want, and all he promises, but he gives it to them with all the stimulating and flattering accompaniments which they like. That is, he humbugs them. He knows it, and they more than suspect it.

Jullien's First Grand Promenade Concert.

[From the N. Y. Tribune.]

The arrival of M. JULLIEN forms an era in musical art in this country. His is emphatically a superior mind—he is a man not only of talent but of genius. He has the qualities, intellectual and physical, which fit him for his post. Of a square built solid frame, made to endure fatigue; with a muscular arm, that can work like a steam engine; possessed of indomitable will and unbleaching energy; with the skill of a leader, of that class of mind which can magnetize and direct others; a thoroughly scientific musician, bred up in the lore of the schools under Cherubini; with a broad and genial lyrical philosophy, that makes him put all compositions into a crucible and judge them without the names of composers or the pre-

tensions of mere classification; imbued with the bold, strong and, at times, necessarily haughty nature of a progressist and reformer, and hence looking on what has been done as the basis for addition, if not improvement, he stands fitly the representative of advancing Art, a musical director entitled to guide, sway, and triumph. If he play quadrilles, it is because a man of genius can put his genius into a quadrille as well as into a mass or symphony, and a good quadrille has more merit than a mediocre mass or symphony, or in other words, such is the quality of genius, that the soul may shine in the narrowest limits and show itself to be divine. We claim all this for M. Jullien. We claim for him a profound acquaintance with musical composition as a science; a knowledge of instrumentation as rare as special, leaving nothing unstudied in that department; and a power of command that would make itself felt in any other department where pure intellect and high will are demanded.

The name of Jullien has long been familiar to American amateurs of music as the master spirit, who, above all others, has succeeded in combining great masses of orchestral performers, and presenting through them to the London and Paris public the masterpieces of all styles and schools, with such splendid and varied effects, as to attract nightly, for a long series of years, admiring crowds, and prove the possibility of educating whole communities to the comprehension of the beauties as well of instrumental as of vocal music. His concerts have every where been monster concerts. He produces great effects by novel and great means. He invents new and huge instruments, monster drums, monster opheleides, monster cymbals. For these innovations, and for the apparently extravagant gesticulation with which he directed his orchestra, the London press at first denounced him as "a charlatan" and "a mountebank;" but he lived down their sneers, conquered their prejudices, and reaped a harvest of glory and guineas. He showed the effects of his great instruments to be legitimate, and as suitable in combination with his hundreds of instruments as they would have been out of place in a chamber concert, and he proved that the gestures and actions of a mercurial Frenchman, though seemingly outlandish to the phlegmatic Englishman, possessed a magnetism, under the influence of which a hundred artists are forced to give together any musical phrase with a unanimity of sentiment and precision of time that seem little short of miraculous. In fact, to direct a great orchestra as Jullien does, a man must be all eyes and ears. Every note of tens of thousands played must be heard and judged by him, and come forth pure. He must know as much of the resources of each instrument as he that plays it, and more in its relations and proportions with other instruments. Argus and Briareus, all in one must he prove.

Notwithstanding the critics, Jullien found favor with the public. A success without parallel was his. He has given, in London, Paris and various other European cities no less than *three thousand* concerts, mostly monster concerts to monster audiences. Each one of his concerts is a music lesson of the first order, and no less than six millions of auditors have already profited by them. He has done more to cultivate the taste of the masses, by affording the best music at the cheapest possible cost, than any other living man, and we therefore look with particular interest upon his present undertaking. The presentation of orchestral music alone at concerts in this city has never yet been pecuniarily a successful enterprise—the public taste seemingly not being educated up to the point of rightly appreciating and enjoying it. If Jullien overcomes the obstacle and succeeds in improving the public taste up to the point of appreciating and rewarding his efforts, it will be no less a source of gratification to himself than to all connoisseurs.

The orchestra was occupied by a vast body of musicians—the largest, we believe, that has ever appeared in America. We have had heretofore on two or three occasions about eighty musicians, that being the number of a truly grand orchestra, according to the Paris, London and Vienna stand-

ard. As nearly as we could discern, Jullien's orchestra numbered ninety-seven performers, as follows; 3 flutes, 1 flageolet, 2 clarionets, 2 oboes, 2 bassoons, 3 trumpets, 3 cornets, 4 horns, 4 trombones, 3 snare drums, 1 bass drum, 1 pair cymbals, 2 pairs kettle drums, 17 first violins, 16 second violins, 10 violas, 10 violoncellos, and 11 double basses. Of these, twenty-five were brought by M. Jullien from Europe and the remainder engaged here. A finer body of performers it would have been difficult to get together anywhere.

Jullien took his place promptly at the hour designated for commencing, and after the rounds of applause that greeted him had subsided, commenced the overture to *Der Freischütz*. It was admirably played and greatly applauded. Then followed one of Jullien's brilliant quadrilles, *The Standard Bearer*. Next came the "Allegro" and storm movement of Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony*. Never has it been so gloriously given before. The magnificent chromatic runs depicting the storm, the return of calm and sunshine portrayed by the oboes and flutes, and the exquisite *diminuendo*, closing the movement like the faintest breathing of a zephyr, were incomparable evidence of the skill of the artists and the conductor.

Madame Anna Zerr, in Mozart's celebrated air from *Il Flauto Magico*, displayed a voice of remarkable registers extending up to D, E, F, and G; but not very just in intonation nor faultless in method. It was an exhibition of musical pyrotechny, the effect being momentarily dazzling, but not memorable. After Madame Zerr's song came a lovely waltz by Jullien, "*The Prima Donna*." The theme, a beautiful plaintive melody, was played on the cornet by Herr Koenig, the greatest performer living. Never have we heard such a tone and such expression as Koenig produces from this instrument. The audience were enraptured and gave vent to their enthusiasm in tremendous bursts of applause. This Waltz is a remarkable composition, showing Jullien to be a master of his art. A passage for the violins played *forte* and then *pianissimo*, was of exquisite beauty and miraculously well performed. So too a splendid chromatic passage, ascending and descending, by all the instruments.

Such was the first night of the world-celebrated Jullien and his company. It has certainly indoctrinated the American people into the nature of a magnificent orchestra, magnificently led. It has placed before them such matchless players as Koenig, Reickert, Lavigne, Wuille, Collinet, Botesini and their worthy auxiliaries; it has revealed their splendid resources in every proportion, from the solo to the simultaneously performing whole. It must popularize musical art. It must elevate its standard. It must mend the morals and manners of the people.

The concerts will be continued every evening, and every evening the programme will be changed. It will always include an overture, two movements of a symphony, an operatic *pot pourri*, two instrumental solos, one of Jullien's sets of quadrilles, two songs by Madame Zerr, and a variety of waltzes, polkas etc.—a nightly banquet with a bill of fare ample enough for every taste.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 3, 1853.

Relation of the Press to Artists and their Agents.

Scarcely a week has passed, since we commenced our Journal, that we have not felt prompted to write an article upon this subject. We have only refrained, out of the consideration that our views about it would be obvious in our practice. Yet there is a vast deal of vague, ambiguous understanding in this matter, on the part of musical artists, managers, composers, publishers and teachers, which needs to be cleared up; and never could there be a better text for it,

than the present excitement of the whole newspaper press about the following charge of bribery, or "levying black mail," made in the last number of the *New York Musical World and Times*. The substance of the charge, as well as of the cards in reply from Mme. Sontag and her Agent, has been widely copied round; yet we deem it well to give these documents in order, and entire. First, then, the *World and Times*, of Saturday last, wantonly and audaciously throws this bomb-shell into the editorial camp:

The New York Press bribed!...\$15,000 expended for Sontag!...Who has the money?

It is reported of the Sontag "management," that they have paid out several thousand dollars to the press of the city for complimentary notices. It is said that the *Times*, *Courier & Enquirer*, *Journal of Commerce*, *Commercial Advertiser*, *Express*, *Herald*, and the other daily papers (with the exception of *The Tribune* and the *Evening Post*) were bribed before Sontag's arrival, and that *The Tribune*, was shortly after, otherwise brought over. The Sunday papers are said to have been also bribed in time to furnish "material aid and comfort" to Madame Sontag. The country press, it is disdainfully said, are not worth bribing; as they are certain to follow the lead of the city papers. How is this? Will our country friends let us hear from them on this occasion?

But, it seems that the papers would not stay bribed: the operation, it appears, was found to be such a pleasant one, that they wished it repeated as often as possible; so, the unfortunate "management" were kept on bleeding, until the enormous sum of fifteen thousand dollars had been expended. Nor has the bribery been confined to New York only. It is said that the musical critics and publishers of Boston and Philadelphia were propitiated in like manner, and that they were, to the full, as exorbitant in their demands as were their Metropolitan brethren. How is it, gentlemen of Boston and Philadelphia? Let us hear from you, on this question.

Now, is it possible that any such amount of money has been paid to the press of New York, Boston and Philadelphia?—We think decidedly not. We are personally acquainted with the musical critics of most of the daily and weekly papers in this city (Fry, of *The Tribune*; White, of the *Courier & Enquirer*; Callicutt, of the *Com. Advertiser*; Parton, of the *Home Journal*; Briggs, of the *Sund. Courier*, &c.) and we are certain that none of them could be influenced by such means. Mr. Otis, of the *Express*; Mr. Burkhardt, of the *Sunday Dispatch*, and some other musical critics, we are less posted up about; but their most intimate friends assure us that they are quite beyond suspicion in such matters. In short, we do not believe that any paper of acknowledged respectability in this city, would tolerate such practices in any one connected with its editorial department, as are in this instance charged upon the press of New York, Boston and Philadelphia. But these charges are made openly; they are whispered about by Sontag's *attachés*; they are discussed in restaurants, Lager-Bier saloons, offices and parlors; and it is time they were sifted and settled.

One thing is certain, namely: Sontag (poor lady) has been made to believe that this money has been thus expended. She complains that she has made nothing, or but very little, during the year she has been in this country. Much money has been taken at her concerts and operas, but she has received (according to her own statement) but very little of it; and when she asks for it, she is presented with enormous bills of expenses, among which are those of the press, as above stated. "Oh, the newspapers cost so much," said she, elevating her hands and eyes toward heaven, "it is impossible to make anything." There is something wrong somewhere. Either Sontag has been robbed, or the Press has received large sums for puffing her. How is it? Who knows? Will the "Satanic" speak out? Will the *Tribune* speak out? Will the *Courier & Enquirer*, the *Journal of Commerce*, the *Commercial Advertiser*, and the *Express*, speak out? Will the *Home Journal* speak out? Will the Sunday Press speak out? Will our Boston contemporaries speak out? Will our Philadelphia contemporaries speak out? Who has the money? Who will disabuse Sontag's mind in relation to the American Press? Somebody should most certainly speak out.

Who will speak out?

To this Mr. Ullman, the agent, replies in a

note to the New York *Daily Times* newspaper, of the same date, as follows:

New York, Friday, Aug. 26, 1853.

To the Editor of the New York *Daily Times*:

I have read, with unfeigned surprise, the paragraph in your paper alluding to a statement in the *Musical World*, that Madame Sontag has been made to believe that \$15,000 have been given to the *Times* and other papers, for complimentary notices. I beg to inform you that I have sent the said paragraph to Madame Sontag, and shall receive, to-morrow, her opinion about it.

Although no name is mentioned, I deem it my duty to take this matter in my own hands.

I have no hesitation to state that the sum expended during an entire year, for that purpose does not reach \$300—which was given in sums of \$20 to \$30, to certain Sunday and weekly papers which were in the habit of charging 25 cents a line. This sum was paid previous to the arrival of Madame Sontag, for publishing extracts from European papers.

It is unnecessary for me to state that neither the *Times*, nor any person connected with your office, has ever asked or received a cent.

With regard to any statement contained in this letter, you are at liberty to adopt the course you deem best. But I have no hesitation to state that, on the arrival of Madame Sontag, Mr. Dyer, of the *Musical World*, made me the following proposition: 1. That, as he has made arrangements with 2,000 country papers, to send them a weekly correspondence, he agrees to puff Madame Sontag, to the best of his ability. 2. That this plan would bring some 10,000 people from the country to our concerts. 3. That I might pay him \$2,000; being \$1 for each correspondence.

This was declined by me, when Mr. Dyer made the same proposition to Mr. Zundell, (a particular friend of Madame Sontag's,) to submit it to Count Rossi, who, of course, declined.

Since that time the *Musical World* has continually attacked Madame Sontag and me.

This happened a year ago. I never said a word. I believe myself to be fully justified in making this statement, at the present moment.

I remain your obedient servant,

B. ULLMAN.

Affirmed before me, this 26th day of August, 1853.

L. H. STUART, Police Justice.

This makes the charge rebound upon the charger, placing him in a pretty awkward predicament until it shall be answered or explained away; but it does not preclude the suspicion, strongly hinted by many of the newspapers in their indignant disclaimers, under which the Sontag agency has labored, of having slipped into her bill of expenses a fictitious item of \$15,000 for money paid to conciliate the press. Meanwhile, most of the New York dailies were uttering their indignant protest, both individually and with a certain *esprit de corps* in the name of the press in general, against such imputation of venality. Most of them pride themselves upon the independence, if upon no other virtue, of their musical criticisms, and declare they puff for the pure pleasure of it, as a man smokes after dinner, not for pay. Some pointedly allude to a pestilent set of musical brokers and *chevaliers d'industrie*, who waylay foreign artists, on or before their arrival here, and represent their experience, their shrewdness, as indispensable to their success, in guarding them against Yankee craft and imposition, and especially in the sublime art of "managing the press," which they represent to be as venal as it is influential and necessary to be conciliated. We join in this cry heartily; Away with these fellows! say we; for no one conversant with the business of operas and concerts doubts that such exist, and that artists, press and public are alike sufferers by them. Some are chiefly eager to show the cleanness of their own hands in a business which it is vaguely understood is always more or less going

on. Some mourn that they have been overlooked in the distribution of the \$15,000, and one even adds the complaint that its bill for advertising a Sontag concert which never came off, in Salem, remains still unpaid. Some are most afflicted on Madame Sontag's account, "poor lady," as the *Musical World* feelingly gives them the cue. While some stand on their dignity, and answer not. Finally appears a note from Mme. Sontag herself, addressed to the New York editors, as follows:

To the Editor of the New York Tribune:

SIR,—In spite of my great reluctance to appear before the public in any other capacity than a professional one, I feel myself compelled to address you these few lines, with a view of giving the absurd statement of having been presented with bills to the amount of \$15,000, given to the press for complimentary notices, a full and unqualified denial. After examining the accounts of expenses incurred during my stay in this country, I find only one item that has reference to the different newspapers; this is a sum of \$6,701 32 for advertising my concerts and operas in all parts of the Union that I have visited.

I am at a loss to conceive the motive that may have guided the editor of the paper in which this article originally appeared, in making me falsely utter words equally repugnant to my feelings and the *amour propre* an artist ought to possess; and I cannot but come to the conclusion that if it was not his object to bring the gentlemen who have the direction of my affairs into discredit, it must have been intended as an insult to the press and to me, in making me adopt a practice that I must pronounce unworthy, and is, I hope unnecessary for both.

I remain, your obedient servant,

HENRIETTA ROSSI-SONTAG.

Staten Island, Aug. 30, 1853.

Brief, simple and explicit!—just what we should expect a lady and an artist to write, *if write she must*. And this removes the burden from Mr. Ullman's shoulders, placing its added weight upon those of the accuser. This too forces the dignified papers aforesaid to break their silence, and utter a word or two of recognition of the matter. Justly enough the *Tribune*, the *Courier*, &c., say such charges, made without authority, are not worth their stooping to answer; but for Mme. Sontag's sake they ask, as now, too, all are asking: "What has the *Musical World* to say for itself? Let it produce its authority."

And here the matter stands. Doubtless the *Musical World* has already, in to-day's issue, said something for itself, for better or for worse. We sincerely hope, for better.

One thing is certain; it has taken a most effectual mode of advertising itself by identifying its name with all this stir;—far more effectual, and far easier than the alleged correspondence with "2,000 country newspapers," which could be used to puff itself as well as to puff Sontag;—only it remains to see whether it prove not rather a dear mode. This history and these documents, so far as they are mere *personal* matter are unimportant, and should not in justice to our readers, or our objects, occupy our columns. But they prompt to investigation and exposure of wrong practices, if there be such as are mutually alleged; and above all, they bid fair to prove the beginning of a correcter understanding and a truer relation between artists and the press; and in this view they become significant documents in the present history of music in this country, which a *Journal of Music* cannot properly omit.

Now we fully believe that the press generally (excepting the "Satanic") is altogether above the pitiful venality alleged. We think with the *Tribune* and other respectable journals, that it

becomes such not to notice such aspersions. If character has got to turn aside to defend itself at every moral dog-bark, what is character worth? And character of course is worth too much to every established journal, to admit of its being bartered away for the petty bribes and favors of the adventurers and harpies that hover round a great singer's "agency," and make a profession of "managing the press." Besides, in the case of the advent of a really great artist, whom the world acknowledges to be such, it is absurd to suppose that journals, whose profession and whose pride it is to be well *booked up* in all affairs of public interest, should convict themselves of ignorance or wilful silence, by withholding generous notice until bribed to say what they are only too glad to say with no one prompting. It is fair to presume that among editors, and those who volunteer or are employed to notice operas and concerts for them, there are some musical enthusiasts, who love to praise and celebrate what gives them, or what promises them, rare pleasure; there is a great deal of kindly good-will and obligingness among men, even when hardened by the rough labors of the press; there is a natural passion for admiring and for saying we admire; there is a proneness to sympathize with a great artist's triumphs, and a pleasure in the confession of the heart's loyalty; the human heart (at least in most men) craves something to admire and praise; and thus most of the newspaper eulogiums upon singers and performers are sincere, though often too superlative through lack of taste or knowledge. A newspaper perils its reputation by *not* duly noticing a great artist; this the Jew agents of Madame or Monsieur know too well to think of wasting bribe-money. And even in the case of questionable, and fifth-rate singers, &c., this ready obligingness or superficial musical enthusiasm is too happy to volunteer what Madame's managers have no need to pay for. These springs yield readily to the pressure of adroit managerial fingers, and it requires address, boldness, flattery, knowledge of human nature, and not money, in most cases, to produce the pressure.

This we believe to be the truth in the matter as a general rule; but there are exceptions enough to keep alive and justify a very prevalent distrust in the newspaper notices of artists. As the accusing article says, there is "something wrong somewhere." There is no denying the existence of such things as "puffs;" and by a puff we all understand an insincere eulogium or commendation of a person or an article;—one prompted not by real admiration, but by secondary motives, such as personal obligation, return of service for service, or a price paid outright. There is no denying, also, the existence of the class above-named of go-betweens who live by leeching artists on the one hand and newspaper publishers on the other. It is well known that agents of great artists, like Mme. Sontag, have openly and repeatedly boasted of having the press under their thumb; personally we have heard one of them assert that the place of musical critic in nearly every daily paper in New York was worth from \$1,000 to \$1,500 a year to the occupant in black mail! We saw that the utterer of the slander must have had experience enough of such venality somewhere and in some way, to render him incredulous of greater honesty in anybody than he knew of in himself. It is known, too, to every member of the press that some of these shrewd and superlatively im-

portant gentlemen have somehow acquired very confused ideas about the difference between business and bribery, so that when presented with a lawful claim for advertising, they reluct at payment on the impudent ground that the favor of their patronage has not been sufficiently returned by flattering notices in the editorial columns. It is easy to conceive of circumstances which may tempt volunteer or employed writers for newspapers, to take pay for praising artists beyond their own convictions, as well as beyond the responsible editor's knowledge in such speciality. It is generally believed that much of this is practised; and the very confidence with which Messrs. Dyer and Ullman mutually fling out their challenges, is proof that there is some basis somewhere to proceed upon. Where is it? Let us have the facts; let the truth be sifted out of all this vagueness, and confidence be restored, if possible, to where it was in the honest, good old days before the "Satanic press" had become a power upon the earth. So demand all the newspapers, and so do we.

But this question should be of small account compared with the question of the origin and nature of the vague and false relation now existing between artists and the press, of which too the public is the mystified and greatest victim. This question we propose to answer. We give the answer now in a word, intending to reserve room for the fuller illustration of it next week. We say the vice has all grown out of the mistaken notion that there can be properly any such things as *favours* in the dealing between artists and the press. If we have praised a singer in our editorial columns, let the singer take it as no *favor*: we wrote in duty to our readers, to the cause of Art, and to our own convictions or our own need of expression, and not to confer or to return a favor. If the singer advertises largely with us, or sends us free admissions, we consider it *no favor*, but purely a matter of business. The advertising money pays for the advertisement and for nothing else, and no amount of money can buy a flattering word in the editorial columns. If a publisher sends us new books, new music, he does it at his own risk; we do not acknowledge that it binds us to a favorable notice, or to any notice at all, of what he has published. The value of our notices, of our opinions, ceases to be worth a copper the moment that they are written in the way of personal exchange of favors. This is the principle with which we started, and so far, God be thanked, we have never yet seen cause to swerve from it. It is, to be sure, not the most *paying* principle, but it is sure to help us in the long run. We wish the press and artists altogether to believe this, and therefore we shall return to the subject next week.

Jullien's Concerts.

NEW YORK, AUG. 31.

MR. EDITOR:—Having been one of a great multitude, numbering some thousands, at Castle Garden last evening, I am enabled to redeem my promise to tell you something about the JULLIEN Concerts. The audience was by no means a musical one, being composed in great part, apparently, of strangers, and of persons unaccustomed to hearing the higher forms of orchestral music. Beethoven and Mendelssohn stood no chance with them. The dance music was better listened to, but the interrupting noise was at all times such as I suppose to be peculiar to Castle Garden

and its free and easy summer audiences. The orchestra numbered nearly one hundred, two thirds of whom were collected in New York, and was truly admirable. In precision, unity of effect, and the management of *crescendo* and *diminuendo* passages, they left nothing to be desired. Such a mass of stringed instruments, with a solid foundation of a dozen or more double basses, produced an effect which can be obtained in no other way, and to which we are quite unaccustomed.

JULLIEN himself magnetized the whole, and from his baton's tip seemed to draw at pleasure from the different parts of the great instrument he governed, (like the conjurer with his magical liquors,) strains of every degree of quality and strength; now by a graceful and deprecatory wave hushing them almost to silence; then cutting the air till strings and brass and sheep-skin responded with sudden crashes. In an arrangement of airs from one of Meyerbeer's operas, as well as in the quadrilles, these startling contrasts were used with great effect. It was not all thus, however, for we had some music of the highest order, as for instance, one of the overtures to *Fidelio*, the Andante from the "Pastoral Symphony," and the frolicsome (Scotch?) Scherzo from a Symphony of Mendelssohn. All of them were given with more effect than I have ever before heard; and in their direction Jullien showed his talent in a new and most favorable light. As compared with Benedict and Bergmann, his manner seems perhaps a little extravagant and foppish; but I saw nothing of the charlatan, nor anything to be seriously complained of. He likes to surprise his audience, and this was finely done in an arrangement of airs from *Masaniello*, by the voices of the musicians joining in one of the choruses.

The solo performers on cornet, flute, and oboe, were each the very best of their kind. KOENIG, the cornet player, gave perhaps the greatest delight, and did it too in the legitimate way, not attempting to make of his instrument what it is not, one of rapid execution, but with steady tones of exquisite purity charming every ear. His treatment of several familiar airs, as "Home, sweet home," was perfectly simple, almost free from embellishment, yet marked by the most refined taste. Mlle. ANNA ZERR did not add to our pleasure, though she was twice encored. Unlike Koenig, she aimed at astonishing, rather than pleasing her audience. Her voice is a high soprano, and its intonation is occasionally faulty. It should be remembered, however, that to sing against so fine an orchestra as this, is a severe trial for almost any voice. The whole concert left a most agreeable impression; and we can assure our friends at home that they have a great treat in store. X.

Musical Intelligence.

Local.... The summer season of music on the Boston Common has ended with credit to all concerned, and with satisfaction to the public. We only hope that Mr. Schnapp, or some such enterprising person, will take advantage of this good beginning, by organizing against another summer a large and complete reed band, expressly for such peaceful uses, and on a principle distinct from military bands.

Classical Matinees.... Our readers who have fasted long from music, will eagerly catch the announcement below of the excellent design of Messrs. Eckhardt, Keyzer, Perabeau and associates. String quartets, with and without piano, are just the music which true music-lovers in and near the city must be glad to hear all winter long, at fit hours in the day-time.

Newport.... The Germanians have given their last "Soirée Dansante," and will soon be concertizing in Philadelphia and elsewhere, previous to their return to Boston.—On the 22d ult. they gave another classical *matinée* with Mr. OTTO DRESEL, when

Schumann's Quintet with piano, Spohr's Nonetto, and Mendelssohn's Trio in D minor formed the programme.—GOTTSCHE, too, has been creating great excitement by his brilliant piano-playing, as he had done just before at Saratoga. We hope he will soon visit Boston.

A Good Hint.

DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC.—This periodical holds its old honors, and adds new laurels. The musical criticisms are generally of the rarest delicacy and enlargement, true alike to the best science and the clearest common sense. It would be a blessing to the country if *with every piano ordered for a family, a copy of this Journal should be sent*. Such writing is needed to make music a beautiful taste, instead of a mechanical trick.

We find the above in that excellent religious paper, the *Christian Inquirer*, of New York. We are not in the habit of repeating our own praises to our readers; but this contains a *practical* suggestion, which we italicize, and feel it to be quite reasonable to commend it to the attention of those who think enough of music to have pianos in their houses. If all such would but appreciate the importance of having good, intelligent *idens* of music, as well as good musical instruments, they certainly would think it no loss to expend a couple of dollars in a year upon a musical paper, which gives in to no *humbug*, but treats music as a matter of high and serious Art.

CLASSICAL MATINEES.

THE undersigned, resident artists of Boston, intend to give a series of Classical Concerts during next winter, in which the best works of the great composers will be performed; such as Quartets, Quintets, Septets, Trios, Duos and Solos, by Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Hummel, Weber, Cherubini, etc. The programme will be made more attractive by *Vocal* performances between the different pieces, as also Solos for Horn, Violoncello, Piano, Violin, etc., occasionally. Many greater compositions, as, Quartets, Quintets, and Septets for Piano with String and Wind instruments, will be produced, which have never been publicly performed in Boston. To accommodate Ladies and others out of town, we propose to give our Concerts in the afternoon. The time and place will be announced hereafter. The subscription is \$2 for the Series of Eight Concerts. Single tickets 50 cents each.

Subscription lists will be found at the different Music Stores.

H. ECKHARDT, } VIOLINS.	CH. EICHLER, ALTO.
WM. KEYZER, } Sept. 3.	TH. MAASS, VIOLONCELLO.
	II. PERABEAU, PIANIST.

ORGAN FOR SALE.

THE large and well known Organ, built by Thomas Appleton for the BOSTON ACADEMY OF MUSIC, will be sold at auction, unless previously disposed of, on Saturday, 10th of September next, at 10 o'clock, A. M., at the Hall of the Lowell Institute, where it now stands. The Organ is of large dimensions, being 24 feet in height, 16 feet in width, and 12 feet in depth; and cost \$5,500. It contains 27 Stops, viz: Great Organ, 11; Choir Organ, 8; Swell Organ, 8. It has all the modern improvements in the action, Coupling Stops, Pedals for Sub-Bass of two octaves, &c.; and in short, all that is usually put into the best Organs in the country. With regard to the quality of its tone, it is esteemed equal to any organ ever constructed by that well known builder.

BENJAMIN PERKINS,
Treas'r of Boston Academy of Music.

Boston, August, 1853.

STANDARD SINGING BOOK, By Hastings & Bradbury.

PSALMISTA: OR CHOIR MELODIES.

THIS latest Book of Thomas Hastings and Wm. B. Bradbury gives the highest satisfaction in Choirs, Churches and Singing Schools. The following are important features in the book:

- 1st. The rudiments are presented in a very attractive manner, and combine both theory and practice.
- 2dly. The Music is beautiful, devotional and simple.
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[From the Manchester Examiner.]

CARDINAL WISEMAN'S LECTURE

ON THE CONNECTION BETWEEN THE

Arts of Production and the Arts of Design.

[In the spring of 1852, an association was formed by the Catholics of Manchester and Salford, England, to raise funds for the education of the poor. The Committee, in aid of this purpose, invited Cardinal Wiseman to deliver an address upon some literary subject of general popular interest. Accordingly on the 28th of April last, in the Corn Exchange, Manchester, his Eminence spoke for three hours, as follows. We know not that we have ever read anything so calculated to inspire the true sentiment of Art among the working people. Those who are interested in the establishment of Schools of Design in our country, could not ask a better presentation of the importance of their cause.]

Ladies and gentlemen, I ought certainly to commence my address to you by thanking you for the extremely kind manner in which you have been pleased to receive me, but I feel that I must not waste your time in mere expressions of a personal character, feeling rather that I shall have to tax your time and your attention to a considerable extent. I will, therefore, enter at once upon the proposed subject of my address, which has

already been communicated to you by my old and excellent friend the Bishop of Salford. And I am sure I need not say, for he already has well expressed it to you, that it is a topic which at this moment has engaged its full share of public attention, as drawing to itself the interest of all the educated classes, and is in fact a topic connected with important questions, the solution of which may have to exert an important influence not only on our social but likewise on our moral progress.

While I wish, however, to escape from the tediousness of a long introduction, I feel that I shall be naturally expected to say a few words on the motives which have induced me to select this particular topic for the city of Manchester. I must be conscious, and it must be obvious also to many, that there are present persons who are much more able to instruct me upon such a subject than I can pretend to be to instruct them. There are persons to whom the topics and the questions connected with my subject have not been merely a matter of recreation and pleasurable pursuit, but a subject of earnest study—the occupation perhaps of their lives, and a duty to themselves and their families. Now, gentlemen, were I to come here with a pretence that I could give you any instruction upon practical matters connected with the great business of this city; did I presume to assert that I was going to give you some information regarding the details of the productive art, for instance—which were new to you all—I certainly should deserve to be received with anything but that kind indulgence which you have already forestalled me, and which I feel you are disposed to extend to me. I should deserve to be treated as was a much greater personage of old—the Emperor Alexander, who, Pliny tells us, was in the habit of visiting the studio of the celebrated Apelles. When on one occasion he began to discourse with that great artist concerning his profession, Apelles, with that frankness which was the privilege of so eminent a man, said to the Emperor, “Hush! If you continue to speak that way, my very color-grinders will laugh at you.” And if I did not receive quite so strong a demonstration of disapprobation, I might expect some within themselves to think of me as Hannibal did of that old philosopher, who promised to give a lecture in his presence on the science of war. I come, therefore, with no such pretensions as these. I have come before you as one who has passed many years in contact and familiarity with Art—who has been, perhaps, no negligent observer of what occupies the public attention—who has endeavored to master a topic, the influence of which he sees to be so important upon a class in which he might feel the greatest interest—namely, the poor—to whom it is his duty to assist in educating, and more and more feels that he has a right, and perhaps even a duty to claim indulgence, and to communicate whatever he feels that he is prompted to speak, with the highest and best of motives—the desire of being beneficial to his fellow-creatures. (Loud applause.)

The topic on which I have to address you, then, is the CONNECTION OR RELATION BETWEEN THE ARTS OF PRODUCTION AND THE ARTS OF DESIGN.

By the Arts of Production, I mean naturally those arts by which what is but a raw material assumes a form, a shape, a new existence, adapted for some necessity or some use in the many wants of life. Such is pottery, such is carving in its various branches, whether applied to wood or to stone; such is the working of metals, whether of gold, or silver, or brass, or iron; such is the production of textile matters—of objects of whatever sort and for whatever purpose; such is construction in its different branches, commencing with the smallest piece of furniture, and ascending to a great and majestic edifice. By the Arts of Design, I understand those which represent nature to us in any form, or which bring before us beauty, whether in form or in color.

Now those arts ought, as every one agrees, to be in close harmony one with the other; but that harmony which I wish to establish between them must be an honorable union, an equal compact, a noble league. There is not to be one the servant and the other the master; each must be aware of the advantages which it can receive as well as those which it can confer. Thus the arts, for instance, of design, will have to give elegance of form, grace of outline, beauty of ornament, to that which is produced by the other class of arts; and they in their turn have to transmit, and multiply, and perpetuate the creations of the arts of design. Now it is agreed on all hands that as yet this complete harmony does not exist; that we have far from arrived at that mutual application of the one class to the other, which gives us a satisfactory result. It is unnecessary, I believe, to bring evidence of this. As we proceed, I trust that opportunities will present themselves of bringing before you authorities enough for that assertion. But I may say at the very outset that the report which is published by the department of Practical Art, is almost based upon the acknowledgment that as yet we have not attained that application of the arts of design to the arts of production which we desire, and which is most desirable to the arts of production to obtain. It acknowledges the existence of a necessity for much more instruction than has yet been given. It allows that for several years—thirteen years, at least—of the existence of schools of design, they have not been found fully to attain their purpose, and a new organization and a new system has now begun to be adopted. No one can appreciate, I trust, more than I am inclined to do myself, the advantages which must result from the multiplication of these schools of design as applied to manufactures, and other great improvements which they have already begun to confer, and will continue, no doubt, still more to bestow upon the industrial classes. I believe it most important to propagate to the utmost the love of Science—the love of Art. I believe it most useful to accustom every child even to its first rudiments, its elemen-

tary states. I think that if we can make drawing a part of universal education, a great deal will be gained. But this, certainly, cannot be enough. I am willing to grant that we shall have a great improvement upon what we have produced in the form of Art. I believe that we shall see better designers—men with better imaginations—men who understand the harmony and combination of colors better, and who can give to the artisans patterns which will greatly improve every department of our industry. But, I ask, is that sufficient? Will this bring Art up to what we desire? This is the great question. This is the subject of which I am going to treat. It appears to me that there is a very simple mode of looking at it, and it is the one, consequently, which I shall adopt. It is a question partly of experience. It is a lesson much of which history can teach us, and I desire to bring before you such facts as seem to me to bear upon the question, and to enable us to come to a practical and satisfactory conclusion. (Applause.) I will endeavor to state the question under a very simple, but perhaps it may appear not a very practical form.

There is now a great desire to form, not only in the capital, but also in all great cities where industry prevails, museums which should contain all the most perfect specimens of Art antiquity in every age has left us of beauty in design and elegance in form. We wish that our artisans should have frequently before them what may be considered not merely actual models to copy, but likewise such objects as may gradually impress their minds with feelings of taste. Now I should like to have the construction, the forming of such a museum as I should wish the city of Manchester to enjoy. And in describing it I will confine myself entirely to one small department, that of classical Art—classical antiquity—because I know that for a museum intended to be practical to the eyes of artisans, there is a far wider range of collection to be taken than that to which I will confine myself. Well, now, I imagine to myself a hall at least as large as this, and of a more elegant and perfect architecture. I will suppose it to be formed itself upon classical models, and around it shall be ranged not merely plaster casts, but real marble statues and busts collected from antiquity. I would range them round the room so that each could be enjoyed at leisure by the student. There should be room for the draughtsman to take a copy from any side. In the centre I would spread out a beautiful mosaic, such as we find in the museums, for instance, of Rome, or pavement in rich colors, representing some beautiful scene, which should be most carefully railed off, that it might not be worn or soiled by the profane tread of modern men. There should be cabinets in which there should be, but enclosed carefully with glass, so that there would be no danger of accident, the finest specimens of the old Etruscan vases, of every size, of every shape, plain and colored, enriched with those beautiful drawings upon them which give them such character, and at the same time such price. And on one side I would have collected for you some specimens of the choicest produce of the excavations of Herculaneum. There should be bronze vessels of the most elegant form and the most exquisite carving, and there should be all sorts even of household utensils, such as are found there, of most beautiful shape and exquisite finish. On the walls I would have some of those paintings which have yet remained almost unharmed after being buried for so many hundreds of years, and which retain their freshness, and would glow upon your walls and clothe them with beauty, and, at the same time with instruction. And then I would have a most choice cabinet, containing medals in gold and silver and bronze, of as great an extent as possible, but chiefly selected for the beauty of their workmanship; and so engraved gems likewise, every one of which should, if possible, be a treasure. Now, if such a museum could be collected, you would say, I am sure, that so far as classical antiquity goes—classical Art—you have everything that you could desire, and you have as noble, as splendid, as beautiful a collection of artistic objects as it is within the reach of modern wealth and influence to collect. In fact, you

would say, if you could not make artists now by the study of these objects, it was a hopeless matter, because here was everything that antiquity has given us of the most beautiful.

Now I am afraid that while you have been following me in this formation of an ideal museum, you have thought it required a great stretch of imagination to suppose it possible that such a collection could be made in any city of England. I will ask you, then, now to spread your wings a little more, and fly with me into even a more imaginary idea than this. Let us suppose that by some chance all these objects which we have collected were at some given period, in the first century of Christianity, collected together in an ancient Roman house; and let us suppose that the owner of the house suddenly appeared amongst us, and had a right to claim back all those beautiful works of Art which we so highly prize, which we have taken so much trouble, and laid out so much money to collect. Now what does he do with them when he has got them back? Why, what will he do with those statues which we have been copying, and drawing, and admiring so much? Pliny finds great fault, is very indignant with the people of his age, because he says they have begun to form galleries, *pinacothecas*; that such a thing was unknown before; that no real Roman should value a statue merely as a work of Art, but that it was only as the statues of their ancestors that he ought to value them. And thus that Roman looks at them as nothing else. He takes them back, he puts the best of them, not in the centre of a room where it may be admired, but to him it is a piece of household furniture, and he puts it with all its fellows into the niches from which they have been taken, and where they are, perhaps, in a very bad light. It is exceedingly probable that if the statues were not of his ancestors, he would, instead of allowing them to remain in the beautiful hall prepared for them, send them into his garden, into his villa, to stand out in the open air, and receive all the rain of heaven upon them. The mosaic which we have valued so much, and which is so wonderful a piece of work, he will put most probably into the parlor of his house to be trodden under foot by every slave that comes in and goes out. And now he looks about him at that wonderful collection of beautiful Etruscan vases which we have got together, and he recognizes them at once; "take that to the kitchen, that is to hold oil;" "take that to the scullery, that is for water;" "take these plates and drinking cups to the pantry, I shall want them for dinner;" and those smaller—those beautiful vessels which yet retain as they do the very scent of the rich odors which were kept in them—"take them to the dressing-rooms, those are what we want on our toilet; this is a washing-basin which I have been accustomed to use; what have they been making of all these things to put them under glass, and treat them as wonderful works of Art." And of those beautiful bronze vessels, some belong again to the kitchen, others belong to our furnished apartments; but every one of them is a mere household piece of furniture. And then he looks into the beautiful cabinet, and he sends those exquisite gems into his room, to be worn by himself or family, as ordinary rings; and your gold medals, and silver medals, and bronze medals, he quietly puts into his purse, for, to him, they are common money. Now, then, here we have made a collection of magnificent productions of Art; and, in reality, these were all the fruits of the arts of production. (Cheers.)

Now, what are we to say to this? We are to say that there was a period in Rome, and there were similar periods in other countries at different times, when there was no distinction between the arts of production and the arts of design, but those very things which to us now are objects of admiration as artistic work, were then merely things made and fashioned as we see them for the ordinary uses to which we adapt other things of perhaps similar substances, but of a very different form. For, in fact, if you had these vessels, you would not know what to do with them. We could not cook a dinner in them. We certainly could not adapt them to our common wants. But to the Romans they were the very objects which were

used for those purposes; and although now in reading the old writers, and trying to make out the dreadfully hard names by which all these different pieces of pottery are called, yet, learned and classical as all that may be, when we come to translate these high-sounding Greek names into English, we get very modest results—pipkins, and basins, and ewers, and flagons, and such homely names as these. (Applause.) Now where is the Art there? Is it that these were designed, do you think, by some man of great reputation, and then that they were all carefully copied, exactly imitated, from his design? Oh! certainly nothing of the sort. The Art that is in these beautiful things is a part of themselves—is bestowed upon them in their fabrication; you may take the Etruscan vase and you may scratch away from it, if you please, every line which had been traced by the pencil of the embellisher upon it; and after that the seal of beautiful design, grace, and the elegance of true Art, are so stamped upon it, that if you wish to remove them you must smash the vase. (Applause.) It is inherent in it; it was created with it.

Then what I fancy is desired, is, that we should bring Art back to that same state in which the arts of design are so interwoven with the arts of production that the one cannot be separated from the other, but that that which is made is by a certain necessity made beautiful. And this can only be when we are able to fill the minds of our artisans with true principles, until really it has pervaded their souls, and until the true feeling of Art is at their fingers' ends. (Loud applause.) You will see, I think, from the example which I have given you, what is the principle at which I am aiming, which I wish to establish. It is this: that at any period in which there has been a really close union between the arts of production and the arts of design, this has resulted from the union in one person of the artist and the artisan.

Such now is the principle that I am going to develop; and, in doing so, I will distinguish between arts of production belonging to two distinct classes. There are those in which necessarily there is manipulation—the use of the hand, or of such implements as the hand directly employs; and there are those in which mechanical ingenuity is employed in the art of production. It is clear that these two must be treated distinctly, and I will begin with the first, which affords the greatest number of illustrations and examples in proof of that principle which I have laid down.

I will begin first, then, with illustrations from metal work. Now, the period in which there was the greatest perfection in this sort of work, as is universally acknowledged, is from about the fourteenth century—1300, I think; to 1600, or at least after 1500. It is singular that in that period five at least, very probably more, but we have it recorded of five of the most distinguished sculptors whose works are now the most highly prized, that they were ordinary working goldsmiths and silversmiths. This is given us in their respective lives; Benvenuto Cellini, Luca della Robbia, Lorenzo Ghiberti, Brunelleschi, and Baccio Bandinelli, all of whom were goldsmiths and workers at first, and developed most extraordinary talent as sculptors. How was this done? Can we conceive a person who is merely a workman, working upon such plate as is put before him, becoming a man of high first-class character in Art? There have been examples, as we should see, but they are rare. But here we have five men, in a limited period, becoming most eminent. Now what was the reason of that? It was because the jeweller, the silversmith, who worked with his hands, was considered of necessity to be educated not only as an artist, but an artist of the highest class; and Vasari observes, in the life of Bandinelli, that in those times no man was reputed a good goldsmith who was not a good draughtsman, and who could not work as well in relief. We have a principle then established, that the person who did the material work in the finer works was an artist who could not only draw but model; and did the same with the metal itself, for that is the nature of that class of work of which I have spoken.

Now, take the life of Cellini. There was a man who originally was put to a totally different em-

ployment. His father had no higher ambition concerning him than that he should become a great player upon the flute, and he teased him during all the last years of his life because he had no taste for this, and would run after goldsmiths and others, and learn the different branches of his profession. He led the most wonderful life. He was to-day at Rome; next day at Florence; then he was at Naples; then at Venice; then in France; then back again; in fact, it seems incredible that he could have done any work to any one who reads his life. And he did not travel by train or by any public conveyance which could take on his luggage. He travelled on horseback each time from Rome all the way to Paris. He had no luggage; he was a poor man, and whenever he came and started his shop, he began by making often his own tools; and he worked with his scholars, who were generally young men that became themselves eminent in the profession, in a little open shop, looking to the street; and there he himself hammered, and carved, and cast, and shaped, and did whatever else was necessary for the work. He was an actual working goldsmith, and the beauty of his works consists in this, that they have the impress of genius so marked upon them that they never could have been designed by one person, and executed by another. There is as much art in the finish by his own hand in every enamel, in the setting of every stone, as there is in the entire design; nor does he ever dream of talking of himself in any other way; and yet how he went on from step to step, until at length he produced the most magnificent works, on the largest scale, in marble and in bronze! And he describes how he constructed his own Persens. He went to buy his own wood, and saw it brought, and when he was casting that most exquisite statue of Persens, which is still one of the wonders of Art, he had every sort of misfortune. His furnace blew up, the roof was blown off; and the rain came in torrents upon the fire just the moment that the metal was going to be poured in. By his ingenuity, his extraordinary contrivances, he baffled, it might appear, the whole chain of accidents, and brought all out, almost without a flaw, that most perfect piece of workmanship. You may imagine to what a state he was reduced when, the very moment that the metal was ready for pouring out, the explosion took place. He had no other resource but to run to his kitchen, as he says, and to take every piece of copper, to the amount of 200 porringers and different sorts of kettles, and throw them into the fire, and from these that splendid statue came forth. There was genius. (Loud cheers.)

As a curious instance of the most extraordinary ingenuity, he tells us that on one occasion a surgeon came into his shop to perform an operation on the hand of one of his pupils. Upon looking at his instruments he found them, as they were certainly in those days, so exceedingly rude and clumsy that he said—"If you will only wait half an hour, I will make you a better instrument;" and he went into his workshop and took a piece of steel, and brought out a most beautifully finished knife, with which the operation was successfully performed. Now this man, at the time you see him thus working, as I said, in his shop as a common workman, was modelling in the most exquisite manner in wax, spending his evenings in the private apartments of the Grand Duke, modelling in his presence, and assisting him with a hundred little trifles which are now considered treasures of Art. And so wherever he was, and under all circumstances, he acted as an artist, but at the same time, as a truly laboring artisan. It was the same with others in the same profession. He was not the only man by any means whose genius was so universal; because we find him telling us repeatedly that the moment he heard of some goldsmith (and in those days a goldsmith was really an artist, as I have already said) who excelled in any particular branch of Art he determined to excel him. Thus it was that he grew to rival the medals of one, the enamels of another, the peculiar manner of putting foil to precious stones of another, and, in fact, there was not a branch of Art which he did not consider it his duty to excel in. With this spirit, is it wonderful that

men of really great taste should have been produced, men who, you observe, looked upon every branch of productive art as really a branch of the highest art of design; and thus in their own persons combined that art with the power of the tool?

There is another celebrated jeweller of that time, whom he mentions frequently, of the name of Antonio Foppa, a Milanese, who is better known in the history of Art by a name which he received in derision in Spain, the name of Capolursa, which means a bear's face, and which he is known by commonly in works of Art. Cellini describes to us the processes by which he produces his works, and they are so careful, and require such accurate knowledge of Art, that his knowledge must have been very superior indeed in the arts of design. As an instance of what was the latitude and the extent of Art, and how really a jeweller or goldsmith in those days was not above work which in our days no one would dare offer to a person of such a profession, we have a case recorded in the history of one of the painters, Pierino del Vaga, by Vasari, speaking of a very particular friend of Pierino's, a goldsmith. When the Grand Duke of Tuscany was building his palace he gave to this man a commission to make the metal blinds for the ground floor of that palace; and it is considered a great pity that a work of so homely a nature should have perished, because there can be no doubt whatever that it was a work of exquisite beauty. So that, even upon what would be considered the lowest stage of common production, the artist did not feel it was beneath him to design—not to give a design to others, but to execute it himself. We have in the collections, particularly of Italy, in the palace, evident proofs of the great extent to which this combination of various arts must have been carried in works exceedingly complicated, extremely beautiful and at the same time, necessarily requiring a great deal of ability to execute. Those are the rich cabinets in which may be found, mixed together, work in marble, and in ivory, and in wood, and in metals, and in enamel, and in painting, all combined together by one idea, and all executed by one hand, but of the authors of which it seems impossible to find any good trace. They probably were produced by those men called goldsmiths, and who, as I said before, could work as well upon any of those substances, and thus bring them harmoniously to form one beautiful whole. (Cheers.)

Now, proceeding from what is most precious in Art to what is more homely, let us return for a moment to a subject on which I have already touched. I have spoken of the beauty of the productions of antiquity in metal, which were found in the excavation, particularly of those two buried museums, as we may call them, of antiquity, Pompeii and Herculaneum. The collection of these is chiefly in Naples. Except where presents have been made to other countries, they have been jealously kept together. Now, these different objects have not been dug out of temples or out of palaces, but they have been taken out of every sort of house—houses evidently belonging to the citizens—and I think you may see that there is not one in that collection which does not immediately arrest the eye both by the beauty of form, and by its exquisite fancy. Many of them have been engraved in the publication called the Museo Borbonico, the Bourbon Museum, the Museum of Naples; and I think very justly the remark is made by the editor in the fifth volume, that the whole modern civilised world, however vast it may be, and however it may labor in so many arts and so many trades, does not and cannot exhibit even a small proportion of that elegance and ornament varied in a thousand ways, and in innumerable most fantastic modes, which are to be admired in the remains of furniture found in Pompeii and Herculaneum—two cities which occupied so insignificant a place in the ancient world. That is quite true. Now, what are we to infer from this? There can be no doubt, as I have said, on examining these beautiful objects, that they have been for common use. There are scales—steelyards—which can only have been made to weigh provisions; the chains are most delicately worked; the weight is frequently a head with a helmet, most

beautifully chiselled; and so genuine and true are these, so really intended for every-day use that one of them has stamped upon it as yet the authentication made at the capitol of the weights being just. This was a steelyard which was in the kitchen, and it was for the ordinary purposes of the house. There are other large vessels which must have served for culinary purposes, and of which the handles, and the rings, and the different parts are finished far beyond what the finest bronzes that are made now in Paris can equal. What are we to conclude? You do not suppose these were the designs of the Flaxmans and the Baileys of that day. Who ever heard of a great artist in Pompeii and Herculaneum? And how can you imagine that every house furnished itself with what were considered exquisite and extraordinary specimens of Art, for the use of their every-day life? And then, where are their common utensils, if these are not they? If these lamps were not what they burnt, if these candelabra were not the shafts upon which they were hung, if these vessels were not those in which they prepared their viands, where are those? Were they carried away in the flight? But the most precious would surely be carried away, and the commoner be left behind. Nothing of the sort. One may see here everything is to be found; everything is beautiful in shape, and generally in finish. What are we to conclude? Why, that the braziers who made these things were able to make them. They came from the hands of the brass-founder; they have been chiselled in the workshop; they have been finished, not to be put up in cabinets, but in order to be knocked about by servants. Then we have a state of Art in which the producer, the man who makes, who manipulates, who handles the object of manufacture which he produces, was able to do what now defies almost our most superior workmen. (Cheers.)

Now, let us go to another part of the world, and come to a later period. Nuremberg, during the time which I have specified—between 1300 and the middle of 1500—was a centre of Art, and especially in all metal work. There is an observation of Hoffman, a German writer, that Nuremberg was the city in which the artist and the craftsman walked most harmoniously hand in hand; but I think he does not go far enough; he ought to have said that it was a city in which the artisan and the artist were the most perfectly combined. At a very early period—that is, as early as 1355—there was produced a piece of work such as is at this day the admiration of all artists. And what was it! It was a mere well—a fountain in the public square; the beautiful fountain—the beautiful well, as it is to this day most justly called. Now, this was made entirely by the designer—by the artist himself, Höfer, who united in himself these two qualities; and it is acknowledged that in the treatment of the metal work, and in the beauty of the religious images which surround this fountain, but few steps have been made in Art since that time. And he, as I observed, was a mere workman; he did his own work. At a later period—at what is considered the third period of Art, in Nuremberg—there is another remarkable piece of metal work; and I am glad to find that in the last report just published by the department of Practical Art, Mr. Smirke has introduced a letter, in which he begs that this piece of workmanship, which he calls one of the most celebrated productions in metal, may be copied by casts, and brought to this country as a specimen of Art. Now that beautiful production was of as early a period as 1506; it was made between 1506 and 1519; and it is the shrine of St. Sebald, in his church at Nuremberg; and no one who had seen that exquisite piece of work—so beautiful, so elegant, as that no iconoclasm had dared to touch it, though I must say that Nuremberg had been preserved from the reproach of that error—but there it is in its freshness and its beauty, as it came from the artist's hand; in the centre, a shrine of silver, in which is yet the body of the Saint, and around it what may be called a cage or grating of the most perfect metal work, and with statues of most exquisite workmanship. Now I do wish this to be brought to England—a copy, that is, of it—not

merely because it will show what was done in ages that we consider hardly emerging from barbarism—not only what beautiful inspirations religion could give the artist, but because it will show to those who are trying to raise the character of any art the true principle upon which alone it can ever be raised to what it was then. They will see the artist portrayed upon it—Peter Vischer—they will see him with his apron on; they will see him with his chisel and his mallet in his hand; they will see that he aspires to nothing more than a handicraftsman, a workman in metal, who yet could conceive first and then design this most magnificent production of man's hand. (Applause.)

Another example, something of the same sort, we shall find in a neighboring country. There is at Antwerp, likewise, a beautiful well near the cathedral; and if you ask who it was that produced this, you will hear that it was one who sometimes had been known as a painter, and at others under the more familiar appellation of the blacksmith of Antwerp—a blacksmith—and there is a piece of iron work, which, I fear, that not our most perfect works could turn out; certainly not—nothing that could be compared with it; and Quintin Matsys was a poor school-boy, who, finding the heavy blacksmith's work too much for him, took to drawing and coloring little images of Saints, to be given out in processions, and thus rose to be a painter and an artist, finding his first profession too heavy for his strength. But this iron work is a work of Art; it is not a work merely cast in the lump, and then put together; but it is a work that required genius, that required great artistic skill; it shows that the artist even worked in iron; that a man who belonged to the very lowest branch of what may be considered the Arts—laboring in metal—was able, notwithstanding, to imagine and to carry out the most beautiful conceptions.

Now, coming to modern times, do we find anything of this sort? I content myself with referring to that last report which I have just mentioned—of the department of Practical Art. In that report there are incorporated letters from some of our best silver and goldsmiths upon the character of the artistic proficiency of the workmen; I will only read one, for all in reality repeat the same sentiment. "At present we seldom find an English workman who understands drawing. Not one of our English workmen has a knowledge of drawing;" and it is said that, without exception, these men will not even go to the school; they have attempted to bring them to the School of Practical Art, that they may learn something of the principles by which the works in their branch of productive Art should be conducted. They cannot induce them even to go and obtain that information, though it is nearly, or entirely, gratuitously given. So little taste, then, so little feeling of Art, is there in our workmen now. Can we expect they will produce works that will rival those of ancient times? For there is that broad, immense difference; in one the artist was the workman; now, the workman has only a degree of intelligence above the machinery which he uses. He can apply those means which are put into his hand, but can have no feeling to give the last touch, or even to bring things to ordinary perfection. On the other hand, we must be struck with the difference, that in France there is much more taste, much more knowledge, much more intelligence in the actual artificer; the exhibition showed that, though we had magnificent things in silver work, and gorgeous objects in metallic productions, beautiful and splendid, yet when you came to look at them with the artist's eye, you could not help observing the immense difference between our English productions and those of France; though, be it spoken to the glory of our English goldsmiths, they have both the taste, and the generosity, and the munificence to bring over and to employ the very first foreign artists; and it was thus we did produce some objects that stood in competition, not with those of the workman's rivals, but with those of his own countrymen.

In Vecht you had an example of what the artists in old times were. He began as a cotton-spinner; he became a manufacturer of toys; then

a button-maker; and then he began to work with the chisel. His genius developed itself. He began to retouch and repair ancient armour, and then was tempted, seeing that these were things sought after (it appears with the most honest intention) to imitate them, and he found that they were bought and put in royal and imperial cabinets as real work of what is called cinquecento. And then he imitated the shields, working exactly upon Cellini's principle, that everything, however small, is worked out separately, and then fastened together; that nothing is cast, but that everything, to the smallest tip of the least finger, is hollow; and he worked on, and produced it by his artistic and careful manipulation. He began to work this way, and he found his silver work also became considered as ancient and adopted into collections of valuable antiquities. He then learned the power of his own genius, and he soon rose; and when the late revolution in France took place he had commissions for works to the amount of 60,000*l.* And this was all his own work, the production of his own hands. However, his losses were in common with many others who had engaged in higher branches of art, and he has been since in this country; but certainly those specimens of his work which we had in the exhibition were not only most beautiful but most exquisite; and many persons who took the pains to examine in detail some of works in silver, which were presented by one French house in particular—the Freres Maurice—must have been struck by the high artistic merit of them all. And they are all worked entirely bit by bit by the artist; and it was impossible they could be executed but by an artist who could model as well as draw, and who knew how to treat his metal perfectly, so as to give all the softness, beauty, and delicacy of the original model. (Cheers.)

[To be continued.]

[From Novello's Musical Times.]

MENDELSSOHN'S ST. PAUL.

BY G. A. MACFARREN.

[Continued from p. 171.]

Mendelssohn's entire treatment of this subject, as it will be the object of these remarks to trace, is of a highly poetical character; to do justice, therefore, to his noble creation, we have not only to acknowledge the beauty of phraseology and the masterly development of his ideas, but equally, that secondary interest which betrays the higher purpose of the artist, and which, while it is above criticism, is level with the sympathies of those who are sensitive to it. Such is the distinction between a work of Art and a manufacture—between poetry and handicraft; and with this distinction St. Paul is most powerfully marked. It is now to enter upon an examination of its merits, which, as the expression of my own feelings, is the sincerest tribute I can offer to the memory of a genius that needs not the feeble light of verbal commentary to expound his greatness.

No. 1.—The Overture to St. Paul is of a completely different character and form from any of Mendelssohn's secular compositions for the orchestra. It would seem that the author, regarding the so-called contrapuntal style as the highest, because the severest exercise of a musician's powers, assumed this, in which he was among the moderns singularly successful, for his sacred prelude, emulating therein, with the profundity, the dignity of the ancient school, but animating this with the geniality that inseparably associates his music with the feelings of our own time.

This masterly piece of writing is founded upon the Choral, "Sleepers, wake!" the first three strains of which only, however, are employed in the course of the composition. The Overture opens with a short Introduction in which the Canto Fermo appears, first with simple harmony, and then with a counterpoint of moving crotchets; and this is followed by a Fugue on two subjects, (the first, of a very marked and eminently striking character,—the second, which is introduced after the first has been considerably elaborated and is subsequently employed as a counterpoint to it, moving ceaselessly in semiquavers,) throughout

which the Choral is constantly recurring as the Canto Fermo upon which the whole is constructed.

So much, and that the Fugue commences in a moderate *tempo*, which is gradually accelerated into an animated and very exciting *allegro*, beginning in A minor, and ending in the major of the same tonic, is matter-of-fact and self-obvious. What I have now to propose, as to the connection, namely, of this Overture with the work, and as to its illustration of the subject, is entirely matter of speculation, and by no means to be accepted from my proposition, but rather to be regarded as an acknowledgment of what impression the music conveys to me, offered as a surety to others that there is a meaning that needs but to be sought to be found, the interpretation of which must depend upon the temperament of the hearer.

Let us suppose, then, that the calm, solemn simplicity of the opening implies a summons from the messenger of peace, addressed to the sleeping world, bidding them awaken to the consciousness of the glory that awaits them. In the chief subject of the Fugue is presented the dejection of the fallen human race—at least, thus I understand the pathetic expression of the melody, heightened by the sighing of wind instruments, that always accompanies the repetition of the last phrase; while the hurried, agitated character of the second subject depicts the troublous tumult of the war of passion. Through this the voice of majesty and love is ever heard, calling mankind to prepare for their redemption with always growing power and with always increasing impressiveness. The conflict of earthly desires rages with more and more impetuosity, and the sufferings of the sorrow-stricken people are ever renewed by that unrest which is at once their nourishment and their fruit, their cause and their result, as the mighty waters that yield the clouds which darken the sight of nature are fed by these clouds manifestings, their anger in the fury of the tempest. The voice from heaven continues still to call, mankind is aroused, the brightness of his immortal glory shines upon him, and the goodness of the Creator is most worthily approved in the purification of his greatest work, the intellect—the power to know, and to understand, and to believe—the soul of man.

No. 2.—This and the following piece constitute what may be considered a kind of prologue to the work, analogous, more or less, to the invocation to the muse with which Milton opens his "Paradise Lost," according to the manner of many, if not most of the extensive poetical works of ancient and modern times. The subject of these two pieces comprises the acknowledgment of the greatness of the Creator, the petition that he will give strength to his people to contend with their enemies and to preach his word, and the thank offering for his bountiful protection. The texts here brought together allude directly to the Apostle and his divine mission, the progress of which forms the action of the Oratorio; and they are also, perhaps indirectly, applicable to the composer, whose sacred province as an artist is, by clothing truth in beauty, by refining doctrine into poetry, to carry on the great work of the first teachers, quickening our knowledge into feeling, idealizing our sense of good with the sentiment of loveliness, and thus to stimulate through the subtle agency of our imagination such innermost emotion, as are intangible alike by fact and argument.

This being the purport of the words, the music is harmoniously also of a didactic character, dignified and earnest, but not solemn—bright, broad, energetic, and simple. The introductory bars of symphony and the opening vocal phrase, "Lord! thou alone art God," which is continuous of them, have a noble majesty that finely embodies the exultant feeling expressed in the exclamation. The stately motion of the accompaniment is arrested for the clearer enunciation of the words, "And thine are the Heavens, the Earth, and mighty Waters," which are thus given with true grandeur of effect, to which the masterly transition into D, that marks the first repetition of the sentence with a brightness that seems unsurpassable, eminently conduces. The final treatment of the passage on the words, "The heathens furiously rage against thee," is no less pertinent to their expression than is the agitated character of the accom-

paniment, the restless motion of which is maintained with admirable continuity, but without any approach to monotony. This troubled character is preserved by the further continuance of the same figure of accompaniment, while the sustained pianissimo of the voices replaces the feeling of complaint with that of supplication when the Almighty is invoked to look upon the prevailing power of our foes, and to give his servants strength to extend his word. Here, the opening subject is with great propriety resumed; and then, a very condensed recapitulation of the principal ideas of the movement forms a powerful Coda that closes in vigorous grandeur with the simple enunciation of the words comprised in the prayer.

It is here to remark upon the careful husbandry of his orchestral resources that especially characterizes the instrumentation of Mendelssohn. In the present Chorus we have an example, of which the Oratorio furnishes many, of how his power lies in the strength of his ideas rather than in the noise of his instrumentation, and by his sparing employment of these means he almost infinitely redoubles their effect whenever he takes advantage of them, and at the same time gives a variety of color to the entire work, which wondrously enhances its interest.

No. 3.—The calm, reposeful, gentle sense of gratitude is beautifully rendered in the simple character of the Choral, "To God on high," as it is here presented, in harmony of plain counterpoint, and without even the ornament of the very customary interludes between the strains. The melody of this Choral is one of the most modern in its phraseology, and certainly one of the most sympathetic of all these primitive offerings of our art to the service of the Reformed Church, and its popularity may be inferred from Bach having harmonized it in no less than four different ways in his countless collection of Lutheran Hymns, which indicates that it is in such very frequent requisition, as not only gives opportunity for the employment of these several renderings, but, exacts this various treatment as the necessary means of varying its effect.

It is rather the province of the schoolmaster than of the critic to enter upon the discussion of points of grammar, and I shall therefore, throughout these remarks, esteem myself happily exempt from any such disquisition—for which, in fact, except as a medium of eulogy, the present work presents the rarest opportunities. To vindicate the eandor of my else unqualified admiration, I owe it to myself, and still more to my object, to avow that in the technical treatment of some of these pieces of plain harmony there occur some progressions, the irregularity of which only eludes observation under cover of the general effect, the absorbing interest of which incapacitates us from regarding minuteness of detail that might contribute to what they cannot destroy. I speak with diffidence, not in ostentation, and, having said, believe I have discharged a duty for which I shall gain no more thanks than credit. There needs not to proceed tediously into particulars, avoiding which I shall leave the exceptional passages still open to the admiration of those who are insensitive to their impropriety, whereby I shall escape the Art-evil of checking the impulse to find beauty and to acknowledge it, while this general declaration will, to those who share my scruples, justify the expressions of delight that the examination of this noble work of genius cannot fail ceaselessly to induce.

The transition into F sharp minor that marks Mendelssohn's treatment of the fifth strain of this Choral is very striking, and the effect of the whole is beautifully appropriate.

[To be continued.]

Concert-giving in New York.

One remark about concerts. It has become a settled maxim with professional concert-givers, that profit is not to be expected from concerts given in New York. The expenses absorb all but the largest receipts. New York, say the professionals, is to the rest of the United States, what Europe is to New York, namely, the place where the reputation is made; or, in other words, it is

the dog on which the physic is tried. If New York bolts the dose, it is then considered safe to administer the same article to the smaller cities. The musicians tell us that this is the fact, and it should be borne in mind by those who contemplate enterprises of the kind. With regard to the expenses of concerts here, we can testify, of our own knowledge, that they are prodigious; a very moderate concert (like Madame de Berg's, for example) costs five hundred dollars. Some concerts, including preliminaries, have involved an expenditure of as many thousands. Therefore, think twice, before you give a concert.—*Home Journal*.

A Rehearsal.

[The following humorous description of a rehearsal is from the New York *Picayune*. It is true to the life, as we can testify.]

Castle Garden presents a very different appearance in the day time, during a rehearsal, to what it does at night when brilliantly lighted and filled with the people in their "Sunday clothes." Having some business with the opera people, we called at the Castle Garden one day last week, and accidentally enjoyed a rich, and to us, an entirely new scene. When we entered the spacious arena, we found the whole of the "powerful orchestra," as the bills say, hard at work on the music of the "Child of the Regiment." Some of them were taking it quite comfortable with their coats off—and we noticed that all who played upon string instruments, or drums, were indulging in a smoke at the same time. This was, no doubt, a privation to the wind instruments, who of course could not "blow" and smoke too. The "trombone" seemed to feel it the most, and took revenge on the "violins," by dividing and turning his instrument into a blow pipe, and chewing bits of paper, and hitting the rest of them on the head. The bald spot on the head of the stout German who played the bass viol, seemed to be a favorite mark for his paper balls, but all the balls he could throw, could never compel him to take his bow off the strings to scratch the abused spot, until the proper rest arrived in the music. Now and then only the pate was attended to. Some of the orchestra played their instruments as if they were paid by the day, and cared for nothing else than the arrival of quitting time. Others entered into the work with all their soul, and seemed to be perfectly delighted with their occupation.

On a high seat, at a piano, with coat off, and wristbands turned up, sat the leader, Max Maretzek, who played the piano with one hand, while he beat time with a baton in the other. His whole body moved with the cadence of the music—and as each singer came forward on the stage, he gave them their starting note, both on the piano and with the voice. We were gazing on him, wondering if he took such an interest in the rehearsal of all operas, when we were astonished to see him throw up his arms in despair, stop the band, and fairly squirm off his seat. At first we thought he might have an attack of cramps in the stomach, but a moment explained all. The ophicleide, in the remotest corner of the orchestra, had played a wrong note, which nearly tore the shirt off and the brains out of poor Max. All eyes were now turned upon the unconscious ophicleide—and "dis ish nit right," rang through the orchestra. The singers on the stage stopped in wonderment, and Badioli looked daggers. The ophicleide defended his notes, and exhibited his music, which was immediately changed, amid a general expression of German, which of course was all Dutch to us. Madame Sontag was not rehearsing, and it was amusing to hear a *sotto voce*, belonging, we believe to the "bass drum," sing her role, to the accompaniment of the orchestra. His efforts were received with applause by the "grand chorus" on the stage, and his fellow blowers. Several dark Italian maidens, we were going to say, were walking about the stage, throwing up their arms and eyes, and going through their role.

The "Regiment," which looks so formidable at night, could not be told now, from a meeting of German boot makers on a strike. One cove among them was a "funny man," who danced with all his body, except his feet, all the lively

airs in the opera. His effervescence of spirits led him to run a cove down, a "feller soger," back in the front rank, which caused the fellow soldier to let out a streak of Dutch as long as your arm.

While this was going on, the grand finale approached, and the people on the stage became intensely excited, and came down to Max Maretzek, who was in the ninth heaven, and an awful perspiration, and shook their fists at him, and stamped their feet, singing all the while with their utmost force. Max returned their fist-shaking by pounding the piano in a most malignant manner. The orchestra caught the influence, and came down heavy. The bass drum boomed like a distant cannon—the kettle drums rattled in the most *tareific* manner. The "bass viol" seemed determined to saw the strings in two, if a bow of horse hair can do it. The "Ophicleide" grew red in the face, and the "trombone's" cheeks swelled like a distorted bladder. Grand crash followed grand crash, until we looked above us, to see if the ceiling was still in its place, and then as the last crash was ended, instead of nipping it off short to catch the applause, as they do at night, they all set up the most horrid discord that ever saluted mortal ears. A general roar of laughter succeeds this, and the rehearsal is over.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 10, 1853.

Relation of the Press to Artists and their Agents.

SECOND ARTICLE.

We took occasion last week, apropos to the "black mail" controversy raging in New York, to offer some remarks upon the whole subject of the relation of the Press to persons who give operas and concerts which they expect the Press to notice. With the special controversy in question we have here no more to do, subsequent developments having plainly narrowed it to a question of veracity between individuals in New York. Leaving aside individual cases and persons, we wish, if it be possible, to introduce some distincter light into what has hitherto been a very vague and delicate subject. This, to be sure, is mainly for the benefit of artists, publishers and musical professors, and may not prove entirely entertaining to our general readers. Yet it concerns them also; it concerns the entire music-loving public to know what principles govern or should govern the Press in those notices of musical doings on which the public is so accustomed either to rely or to complain that it cannot rely.

The subject of the alleged outright buying and selling of editorial opinions,—bribery—"black-mail," &c., has been sufficiently discussed. It is only interesting as a matter of fact; as a matter of principle there can be no doubt of its illegitimacy. There is no vagueness here; it is simply crime, and properly should need no intervention of the casuists, but only of the constable. We have to do now with matters more ambiguous, with those vague expectations entertained toward the Press by musical artists, agents, publishers, &c., who have business therewith. We have already traced the origin of all this vagueness to the false and illegitimate presumption of *favor* in the dealings of these people with the Press:—a very natural and innocent presumption it may be in the first place, but which leads to a vast deal of insincerity and mischief, and to a very general confounding of generosity with justice, of personal with public obligation.

1. There are several ways, or kinds of "favors," by which musical agents, &c., are apt to fancy that they bind an editor to favorable notice. The most considerable and most common is by advertising in his paper. Newspapers depend upon their "advertising patrons" for their chief support; even a small weekly journal, like our own, does this to some extent. The idea is, then: We bring business to you, therefore we expect you to commend customers to us; we pay you so much for advertising our concert, or our new book, therefore you must urge your readers to go to the one or buy the other. (At the most, the equal return would be that the editor himself should buy the ticket or the book, not that he should drum up other purchasers.) But is this reasonable? is it right? Because you buy of us does it therefore follow that we can honestly send people to buy of you? Because our wares (our types, our columns) suit your purposes, does it follow that what you have to sell should suit our readers? By no means. If you advertise with us, it is because you think the simple advertisement worth to your business more than you pay us for it. The *quid pro quo* for what you pay us (viz. our stated, honest price) is the circulation which our paper gives your advertisement; that is the "value received," and you have no right to look to us for any more. We have no right to grant you any more, when by so doing we might idly or insincerely bias our readers as to the merit of what you advertise. Yet every editor knows how common a thing it is for advertisers to expect "a little word or two of editorial" in corroboration of the statements of the advertisement, just by way of "preparing the public mind" for the new book or the new prima donna. Perhaps the newspapers themselves, at least many of them, are to blame as being partly the creators of this expectation. It is the rule with many papers to notice only the performances or publications of those who advertise with them, thus seeming to countenance the inference that their editorial notice is to be taken as a premium upon advertising patronage: in which view of course the notice, or the general tenor of the successive notices of the advertising party, must be favorable. It certainly is a pitiful meanness to take advantage (as many do) of an editor's obliging disposition by making his gratuitous notice and commendation of you and your product save you the expense of an advertisement; wheedling or importuning a paper into doing your work at its own expense. But even this meanness, from which all papers sometimes suffer, is no justification of a practice which couples advertising with the hope of editorial favor.

2. *Complimentary free tickets.* This is another still more delicate matter to handle. There is all sorts of ambiguity and indefiniteness about the position in which an editor or critic is placed by the receiving of a free ticket to a public performance, and still more by the almost universal practice, which has caused such accommodations to be expected as a matter of course. Indeed so common is the practice, that it becomes a *slight*, almost an *insult*, to be overlooked in the distribution of these courtesies. The majority of intelligent and respectable concert-givers and their agents doubtless hold and act upon the right theory of the matter, although the theory may never have been stated. But there are many small and silly enough to withhold the card of in-

itation from a paper which does not praise them and humor them "to the top of their bent" in its criticisms; who so far forget the dignity of their calling as to try to palm off their cards on editors as due-bills payable in "puffs" of them and their performances. Contemptible assumption! Of course every editor with any self-respect would infinitely rather stay at home or pay for his own ticket like his neighbors; (probably in most cases he would choose the former, ticket or no ticket.) This puny revenge on the part of managers for unfavorable criticisms, as well as the meanness sometimes shown in the accommodations for the press at the theatres and concerts, has led some respectable editors to decline such "privileges of the press" altogether, and insist on paying for their ticket when they care to witness a performance. Decidedly we say, let the entire press demand to be placed on the same footing with the general public in these matters, if the system of free or complimentary tickets really does imply an obligation on the part of the receivers to publish favorable notices, or any notices at all, of all they go to see and hear. Better waive the privilege, than have any ambiguity about it. If the editor or critic receive nothing, then he is not bound; then his relation to the artist is a sound, legitimate and honorable one.

But, we apprehend, experience has settled it to be for the general interest of all concerned, both artists, press, and public, that the public reporters or journalists, in any or in all spheres whereof it is their business to keep the public advised and enlightened, should have free, convenient, honorable access to all that is publicly going on in such spheres. This, we take it, is the true theory and rationale of the free ticket system. It is for the interest of artists that editors and true connoisseurs, who write about such matters, should be at all times free to witness their exhibitions, because without the journals it is not possible to arrest and hold the public attention to such things. It is for the interest of the whole exhibiting class *collectively* and in the long run, that this freedom of access be extended to the reporting class *collectively* and as a permanent system, and without weighing or questioning the benefit in any given instance. In other words, the independent, conscientious, and fair-minded musical critic views the matter thus: If Madame Sontag, or Max Maretzek, or Ole Bull, or Gottschalk, sends me a ticket to her or his artistic entertainment, it must not bind me in this especial case to notice favorably, or at all, unless I shall see fit, but it is sent me to increase the probabilities of my so seeing fit, and it pledges me (so far as it goes) anew to the whole general cause of Art and of my readers' interest in Art, which I am already pledged to serve, by noticing the works and deeds of artists at such seasons and in such measure as I shall feel truly moved and able. In accepting the ticket I have entered into no bargain with the sender, either to praise him or to speak of him at all. The test of my fidelity to my own proper function in this case is, the readiness and enterprise and fairness with which I seize upon and improve true texts of Art. But often silence is the truest comment; and often it is impossible amid the pressure of many things to speak of all, while I cannot properly discharge my duty to *any* unless I have the chance to know of *all*.—By no other theory of the critical office is true criticism possible. Now is it, or is it not for the interest of artists

altogether that there should be true and honest criticism? If it is (as in the long run who can doubt) then it must proceed from those who have every convenience to hear and know about not only such performances as the hearing binds them to praise, but all performances from which knowledge of the Art and its true standards can be learned. In other words, the public only values the criticisms of those well *booked up*. Now will you destroy all criticism, will you invite none but favoring critics to your concerts, and thereby destroy all public confidence in newspaper notices of Art, because you, luckless virtuoso, may chance to get passed over or to fare hardly in the scales of criticism?

It is evident therefore that an editor or critic cannot enter a concert room in that unbiased state of mind which makes a criticism of any worth, if his admission there be construed as a pledge to write in any given manner or at all; and if it be for the general interest that editors have a free admission, then it must be with the fullest understanding that it implies no pledge in any given instance. The critic's duty is first and foremost to his readers and to Art, and then to the artist simply *as* an artist, and not as one who can retain him as an advocate in a pecuniary speculation; that is the business of Madame's agents and not of the editor or critic. We believe this (if we have clearly stated our meaning) to be the only sound theory and basis of the "complimentary ticket" system. We can conceive of no other understanding on which an editor can accept such accommodation (*as* an editor,—of course he is a man too, and a private individual sometimes) and preserve the purity of the critical function inviolate. At all events let it be one thing or the other; away with all this ambiguity; let the free admission of the press be a regular, honorable, unexceptional rule and system, or let it be abolished altogether. If it is retained, let it be wholly in the light of a facility, a means of knowing and of judging, which it is the interest and duty of the public in all ways to extend to the public reporters. If it cannot be retained in this broad and honorable sense, let it be given up, and let editors pay like other people, when they want to see and hear. By either of these two systems, and by no other, does the relation of the Press to public performers become a clear and unequivocal one. We cannot doubt, as we have said before, that most intelligent and honorable artists and editors do practically regard the complimentary ticket system in this only sound and reasonable light. It is only small and jealous people and pretenders, those who really are not *artists*, who would keep criticism at a distance and invite in only those whom they can hold committed to admire and praise them.

There are still other branches of this subject which require consideration, but we have no room now.

Gould's History of Church Music in America.

This is quite an entertaining book. More than that, it is a faithful and a curious chapter in the history of actual New England life and manners. Church music in America of course means psalmody. It has had its heroes and apostles in its day, and really has constituted a sort of *quasi* musical world, full of events and glories, by itself, the patriotic inhabitants whereof seldom looked abroad as if there could be any greater worlds; or if they did, if they got any intimations of other schools of Art, of Palestrinas, and Beethovens, and Rossinis, &c., these

to them were cold and distant Jupiters and Herschells compared to this warm, eventful, central globe of psalmody, in which their great "composers" (so they called each other) rivalled Handel by their *tunes*, sung in the village choirs with so much unction. (And they had reason; Handel, or Mozart, never wrote such *tunes*, though modern, degenerate psalm-book makers use their names a great deal.)

There is some grand music, however, in the simple form of psalmody and chorals, and it is impressively employed in the worship of all Christian people. But New England, we do believe, is the only place where the multiplication of psalm-tunes has become a business for thousands and where the whole musical Art and the whole cause of musical culture has been regarded purely from the stand-point of psalmody. There are thousands of our country choir enthusiasts who regard psalmody as the only legitimate, pure music, and look on all the rest as fantastical, sophisticated, questionable stuff, an *innocent* diversion sometimes, but no more; and we are credibly assured that in many of our country towns they look on Mason, Woodbury, Baker, &c., as greater composers and geniuses than all the Handels, Mozarts and Beethovens they "hear'n tell of."

We do not believe that New England psalmody will hold anything like that place in the history of Music, which its principal creators and compilers, and the authors of such books as this before us, seem to fancy. Yet it has not been without its uses in cherishing religious sentiment, in cheering barren and prosaic lives, and in stimulating some love of music among us. And we thank the author of this very readable history for his faithful, modest, cleverly accomplished work. It is full of quaint and pleasant anecdote; it revives the memory of many persons who ought not to be forgotten; it chronicles the revolutions of styles and tastes; it avoids offence to "living authors," by neither blaming or praising any; it preludes by a brief digest of the early history of music, omitting no part of the scriptural allusions; and it abounds in good, sensible, practical suggestions. For the writer is a teacher of great experience, having taught singing-schools in about a hundred different places, numbering some 50,000 pupils! (A list of these schools is appended.)

He also adds a list of all the "Collections" published in this country between the years 1810 and 1852; they number about eighty. A spirit of great simplicity and kindness pervades all the writer's reminiscences. He is himself a product of the village choir, a genuine enthusiast of that school of music.

The book is a neat duodecimo of 240 pages, published by Gould & Lincoln, of this city.

A NEW VOLUME of this journal will commence with the number for Saturday, October 8th. Just the beginning of the musical season, and just the time for new subscribers to begin to read our paper. We trust our friends, who are satisfied that this paper is worth sustaining, will use a little effort to induce others to subscribe.

We would also state for the benefit of those who may wish to keep connectedly such mirror of the musical times as we have given for the eighteen months past, that we have a good supply of all the back numbers on hand, with bound volumes of the first year.

Musical Intelligence.

Local.

THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB are actively preparing for the coming season. Their friends will be glad to learn that an excellent artist is on his way to join them, who will sustain Mr. Lehmann's part. Mr. August Fries has been spending the summer in Leipzig, studying assiduously new works for the coming season, which will be presented by the Club in the careful and appreciative style for which they are distinguished. We hope and expect they will meet with all the encouragement they deserve for their persevering efforts for the introduction of music of the highest character in Boston; and surely no association has done more than they have towards it, in the same length of time.

NEWPORT.—A private correspondent writes us:—"GOTTSCALK gave three concerts here with indifferent success." [How differently success is measured by the newspapers and by the knowers!] "I heard him at a

concert given for the sufferers in New Orleans. His own compositions are without much merit; though I found several *new bravura* figures of excellent effect, but which he repeated in every piece. He played a portion of Weber's *Concert-Stück* nicely, (without accompaniment), introducing octaves, finely done. He certainly has much and clear execution.—But O! that splendid Pleyel piano! such a tone! such clearness in the bass!" &c.

..... "As for Jullien and his orchestra, I really believe, although there may be much clap-trap and mere glitter in his affairs, he will popularize orchestra music more in six months, than the efforts of any local society can do in ten years. I don't think this is saying much. If such is to be the case, why good luck to his coming!"

London.

SPOHR'S "JESSONDA" has been the event of the month, having been produced at the Royal Italian Opera, under every advantage, but with limited success, on the 6th and 9th August. Mr. Chorley's criticism upon it, in the *Athenæum*, so well recalls our own impressions of whatever we have heard of Spohr's vocal music, that we feel considerable assurance of its justice. We copy the substantial portions.

The story, taken from M. Lemierre's 'Veuve de Malabar,' affords scope for descriptive music and contrast in national and local color,—though it is arranged with small regard to dramatic situation. How Jessonda, (Bosro,) a Portuguese by birth, and the half-widowed widow of a Rajah, is rescued from becoming the bride of fire in solemnization of her lord's funeral obsequies, by the intervention of her old lover, a Portuguese General Tristano (BELLETTI)—the part that Nadori, (LUCCHESI) a young Brahmin, and Amazili, Jessonda's sister, (CASTELLAN) take in her deliverance—need not be told point by point; so widely has the work been circulated in the closet and in the concert-room. Not less universal has been the tradition that 'Jessonda' is Dr. Spohr's best opera. This we cannot think. The music is throughout carefully made, but in no part or portion of it is it dramatic. There is the vapidity of opium in its sweetness,—not the rich, healthy savor of honey. There is the whine of complaint without the persuasion of grief in its sorrow,—the strain of disquiet without the depth of emotion in its passion. Though the structure is good, the ideas are meagre, mannered, and wanting in freshness. From the rising of the curtain till the falling of the same, there is not a simple melody, as we understand the word,—but in its place a surfeit of phrases, the pattern of which suggests the idea of quotations from Mozart, diluted and disguised by the perpetual use of the *appoggiatura*. The repetition of well-beloved harmonies and cadences—the monotonous manner in which the voices are treated with reference to the orchestra (not the orchestra with reference to the voice)—become utterly cloying. The perpetual unsettlement of chromatic modulation could not be pushed further, whether the singer be the Indian widow, her sister, her lover, or the Portuguese General—whether solitary or in concert. Dr. Spohr has only one receipt for conducting *adagio* or *allegro*—lament or triumph-chant—to a close. Further, skilful and elaborate as is his instrumentation—about the neatest *marqueterie* (to venture a fantasy) that exists in Music,—it is never brilliant. We are forever fancying the climax about to come, which never arrives,—forever listening for some relief of variety to the ear, that never is administered. How dead and dull, in short, is the orchestral sound—how deficient in that life, without which there is no dramatic vitality,—the student will best ascertain by comparing (without reference to their respective ideas) the combat *finale* in Spohr's second act, to the *finale* in "Don Juan"—the "Waffentanz" in the Portuguese camp, to any of Gluck's *airs de ballet*. The impression, in short, of lassitude arising from want of dramatic impulse, want of interest in idea, and want of variety in treatment, became so complete as the opera went on, that in very impatience of work so carefully put together and thus apparently so good—but in reality so bad because devoid of invention—the ear at last began absolutely to think of Bellini's baldest unison with toleration, and to escape from the sighing, dying closes of airs without tune, from passages without novelty, complications without force, and difficulties without effect—to such threadbare and comparatively dimmy pieces of display as Pacini's *rondo* from 'Niobe' or the delicious serenade from 'Don Pasquale';—Rossini, of course, not coming into the comparison. Nay, as regards its composer's own operatic works, 'Jessonda' contains nothing which for freshness may compare with the introduction to 'Faust,'—for *cantilena* with the grand airs for Cunigonda and Ugo from the same opera,—for character with the song 'Va shramando' of Mephistopheles,—for display of the voice with the favorite *terzett* from 'Zemire and Azor.'

The spirit of the above remarks must not be mistaken,—however imperatively we feel them called for, in aid of those who love in their pleasures to think, to class, and to know how it is they can be wearied, even if they love good music, by the work of a good musician. The high finish and delicate humor of Addison's prose style do not make 'Cato' endurable as a stage-play. The acquirement, individuality, and consistency which Dr. Spohr displays in his instrumental compositions cannot enchant

our ear into accepting a stage work so lugubrious, sickly, and mono-chromatic as the opera in question. Let it, however, be noted, to keep the balance true, that 'Jessonda' suffers from the hearer's familiarity with its composer's style. Possibly no classical writer ever existed whose peculiarities pall on the taste so rapidly as those of Dr. Spohr. There is, and there must be, a time with every amateur when his manner is felt to be seductive,—but to that, with many, succeeds a period when the entire mass of his music, marked as it is with one touch and one tone of color, is listened to with a calmness not far from indifference as being mechanical and monotonous. The lukewarmness may be as unjust as the love was immoderate; but the sequence of one to the other remains a fact not to be avoided.

JOHN PARRY.—Cocks's *Miscellany* announces the retirement from public life of this incomparable singer and composer of musical drolleries, such as 'Fair Rosamond,' 'Blue Beard,' &c. He was the prototype of Mr. J. L. Hatton, in those genial, funny entertainments, by which he was wont to set us laughing unto tears. The *Athenæum* says of him:

It should be recorded, that Mr. John Parry's drolleries have been as delightful to the most scientific and most fastidious of musicians as to the general audiences that flocked to listen to "the accomplished young lady" and "Fair Rosamond," or to assist at the wondrous amateur singing and pianoforte playing so shrewdly and mirthfully reproduced in his later entertainments. Mr. John Parry's whimsies were started, if we mistake not, under the aid and by the abetting of Madame Mallbran at Naples; but we have seen Mendelssohn sit to listen by the hour with the eager face of an enjoying child, and we have heard Chopin laugh till he was almost "ready to die" (so frail in his case was the machine) at the travesties, parodies, imitations, and *amphigouris* of this racy humorist.

STERNDALÉ BENNETT.—The Concert-Direction at Leipzig have made a handsome and liberal offer to Mr. Sterndale Bennett, to conduct the whole series of *Abonnement* Concerts, held at the Gewandhaus, during the winter. These concerts—the most famous in Germany—were formerly directed, as our readers well know, by the late Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy. During his visits to Leipzig, which were of long duration, Mr. Sterndale Bennett performed his third and fourth pianoforte concertos at the Gewandhaus concerts; and also held the *baton* by Mendelssohn's own desire, when the illustrious composer himself was the sole performer. The series comprises twenty performances, beside extra concerts, for charities, &c., and extends from the end of September to the beginning of March. We are not yet informed, whether Mr. Bennett has been able to accept the very honorable proposal of the Leipzig Directors. It is worthy to be placed on record, as the first compliment of the kind that was ever paid by a foreign society to an English musician. —*London Musical World*.

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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

An Opera Night at the Fenice.

"Writing," says Lord Bacon, "makes an exact man." Upon this hint, M. Honoré de Balzac has written. Not only is it true of him that no man ever "wrote himself" with such determined perseverance into so good a style—no man ever made his business more subservive his general education. Within all his romances, whatever be the envelope, whether the sugar of sentiment or the pepper of passion, one is pretty sure to find a healthful pill of science. Lovely ladies unexpectedly engage you in a discourse on agriculture, a prose Georgic of the 19th century,—you are lulled to rest in the richest and quaintest and coziest of Flemish chambers to hear a lecture on chemistry from a Polish dragoon out of service. Your feelings are harrowed by the most elaborate representation of the sufferings of a virtuous and noble son left to struggle with his young wife in the grasp of misery by an avaricious old father, only that you may turn with the attention of a relieved and grateful mind to a history of the paper manufacture in France.

Do you suppose that in thus lavishing his learning upon his love tales, Balzac means to "popularize the highest instruction," or even to act the part of a Berquin by you? Not at all. *Pas si bête!* M. de Balzac is a priest of Love and the Church of Rome; when he talks science it is as a priest talks his theology, not to instruct but to confound and impose upon you. This is his object so far as you, his fair reader, are concerned. Beyond this and in regard to himself, we may be sure that the fifteen octavos of *La Comédie Humaine* were to him a series of Memoranda, aiding him to retain the various acquirements he made in the course of his indefatigably studious existence.

As we have not undertaken here to criticize Balzac's works, but merely to steal from them for the benefit of our musical friends, we may be permitted to say that the view we have taken of his writings allows us a delightful liberty in the way of retrenchment and omission, of which we shall avail ourselves in setting forth, or *oversetting*, as the Germans have it, into English, some passages of *Massimilla Doni*, which particular story Balzac has the honesty to own was written under the direction of a musical feuilletonist.

Balzac was as scrupulously faithful in the execution of his work as any artisan of Paris, and the *couleur locale* of the following description of an opera night in Venice is most admirably rendered. As for the comments of the Duchess upon Rossini's *Mosé in Egitto*, we certainly might take exceptions thereto, but they come most naturally from her lips, and they are at least conceived in the true spirit in which great musical compositions should be judged. Balzac "studied under the best teachers" and Jacques Strunz was a superior man.

The scene of our story is laid at Venice, and, of course, in the time of the Austrian dominion. The habitués of the Fenice are excited by the promise of two débuts. A great cantatrice, La Tinti, and a great tenor, Genovese, are announced to appear together in the *Mosé*. On the first night however the tenor only appears in the *Barbieri*, and has one of those *insane* triumphs which are granted to singers in Italy. La Tinti is unwell. For the second night *Mosé in Egitto* is announced and this time we shall hear the Tinti whose illness, according to the babblers at the cafés, was improvised in consequence of a quarrel between the tenor, who passionately loves the prima donna, and the prima donna, who cares nothing for him.

In the box of Massimilla Doni, Duchess di Cataneo, are assembled that lady, a lovely Florentine, a young Venetian prince, her *cavaliere servente*, and a French physician employed by her husband, the Duke, an old man whose only passion is music and who has educated La Tinti, whom he found when a child in the house of a Sicilian innkeeper. The Duke leaves his box, referring the Frenchman to the Duchess as the best interpreter possible of the *chef-d'œuvre* they are about to enjoy.

"Does an Italian opera, then, really need a cicerone?" asks the physician.

"This is really not an opera, monsieur, but an oratorio," answers the lady, "a work which really resembles one of our magnificent cathedrals and through which I will gladly be your guide. Believe me, it will not be too much to grant our great Rossini the undivided attention of your whole mind, for in order to understand the full meaning of such music one ought to be both a musician and a poet. Music, as the great masters have created it, and as great masters yet to come will continue and expand it, is a new art, an art unknown to the past, which neither possessed so many instruments as ourselves, nor had any idea of Harmony, from which, as from a fruitful soil, the flowers of Melody now spring. An art so new demands new studies, studies which shall develop the sentiment which music addresses. This sentiment hardly exists among you in France, who are so occupied with philosophical theories, with analyses and discussions, and who are forever tormented with internal dissensions. Modern music, which demands profound peace, is the language of tender, loving souls, of souls inclined to a noble interior exaltation. This tongue, a thousand-fold richer than speech, is to speech what thought is to words: it arouses our sensations and our ideas in their own proper shapes, and leaves them precisely what they are in every case. This power over our inward being is one of the grandeur of music. Other arts impose definite creations upon the mind; the creations of music are indefinite, infinite. We are obliged to accept the ideas of the poet, the picture of the painter, the statue of the sculptor, but each of us interprets music according to the dictates of his joy or his sorrow, his hope or his despair. Where the other arts enclose our thoughts by fixing them upon some determinate thing, music gives them the freedom of the whole universe, which she has the power of expressing to us. You

shall see how I understand the Moses of Rossini."

She stooped towards the Frenchman and whispered to him, "Moses is the liberator of an enslaved people! Remember that, and you will see with what a religious hope the whole Fenice will listen to the prayer of the delivered Hebrews!"

When the orchestra had sounded the three chords in C major, with which the master begins his work, to make us understand that his overture will be sung, (for the true overture is the vast theme which runs on from this sudden opening to the point at which the light appears at the command of Moses,) the Duchess could not repress a convulsive movement, which showed how perfectly this music accorded with her hidden grief.

"How those three chords seem to freeze one!" she said. "They make us expect some great sorrow. Listen attentively to this introduction, the subject of which is the terrible elegy of a people smitten by the hand of God. What groanings! The king—the queen—their heir—the nobles—the whole people are sighing, they are wounded in their pride, in their conquests, suddenly arrested in their greedy ambition. Dear Rossini! thou didst well to throw this bone to the *Tedeschi*, who denied us the gift of harmony and of science. An Italian alone could have written this theme, so fruitful, so inexhaustible, so thoroughly Dantesque. Do you believe it is nothing to dream, for one moment, of vengeance?"

Thus the Duchess spoke whilst the curtain was rising. Then the Frenchman listened to the sublime symphony with which the composer opened the vast biblical scene. He is to express the grief of a whole people. Grief is always uniform in its expression, especially the grief of physical sufferings. So, after having instructively divined, like all men of genius, that there ought to be no variety in his ideas, the musician, having once formed his leading phrase, has passed it through all gradations of tone, grouping his masses and his personages together upon this *motif* by cadences and modulations of the most admirable flexibility. In this simplicity we recognize power. How thrilling is the effect of this phrase which represents the sensations produced by cold and darkness upon a people born and bathed continually in the luminous waves of the sunlight! This slow, musical movement seems positively pitiless. This cool, mournful phrase suggests to us the image of the whole people bound like a criminal upon the slowly revolving wheel, to be broken in every limb, beneath the regularly recurring strokes of the Divine Justice.

And the Frenchman was conscious of the deepest emotion, when finally burst out the explosion of all these united sorrows:

O, Nume d'Israel!
Se brami in libertà
Il popol tuo fedel
Di lui, di noi pietà!

(Oh God of Israel! if thou desirest the freedom of thy people, have pity on them and on us!)

"Never was there a more complete idealization of Nature. In great national misfortunes, each one for a long time laments by himself, then there arise above the mass, here and there, cries of anguish more or less violent,—finally, when the suffering has become universal, it breaks forth like a tempest. When once they have come to an understanding of their common misery, the low murmurs of the people become oratories of impa-

tience. Thus has Rossini proceeded. After the explosion in C major, Pharaoh chants his sublime recitative: *Mane ultrice di un Dio!* The original theme assumes a sharper accent. All Egypt summons Moses to help her!"

The Duchess had availed herself of the interval required by the arrival of Moses and Aaron to explain this fine passage. "Let them weep!" she added passionately, "let them weep! Egyptians, expiate the sins of your senseless Court! With what art this master has employed all the sombre hues of music, all the gloom of the musical palette! What cold shadows, what frosts! We no longer perceive either the palaces, the palm-trees or the landscape of Egypt. And how blessed will be the effect upon the heart of the religious notes of the heavenly physician who is coming to heal these wounds! How everything is graduated to bring us to the Invocation of Moses! This invocation, you will observe, is only accompanied by brass instruments. These it is which give to this passage its grand, religious tone. Not only is this arrangement admirable in this place, Rossini has even drawn new beauty from the obstacles he thus put in his way. He has been enabled to reserve the stringed instruments to express the day which will follow the darkness, and thus he will attain one of the most powerful effects known in music. Till the time of this inimitable genius was ever so much power drawn from a *recitative*? We have not yet had one air, one duo. The poet has sustained himself by the force of his thoughts, the vigor of his images."

[To be continued.]

[From the Manchester Examiner.]

CARDINAL WISEMAN'S LECTURE

ON THE CONNECTION BETWEEN THE

Arts of Production and the Arts of Design.

(Continued from p. 180.)

Now, let us proceed to what may be considered a higher branch of Art, and that is Sculpture. We shall find exactly the same principle go throughout: all the greatest artists of the most flourishing period were men who did their own work. You are probably aware—many, I have no doubt, are—at the present day, when a sculptor has to produce a statue, he first of all makes his model in clay—probably a drawing first, then a small model, then a model exactly as he intends the statue to be full-sized and completely finished; from this the cast is taken in plaster; the block of marble of proper size is put beside it, and a frame over it from which there hang threads with weights; these form the points from which the workman measures, from corresponding lines, first to the models, and then from these which are over the cast to the cast itself; and by means of the merest mechanical process he gradually cuts away the marble to the shape of his cast, and often brings it so near to the finished work that the artist himself barely spends a few weeks upon it. This was so much the case with a very eminent sculptor, that it is well known he hardly ever had occasion to touch it. Now, that was not the way the ancients worked; they knew perfectly well that there was more feeling in the few touches which the master-hand gives, even from the very beginning of the work, than there can be in the low and plodding process of mechanical labor; and we find those who were really exquisite sculptors in ancient times were also their own workmen. Vasari tells us of Orcagna, that he made at Florence seven figures, all with his own hand, in marble, which yet exist. Now, Orcagna was certainly a remarkable person. He was a sculptor, a painter, and an artist; and so justly vain, if one may so speak, of this varied character of his Art that upon his monuments or sculptures he calls himself

a painter; upon his paintings he always calls himself a sculptor: his paintings are to be found in the cemetery at Pisa. The most beautiful and splendid of his works is the matchless altar in the Church of San Michaeli, in Florence, of which, I am glad to say, there will be an exact copy in the future Crystal Palace. This artist, now, whose work is certainly most beautiful, most finished, as far as we can gather from his life, actually did the work with his own hands, and carved the whole of the marble himself.

I shall have occasion to speak of another celebrated artist under another head, and therefore I will mention one who became very celebrated, and from whose life it is evident that he did the whole of the carving with his own hands, and that is Brunelleschi. He lived at the period when Art was truly becoming most beautiful—the period which just preceded the appearance, perhaps, of a still greater artist, but who in some respects, departed from the purest principles of Art. He was the contemporary of Donatello, and they were both very great friends, and worked even in the same church. An anecdote related by Vasari, in the life of Donatello, will show us how truly Brunelleschi was not merely a sculptor, but a carver, who performed the work with his own hand. He tells us that Donatello had received a commission to carve a crucifix, which yet exists in the Church of Santa Croce, under a beautiful painting by Taddeo Gaddi, and that he produced what was considered a very fine work, but he was anxious that his friend Brunelleschi should see and approve of it. He invited him, therefore, one day to inspect it, which shows that the work had been covered up and concealed during the execution. Brunelleschi looked at it and said nothing. His friend Donatello felt hurt. He said—"I have brought you here to give me your opinion; tell me candidly what do you think of it?" "Well, then," Brunelleschi said, "I will tell you at once, that is a figure, not of Christ, but of a peasant or a rustic." Donatello was indignant. It was perhaps the most beautiful specimen of the subject in carving which had been produced; and he used an expression which became a proverb, and I cannot help remarking how many expressions of artists have turned into proverbs. The expression in Italian means this—"Take you a piece of wood and make another." Brunelleschi did not reply. He went home. He did take a piece of wood. He said nothing to Donatello, and he carved his crucifix. When it was quite finished, he met Donatello, and said, "Will you come and sup with me this evening?" Now, I narrate this anecdote partly because it shows us what the great artists were—that they were not great gentlemen living in any particular style. (Applause.) "I will do so with pleasure," said Donatello. "Then come along," and Brunelleschi, as they went, stopped at the market, bought eggs and cheese for their supper, put them in an apron, and said to Donatello, "Now, you carry these to my house while I buy something else, and I'll follow you." Donatello entered the room, saw the crucifix, let fall his apron, and smashed his eggs. (Laughter and cheers.) Brunelleschi soon followed, and found Donatello with his hands stretched out and his mouth open, looking at this wonderful work. "Come," said he to Donatello, "where's our supper?" "I have had my supper," said he; "you get what you can out of what is left." And then, like a true, noble-hearted, generous artist, he took his friend by the hand, and said, "You are made to represent Christ; I only to represent peasants." (Cheers.) Now, this shows, as I said before, that this poor artist carried on his own work with his own hands, shut up in his own house; in fact, that as Vasari tells us, he never allowed any one to see it until it was quite completed.

There can be no doubt that among all the names celebrated in Art, there is not one that can be put in comparison with that of Michael Angelo; a man who, not merely from his follower, disciple, and intimate, Vasari, but even from jealous, and envious, and ill-tempered Benvenuto Cellini, receives constantly the epithet of "the divine." No man certainly ever had such a wonderful soul for Art, in every department—the cupola of St. Peter,

as an architect; his Moses and his Christ, as a sculptor; and his Last Judgment, on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, as a painter, are three monuments which would have made the eternal fame, not of three, but of a hundred artists in each department. (Applause.) Great, noble, generous, and, though perhaps somewhat in his temper not amiable, yet sternly honest in all his dealings, he seems to have been the great centre, around which the Art of his period revolved. There was no one so great, so sublime in any particular branch of it, that did not look up to Michael Angelo, and consider him his superior. It is acknowledged that Raffaele went into the Sistine Chapel, and saw Angelo's wonderful works, and changed entirely his style upon beholding them; and it is particularly acknowledged by the writers of that time that in every other department he was considered equally supreme. Now, you would suppose that this man, upon whom commissions poured in every day for great works, would have employed a number of artisans to assist him; that he would have had carefully prepared models, which he would have entrusted to skilful artificers, so as to lighten his labor; but no such thing. There is every evidence we can desire that from the beginning to the end, Michael Angelo performed the whole of his own work; that he began with the piece of marble as it came from the quarry; that, if not always, pretty generally, he did not even condescend to make a design, or beyond a small wax model, but immediately set to work with chisel and mallet on the figure which he had in his imagination, and which he knew was as truly lurking in the inanimate block. Vasari shows us, in fact, from his unfinished pieces, in what way he must have mapped out the marble and done the work himself; and that is why we have so many vast pieces by him unfinished; either the stroke did not come out as he desired, or it went too far into the marble, and spoilt his labor. But so it is, that by far the greater part of those gigantic pieces which he finished, if not all, were the productions of his own hand, as well as of his own intellect.

When about seventy-five years of age, Vasari tells us, he used to be just as indefatigable with his chisel and hammer as when he was a stout young man; he had near his bedroom, if not in it (for he lived in a most primitive and simple manner), an immense block of marble, and when he had nothing else to do he used to be hammering at that, and when asked why he so continually worked at this branch of his various Arts he used to reply that he did it for amusement to pass his time, and that it was good for his health to take exercise with the mallet. He undertook at that age, out of an enormous block of marble, to bring out four figures larger than life, representing the descent from the cross; and he had nearly worked out the figure of Our Lord when, happening to meet with a vein that was hard and troublesome, he one day broke it into half a dozen pieces. It was seen in this state by a friend, and his servant begged it for him. It was put together, and it is now to be seen at Florence. But Vasari says that it was necessary, in order to give him occupation, to get another large block of marble and put it near his bed, that so he might continue at his work, and he began another group of the same sort. This was at the age of 75. And Vasari gives us an interesting account of how he worked: he says he was remarkably sober, and while performing his greatest works, such as the paintings, he rarely took more than a crust of bread and a glass of wine for his dinner. This sobriety, he says, made him very vigilant, and not requiring much sleep; and very often in the night he used to rise when he could not sleep, and then he worked away with his chisel, having made for himself a sort of helmet, or cap, out of pasteboard, and upon the middle of this, in the top, he had his candle, so that the shadow of his body never could be thrown upon the work.

Apropos of this, Vasari tells us an anecdote which is interesting, as showing the character of Michael Angelo and of his time. Vasari observes that he never used wax candles for this purpose, but a particular sort of candles made of goat's tallow, which, he says, are particularly excellent.

Wishing to make him a present, he (Vasari) sent to Michael Angelo his servant one day with four bags of these particular candles, containing 40lbs. of them. The servant brought them, and Michael Angelo, who never accepted a present, told him to take them back again; he would not receive them. The servant said, "They have nearly broken my arm in bringing them; and I shall not carry them back." "Then do what you like with them," said Michael Angelo. "Then," replied the servant, "I observed, as I came to your house, that just before your door there was a nice bed of just hardened mud; I'll go and stick all the candles in this, and light them all, and leave them there." Michael Angelo said, "No, I can't allow you to make such a confusion as there would be about my door; so you may leave them." This shows the homely and friendly way in which the artists lived among themselves. (Cheers.)

Now, we have a very interesting account of the manner in which he used to work at this marble, from a contemporary French writer, who says: "I can say that I have seen Michael Angelo when he was about sixty years of age, and not then very robust, make the fragments of marble fly about at such a rate that he cut off more in a quarter of an hour than three strong young men could have done in an hour, a thing almost incredible to any one who has not seen it; and he used to work with such fury, with such an impetus, that it was feared he would have dashed the whole marble to pieces, making at each stroke chips of three or four fingers' thick fly off into the air;" and that with a material in which, if he had gone only a hair's breadth too far, he would have totally destroyed the work, which could not be restored like plaster or clay.

Going now to another part of the world for the same Art, we return to Nuremberg, and find a most magnificent piece of sculpture in stone, unrivalled in the delicacy and exquisite beauty of the work; that is the tabernacle in the Church of Saint Lawrence. It rises from the ground and goes up, not merely to the top of a very high church, running along like a plant, with one of the pillars against which it is built; but, as if the church was not high enough for it, creeping far beyond, and making the most graceful termination, which has nothing similar in works of this sort. So beautiful and delicate is the whole work, representing all the mysteries of Our Lord's Life and Passion, that, for a long time, people used to assert that it was not stone, but modelled in some composition. But it has been proved beyond doubt that it is stone. Now, the man who made this was a mason—a common working stone-mason—Adam Kraft, who built part of the tower of the church, and whose name is upon it as the mason who built it; and he until 1490, when he was 53 years of age, had never attempted to work as a sculptor; and yet before he died he had not only executed many beautiful works, and among them a carved staircase in the tower, but this exquisite work, which is without a parallel. He has represented the whole of it as supported by three kneeling figures, himself and his two apprentices, who executed alone the whole work.

We see, therefore, that wherever there has really been grand or noble work executed in statuary, by sculptors, they have been artificers as well as designers; they have done the work with their own hands, as well as imagined it in their own fancies. (Cheers.)

Let us go now to another department of Art. We have treated of metals and carved work in wood and stone. Let us go now to pottery. I have already observed that those beautiful vases, known by the name of Etruscan, were really made, originally, for domestic use; that, consequently, they were made by the potter, and not by a fine artist only—this has been fully proved. It used to be thought at one time that they were all funereal, or of symbolical use, being found almost entirely in tombs; but it has been proved that the greater part of them were for the common domestic purposes of the table and the household—that some, indeed, were given as prizes at the games, filled with oil; others were marriage presents, kept with more care in houses; but still they were the work of the potter, and must have

been produced entirely by hand. This was so much considered as a branch of Art that, in early Rome, in the time of Numa, there was a College of Potters—they were ennobled by being made a special guild. Any one who went through the Exhibition must have been particularly struck with the elegance of forms which prevailed in all the Indian, and also in the Turkish pottery; and the common vessels, used to carry water on the head by the peasantry of Italy and Spain, have the same elegance of form which very little of our china, or of our finest pottery, can exhibit; and the question naturally suggests itself—how is this, that in many other countries there should be such beautiful productions, and at the same time that we should not be able to give the same beauty of form? The answer to this is given, I think, very correctly by Mr. Digby Wyatt, in his beautiful work on the late Exhibition. He observes, that "there can be no doubt that the reason of this beauty in the old pottery and in that of the East is, that it is made entirely by the workman himself. There can be little doubt that the most beautiful forms of Greek and Etruscan vases have been generated by a simple process of formation, and by the refined delicacy of touch, acquired by the potter during years of practice. The perfect outline of some of the commonest objects of pottery from India, Tunis, Turkey, and the rest, demonstrates the methods by which contours, equal in grace to the Etrurian and those of Magna Græcia, have been produced. In the finer work of pottery, among us, a distinct person is employed to design from him who makes the object; the one makes the pattern, and a mould is probably made of the same figure as is given. But in the ancient and Oriental objects the beauty of form is attributed to the Art being literally in the potter's fingers; and he acquires by the manipulation a fineness of touch, a delicacy of eye, which enables him to produce beautiful forms, which no one in the abstract could imagine." This is corroborated by the fact that, in the British Museum, in the great gallery where the Etruscan vases are kept, you will not find two—and if you search the Vatican and Bourbon Museum, and all the collections in Europe, you will not find two, perfectly alike; there is a difference in them, which shows they were not produced by a model, but simply out of the hand; and I have no doubt that the influence of this working in clay is to be traced in all the works in metal and in glass of the ancients—because, no doubt, the eye of the man who worked in bronze had been formed by his familiarity with the beautiful patterns which came forth every day from the hands of the workmen in clay. I find, too, it is mentioned in Pliny that when a knight named Octavius, in the time of Augustus, wished to have a vase made, it cost him a talent, or upwards of £50, to have the model made; which shows that the clay model was to be moulded before the marble vase was sculptured. In this Art, then, the producer is the designer, the artist is the artisan, and hence comes perfect beauty.

Next to this must be mentioned a very important branch of Productive Art, in which the Art of Design is always necessary to be in combination with the actual manufacture; and that is china, or painting upon pottery. The Etruscan vases are often simple, sometimes of one color, sometimes they have nothing but ornament; at other times they have most beautifully executed, though sketchy, scenes of ancient mythology, or very frequently from the Iliad. These are done in a way which shows that there must have been hundreds of artists who could do that work. Very frequently it was not a painter who did them, but the man who was at work on the pottery throughout; and although mere sketches, they are considered as containing the elements of very beautiful drawing. If we come to speak of this Art in modern times, a remarkable instance of genius persevering in its work may be taken from the history of Bernard Pallissy. He was an artist, but as a painter of comparatively humble pretensions, for he tells us he used to paint figures, images, and so on; but in this he was an artist, to a certain extent. He tells us himself, in the biography he has written, that in 1544, when

there seemed not to have been anything approaching to ornamental pottery in France, he happened to see an Italian cup, which struck him as being very beautiful; and he thought to himself—"Why could not this be produced in France?" He set to work. He was a poor man, hardly educated; but he had a great turn for chemistry, and was particularly desirous of finding out a manner of enamelling pottery, and especially a white enamel, which he at length contrived to make. He took his work to be baked in glass-houses, and found it completely fail; then he set to work in his own house, and he built a furnace for the purpose. He put his ingredients into the furnace; they would not set or harden. He had spent all his money, and he gradually pawned all his clothes, and burnt every article of furniture to keep up the furnace, and pulled up the fruit trees in his garden, and then the very floor of the house, to keep up the fire. Still the work was all spoiled. When he went out, the people charged him with being a coiner; he was ridiculed as mad, and every sort of annoyance came on him. He persevered yet; and having found that his furnace would not act, he pulled it down, and with his own hands bringing the lime and bricks, he built another furnace, and then sat for six days and nights watching the fire. Then he began to succeed; he got a little money by having a commission to make a survey, and came back to his work, and tried again. The mortar he used, however, happened to have some person in it; and just as the pottery was going to set, he heard a crack, and the pebbles in the mortar began to fly, and broke his enamel. He set to work again, and put his materials again in the fire, and this time there was a tremendous explosion, and the ashes burst in; and the whole of his work was covered with black, so firmly set into the enamel, that it all had to be thrown away except a few pieces, by which he made a trifle. For sixteen years he persevered in this way; and then was crowned with success, and produced the first specimens of colored and beautiful pottery, such as are to this day sought by the curious; and he received a situation in the king's household, and ended his days in comfort and respectability. (Cheers.)

I could mention the beautiful earthenware of the sixteenth century, known by the name of Raphael's ware, because it is supposed that Raphael himself did not disdain to make designs for common pottery—pottery not to be used merely by the rich, but to be found in the common cottages, and houses of ordinary classes; the most beautiful specimens being in the apothecaries' shops of Padua and Verona. There we have the employment of high Art in the decoration of a common and ordinary object; for the pottery itself has no particular pretensions to elegance of make; but yet one of these plates, thick, heavy, clumsy, and coarse as they are, is worth a service of modern production.

Another department is statuary in pottery, which presents some very interesting features in the history of Art. Its very origin is exceedingly interesting. Pliny gives it to us as the invention of a certain potter, whose daughter, when parting with a youth to whom she was engaged, did what I dare say some of you have often done—made him stand before the lamp, so as to throw his shadow on the wall, and so sketched his head and face; and the father, wishing to preserve this sketch, took some of his clay and filled up the outline, and made a bas-relief of the countenance. That piece of pottery, at the time when the Romans first became acquainted with Art, and carried away the monuments of Greece, was preserved in the Temple of the Nymphs, at Corinth, as a treasure of Art—as the first germ from which had been developed some of the most beautiful productions of that kind. (Cheers.) By the time of the Roman kings of the race of Tarquin, the inhabitants of Italy had arrived at such perfection in this Art that they used to make chariots, horses, and other representations of clay, so well baked that they could be placed in the open air, and stood for many centuries without injury; and, in fact, we find them now among the Etruscan monuments. The Romans must also have learned well how to paint them; because we find it stated

that there was an artist, whom Varro particularly mentions, who imitated fruit in pottery so perfectly as to deceive any one, and make one think it was real.

But the most interesting example of this application of high Art to such products is what we find in the life of an eminent artist, and at the same time a potter, Luca della Robbia. He was put, when quite a boy, apprentice to a jeweller; he very soon began to make things in bronze; he gave up mere small modelling, and began upon marble, and succeeded very well. He worked the whole of the day at his chiselling, and sat up all the night drawing. He was poor; he was hungry and cold, and the only means he had of warming himself at night was to put his feet in a basket of shavings, while he sat there drawing, and would not be driven from it. Now, there was an education for him—beginning first with small work and exercising his patience and skill in that way. (Cheers.) Sigismund Malatesta, the great patron of Art at Rimini, was then building a splendid church, and he sent to Florence to find workmen to do the carving; and Luca della Robbia was engaged for this purpose. He had at that time been a silversmith's apprentice, had executed works in marble and bronze, and was set to undertake that noble work at Rimini; and how old was he when Sigismund engaged him? He was *fifteen*; and what pains and study must have been gone through in that time by the poor boy to make himself really an artist! He succeeded admirably at Rimini, and came back and received a commission to work with Donatello, to make a screen for an organ, and a bronze door. After all this, he suddenly discovered a totally new branch of Art—modelling in pottery. He first contrived to manufacture his own clay; he then discovered a mode of glazing it to such a perfection, that centuries of weather do not in the least affect it. He then contrived to color it in the most beautiful manner; and all Florence, and every part of Italy, may be said to be filled with works of Art equal to anything produced in marble, and valued as high. He went on improving his art; he began, then, tessellated pavements and outsides of churches, which are most beautiful; and then, taking to himself not a number of workmen, to mould under him, but two near relatives of his, who were also artists and sculptors in marble, and who left marble to come to work in clay, this family carried on the same work to the third generation, when the secret of the art expired with the family. But in those three generations, till Pope Leo gave them the commission of making the pavement of the Loggia of Raffaele, this family made an infinite number of original works of Art, executed by hand, colored and baked by themselves. Now, there is a whole family of artists, in whom the productive and the artistic skill were united. In our estimation we should say, what a descent that was, for a sculptor in bronze, in marble, to come to a mere potter! But I will read to you Vasari's sentiments on that subject, who, as the great biographer of artists, and who lived among artists, and was himself an artist, may be allowed to have a right sentiment upon it. He says: "Luke, therefore, passing from one sort of work to another, from marble to bronze, and from bronze to clay, did so, not from any idleness, nor from being like many others, capricious, unstable, and discontented with his Art, but because he felt himself drawn to new pursuits, and to an Art requiring less labor and time, and rendering him more gain; hence the world, and the Arts of design, became enriched with an Art, new, useful, and most beautiful; and he, with glory and praise, immortal and unailing."

We are told by Pliny, that it was in the time of Augustus the practice was introduced of painting the walls of houses. Temples were undoubtedly painted before, because he tells us that when the Temple of Ceres was falling into ruins, the paintings of Demophilus were cut away from the walls, as is sometimes done with frescoes, and put into frames in order to preserve them. On one occasion, by the way, the city of Rhodes was saved when Demetrius besieged it, because he feared a beautiful painting would be destroyed that was on

the wall of one of the buildings. This painting of walls corresponded to our paper hangings; what we do by putting on stained or colored paper, they did with the brush and the skill of the artist. The walls of Pompeii and Herculaneum are covered with most beautiful paintings, not merely ornamental patterns and arabesques; but there is such a mixture of the mere ornament, and of figures perfectly designed and colored, as to show that there was no distinction made then between the painter of a fresco and the house decorator; the artist was himself the performer of the work, and so beautiful is it, that we have hardly anything in modern times superior to what is commonly found on the walls of the private houses of cities which were in a province remote from the capital, and which had no particular recommendation, that we know of, as seats of Art.

We have an instance, also, in modern times. Perhaps one of the most beautiful productions of modern Art is the painting of that gallery to which I have alluded, where we see that Raffaele undertakes to do what now one would never think of committing to the hands of any one higher than a common house-decorator. No nobleman, nor even a monarch, would think of asking the first artist of the kingdom to design the ornament of a gallery, scroll work and grotesques, or mechanical ornament, which, now, would be done by a common process or a common hand. But, in a former age, there was no distinction made between what we now consider the higher and the lower sorts of Art; but the whole of Art was regarded as *one* thing; the greatest of artists considered it was his place to make even the smallest work, which might be insignificant in itself, great and noble, and to stamp the highest impress of Art on the commonest and most ordinary commissions that were given to him. (Cheers.)

(Conclusion next week.)

TWO SONNETS.

BY CHARLES TENNYSON.

[Charles Tennyson, the brother of Alfred, has published a small volume of poems, chiefly sonnets, from which volume, as it is but little known in this country, we propose to make, from time to time, a few extracts, which can hardly fail, we think, to convince our readers that Charles Tennyson is far from unworthy of the name he bears.]

SONNET VII.

Hence with your jeerings, petulant and low!
My love of home no circumstance can shake,
Too ductile for the change of place to break,
And far too passionate for most to know.
I and yon pollard oak have grown together;
How on yon slope the shifting sunsets lie
None knew so well as I, and setting hither
Flows the strong current of my sympathy.
From this same flower-bed, dear to memory,
I learned how manygolds do bloom and fade,
And from the grove that skirts this garden glade
I had my earliest thoughts of love and spring—
Ye wot not how the heart of man is made:
I learn but now what change the world can bring.

XXII.

I trust thee from my soul, Oh Mary dear!
But oftentimes when delight hath fullest power
Hope treads too lightly for herself to hear,
And doubt is ever by, until the hour!
I trust thee, Mary! but till thou art mine
Up from thy foot unto thy golden hair—
Oh! let me still misgrieve thee, and repine;
Uncommon doubts spring up with blessings rare!
Thine eyes of purest love give surest sign,
Drooping with fondness, and thy blushes tell
A fitting tale of steadiest faith and zeal;
Yet I will doubt, to make success divine!
A tide of summer dreams, with gentlest swell,
Will bear upon me then, and I shall love most well!

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.—Talking about music—and our honorable members have been talking a great deal about it lately—a celebrated professor says: "You generally find that persons who are not fond of music play the flute."—*Punch*.

[From Novello's Musical Times.]

MENDELSSOHN'S ST. PAUL.

BY G. A. MACFARREN.

[Continued from p 181]

No. 4.—Thus doubly prefaced,—by the Overture which, we may suppose, epitomizes the subject of the entire work, and by the two first vocal pieces, which invoke Heaven for the blessing of "strength and joyfulness" to qualify the artist for his sacred task,—thus doubly prefaced, the action of the Oratorio commences.

In the selection and arrangement of the text, the composer has chosen to precede the entry of his principal character by such a representation of the times in which he appeared, and the circumstances by which his appearance was surrounded, as prepares us at once to appreciate the importance of St. Paul's mission and the transition his character undergoes when the oppressor of Christians becomes the apostle of Christianity. Accordingly, the incidents of the arraignment and martyrdom of St. Stephen are presented at such very considerable length as alone could do justice to their powerful interest, and thus is shown the enthusiastic zeal of the first teachers, and the fanatical violence of those who opposed them.

In the present piece is related the unanimity of the believers, the faith and power of Stephen, who works wonders amongst them, the inability of the Scribes to resist the influence of his wisdom, their suborning of men to speak against him, the declaration of these that they heard his blasphemy, and the activity of the Synagogue to excite the people and the Elders, who seize him and drag him before the Council.

The narrative portion of this is rendered in a Recitative for soprano solo, an episode in which is the short Duet for two basses, personating the false Witnesses, that graphically distinguishes the dramatic or personal words of the text from the narrative,—that which is done or said from that which is related.

Brief as is the Duet, the peculiar character of this carefully-considered fragment (expressed in the responsive phrases of the voices, and in the points of imitation carried through the ceaseless motion of the murmuring accompaniment, singularly colored by the orchestral distribution, which lies entirely between the viola, two violoncellos, and the double bass supported by the organ pedals), this peculiar character embodies a deep, though, perhaps therefore, not very obvious meaning, to penetrate which is quite worth the pains of an examination. Let us suppose, then, in the plausible phraseology in which the words of the Witnesses are conveyed, and in the reiterated corroboration by each of the testimony of the other, the most sedulous endeavor to justify by persuasion and to vindicate by asseveration the charge preferred, while the falsehood and the consequent cautious inconfidence of the speakers is indicated in the suppressed perturbation that forms an undercurrent of the whole. These men are not of the People, crying, under the misdirection of fanaticism, for what they believe to be justice upon a blasphemer, but they are the suborned Witnesses of the Synagogue, hired to inflame with their purposed perjury the fury of the multitude, conscious of their hollowness, and careful to conceal their falsehood and their shame in it. Such is, to me, the reading of the text embodied in the music.

The short Duet leaves off (closes, one cannot say, since what succeeds is still continuous), the duet leaves off with a dominant cadence, and an abrupt transition introduces the resumption of the Recitative. The new tonality, the hurried movement, and the addition to the score of the acute instruments, induce a contrast of color that forcibly illustrates the situation. We pass from the Witnesses to their employers, from their plausibility to wrath that engages this as its insidious and certain engine.

We are now led to the next Chorus, of which both words and music of this number are introductory.

No. 5.—Here we have the accusation of Stephen embodied in a Chorus of the People of Jerusalem. This comprises alternate declarations to the Council and addresses to the prisoner, the

unanimous rendering of the former of which presents well the vehement earnestness of the excited multitude, as does the fugal treatment of the latter their impatience each to have a voice in the taunts to which he is submitted,—each to be foremost in charging him personally with the outrage for which they demand vengeance. The dramatic power thus displayed could not be exceeded, and the technical treatment of the scene equals the poetical purpose with which it is conceived.

The fierceness of the infuriate crowd, who rushing tumultuously, without regard of place or person, into the judgment hall, eagerly denounce their intended victim as a blasphemer against Moses and against God,—their charge to him, "Did we not enjoin and straightly command you that you should not teach in the name you follow? and lo! you have filled Jerusalem with these unlawful doctrines,"—and their turning wildly again with their first appeal to the Council, this is depicted with a living truthfulness that brings the raging multitude in actual existence before us, and makes us know and feel how terrible is the power of the bad passions of man, and how dreadful an engine are they to set in action. Thus much is comprised in what we may esteem the First Part or division of the movement; and the malignant scorn with which Stephen is still regarded when the voices cease—and the looks of hatred cast upon him are even more redundant of vengeance than the limited words—is not less powerfully presented in the few threatening bars of symphony with their entirely unique and most poignant instrumentation.

Less irritated, and therefore much more dignified in character, is the episode for male voices in which the accusation against Stephen is directly preferred. A transient modulation into C at the words "Destroy all these our holy places," is one of the brightest points in the whole Chorus, and one that derives from its great simplicity a power to which nobody can be insensible.

The multitude is not to be restrained. With violent agitation, aggravated by its temporary suppression, the mass of the people resume their original of denunciation, and the dramatic and the musical effect of this recurrence of the chief theme of the movement are both heightened by the addition of a florid counterpoint of semiquavers against the Subject that is admirably sustained. The resumption of the episodic idea, now distributed among the full chorus, and supported by the agitated accompaniment of the string instruments, forms a climax to the close of the movement that seems to raise this grand point of culmination still higher and higher as it approaches it, and then, the repetition of the very individual bars for the orchestra that seem, in their tone of exultant derision, to anticipate the tortures with which the martyr is menaced, this very powerful conception is concluded.

No. 6.—A few bars of Recitative for soprano, resuming the narrative, tell how they look upon his face, and it is like the face of an angel (an expression most gracefully rendered in the music), and how the High Priest demands if these charges be true, his words being separated from the more indifferent tone of relation in the third person by an impressive change of key, and by a slower and consequently more impressive enunciation.

Stephen's defence is rendered in a grand declamatory Recitative for tenor, that as a piece of musical eloquence, is scarcely to be reached by the highest eulogium with which enthusiastic admiration could attempt to do it justice. Commencing with the majestic calmness that is inspired by conscious right and complete mastery of the subject upon which he is to discourse, the orator gradually rises with the development of his theme in warmth of expression and energy of delivery, until the flood of his speech would seem to have accumulated such intensity of power as must bear down all before it. One cannot too much admire the consummate art wherewith this is embodied, but, the more one must admire, the less can one define. The felicitous artifice of the frequent repetition, at irregular periods, of the two bars of symphony that introduce the character of Stephen, each repetition being successively in a higher and higher key—thus much admits of description—all

else of the forcible treatment of this impressive scene must be left to the appreciation of the hearer.

The multitude awed by the fervid eloquence of their purposed victim, and feeling the growing influence of his words, become impatient of a power that may be withdrawn but cannot be resisted. In low mutterings, that bespeak how much less is their *can* than their *will* to oppose him, they interrupt what they are unable to answer with murmurs of "Take him away!" Then, gaining assurance from the sound of their own voices, and mutual encouragement from the coward's panoply—the knowledge of physical superiority, they break forth in a fierce exclamation of a life-thirsty fanaticism, "He shall perish."

Passing directly from the harmony of E flat to the second inversion of D, the first employment of this major tonic, the single voice of Stephen is introduced with an effect of beautiful, of glorious radiance, that, to say the least—and words could say no more—realizes the idea his language conveys, where he declares, "Lo! I see the heavens open, and the Son of Man sitting at the right hand of God."

How far the immediate dispersion of the visionary brightness may be more or less true to the situation, or more or less necessary as a means of Art to certify its brilliancy, and how far the whole musical idea may be more or less analogous to that which first introduces Anna and Ottavio in the setet in *Don Giovanni*, I leave for the speculation of those whose delight in present beauty is sufficiently temperate to allow them to turn from its contemplation to theorize upon its source:—for me, I am content to admire and to acknowledge.

[To be continued.]

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 17, 1853.

A NEW VOLUME of this journal will commence with the number for Saturday, October 8th. Just the beginning of the musical season, and just the time for new subscribers to begin to read our paper. We trust our friends, who are satisfied that this paper is worth sustaining, will use a little effort to induce others to subscribe.

We would also state, for the benefit of those who may wish to keep connectedly such mirror of the musical times as we have given for the eighteen months past, that we have a good supply of all the back numbers on hand, with bound volumes of the first year.

M. Fétis's Musical Testament.

A recent number of the *Revue et Gazette Musicale* opens with an article, yet to be continued, by the veteran Fétis, under the heading of *Mon Testament Musical*. Of course it cannot but be interesting as the formal summing up of a long life spent in the most earnest study and elucidation of the entire history of music. M. Fétis may be said to have been the creator of a voluminous musical literature. (See a short sketch of his life in our Journal of July 23d.) He has given a great impulse to musical learning and criticism. M. Fétis is an eclectic in his tastes; not a man of genius perhaps; not always quick to appreciate genius under new forms; not prone to enter into the profounder spiritual sense of Art; and yet no man is so well qualified, from actual acquaintance with all that has been done in music since it began to be an Art, to judge of what musicians do in our day, and no man has done more to point out the beauties and the worth of genuine music in the various schools that one by one have been passing out of date. He has brought many an old forgotten tone-picture out of the shades of the past, and shown that the colors laid on by the hand of genius, even in its days of small means,

are still warm and fresh in the light of the eternal sun. We can forgive some egotism, some intolerance of innovating Wagners, and so forth, in his old days; for he has probably surveyed and traversed the vast field hitherto, and looked it into unity from his own mental focus, till he comes to fancy himself a sort of proprietor and keeper, and grows jealous of "Young Germany's" or young anybody's right of entrance.

The glance which M. Fétis, in this "last will and testament," casts back over the history of Music, (having identified himself enough with it all along to make it seem to him, no doubt, the history of his own life), is interesting and instructive. Seen by the light of the obvious principle which he says he has deduced from it as the basis of his whole musical theory, the various schools and steps of progress become clear and palpable. That principle is simply this: that in music there are always two things, the sentiment and the form; the forms may change and become obsolete, but the inspiring sentiment, the *genius* of a composition, however limited its means, if it *have* genius, always retains its value and its charm. Hence M. Fétis's eclecticism.

He begins with very old examples, when all music, sacred and secular, vocal and instrumental, was limited to the old church modes. Being without semi-tones, and without the element of dissonance, it was without attraction, without the tendency of one harmony to pass into another, without modulation, and without impassioned accent:—in short, it lacked what in these days is called expression. Yet there was true music in the old Gregorian *plain song* and what was built upon it. If it had not the dramatic, passionate expression of our modern music, it had an expression of its own, which made it a sublime Art. "Essentially calm, majestic or sweet, by reason of its consonant harmony, it gave to prayer sometimes a character of grandeur and immobility, in harmony with the idea of the Creator; sometimes of resigned devotion; and sometimes of fond invocation. It was prayer in its truest, strictest sense, the most analogous to its object."

"Examine this music on its worldly side, and you will see that, though deprived of all means of dramatic expression, because this expression lies entirely in the passionate accent which only exists in harmonic attraction (or modulation), it has other advantages inherent in its system of tonality: for example, a naïve simplicity, a certain sweet gayety, sometimes quaint or grotesque. In the dance it is graceful and a little melancholy; for the dance of those times did not go by leaps and bounds like that upon our lyric stage. Songs for three, four, five or six voices, madrigals, characteristic dances and fantasies '*to be sung or played on instruments*;' such was all the secular music that the ancient tonality could produce. It is not without its charm, to one who understands it. Musicians, who only comprehend the musical forms of their own epoch, find nothing but dryness, hardness, and puerile attempts at imitation and canon in all the works of this old Art; they cannot be persuaded that it has any invention; and they regard the artists who produced it as men but *little advanced*, who, *without genius*, by these mechanical labors prepared the way for the later *progress of music*. To them it appears all cast in the same mould; in every piece they find only the same things; nothing but counterpoint; and the free fancies of the Neapolitan

frottole and *canzoni*, the Italian *madrigali*, the German *geistliche* and *weltliche Lieder* (spiritual and worldly songs), the French *chansons*, the motets and the masses, all seem to them but tedious applications of these forms of counterpoint, little different from one another.

"If this were so, how comes it that certain artists were universally pronounced great men in their Art? At the end of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth century, Josquin Desprès excited the admiration of all Europe; Italy, Germany, the Netherlands, France, England and Spain declared him the greatest of musicians. Something must have distinguished him from his contemporaries, Alexander Agricola, Compère, Dujardin, and others,—all able men and enjoying much esteem. *Musicians make what they can of notes*, said Luther; *Josquin alone makes what he pleases*. Josquin wrote counterpoint like the rest of them; what then distinguished him from others, unless it be his genius, which into well-known forms knows how to put ideas entirely individual? These ideas, this individuality we can still recognize in his works. Josquin felt the influence of his time, like every artist. Subjected to the old tonality, before the complete scale was formed; placed in an order of ideas which considered melody of small importance and placed the highest end of Art in the harmonic development of a theme under certain conventional forms; finally, continuing the absurd tradition which chose for the subject of church music the melodies of popular songs with their obscene words, still this great artist showed that there was something in him that lifted him above the conditions of the Art of his time. His mind led him to a certain satirical tendency, as is seen by the spiritual buffooneries with which he has filled the mass entitled *la, sol, fa, re, mi*, which he composed to avenge himself upon a seigneur too forgetful of his promises. Yet he knew how to handle serious subjects with a gravity without example before him. We see remarkable proofs of it in his *De profundis*, in his *Miserere* and his *Stabat Mater*. These compositions are not treated from the dramatic stand-point of our actual musicians: but Josquin has given them a sombre tinge, not only by the character and movement of his harmony, but also by placing it in the gravest chords for each species of voice.

"Formed by his example, his successors perfected the details of the forms he had invented, softened certain relations of the intervals which he had not completely managed, and arrived thus by degrees at the time when a reform in Art, made necessary in regard to certain traditions which choked all good taste and good sense, was effected by two illustrious musicians who shared the empire of the musical Art; I speak of Palestrina and Orlando di Lasso. Without going beyond the limits of the old tonality, both of them imagined kinds of music, sacred and profane, analogous to the sentiment expressed by the words; they broke with the gross traditions repulsed by this sentiment, and arrived by different qualities at the same end. More pure, more chastened in his style, melancholy, and perhaps a little mystical, Palestrina has more of unctiousness, more of depth in his devotional expression; while Lasso, or Lassus, more abundant in ideas, more various in form, more bold, more vehement, produces perhaps more effect and has a certain something more like originality. Both created an enthusiasm among their contemporaries and have

preserved their just renown from generation to generation. Popes, kings, princes, grand seigneurs, artists, citizens and peasants, all considered them the greatest musicians of their time, and courted them with all sorts of distinctions. Yet other artists of great worth were living in the time of Lasso and of Palestrina; like them, they gave their works the forms of masses, motets, madrigals and *chansons*; these two men were superior, in that they inspired in their times the same outbursts of enthusiasm, which we see caused by the works of some celebrities of our time. Under these same forms of counterpoint, the common patrimony of all musicians, they had introduced something which distinguished them from others, something individual, original,—in a word, *ideas*.

"In fact, there are but two things in Art; to wit, the idea and the form: the idea, imperishable and always young; the form variable and growing old. . . . Few artists are creators of ideas; many cultivate the form with success. . . . The first are the rare men of genius; the others are the estimable talents whose works preserve an honorable place in the regard of posterity. After these comes the vulgar crowd, who, barren of ideas and imprisoned within formulas, see their productions die faster than they beget them."

M. Fétis proceeds to find the same thing true of composers who "lived the new life" of the modern tonality, or musical tone-system. With the introduction of semi-tones, of dissonance, of modulation, music acquired a passionate accent; dramatic expression became the end of Art; the old madrigals and *chansons* for three to six voices were abandoned for the song for one voice, accompanied by the spinet, lute, theorbo, or guitar; the aria, the cantata and the duo took their place. Each of those pieces aimed to express a sentiment; each became a little drama, like the French *romances* and the German *Lieder* of to-day. Instrumental music, too, became emancipated from the voice and acquired an individual character; it tended to a sentimental expression and gradually assumed the larger forms and the complete development of an instrumental drama, or symphony. The accent of passion appeared also in the music of the church, in the motets for one or two voices, accompanied for the first time by the organ. Violins and violas were soon added. Sacred texts were set to music of a dramatic expression, and the *Credo* of the mass, the *prose* of the dead, the penitential psalms, the *Stabat Mater*, the Lamentations of Jeremiah, became at length veritable dramas.—Now, in this new world, as in the old, there were some men of genius, who created ideas, amongst a great many more men of mere taste and talent, who only cultivated and perfected the form. The idea and the form, these two conditions of the beautiful, the one eternal and the other changeable, did in the new Art what they had done in the old; they have bequeathed to us imperishable beauties, by reason of the vital ideas clothed in the form or fashion of the times.

"These principles and observations," continues M. Fétis, "fruits of long studies and incessant meditations, were long ago my own, when, about the year 1821, a sort of vertigo, in France in imitation of Italy, got possession of most of the artists and amateurs of music, through the enthusiasm which the operas of a great artist had excited;—an enthusiasm which soon turned all heads likewise in southern Germany, in Spain, in Eng-

land, and even in America. Nothing could be more legitimate than the admiration inspired by the real and great beauties that shine in the productions of the author of the *Barbier de Seville*, of *Otello* and of *Guillaume Tell*; but the admiration of the multitude is like the religion of fanatics: it thinks it cannot honor its idol but by breaking the altars of the other gods before it. It was not enough that Rossini was declared one of the greatest musicians of his age; to hear men talk, you would have thought there was no other, and that music was born with him. Pamphlets were published to demonstrate that Paisiello, Cimarosa, Mozart even, had had some talent in their day" [this sounds like the reports of certain musical lectures in New York last winter, and like recent criticisms in the *Tribune*], "but that they had done nothing but prepare the way for the progress of music; that the musical world had been for centuries awaiting its Messiah, and that he was born at last, and came clad in the figure of Rossini. The worst of it was, that artists of some real merit, shaken by the prevailing fashion, and having little faith in what constitutes the real beauty of Art, abandoned what there was individual and available in their own talent, to devote themselves to imitation of the form which then enjoyed the favor of the world. I say to imitation of the form, since only that is ever imitated; the idea exists only by its character of pure creation; repeated it may be, but never imitated."

We shall see how this great freshet and ensuing fever of Rossini-ism operated upon our learned eclectic, and what barriers M. Fétis set about erecting to keep back the deluge and restore the tranquil reign of sound and catholic taste. We have not yet received the end of the Will, to say nothing of the codicils that may follow.

Musical Intelligence.

Local.

Music in Boston is at its lowest ebb, until the tide of music-loving population flows back from the mountains and the sea-shores, which it already begins to do.—The military bands, pleased with their summer success, have volunteered each one more evening performance on the common.—The "Hutchinson Family" are singing to their crowds in the new Tremont Temple, and the hall is much admired for its acoustic qualities, its lighting, &c.—But the notes of preparation are sounding; the "season" is coming upon us with a rush. Advertisements of coming concerts, showy Jullien placards and portraits, are rivalling each other. JULLIEN will give us a fortnight of his music in the Boston Music Hall, beginning about the 24th of October. The "GERMANIANS" commence their winter campaign at the same time. Chamber concerts, oratorios, &c., are quietly preparing.

There are now three Song Unions of Germans in our city: viz. the "Liederkrantz" of several years standing; the "Saengerbund," about a year old; and the "Männerchor," recently formed.

New York.

A whole column of advertisements in the *Tribune* shows that it is now the very heyday and high noon of music in New York. MARETZKE, with STEFFANONE, SALVI, MARINI, BENEVENTANO, &c., (but without SONTAG), opens a new operatic season at Niblo's on Monday; the piece is *I Puritani*.—Mme. SONTAG announces a concert at Brooklyn, and a new series of concerts, from New York outwards.—GOTTSCALK has his card out for concerts early in October.—OLE BULL, whose concert for the New Orleans sufferers yielded a large sum, gave a second grand concert Thursday evening on his own account, with PATTI and STRAKOSCH, the programme much as usual.

The baroness JULIE DE BERG, pianist from Vienna,

gave on Thursday a second concert in Metropolitan Hall, and played Thalberg, Liszt, Schullhoff, Henselt and De Meyer. She had PAUL JULIEN and the Italian troupe to aid.

Finally, the great JULLIEN continues to draw nightly throngs to Castle Garden, giving each night an overture, a movement from a symphony, an operatic fantasia, a plenty of astonishing quadrilles and polkas, two or three solos from his best artists, and two or three songs by ANNA ZERR, who (shame to say) stooped to pick up one night and sing "Old folks at home," for the b'boys; one would as soon think of picking up an apple-core in the street. The *Home Journal* talks of Jullien as follows:

JULLIEN'S Concerts present four features, namely, selections from the works of the "classical composers," eccentric compositions, by Jullien himself; singing by Mademoiselle Zerr; and instrumental solos, wonderfully performed by Bottesini, Koenig, Reichart, Lavigne, Colinet, and Wuille. M. Jullien's mode of conducting the orchestra, we may add, forms a fifth and very remarkable feature of the entertainment. His action serves as a kind of visible accompaniment to the invisible sounds. He seems to swell, to rise, and subside with the music of the piece. He appears to woo the softer strains with a pleading gesture, to beckon the music from the distant instruments, to "ride upon the whirlwind and direct the storm" of sound which his imperious wand evokes. The orchestra, even on the earlier nights of the season, was perfectly drilled and entirely "up" to its novel work. One of the new effects introduced by Jullien into orchestral performances, is this—the musicians, in certain passages, sing as well as play. He has likewise acted upon a hint given by Handel, who said, he would introduce discharge of artillery into his choruses, if it were possible. Jullien has not been able to achieve this; but he has come as near to it as possible, by the introduction of immense drums and other monster instruments. One or two other singular (and comical) effects contrived by Jullien, cannot by any arrangement of words be described. The compositions which have been most popular, so far, are the National Quadrilles, the Irish, the English, the American, etc. These quadrilles are blendings together of national airs, and are both ingeniously arranged and magnificently performed. Mlle. Zerr has made a considerable, but not very marked, impression, upon the New-York public. She is a tall, finely formed, and good-looking woman, with a voice of remarkable power and clearness in its upper notes. She is chary of ornament, and adheres closely to the score. Of the solo instrumental performers, it is impossible to speak too highly. M. Bottesini extorts effects from the double-bass, which would be wonderful if produced upon the violoncello. M. Reichart plays the flute faultlessly and incomparably. Herr Koenig "sings" with his instrument, the cornet-a-piston. In a word, Jullien's concerts are thoroughly enjoyable. They go off with a spirit, a dash, a sparkle and a rapidity not attained by any other conductor that we have had among us. They combine just those proportions of the classic and the popular, which render them pleasing and satisfactory to the scientific musician and the general public.

London.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The season came to a close on Saturday (August 20) with a remarkably good performance of Rossini's *Guglielmo Tell*. The house was crowded. On no occasion has the music of this splendid opera been more thoroughly enjoyed. The overture, the tenor solo in the duet ("Dove vai?") between Tamberlik and Ronconi, the slow movement of the grand trio for the same, with Zelger (who was the substitute for Formes in the part of Walter), and the A minor chorus in the meeting of the cantons (finale Act II.), were all redemanded unanimously. The "Corriam, corriam," ("Saluez moi") created a furor; and Tamberlik was twice recalled, amid enthusiastic cheering. Madame Castellani sang the beautiful air "Selva opaca," which she always sings well, better than ever; and the histrionic genius of Ronconi shone conspicuously in the scene where Tell shoots the apple from the head of his son by order of the tyrannical Gessler—who could not possibly have an abler representative than Tagliafico. Lucchesi, Polonini, Mlle Bellini, and Mlle Cotti, in the minor characters, all did their best; and the band and chorus were more than up to the mark. In short, the general execution of Rossini's masterpiece was worthy of a great theatre; and the Royal Italian Opera took leave of its subscribers and the public until next year with *éclat*. After the opera the National Anthem was performed, Madame Castellani singing the solo verses. A call was then raised for Mr. Costa, who came forward, and was loudly applauded.

With one slight exception, every promise contained in the prospectus issued in the month of March, has been fulfilled. The one exception is to be found in the advertised list of singers—Mlle. Donzelli, a soprano. In her place, moreover, the management brought forward Mme. Tedesco, whose success in the *Prophète* was a matter of importance to the theatre. Of six operas new to the repertoire, which were named in the prospectus, it was announced that not less than three would be produced. Three were really produced—*Rigoletto*, *Boccanuto*, *Cellini*, and *Jessonda*. The other three—*Mutilla di Shabran* (Rossini), *Don Sebastiana* (Donzetti), and *Juana Shore* (Bonetti)—may stand for further consideration.—*Times*.

GERMAN OPERA.—A German troupe opened at Drury Lane on the 22d of August, with a large and efficient orchestra and chorus, and Herr Formes, Herr Reichart, Mme. Zimmerman, and Mme. Caradori, as principal singers. The latter lady (not Caradori Allan) is said to be an artist of considerable repute in Italy, Germany and Turkey. The *Musical World* says:

She possesses a fine and powerful soprano, uses it admirably, and is altogether a singer of no ordinary pretensions. As an actress she has energy, abandon, and purpose. She moves well, she stands well, and poses well—which proves, satisfactorily, she does not impose. Moreover, she is natural and easy. As a woman, Mme. Caradori is moulded large, but she is moulded well and significantly. Mme. Caradori is a decided acquisition to the operatic stage.

The opera was *Freischütz*. Formes was Caspar, Reichart, Max; Mme. Zimmerman, Anna; and Mme. Caradori, Agatha.

The Caspar of Formes is a grand and picturesque impersonation; and never was it grander or more picturesque than on Monday evening. Formes was encoined in the famous drinking song, and in the splendid "revenge" scene he was boisterously applauded.

Herr Reichart made a capital Mix. It was the first time we had seen the popular concert singer on the stage, and the impression he made was decidedly favorable. He is perfectly at home on the boards, and feels quite at his ease in opera. The magnificent song, "O, I can bear my fate no longer,"—one of the finest tenor airs ever written—he gave with so much unexaggerated feeling and expression, that the first movement was unanimously redemanded. He was excellent in the incantation scene.

Madame Zimmerman made a lively and agreeable Anna. She sang her two charming songs with point and facility, and was warmly greeted.

Madame Caradori's grand coup was, as a matter of course, in the long and arduous scene in the second act.—She sang it like a musician and a vocalist, and was received with cheers by the whole house. She became a favorite with her first essay.

Herr Doering—who played Zamiel last year—was it?—at the Royal Italian Opera, appeared as the fiend huntsman on this occasion.

The performance throughout was received with the utmost demonstrations of delight and good humor.

On Thursday evening *Lucrezia Borgia* was given in the Italian language; and, although we trembled for the performance, coming so soon after the gorgeous display at Covent Garden, it was really so excellent, that our fears were soon numbed into insensibility. The cast of the principal parts may be guessed:—Madame Caradori, Lucrezia; Herr Reichart, Gennaro; Herr Formes, Duke Alphonso. A lady, whom the bills—neither Missing, Madaming, nor Mademoiselling—entitled Adelaide Weinthal, appeared as Maffeo Orsini.

FLIGHT OF THE BIRDS.—Bosio and Tedesco have both gone to Paris; Mme. Julienne has returned to Barcelona; Castellani to her old post at Lisbon, where she is to sing again with the English tenor, Swift. Tamberlik goes to St. Petersburg. Bettini is singing at La Scala, in Milan.

GERMANY.—A grand musical festival is to be held at Carlsruhe on the 20th and 21st of this month, under the direction of LISZT. The programme mostly favors the new tendencies in music, and includes the overture to Wagner's *Tannhäuser*, with selections from his *Lohengrin*; Berlioz's "Romeo and Juliet" Symphony, and the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven.

Advertisements.

GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY.

GRAND CONCERTS! The GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY respectfully announce to their friends and the public of Boston and vicinity, that they give a Series of TEN GRAND CONCERTS, at the

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Sept. 17. tf

SIGNOR CORELLI begs leave to announce to his friends and pupils that he has returned to the city, and may be found at his rooms, No. 20 Temple Place, or at the Tremont House. Sept. 17.

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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

An Opera Night at the Fenice.

[Continued from p. 136.]

Moses waved his wand, the Day appeared. "Here, monsieur, is not music contending with the sun whose splendor she has borrowed, with nature himself, whose phenomena she represents in their least details?" whispered the Duchess. "Do you not hear Egypt re-awaking after this long stupefaction? Gladness flows everywhere with the light. What cries! what bounding, joyous notes! the oppressed soul breathes again,—what delirium, what tremolo in this orchestra, this fine tutti! It is the joy of a delivered people."

The physician, surprised by this contrast, one of the most splendid passages of modern music, clapped his hands, forgetting himself in his admiration.

"Brava la Doni!" murmured a Venetian gentleman who had entered the box.

The Duchess goes on to explain in a very scientific way, and, considering the time and place, at great length, how Rossini has employed to represent the coming light, chords like these he

had used in expressing darkness and cold, in this revealing the grandeur of his thought. Light is the same substance in winter and in summer, by day and by night, and the effects of light are varied only by the nature and condition of the objects it encounters. Thus Rossini has chosen for the base of his music, one *motif*; a simple chord of C. Beginning with the violins, the artist gradually reverses the whole expression which he had drawn from this *motif* in the opening passages.

The Quintet which follows this fine Introduction excites in the mind of the Duchess the pyrrhic joy which is expressed in the strophe,

Voce di giubile
D' intorno echeggino
Di pace l'ride
Per noi spunto.

She calls the attention of the Frenchman to the artistic power with which this exultation of the people is introduced as the final emboldened cry of delight united by the grave, earnest, sweet song of Moses and of Aaron to the solemnities of the invocation.

"Yes!" answers the physician, "*this would make a charming contra dance!*"

"French! French! utterly French!" cried the Duchess. "Yes, I believe you capable of employing this sublime outburst, so gay, so nobly rejoicing, in the service of your rigadoons. You caricature everything—your caricature of music is the vulgarization of great ideas by your dancing tunes. Your cleverness kills your souls as your reasoning kills your reason."

"Have I annoyed you?" asked the Frenchman. "I should be excessively sorry to do so. Your words are like a magic wand, opening my brain and summoning forth new and sublime ideas."

"No," she answered, "you praised Rossini after your fashion. He will succeed in France, I see, through the clever and sensuous side of his character. But hold! here comes the Tinti for the famous duo between Elcia and Osiris. If she has mastered her part well, you will hear the sublime song of a woman divided between her love of her country and her love for one of its oppressors. What can be finer than the art with which the antagonisms of this drama are sustained. A people demanding liberty, enslaved by treachery, supported by a miracle working God. A prince whose love for a Jewess almost justifies the treasons of the oppressor! In this song of Osiris, *Ah! se*

puoi così lasciarmi, how much is there of the divine languor, the ardent sweetness, the tenderness of oriental love! how much in the reply of Elcia: *Ma perche così straziarmi!* No! two hearts so melodiously united cannot tear themselves asunder," she continued, looking at the prince. "But hark! the divine, delicious Allegro of the march of the Hebrews on their way to the desert. . . .

"*Dov' è mai quel cuore amante,*" she began again in Italian, when the Tinti began the admirable stanzas in which she asks pity for her sufferings. "But what is the matter? The pit is in an uproar!"

"Genovese is bleating like a deer," returned the prince.

This duo, the first sung by the Tinti, was indeed spoiled by the complete failure of the tenor. As soon as he began to sing with the Tinti, his fine voice changed. His excellent method, which reminded us at once of Crescentini and Veluti, he seemed to remember and forget at his pleasure. Sometimes a note held too long, sometimes a trill too much prolonged, interfered with the singing. Sometimes unmodulated outbursts of his voice, the sound rushing out like water from an opened flood-gate, gave signs of a complete forgetfulness of every law of taste. The pit began to be exceedingly agitated. The Venetians began to believe that Genovese was acting upon a wager. La Tinti was recalled and applauded furiously. Genovese received some warnings of the hostile feeling he was exciting.

During this scene, comic enough to the Frenchman, whilst La Tinti, eleven times called out, received the frenzied applause of the audience, and received them alone, (for Genovese did not dare to give her his hand,) the physician made an observation upon the close of this duo to the Duchess.

"Rossini ought to have expressed here the deepest grief, and I find the music most unsuitably gay and joyous."

"You are right," she answered. "This fault is a consequence of tyranny. Rossini thought here more of his prima donna than of his Elcia."*

[To be continued.]

* Compare with this admission (a very just admission too) of Rossini's occasional submissiveness, the magnificent, uncompromising attitude of Beethoven, a most striking and amusing description of which is to be found in Madame Sontag's account of the first repetitions of "Fidelio."—Tr.

[From the Manchester Examiner.]

CARDINAL WISEMAN'S LECTURE
ON THE CONNECTION BETWEEN THE

Arts of Production and the Arts of Design.

[Concluded.]

I will now speak of a department of Art which will interest you, perhaps, more than others—Art applied to textile fabrics. There is a great difference between what art can do in this department and what it can do for those through which I have passed; because the others are in their nature more lasting; they are to continue for a time; they are worth, therefore, the attention and care of artists of the very highest class. The fashions of textile fabrics are perishable and fragile—they are capricious and changeable; therefore it is impossible to have the time, the leisure, and the same degree of labor expended on them as is necessary to produce a great work of Art. I have read with considerable pleasure and can bear testimony to, the important suggestions in a pamphlet or lecture on this subject delivered in this city by Mr. Potter. (Cheers.) He is quite correct in his estimate of the somewhat exaggerated ideas which may exist of the power of Art in connection with that which is not durable, and which in reality has its value, necessarily, for only a brief period. I agree, therefore, with him on that subject; but at the same time I accept as very important his concession that, even with regard to that degree of Art which is compatible with the nature of the substance on which it is to be displayed, we do not do what we ought to do, and that we fall short of our neighbors—or at least that, while in that which is of secondary character we have put forth such perseverance and study as to have attained an equality with them, there is a point, in that which is more delicate and perfect, which we have not reached. (Cheers.) This is an important concession. It appears there is some reason why, in France, they can produce, even in printed fabrics, a superior and more delicate, more beautiful artistic effect, than can as yet be given here; and I shall have to speak of the reason of this, which accords completely with what I have said, because in these works, which are not made absolutely by handiwork, but with the assistance of mechanical skill, there must be a distinction between the designer and the mere workman—a man who keeps the machine in motion and puts the work through it, although, no doubt, it is necessary for the designer also to have a considerable acquaintance with the process by which his design is to be brought out in actual manufacture. I only wish to observe how the principle comes down here. You know the cartoons at Hampton Court, the most perfect and finished work of Art of Raffaele. You would suppose these would be a labor of years: for they are all by his own hand, perhaps hardly aided by a disciple; and nothing can be more perfect than the outline and artistic distribution of the parts of the painting. What were these cartoons? Simply drawings for the loom. Raffaele did not think it below him to draw patterns which were to be sent to Holland or Belgium, and there to be executed in the loom by weavers of a carpet. This shows how the very highest ideal Art may bend without degradation to assist practical Art with all its powers and resources: and where the union of the two in the same person cannot be got, then we have to think of the means by which the harmonious combination of both may be brought to produce one effect. (Cheers.) While upon this subject, I am tempted to quote some beautiful lines on the subject from one of our oldest but wisest poets—one who calls himself, upon his tomb, “the servant of Queen Elizabeth, the councillor of King James, and the friend of Sir Philip Sidney.”—Lord Brooke. Speaking as if it was considered in those days that the impulses of industry must be entirely regulated by the ruling power, he prescribes the duty of that in regard to the production of manufactures:—

To which end, power must nurseries erect,
And those trades cherish which use many hands;
Yet such, as more by pains than skill effect,
And so by spirits more than vigor stand;
Whereby each creature may itself sustain,
And who excel, add honor to their gain.

Another remark I will read, which comes in the same passage, because it seems, as written in that age, prophetic of what may be considered the characteristic commercial policy of this day—that policy which particularly owes, if not its origin, certainly its greatest impulse to this city. (Cheers.) He says:—

Now, though wise kings do by advantage play
With other states, by setting tax on toys,
Which, if needs do permit, they justly may,
As punishment for that vice which destroys,
*To real things yet must they careful be,
Here and abroad, to keep them custom free;
Providing clothes and food no burthen bear,
Then, equally distributing of trade,
So as no one rule what we eat or wear,
Or any town the gulf of all be made;*
For, though from few wealth soon he had and known,
And still the rich kept servile by their own,
Yet no one city rich, or exchequer full,
Gives states such credit, strength, or reputation,
As that far-seeing, long-breathed wisdom will,
Which, by the well disposing of creation,
Breathes universal wealth, gives all content,
Is both the mine and scale of government.

(This quotation was much applauded.) Now, gentlemen (continued the Cardinal), I wish to come to some general results. We have seen that, so far, in every instance we have examined, wherever there has been real beauty and perfection of work, it has been in consequence of the practical Art and of the fine Art, which ought to work together, being most closely combined, and as nearly as it can be done in the same individual, or else in the most perfectly harmonious co-operation. Now, we must watch very carefully whether the plans which are being proposed for artistic education—to be applied to production—will tend to combine these to characters better, or further to separate them. I come to the conclusion that, if Art has always flourished in its perfection when the two have been combined—and if, on the other hand, it is acknowledged that, at present, Art is not applied to manufactures as it might be—and if it is, at the same time, the clearly visible fact that our artisans and workmen are not artists—I think I have a right to conclude that this separation of the two characters is the cause of our inferiority, and that, therefore, the education which we are to prepare for those who are to carry productive Art to its perfection, must be one which will combine, closer than is now done, these two departments of what I consider one and the same thing. Now, is it, or can it be so, by the education we are now giving? I observed that what I have said till now has been acknowledged long before by one of the greatest authorities in matters of Art—that is, Doctor Waagen, the director of the Royal Gallery at Berlin. He was examined in 1835, before a committee of the House of Commons on the improvement of Arts and manufactures, and he said that “in former times artists were more workmen, and the workmen were more artists, as in the time of Raffaele; and it is very desirable to restore this happy connection.” I was glad to find this corroboration of what I intended to say. He says again—“We have then, to endeavor a connection between these two, the productive and beautiful Art.” Now, I ask what class of Art was it which was in combination with productive Art, to make it the parent of such a beautiful offspring in every department? It was not low Art; it was not the mere knowing how to sketch an object from nature; it was not merely linear drawing; it was not mere elementary Art, but it was high Art, and the highest Art. In every one of these cases the state of society was such—from what causes I do not undertake here to say—that it did permit the highest artists devoting themselves to what now they condemn and would despise: and, on the other hand, there was such honor given to the product of industry, that when it really had the stamp of beauty upon it, it rose of itself to the department of high Art.

Let me illustrate what I consider the danger to be guarded against by another example. When you go into a picture gallery now, and you see the portrait of a man, why do you care the least who that man was? You see the splendid effect; the countenance, which perhaps has not a beautiful feature in it, but which, by the noble expression,

by the beautiful tone of color, by the majestic character thrown around the head, by the harmony between the parts, even by the accessories, is made so glorious that you can gaze upon it for hours. It may be a Doge, it may be a merchant, a soldier, or a prince; you care not; you see there, not the portrait, but you see the painting by Titian, or by Rembrandt, or Vandyke, and the artistic merit so completely swallows up all the idea of personality of him who is represented, that, unless it happens to be some one particularly known, you never take the trouble of inquiring whom the painter represents. And why so? Because then portrait painting had not become a distinct department of Art. There was no such thing then as a person who called himself a portrait painter, who thought he could produce a noble likeness of a man by merely giving a fac simile of his features; but portraits were paintings by men who could have painted an historical picture of the highest character, and to whom it would have been thought not unbecoming to commit the greatest artistic works imaginable. But in modern times the portrait painter is an entirely different person, and the pictures produced by that class of artists are, unfortunately, of little value, except to those who have a personal interest in the subject of the portrait; you know, too, that every one of those portraits, which cover such a vast extent of the wall of the Exhibition, will be transferred to the place of honor, over the chimney-piece in the house of the owner, and when his son grows up, it will be but on one side, that a portrait of the inheritor may take its place, and in the next generation it will be transferred to some other more out-of-the-way corner of the house, until at last it will find a more ignominious position than Caesar's dust stopping up a bung-hole to keep out the inclemency of the weather. From what does this come? Simply from the attempt to divide Art into parts—to say that there shall be a class of men who can do a portrait, but cannot do an historical or other great painting. And you find a difference when some of the great artists of the present day—for there are some truly great artists in England—do put their hands to what is considered another department of Art, and paint the portrait of a friend, or of any one else—it becomes in itself a fine creation of Art, and it will not perish when the person is forgotten; but it will be known by the name of the person who painted it, and not by the name of the person who sat for it. In this way, too, high Art, when applied to a lower branch, raises its character. This is what ought to be the fundamental basis of artistic education. If we really mean to make more than improved designers or draughtsmen for mechanical work, we must have great artists who are not afraid to work mechanically at the same time that they are great artists; we must have the feeling that Art commits no unworthy condescension in giving immediate assistance to the processes of production. The famous artists of whom I have been speaking were, as we have seen, men who worked at their business, and yet were not considered as working men; they were considered as artists, and treated as such. And it is that, I am afraid, which makes the great difference between our time and theirs. Art, unfortunately, is not now considered so noble as to give rank and station, as it did in those days. I do not mean that the great artists, those who devote themselves to what are considered works of high Art, do not receive patronage and countenance, and even high honor; but we find that in those days such distinctions were bestowed on the artists themselves in productive toil. There is not, perhaps, any part of the history of Art more interesting and beautiful than those portions of Cellini's memoirs, which shows us the manner in which he was treated; he used to go when he pleased to the Pope to take him drawings and models; he speaks of going in without even waiting to be announced—going in the evening, after laboring all day in his workshop, as a matter of course. He was treated in the same manner by the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and by the King Francis the First; when he was working for him the King used to go at any hour and visit him; and Cellini gives rather a characteristic anecdote, proving how very familiar such visits were. One

day, while at work, and, as usual, rather in ill temper, an apprentice or servant did something which displeased Cellini, and he roughly took the youth by the shoulders, and pushed him across the room. The apprentice fell against the door, which was just then opened by the king, and he fell fairly into the king's arms. Such was the familiar way in which kings and great personages used to visit Cellini, and find him in his apron among his workmen. The difference between the social tone of our day and that of a former age cannot probably be overcome. I cannot, therefore, pretend to hope that we shall see the day when the real honest artisan who at the same time shows skill as well as industry, will be considered raised thereby above that condition in which he is at present held. (Cheers.) But I believe, myself, that it is not *patronage* which Art wants in modern times. Patronage it has; you, gentlemen here, many of you, I know, would not scruple to go far beyond the mere calculation of interest, were it in your power to raise, by your patronage, any one who gave evidence of genius, and reward him as he deserved. It is not patronage, but honor, that Art wants. (Cheers.)

Now, speaking of the department to which I have just alluded, there is a passage worth quoting from Mr. Ward's book, "The World and its workshop," on the difference between English and French designers in the textile fabrics. "France has studiously cultivated the Art of design, and advanced its professors to the rank of gentlemen; in England, on the contrary, with some exception, it has been degraded to a mechanical employment, and remunerated at weekly wages. France has, in consequence, a species of industry, to which we have no claim—the production of design for exportation." Now, having drawn these general conclusions, we must come to some practical applications. The first, that we must avoid making too great a separation between that character of Art, which it is proposed, now, to impart to our products, and the higher departments of Arts. I have observed that the separation of Art into two departments, high and low, seems to be dangerous, and it will perhaps, prove fatal. You may educate a great number of good designers, persons who will make tolerable drawings, and with rapidity; but the influence upon these which are considered the lower stages of art must come, not from below, but from above; it is only Art in its highest department that gives the true feeling of proportion, the right sense of harmony, whether in color or in design, that gives also that sense and feeling of the adaptation and propriety of things to their purpose, which is indispensable. Any one must be surprised at seeing the extraordinary combination of the styles of different countries and times, in our works of Art, from the want of a regular artistic education. I therefore, think, that the first thing which must be done is to try an education which will not give merely a great degree of elementary artistic power, but that, while we give what may be called the rudiments of Art to every one, if possible, so as to give them all the opportunity of developing a higher taste and power, if they possess it, we must not, in looking beyond that, satisfy ourselves with the idea that we can educate a great number of artisans to a middling degree of artistic feeling, in the hope that thereby we may influence the character of our manufactures; but we must endeavour to combine the two, to bring down the high Art to mingle with the lower, in the feeling that it is the common interest and duty of artists to improve the productive arts, and to carry into actual work—not merely into design—the powers which they possess. (Cheers.)

The evidence of Mr. Skene, before the committee of the House of Commons, is to the same effect. He and Mr. Potter and every other writer I have seen, agree that we are not equal with the French in the more delicate operations of art applied to manufactures, and especially in textile fabrics; and he gives this reason: "The system of France is very different from that of this country, because in France artists of the first eminence employ their time—and make it a most profitable part of their employment—in pattern drawing, and they are paid very high prices by the manufacturers."

This, then, accounts for everything, because it is the union of high art in design with manufacture that makes the French superior. The evidence of M. Coquerel, who is himself an eminent architect and designer, shows that a distinguished artist, who became president of the French Academy of Arts at Rome, and one of the first of his day, was employed at Sevres, in the china manufacture; and he states, also, that of fourteen or fifteen French artists of the first rank, educated at Rome, with whom he was acquainted, many were scattered through France assisting in the different manufactures—finding the market for the highest class of artistic works so limited, and so full, these men, instead of sinking into despair, or committing suicide, as has been seen in similar cases, turned their high talent to the assistance and improvement of manufactures: and they are not thought to have dishonored themselves by doing so, nor is it considered their superior education was thrown away upon them, in qualifying them for the posts they now occupy. Why should it not be so here? Let any one go into the exhibition of paintings in London, and look around the walls, he will, perhaps, find only a small number of artists who can, with any hope of advancing themselves in the path to eminence, continue in what they may consider the highest department of art; and I cannot but think there are many in distress, persons who might be making an honorable livelihood, if they would apply their talents to what they would wrongly consider, perhaps, a degrading employment, but which is most honorable,—the improvement of art in its productive department. (Cheers.)

The second step, which seems to me of the greatest importance, is, to familiarize the people with art. This I know is a very trite topic, and one which can hardly be considered to require from us much attention. I know it is proposed to make museums in every part, and I think that excellent. But we must observe how it is that that familiarity with art has been obtained by other people; it has been, not so much by having places to which people were to go to see art, but by rendering it familiar everywhere to their eyes. The ancient Greeks, proceeding from other considerations, which we, as Christians, could not for a moment wish to have considered, such as the public spectacles, and feasts, and ceremonies of Greece, filled their whole country with works of art. Any one that will read the works of Pausanias, or the first book alone, will see how it was impossible for an Athenian to go ten yards in any direction in the city without seeing some beautiful work of art. On every side there were monuments, and statues, and temples, of the most beautiful workmanship and design; and the people became impregnated with the sense of artistic beauty, and therefore whoever, even a mechanic, put his hand to any work, worked under the influence of that feeling. (Cheers.) In a later period in Rome there was the same plan of filling the public buildings, the streets, and squares of the city, with sculptured monuments, and with paintings, hung up so that the people could gaze on them; and Pliny gives us a long list of paintings put up by different emperors; and, by way of showing what was thought by the Romans of our northern ancestors, he says, that among those paintings on the walls of the Forum there was one of a shepherd; and when a German ambassador came to Rome, he was asked at what price would he value that picture? Which shows that it was considered by the Romans to be worth a high price, quite beyond a German's estimate; he having so little idea of art that he did not consider that question applicable to any possible artistic merit, said, "Why, I would not have the man, if he were alive and breathing, if you would give him to me"—he considering it was the value of the man, as a servant, and not of the picture, that he was to regard. In a later age, at Florence, Vasari tells us how he and Michael Angelo, and other artists, used to meet together and then go from church to church to see the beautiful works of art in each, and then to discuss and criticise them. In the middle ages it was the Church, no doubt, which gave to public admiration the specimens of fine art, and kept them before the minds of all, and, in fact, made the people be artists. The consequence of this was, that,

as Cellini tells us, when his statue of Perseus, after having been finished, was put into a public place, and when he uncovered it for the first time, "It so pleased God that as soon as ever my work was beheld by the populace they set up so loud a shout of applause that I began to be comforted for the mortifications I had undergone; and there were sonnets in my praise every day fastened up on the gate, and the very day I finished my work twenty more sonnets were set up, with the greatest praises of the work, and Latin and Greek poems were published on the occasion." So well had the Italian public learned how to appreciate a noble work of art!

Now, I look forward with no small expectation to what will be done by the new exhibition which is preparing, because I know that great pains have been taken to collect casts and copies of whatever is most beautiful in every department of art, beginning with the most remote period down to the present time; and if it be really open to the public, and if, especially, it be open for some portion, at least, of that day on which alone the artisan can enjoy it—(great cheering)—then I am sure it will do more towards raising the feeling of the people for art, and consequently towards introducing an improved practice, than any set of lessons or any teaching could do. A very strong remark is made by Dr. Waagen, before that committee, when asked if they shut up the museum at Berlin as they do in England at certain times to enable artists to copy, he says, "By no means, because, I believe, art is far more promoted by the people seeing it than it is by any number of artists making copies." But it appears to me there has been a deficiency in the general education among us in the matter of artistic culture. I cannot but be struck with this when I see that among all the colleges and schools belonging to this country, so respectable and richly endowed, there is not one of them, so far as I know, which has made any collection or museum that might train the young men who are educated there in a familiarity with art. I do not think any college in either of our Universities, Eton, or any of the schools, keeps before the eyes of its young men examples of painting, sculpture, and of other arts of design, which might accustom them during their early years to admire and appreciate art, and thus to contribute afterwards their influence to elevate its character. At the same time, I must observe with sincere pleasure that this is not the case with our Catholic colleges; that, poor and unendowed as they are, there is not one of them which has not striven, at the same time while it has provided itself with a library, far beyond the proportion of its means, if compared with what others have done, to provide also some works of art, and keep them constantly before the students. (Cheers.) At Stonyhurst there are many beautiful things, carving, lapidary, silver work, and jewellery, especially for church purposes. Ushaw, or St. Cuthbert's College, near Durham, is another instance; the walls there are covered with paintings, many of excellent masters, and engravings of great beauty; there is a museum filled with specimens of art; the sacristy of the chapel is growing with proofs of the encouragement given there to modern artists, as well as with carefully-collected specimens of ancient art.

I may be allowed to revert also to the days which I spent in St. Mary's College, at Oscott. There, through the munificence of a departed nobleman, and under the guidance of the refined taste of the greatest artist of this day, because a practical disciple of all the arts—Mr. Pugin—(cheers)—there was collected a museum which would have been worthy of a larger establishment; beautiful specimens of carving, of enamelling, and metal work of every sort, so valuable that persons were sent from the department of practical art on purpose to make moulds and copies of the specimens; and almost all the cloisters were covered with paintings, some by very respectable artists, and others good copies. The students were thus brought up in familiarity with choice objects of art, which has had an influence upon their lives since, and induced them to patronise and encourage art. That collection, moreover, was, in the most liberal way, thrown open

to every one who chose to come and visit us; we never saw any feeling of narrow partisanship, or exclusiveness of religious distinction; the house used to be visited every day by parties of people from the neighborhood; and nothing gave me greater pleasure than to see the young men who used to come there, and who were permitted to walk freely through the house. There was, at no great distance, a very considerable establishment for education, richly endowed, and having everything that could encourage the study of literature; but it did not possess, as it appeared, a single object of artistic interest within its walls; and often did the students of that establishment come up to St. Mary's, and roam freely through it, and receive every courtesy. And that was at a time when Oscott was considered almost the centre of a strong proselytising tendency, and I know that personally I was much more engaged in controversy then than I am at the present moment; and it was pleasing, therefore, to see that there was no feeling on the subject which could make it be apprehended as unpleasant for those young men to come to us. Bodies of those young men used to come to St. Mary's, with letters from their principal, conched in the most courteous terms, asking, as a favor, that his students might be allowed to attend the establishment, which could have very little other merit to many than as it was filled with works of art; and on one occasion he informed me that, when any of the students of his house were particularly well conducted, and had especially distinguished themselves, the best reward he could give them was to send them with a letter to us, to come and see Oscott College. Now, it will give you all pleasure to know that this generous, liberal and gentlemanly-minded individual, the head of that neighboring college, was—the Rev. Prince Lee. (Immense cheering and laughter.)

One thing more, I will observe, is important, and that:—that we must not narrow the sphere of art. There is a tendency to do so in this practical scheme of education. I observed in the late report, which may be considered as a programme of the department of practical art, that there are prizes proposed for artistic designs in three different departments—for printed garments, fabrics for carpets, and for paper-hangings. Now, one of the conditions of the four drawings to be sent in to compete for the prize in all three instances is this, "the designs to be flat, not imitative, but conventional, without relief, shadow, or perspective." Now, that is the mediæval principle, and cannot apply to other styles of art; and we are narrowing the sphere of art if you dictate, as a necessary rule of all designs in those three departments of productive art, that there shall not be relief or perspective in the painting—that the flowers must all be of one color, and that there must be no shadow, and no attempt to copy nature, but that the forms must be all "conventional," that is, such as a rose spread out into four parts, with a point between them, and the lily changed into a *fleur-de-lis*, and no natural forms to be truly imitated. Now, it is folly to think of competing with French art if our artisans are to be educated on that principle, because the beauty of design, where nature is copied—where the flower glows in its own colors—will carry the taste of the public, and I think rightly, in preference to a series of flat and unshaded designs—I think it is a wrong principle; and why? Artists will tell you that the carpet is nothing more than a back-ground for furniture—that the hanging of a wall, paper, or whatever it may be, is nothing but a back-ground for the furniture—and therefore that these must be quiet and of a lower tint, with nothing brilliant, and no attempt at the representation of natural objects. Now, I deny this principle; they are not back-grounds. The papering of the wall is in the place of the ancient painting on the wall; and I do not see why, if you only avoid whatever may offend the eye—such as false perspective—there should not be all the beauty and glow of natural objects given to the pictured papering of the wall. If we are to collect museums, to put before our young artists specimens from the paintings of Pompeii, and then to tell them that these wall paintings are done on a false principle, because they are good

representations of natural objects, and not merely conventional drawings, how are we consistent? And, if you tell a young man who designs patterns for carpets that there must be nothing there which would not be, naturally, in such a position—that there must be no sky or flowers there—then you go to make it a mere pavement and nothing better. I should say that the real carpet should take the place of the ancient mosaic. The ancients thought it not amiss to represent whole scenes on their pavement, with sky and rivers, men and horses; and Pliny tells us that there were many celebrated men for this sort of work in Greece; but the most celebrated of all was Sosias; and he says, among his other works at Pergamus there was a remarkable one which was called "The Unswept House." It was a representation which certainly does not give us a very good idea of cleanliness of domestic habits—a floor on which all sorts of refuse had been left to lie about, fragments of meat, and the shells of crawfish, and everything which untidy people might leave after their meals. Such were the notions the ancients had of designs. I should, therefore, be inclined to fear that if we began to deal with art upon a too confined basis, and on principles which belong only to one period of the history of art—and if we now insist on their being made the sole basis of artistic education—we shall produce cramped and narrow-minded artists, and never enable them to take advantage of the great classical patterns to improve their taste. (Cheers.)

In concluding, I think among the greatest errors that language has imposed upon us there is none more remarkable than the sort of antagonism which is established in common language as between nature and art. We speak of art as being, in a certain manner, the rival of nature, and opposed to it; we contrast them—we speak of the superiority of nature and depreciate art as compared with it. On the other hand, what is art but the effort which is made by human skill to seize upon the transitory features of nature, to give them the stamp of perpetuity? If we study nature we see that in her general laws she is unchangeable; the year goes on its course, and day after day pass magnificently through the same revolutions. But there is not one single moment in which either nature, or anything that belongs to her, is stationary. The earth, the planets, and the sun and moon, are not for any instant in exactly the same relation mutually as they were in another instant. The face of nature is constantly changing; and what is it that preserves that for us but art, which is not the rival, but the child, as well as the handmaid of nature? You find, when you watch the setting sun, how beautiful and how bright for an instant!—then, how it fades away!—the sky and sea are covered with darkness, and the departed light is reflected, as it had been just now upon the water, still upon your mind. In that one evanescent moment a Claude or a Stanfield dips his pencil in the glowing sky, and transfers its hue to his canvass; and ages after, by the lamp of night, or in the brightness of the morning, we can contemplate that evening scene of nature, and again renew in ourselves all the emotions which the reality could impart. And so it is with every other object. Each of us is, but for the present moment, the same as he is in this instant of his personal existence through which he is now passing. He is the child, the boy, the man, the aged one bending feebly over the last few steps of his career. You wish to possess him as he is now, in his youthful vigor, or in the maturity of his wisdom, and a Rembrandt, or a Titian, or a Herbert seizes that moment of grace, or of beauty, or of sage experience; and he stamps indelibly that loved image on his canvass; and for generations it is gazed on with admiration and with love. We must not pretend to fight against nature, and to say that we will make art different from what she is. I will read you some beautiful lines, which show how our art must be derived from nature. I translate them from the excellent poem of Schiller, addressed to artists:—

The choicest blossom, which the parterre warms,
In one rich posy skillfully combined—
Such, infant Art crept first from Nature's arms,
Then are the posies in one wreath entwined.

A second Art, in manlier bearing, stands,
Fair work of man, created in his hands.

I believe the idea of these beautiful lines is taken from the anecdote which Pliny has preserved to us of the contest of art between Pansias the painter and Glycera the flower girl; she used to combine her flowers with such exquisite beauty, that they excited the admiration of the chief of artists, and he did not think it beneath his art to copy on the canvass the operation of her naturally-instructed fingers; and then she, in her turn, again would rival the picture, and produce a more beautiful bouquet still; and the painter, with his pencil, would again rival her, and produce by his art the same effect as she had done with the flowers of nature. Let us, therefore, look on Art but as the highest image that can be made of nature. Consequently, while religion is the greatest and noblest mode in which we acknowledge the magnificent and all-wise majesty of God, and what He has done both for the spiritual and the physical existence of man, let us look upon Art as but the most graceful and natural tribute of homage we can pay to Him for the beauties which He has so lavishly scattered over creation. Art, then, is to my mind, and I trust to you all, a sacred and a reverend thing, and one which must be treated with all nobleness of feeling and with all dignity of aim. We must not depress it; the education of our art must always be tending higher and higher; we must fear the possibility of our creating a mere lower class of artists which would degrade the higher departments, instead of endeavoring to blend and harmonize every department, so that there shall cease to exist in the minds of men the distinction between high and low art. I will conclude with another beautiful sentiment from the same poem:—

The bee may teach thee an industrious care;
The worm, in skill, thy master thou must own;
With higher spirits, wisdom thou dost share,
But Art, oh man, hast thou alone.

Dr. JOHNSON.—The great Dr. Johnson's ear, in respect of the power of appreciating musical sounds, was remarkably defective: nevertheless, he possessed a sense of propriety in harmonic composition that gave him an unconquerable distaste to all unmeaning flourish and rapidity of execution. Being one night at a concert where an elaborate and hard concerto on the violin was performed, after it was over, he asked a gentleman who sat near him what it meant. The question somewhat puzzled the amateur, who could only say, that it was very difficult. "Difficult!" answered the learned auditor, "I wish to God it had been impossible."

A Concert two Hundred Years ago.

In noticing the preparations making by Jullien for his concerts in New York, wherein that originality of a composer and orchestra-leader proposes to astonish the Empire City amateurs with such combinations and numbers of big and little drums, trombones, trumpets, cymbals, Saxe-horns, "compressed air" trumpets, as were never before heard by them, the New York *Courier des Etats Unis* sketches the following amusing report of a grand concert given two hundred years ago. We translate it:

"The Messrs. Saxe's improved brass instruments and this terrible 'compressed air' trumpet of Mr. Derche are but children's toys, veniable playthings, when compared with the instruments employed in the monster concerts given by our forefathers. It was with brewers' cauldrons, contrabass, each of which was a load for eight mules, and windmills arranged harmoniously, that they made up their orchestras. Do not laugh; we have before us the proof of what we state; the report in full of a concert 'in action' given at Dresden on the 13th July, 1645, by order of the Elector John George of Saxe. This concert was to represent the episode of Judith and Holofernes. The words were written by Mathæus Premauerker, and the music composed by Hildaire, the court singer. The Elector, having heard the score, was so much pleased with the musician that

he presented him with any quantity of beer, and entrusted him with the organization of the fete, without regard to expense. All the artists of Germany, Switzerland, the Vaud, Poland and Italy were invited to unite with their pupils in the Dresden gigantic musical festival, where, by the 9th July, 1845, several thousand instrumental performers were assembled and an army of singers.

"It must have been a strange spectacle—these men arriving from all points of the horizon in crowds, armed *cap-a-pie* with all the instruments known at the time, and a multitude of others which were unknown in Germany, and many of which had been manufactured for the occasion. A certain Rapotzki came from Warsaw with a wagon drawn by four mules; this equipage being solely to convey an engine of musical war, an enormous contrabasso, which measured seven German yards in height. The artist had ingeniously adapted to his instrument a small ladder, which allowed him to run up and down quickly from the bridge to the top of the instrument, and play with both hands his great bow over the three cables of his contrabasso. What does Bottesini think of that?"

This was not all; a student from Wittemberg, named Kumpfer, promised to sing the score of Holophernes a feat in which he was materially assisted by swallowing an ocean of beer at the expense of the Elector. For fear the contrabasso of the Pole, Rapotzki, should not be powerful enough for the voices of the singers and the terrible noise of the orchestra, the singer Grandmans bethought him of a wind-mill, between the wings of which he had stretched large cables. Four vigorous performers placed in the top and bottom angles, drew sounds from these cables by rubbing on them as with bows, strong pieces of wood with serrated surfaces. On one side of the orchestra, which took up its position on a hill, was a gigantic organ which father Serapion, a distinguished organist, beat with hands and feet. Next to the organ were the wind and metallic instruments, among which was the brewer's cauldron we have before alluded to, and an enormous bell, recently made and destined for a cathedral. In the centre was closely gathered the mass of the musicians, placed above the singers, who were arranged in good order under two hundred and fifty leaders. Delighted with this magnificent *coup d'œil*, and wishing to add his part to this musical structure which he had seen created as if by enchantment, the Elector had a dozen bomb-mortars, well charged by the court artillery, placed in battery.

"At the signal given by the discharge of these mortars, the concert began. One voice, immense and multiple, struck the air in all directions, and struck the sonorous vault of ether with millions of vibrations. A spectator could easily have imagined himself into a world of magical creation. But then what zeal did not the artists display on this occasion. The famous prima donna Rigozzi, from Milan, lost her life from her efforts to make more noise than the orchestra. The student Kumpfer, accompanied by the contrabassist Rapotzki and by the wind-mill, sang an air that made the hills tremble. In order to give additional zest to the entertainment, and to please the Elector, the first violinist of the day, named Giovanni Scioppio, from Cremona, played a solo, holding his instruments behind his back. At length a double fugue, sung by the Assyrians flying before the victorious Israelites, was sung with so much energy and so much expression, that the victors, overcome with enthusiasm, and finding that the music expressed imperfectly the desire for revenge that animated them, fell upon the Assyrians, and deluged them with clods of earth. This made the Elector laugh heartily, and terminated joyously this truly monster concert.

"The next day it was discovered that several partizans in the camp of the Israelites and the Assyrians had died during the great musical contest of the day previous."

THE RULING PASSION.—It is related in a biography of Lambert, the astronomer, of Mulhausen, that on being asked how he liked an opera at Berlin, to which he had been taken by some of

his friends, he replied, that he had not seen it as he had been occupied during the entire evening in calculating the refraction of light from the lustre!

NO MORE!

Flow on, sad stream, unto the sea!

Thou flowest on as ever,
But the heart most dear no more is here,
Forever and forever.

No more! I hear it in the pines,
Through which the night-winds roar,
Those stars shall shine in eyes of thine,
No more, O, never more!

Sigh on! sad autumn wind, sigh on!
She lies in the grass beneath,—
I make my moan by her grave alone,
For the violets have her breath.

O, lonely night! O, wandering moon!
Hast thou no word for me?

O, love and sorrow! O, day and morrow!
Must ye forever be?

SONG.

O! heavy, heavy, day!
When wilt thou wear away,
And bring her sweet returning?
O, weary, weary, night!
When wilt thou take thy flight,
And bring another morning?

O! stars that gem the skies!
Ye shine not like her eyes,
Where love is ever beaming!

Pass on, O hateful day—
Yet gentle night, O, stay!
For she is mine while dreaming,

In dreams, she comes to me—
In dreams, her eyes I see—
And bliss divine comes o'er me,—
Then let my spirit creep
To thy pavilion, sleep!
While Love flies on before me.

W. W. STORY.

SAYINGS OF MARTIN LUTHER.—"Music," says Martin Luther, has ever been my delight; it has always excited and moved me, so as to give me a greater desire to preach.

"I have always been fond of music. He who undertakes this art is the right sort of a man, and is fit for anything else. It is needful that music should be taught in schools. A schoolmaster must be able to sing, or I do not think much of him. Music cometh near to theology; I would not exchange my little knowledge of it for much money. The young should be constantly exercised in this art, for it refines and improves men. Singing is the best of arts and exercises; it is not of a worldly character, and it is an antidote for all contentions and quarrels. Singers are not gloomy, but joyful, and sing their cares away. There can be no doubt that in minds which are affected by music are the seeds of much that is good; and those who are not affected by it I regard as stocks and stones. Music effecteth what theology alone can effect besides: It giveth peace and a joyful mind. Therefore, the prophets have employed no art as they have music, inasmuch as they have put their theology not into geometry, arithmetic or astronomy, but into music. Hence it cometh, that by teaching the truth in psalms and hymns, they have joined theology and music in close union."

The Night is Mother of the Day,
The Winter of the Spring,
And ever upon old Decay
The greenest mosses cling.
Behind the cloud the star-light lurks,
Through showers the sunbeams fall;
For God, who loveth all His works,
Has left His Hope with all.

To Music: To calm his fever.

BY HERRICK.

Charm me to sleep and melt me so
With thy delicious numbers,
That being ravish'd, hence I go
Away in easy slumbers.
Oh make me weep
My pains asleep,
And grant me such repose,
That I, poor I,
May think thereby
I live and die midst roses.
Fall on me like the silent dew,
Or like those maiden showers
Which, at the peep of day, do strew
A baptism o'er the flowers.
Melt, melt my pains
With thy soft strains,
That, ease unto me given,
With full delight
I leave this light
And take my flight for Heaven.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 24, 1853.

A NEW VOLUME of this journal will commence with the number for Saturday, October 8th. Just the beginning of the musical season, and just the time for new subscribers to begin to read our paper. We trust our friends, who are satisfied that this paper is worth sustaining, will use a little effort to induce others to subscribe.

We would also state, for the benefit of those who may wish to keep connectedly such mirror of the musical times as we have given for the eighteen months past, that we have a good supply of all the back numbers on hand, with bound volumes of the first year.

The Exhibition of the MASSACHUSETTS CHARITABLE MECHANIC ASSOCIATION has in it many things deserving the attention of a journal devoted in any degree to Art, and, in the uncommon dearth of musical topics on which to discourse to our readers, who, we doubt not, have been pleased to have their attention directed to such matters by the interesting lecture of Cardinal Wiseman (of which we give the conclusion to-day), we are glad to take our text from this Exhibition. This is the seventh of these expositions, which have taken occurred triennially, and have been an established thing among us long before Crystal Palaces were thought of; and it is interesting, in looking back, to see how much progress has been made in New England (for this is essentially a *local* exhibition), in the productive Arts and the Arts of design, and at the same time very obvious how much yet remains to be accomplished in bringing about that close connection between these Arts of which Cardinal Wiseman so strenuously endeavors to show the importance. The influence of these Expositions, now becoming so universal and frequent, in promoting this end, cannot be too highly estimated, both on the contributors themselves, and on the public at large. For here may be seen, in the successful attempts at a higher style of Art made by some, and in the bald and wretched abortions of others, how, even to the most familiar and common objects of every day use, may be given an elegance of form, design, outline or color, which shall lend a glory and a grace even to these neglected

objects, making them teachers of beauty, appealing only the more powerfully because of their very commonness and familiarity. Our manufacturers are beginning slowly to appreciate the importance of these matters, and seem to give, from year to year, an increased attention to the Arts of Design. Schools of Design are organized and successfully carried on, so far at least as the training of the pupils is concerned, though they do not, we believe, receive from manufacturers the patronage which they deserve and require for their permanent and effective existence. We observe in Faneuil Hall some drawings by the pupils of one of these schools, and notice them as a *beginning*, calculated to draw attention to these institutions, rather than on account of any special merits of these particular specimens. We are inclined to believe, judging from the present Exhibition, that more attention is given to the Arts of Design by the workers in wood and metal than by other manufacturers among us, and observe some fine specimens of wood carving, bronze castings and works in silver; while the productions of the looms seem to have been comparatively neglected, appearing generally much inferior, both in respect to brilliancy of color and in beauty of design, to the productions in the departments alluded to.

Some articles claim our more particular attention. Among the musical instruments, most worthy of note is the noble organ of the Messrs. Hook, which stands in the Rotundo of Quincy Hall. The diapasons are full and round, of especial smoothness and richness; the trumpet uncommonly good, being remarkably free from the harshness so common in this stop, and the full organ in all respects is unusually satisfactory. The noise and bustle of so large a crowd as is constantly passing, renders it difficult to judge with nicety of the more delicate features of this instrument, but we were much pleased with some of the solo stops, and especially with the *clarinet* and *flute*, which are faultless in sweetness and evenness of tone. The instrument, we learn, is destined for a church in Pittsfield, in this State, and will add much to the high reputation of the Messrs. Hook.

The *Music room* (a sort of *lucus a non lucendo*) from morning till late in the night is a perfect Babel of sweet sounds. Pianos, Seraphines, Melodeons, and all the race of kindred instruments, are tortured incessantly by every passer by, tormenting not a little the ears of the listeners. The *Pianos*, it seems to us, are of unusual excellence, being, without exception, from our most noted manufacturers, and we observed none of the wretched instruments that are usually exhibited at these Fairs, from inferior makers. The only novelty among them is a *small grand* of seven octaves by CHICKERING, of perhaps half the usual size of a grand piano. It has a full, strong body of tone, clear and uniform, the action easy and accurate. A quiet half hour enabled us to hear the instrument thoroughly tested, and we

are confident that its compact size and form, together with its powerful and brilliant tone, will make it at once a favorite instrument in our drawing rooms.

Turning from Music to the sister Arts, we find but a beggarly collection of Paintings, few in number and poor in quality. The sculptors, on the other hand, are well represented.—STEPHENSON'S "Dying Indian" (exhibited in the great Exhibition of 1851) occupies a conspicuous position in the rotunda, attracting much attention, and is too well known to need any special mention. Near it stands an exquisite portrait bust of remarkable beauty and fine execution by the same artist. BALL sends his large bust of Webster, in marble, and the statuette of Webster of which we have spoken before. KINNEY, of Worcester, we believe a self-taught artist, contributes a fine bust of the Hon. Charles Allen, and some other smaller busts, both portraits and ideal, of an unusual degree of merit.

We saw some specimens of engraving, but none at all remarkable for excellence, and this branch of Art seems to be but poorly represented. Indeed we compare but ill in this Art with Europe, while the prices paid here are much higher for quite inferior work.

Daguerreotypes are exhibited in multitudes, and seem to hold a rather doubtful place; so that one scarcely knows whether to rank them among the productions of chemistry or to give them a higher place among the works of Art. The productions of Whipple and Southworth by their careful artistic arrangement and close attention to all the various shades of effect, are no mere mechanical productions and seem to claim a place in this higher department, and are worthy of attention.

As a whole, the Seventh Exhibition shows a marked improvement on its predecessors. The number of articles exhibited is, perhaps, not so great as on former occasions, and this appears to be owing to the greater strictness with which inferior and ordinary contributions have been excluded, the result, of course, being highly favorable to the character of the Exhibition. A still more rigid censorship will tend still further to raise the character of these Exhibitions, so honorable to Massachusetts industry, and to elevate the standard of the Productive Arts by bringing them into a more intimate connection with the Arts of Design.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Psalmody.

[We are glad to present to our readers the following "notions" of an esteemed correspondent; being always willing to give fair play to both sides. We may speak hereafter of the degree in which they coincide with, or differ from our own.]

MY DEAR SIR,—You are pleased to speak of Psalmody in a way that does not exactly suit my notions, and so I suppose you will let me speak in a way that may not suit yours.

Music does not create any new sentiments in the human heart, nor express any that cannot be de-

fined in words. It is a peculiar and definite language for the utterance of human feelings,—more forcible than words,—answering the purpose of expressing sentiments, in some instances, better than they do, but not expressing anything different from what we can talk about.

Now there are in most men's souls, religious emotions which are entirely distinct from their earthly affections.

Filial affection, is not piety,—trust in God, is not self-reliance,—penitence is more than sadness,—religious joy is infinitely above gayety. We need sacred music as well as secular,—oratorios, as well as operas,—psalms, as well as songs. This brings me to my point. Psalms tunes are worth attending to. They have their influence, and a mighty influence over the nation. It was Billings and Psalm-singing that prepared, in the course of years, this Yankee people for the Messiah of the creation, and the Mount of Olives.

In our days we find two kinds of improvement, so called, in the music of our congregational churches. In some churches we find them forsaking the old choral times and graceful airs of our fathers, to introduce insipid or harsh things of living Bostonians. In others we find hired singers flourishing and making a display of their voices in opera airs, fixed over for church occasions.

Now, Mr. Dwight, I agree with Mr. Bird that this last is the greatest evil of the two. It is better to sing a hymn to the most mean-less tune that Lowell Mason or his feeble imitators ever wrote, than to sing it to an air that is full of a meaning different from that of the hymn. This is the horror of foreign music, which you laugh at; but which I think is a reasonable horror.

Let me give you an instance. I once heard four well trained voices sing Wesley's hymn, "A charge to keep, I have," to a lively air from Corelli, and at another time I heard the same hymn sung to an allegro joyous strain from the Creation,—"A new created world." Now in each instance the whole effect of the hymn was ruined. It might as well have been sung to "Maggie Lauder."

There is a collection of very beautiful music published in New York, called the Beethoven Collection. The music is fine, the hymns are fine, but they are put together without reference to adaptation. The use of that collection in a church, would effectually drive me out of its walls.

But in the Ancient Lyre the words are so perfectly in union with the music, that you know not which was first written, you think they must have flowed from one heart, at one time. A chorister in using it has no difficulty in adapting the music to the hymn.

Now it appears to me that you would do a great service to music, and to religion, if instead of shaking your sides over the whole tribe of psalm-singers, you would tell them how to choose proper books, and take other proper means to improve our Yankee art of music. Pray except Mr. Zeuner's books when you laugh at the church psalm tunes.

Yours, H. T.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Jullien's Concerts.

NEW YORK, September 17, 1853.

I had the gratification of hearing Jullien's incomparable band several times this week, and can assuredly testify to the correctness of any or all the eulogiums passed on his concerts. Those who have not heard him imagine he only excels in the lighter and more volatile performances, but I heard the *Scherzo* of Mendelssohn's Third Symphony performed in a most exquisite manner. He brings out a pianissimo from the immense mass of stringed instruments in a manner that obliges you to hold your breath;

and then his crescendos and decrescendos are perfect. The solo performers are of the most finished character—of course, Bottesini is too well known in Boston to need any praise from my hands—I may add, however, that he has improved since he was with us a few years since. Koenig absolutely sings on his cornet à piston, and not as a third or fourth rate singer, but as a Lind or Sontag sings. He always receives most applause, not that there is half the merit that exists in Bottesini, but the difference lies in the instruments. The clarinetist, Wuille, has a beautiful tone and most finished execution. Lavigne, the solo oboe, is generally considered the first oboeist in Europe; his execution is most exquisitely delicate and the tone very thin and cutting, as it were, like glass. Hughes, the ophelydist, gets a most astonishing tone from his instrument. This instrument has been almost banished from the modern orchestra on account of its bald, thin, and usually false intonation—the Sax Tuba has superseded it—but, in the hands of Hughes it is quite wonderful. His tone is large, round, and as mellow as anything I ever heard—in fact no performance aroused my attention so much as when in the American Quadrilles he introduced the Star Spangled Banner—it always draws forth a cheer, and really the most experienced musician cannot help joining in. Reichardt, the flutist, makes the most of his Böhm flute—his execution is very brilliant and clear, but the tone has not that softness or body to be obtained on the old flute. Thus far I believe Jullien has not given his fine violinists or violoncellists a chance to show their powers, but undoubtedly he has many excellent artists among his strings. As I said before, Jullien will make instrumental music popular in America, and when he does, I hope to be one of the first to subscribe for a medal of thanks to present him. The love of instrumental music among the Bostonians will enable them to appreciate Jullien's orchestra more than the New Yorkers, though if large audiences go to prove a taste or knowledge, they were a learned body who assembled nightly in Castle Garden.

AN ARTIST.

A ROYAL PSALM-TUNE MAKER.—Can it indeed be possible that any "Native Musician" can have been so deficient in national pride, and so lost to a sense of what was due to native genius, as to admit to his collection the productions of a living foreigner, who is not only a foreigner, but a Prince to boot? We hardly believe our eyes.

Prince Albert has pre-ented a Dissenting congregation with two pieces of sacred music of his own composition. The circumstances were these: a committee were engaged in compiling a new tune-book; when, in a collection of tunes obtained from the United States, they found one attributed to Prince Albert. The gentlemen in question were anxious not only to assign every tune to its right owner; but in every case in which it was practicable, to obtain the owner's permission for its use. An application was, therefore, made in the proper quarter, and the origin of the piece was placed beyond a doubt by the permission which its composer immediately granted for its use. That permission was accompanied by the additional offer, upon the part of his Royal Highness, of another of his musical compositions, which was, of course, readily accepted; and accordingly Prince Albert's "Gotha," and a "Christmas Hymn," form a portion of the tune-book.

In another column will be found the announcement of the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB, who seem to be well prepared for the winter's campaign. We learn that Mr. FRIES has made a valuable collection of new Music for their concerts, and has devoted himself closely during his absence to the study of his instrument. He has also succeeded in obtaining a gentleman to fill Mr. Lehmann's place.

JULLIEN.—Mons. Jullien has engaged the Boston Music Hall and we are informed that his Concerts will commence on the twenty-fourth of October next, when we shall all hear for ourselves his celebrated orchestra.

Musical Intelligence.

Local.

Never was such a dearth of music in Boston as now. But the notes of preparation for the coming season are already sounding, and the indications are strong that we shall have an unusually crowded musical season. Announcements of all sorts are already made. Jullien, Sontag, the Germania Musical Society, the Mendelssohn Club and the new Quartet Club are all to be in the field, enough surely of themselves, one would think, to supply the demand. The Oratorio Societies are busy in preparation. We have besides a still uncertain promise of Grisi and Mario, and a host of lesser wandering stars, no doubt, are ready to start in their orbits and try their fortune in the uncertain race. We despair of being able to hear, much less to be able to chronicle the doings of the tenth part of what will be offered to us this coming winter.

The new Opera House begins to make a goodly show, having now risen to the second tier of boxes, and it will not be long, before we shall see it filled to the ceiling with the opera-goers. The form of the auditorium is peculiar, and we believe novel, the effect of which acoustically remains to be proved, and we are informed that it is of greater area than any European opera house, though of course not so high, having only the usual three tiers of boxes instead of the five or six that we find in the great theatres abroad. We hope that the building will prove to be one worthy of its object and of the present state of Art among us.

Appropos of the new Opera House, we find in the *New York Tribune* the following notice of Niblo's Theatre in New York:

The Opera, after all its pioneer failures in this country, seems finally destined to become a stationary thing among us. The triumph and culmination of Art in a country, or in other words its benign popularization, must depend upon moneyed capital, well distributed. Now, New York is fast taking the first place as the wealthiest spot in the world, wherein will live people of the most means, and where will be the largest floating population with money to pay for costly emotions and pleasures. But there is still a greater reason for the success here of the Opera, or the musico-dramatic stage, conducted in whatever language, of which the Italian Opera is the parent. That consists in the democratic nature of our habits and institutions. It will hardly be believed, but Niblo's Theatre holds more people, by at least 800, than the world-renowned *Académie de Musique* of Paris—one of the largest opera-houses in Europe. But how is this? How is it that Niblo's, which is not considered a grand theatre which has no great depth of pit, no dizzy fourth, fifth and sixth tiers, should hold more than the great French opera-house, and probably as much as the San Carlo of Naples or the Scala of Milan? What, is it creditable that a theatre which we are accustomed to look upon as provincial in size, should be really, for the practical purposes of its auditorium, as large or larger than the great opera-houses of the Old World? Even so; and the cause is owing to the democratic nature of our institutions. In Europe the exclusiveness of rank and fashion causes the theatres to be built with private boxes, each holding only four to six persons; consequently the six tiers have no depth, and the show of numbers in the boxes is merely superficial. But the principle of republican equality is thoroughly carried out at Niblo's, where fifty instead of half a dozen may be placed in the deep boxes, and hence the theatre be made to do its duty as a popular institution. When we speak of Niblo's Theatre as opera regards more numbers in the auditorium, it may be placed on the same level with the great houses of Europe; but the stage is inferior in depth and breath, and the accommodations for the orchestra less.

Paris.

The re-opening of the "Imperial Academy of Music" (Grand Opera) was to take place on the 29th ult., but is again postponed on account of the great improvements in the building.

OPERA COMIQUE.—The papers speak of a piece in three acts, by Meyerbeer, for this coming winter. The work is entirely new, both poetry and music; only some unpublished *morceaux* of the "Camp of Silesia" are introduced into the first scene of the second act. M. Scribe is the author of the words.... *Nabab*, a new comic opera by Halévy, is announced.... Auber's *Marco Spada* has been resumed, with Mlles. Caroline Duprez and Favel, and Messrs. Bataille, Coudere, &c., as principals.... Mlle. Wertheimer has returned from Baden-Baden with an ample harvest of applause.... Mlle. Boulard, who at the late *concours* of the Conservatoire bore off a first prize in

singing and a first prize in comic opera, is engaged to make her début in *Mina*, the charming operette by Ambroise Thomas.

In the Emperor's grand Fête of the 15th August, music and theatricals bore a large part, though it is complained that, among the many orders and distinctions conferred upon literateurs and artists, not one fell to a musician. A mass was executed at the Tuilleries under the direction of M. Auber, the imperial *maître de chapelle*. The mass was made up of separate pieces by Cherubini, Auber, and Leusur. Afterwards there was a concert, consisting of such hacknied overtures as *Zampa*, *La Gazza Ladra*, and *Masaniello*, and choruses from *Motse*, *Semiramide*, the *Huguenots*, &c. At the Opera Comique three light operas were given. Grétry and Mlle. Lefebvre, composer and prima donna, were bravo-ed in *L'Epreuve villageoise*; in the *Noces de Jeannette*, Coudere and Mme. Miolan shared the laurels of the poets and composer; and the *Rendez-vous bourgeois*; made the audience laugh to tears, as usual. At the Théâtre Lyrique, too, there were three pieces; viz. *le Maître de Chapelle*, *Ma tante Aurore*, and *Flora et Zephyre*.

Poor Marini's gun has grown to a steam engine! The *Gazette Musicale* states, that "the steamboat, on which he was travelling, met with one of those explosions so common with American steamers, when he was struck in the right hand and obliged to have three fingers amputated."

Henri Herz has published his Opus 166, being a *Marche Nationale* for four bands.

SIDNEY, (AUSTRALIA).—The *Gazette Musicale* says of this city, that "although it is not the sanctuary of arts and sciences, and although the people there are chiefly occupied in making their fortunes, still music is considerably cultivated, and one sees in good houses, pianos, violins, flutes, and guitars. There is also a well conducted theatre, which has enriched its *impresario*, where have been presented the principal Italian operas translated into English, such as *Norma*, *La Sonnambula*, &c. The execution, as to the vocal part, is very satisfactory, but there is a dearth of instrumental performers of talent, and the orchestra is a wretched collection of fifth rate violins accompanied by a *grosse caisse*!"

ROME.—The great event of the day, is the appearance of a new opera: *Il Solitario*. We do not learn the name of the Composer, but it is stated that he was called before the curtain ninety-seven times.

Advertisements.

The best Book on Piano Instruction existing!

IN PRESS:—JULIUS KNORR'S GUIDE FOR TEACHERS ON THE PIANO. A full system of instruction, from the very outset, to artistic perfection, with full advice to teachers and pupils. Its progressive order, completeness, and the value of the pieces recommended, (about 200,) make it indispensable to teachers, and invaluable to all players. It is

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It is also THE ONLY KEY to the proper use of Julius Knorr's "Materials," and his "Large Method." Price 75 cents.

G. A. SCHMITT, Petersburg, Va.

iii 14 3m

The Mendelssohn Quintette Club

RESPECTFULLY inform their friends that Circulars respecting their Concerts and Rehearsals will be issued on the arrival of AUGUST FRIES from Europe, who is expected about the 28th September. Arrangements have been made with an excellent artist from Leipzig to take the place of Wm. Lehmann in the approaching season. Their repertoire will be found complete, by the addition of many new, standard works. Sept. 24.

Pianos and Melodeons to Let.

OLIVER DITSON,

Music Dealer, 115 Washington St., Boston. **H**AS a good variety of Piano Fortes, Melodeons, Seraphines and Reed Organs, to let, for city or country, on low terms. If, within one year from the time of hiring, the party should conclude to purchase the instrument, no charge will be made for rent of it, except the interest on its value. 25 tf

J. W. TAVERNER, PROFESSOR OF ELOCUTION,

AT HIS RESIDENCE,

No. 30 CHARLES STREET, BOSTON.

SINGING AND PIANO-FORTE.

MISS FANNY FRAZER begs to inform her Pupils and Friends that she has returned to the City, and is now ready to resume her teaching.
Pavilion Hotel, Sept. 24th. 3t

THOMAS RYAN respectfully informs his pupils that he has returned to town for the season, and will resume his instructions in Harmony and Thorough Bass, Piano-Forte, Flute, Clarinet, Violin, etc. Ladies desirous of studying Thorough Bass in small private classes, will please leave communications at his residence, No. 5 Franklin St., or at G. P. Reed & Co's music store.
Boston, September 24, 1853.

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Sept. 17. 1t

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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

An Opera Night at the Fenice.

[Concluded from p. 193.]

Massimilla stooped towards the physician and whispered, "You are now to hear a magnificent thing, the conspiracy of Pharaoh against the Hebrews. The majestic air, *A respettar mi apprendu*, is the triumph of Caratgenova, who will give us a wonderful representation of the wounded pride and the duplicity of Courts. The throne is about to speak. Having made his concessions, the king will withdraw them, and arm his wrath. Pharaoh will arise to leap on the prey that is about to escape. Never has Rossini written anything so fine in character, never anything so rich, so abounding in power. It is a complete work itself, sustained by an accompaniment most astonishingly elaborated, like all the details of this opera, which in every detail glows with the vigor of youth."

The applause of the whole audience followed this beautiful conception, which was admirably rendered by the singer, and perfectly comprehended by the Venetians.

"And here," resumed the Duchess, "we have the *finale*. You are again to hear that march inspired by the joy of redemption and by the faith in their God which gives courage to a whole people and enables them to plunge confidently and rejoicingly into the depths of the desert! Ah! dear and living melodies! Glory to the fine genius who can present such sentiments to us! There is something warlike in this march, which tells us that the God of this people is the God of armies! What depth too in these songs so full of thanksgiving! The images of the Bible revive in our minds, and this divine musical scene seems really to make us witnesses of one of the grandest scenes of the solemn ancient world! The religious design of certain vocal parts, the manner in which the voices are added one to another and grouped together, express all that we can conceive of the holy wonders of that primal age of mankind. This fine concert, however, is only a development of the theme of the march into all its musical consequences. This *motif* is the fecundating principle for the orchestra and the voices, for the song and the brilliant instrumentation which accompanies it. Here is Elcia joining the general mass, and yet made by Rossini to express a regret which shades down the joy of the passage. Listen to her duet with Amenophis. Did wounded love ever utter a finer song? the grace of the Nocturnes breathes in it; it is filled with the secret sorrow of wounded love. What melancholy! Ah, the desert will be doubly a desert to her! At last we have the terrible strife of the Egyptians with the Hebrews!—this rejoicing, this march, all is disturbed by the arrival of the Egyptians. The promulgation of the edict of Pharaoh is accomplished by a musical idea which rules the *finale*, a low, grave phrase, in which we seem to hear the tread of the mighty armies of Egypt surrounding the sacred Phalanx of God, slowly unfolding it as the great African serpent would enfold its prey. Yet this grace which distinguishes the lamentation of the misused Israelites, is it not rather Italian than Hebrew? How magnificent is the whole movement up to the arrival of Pharaoh which completes the antagonistic array of the two peoples, their chiefs, and all the passions of the drama! What an admirable mingling of sentiments in the sublime octett in which the combat is engaged between the wrath of Moses and the rage of the two Pharaohs! what a conflict, of unchained voices and passions! The famous *finale* of Don Giovanni after all, only represents to us a

libertine contending with his victims, who invoke the vengeance of Heaven; whilst here it is the earth and its powers striving to contend against God.* Two peoples, the one feeble, the other mighty, are opposed to each other. And as he had all means at his disposal, Rossini has skilfully employed all. He has succeeded without any approach to the ridiculous, in expressing to us the movements of a furious tempest, over the roar of which rise, here and there, the terrible imprecations of men. He has availed himself of chords overlaid upon a rhythm in triple time, with a stern musical energy, with a determination which finally gains upon you. The fury of the Egyptians surprised by a fiery rain; the cries for vengeance of the Hebrews, demanded masses of sound most scientifically managed; and do you observe how he has made the development of the orchestra keep pace with the choruses? That *allegro assai* in C minor is terrible in the midst of this deluge of fire. Confess," added the Duchess, at the moment when Moses, raising his wand, brings down the fiery rain, a point where the composer displays his whole power on the stage and in the orchestra, "confess that music has never more graphically represented trouble and confusion."

"It has carried away the audience," said the Frenchman.

"But what is this? the audience is still in a tumult," replied Massimilla.

In fact, Genovese had sadly marred the effect of this *finale* by the most absurd irregularities, and the Italian ears of the hearers had been dreadfully shocked by his extravagances. The manager appears and apologises for his tenor, saying that he knew not how he had offended the audience when he was striving to do his best.

"Let him only be as bad as he was last night and we will be satisfied!" cried an amateur.

* Here we must protest. That an Italian lady should be slow to admit the excellencies of German, and above all, Austrian composers, is perhaps natural enough. But M. de Balzac goes too far when he represents a woman as incapable of seeing that in the antagonism of Don Giovanni with his victims nothing less is involved than the "strife of earth and its powers with God." The hostile attitude of the Egyptian King towards the God who is contending against him with earthly means, involves no idea nearly so profound as that conveyed in the conception of Don Giovanni, the heart-denying, soul-defying child of the senses, and a woman such as Massimilla Doni is represented to be, is, of all persons in the world, the least likely to fail of seeing and of feeling this.—Tn.

The entr'acte passes in the discussion of the tenor's conduct and other matters germane to the story, but not to our purpose. The second act opens with the scene between the two Pharaohs, in which Genovese tries to make peace with the pit, and succeeds.

"The phrase uttered by the son upon the key-note, and repeated by the father upon the dominant," says the Duchess, "gives us the true spirit of Egyptian royalty. Certainly the son of a Pharaoh pouring his sorrows into the bosom of his father and making him share them cannot be more nobly represented than by the grave and simple system of this music. Do you not feel yourself something here of that splendor with which our idea of old Egypt is invested?"

"The music is sublime!" answered the Frenchman.

"The air, *Pace mia smarrita*, now to be sung by the queen, is one of those factitious bravura airs to which all composers are condemned, in order to gratify the vanity of the prima donna at the expense of the general tone of the poem. Nevertheless this musical sop is so largely handled that it is faithfully executed at all theatres, nor do the cantatrici substitute for it their favorite airs, as they do in most operas. But here is the gem of the score, the duo of Eleia and Osiris in the subterranean passage wherein he seeks to conceal her, that he may fly with her to Egypt. They are disturbed by the arrival of Aaron, and we shall hear the king of Quartetts, *Mi manca la voce, mi sento morire!* This is one of those *chefs-d'œuvre* which will never perish, for it is borrowed from that language of the soul which fashions do not affect. Mozart has his *finale* of Don Giovanni, Marcello his psalm, *Cæli enarrant gloriam Dei*, Cimarosa his *Pria ché spunti*, Beethoven his Symphony in C minor, Pergolèse his *Stabat*, Rossini will keep his *Mi manca la voce*. To obtain this grand effect, Rossini has had recourse to the old fashion of fugues to bring in his voices and pour them into one melody. And the better to throw out the form of these sublime melodies he has silenced the orchestra, accompanying the voices only by arpeggios of harps. But, good heavens! still this uproar!"

The abominable tenor had returned to his tricks, sang worse than the worst man in the chorus, and would have brought matters to a crisis but for the superb efforts of La Tinti, who outdid herself and overwhelmed all the angry feelings of the pit in a flood of enthusiasm.

"She pours a flood of purple through my soul!" cried a ducal amateur.

"Heaven rain blessings on your head!" shouted a gondolier.

"Pharaoh will revoke his orders," resumed the indefatigable Duchess, when quiet was restored. "Moses will strike him on his throne with the curse upon the first born of Egypt. But this air, *Paventa*, is an old air of Pacini's substituted for Rossini's and which will doubtless remain in the score, as it furnishes a fine occasion to the *bassi* for displaying the wealth of their voices. The air too is magnificently threatening, and perhaps we shall not long be allowed to hear it sung!"

A salvo of bravi and applause, followed by a profound and prudent silence welcomed this air—nothing could have been more significant, more Venetian.

The coronation march of Osiris furnishes occasion for a *bouderie* against Beethoven. Eleia re-

signs her lover, who is struck down in fulfilment of the curse. "Bravo!" cried the pit, when Genovese was laid low. And the Tinti, delivered from her deplorable companion goes in victoriously to her terrible cavatina, *O desolata Eleia!*

"Rossini! why art thou not here to hear thy thoughts so grandly rendered!" cried the Duke.

"The Tinti is like that beautiful Indian plant which springs from the earth, gathers in the air an invisible nourishment and scatters from its calyx clouds of perfume which fill our brains with dreams," answered Capraja.

Kisses were waved to the singer, roses showered upon her and a crown hastily woven of the costliest artificial flowers, which the ladies snatched from their Parisian bonnets. The cavatina was encored.

"In this cavatina," observed Massimilla, "the voice and the execution are everything. The singer must bring to it the most brilliant roulade and the soul of a woman who sees her lover dying before her eyes. In order to leave all free to pure art, to the voice, Rossini has here written clear, frank phrases—he has invented these distracting musical exclamations, *Tormenti! Affanni! Smania!* The Tinti has carried the whole audience with her!"

When the first chords of the harps announced the prayer of the delivered Hebrews, the Italians all disposed themselves to listen with the most religious attention. The prayer was demanded again with earnest applause.

"I seem to be witnessing the liberation of Italy!" said a Milanese.

"This music lifts up the down-trodden and gives the hopeless hope!" murmured a Roman.

"Here," said the Duchess, "science has disappeared. Inspiration alone dictated this masterpiece, it came from the soul like a cry of love! Never will Rossini rise above the simple sublimity of this prayer. We can only find anything analogous to this in the divine psalms of the noble Venetian, Marcello, the Giotto of music. Moses takes up the theme in G minor and ends with a cadence in B flat, which permits the chorus to take it up at first *pianissimo* in B flat and to bring it back by a cadence to G minor. This noble play of the voices, thrice recommenced, ends at the last stanzas with a passage in G major, the effect of which upon the soul is astounding." "Sing, sing," she went on as she listened to the last stanzas sung, as she was heard, with a stern enthusiasm, "Sing, for you are free!"

She uttered these words with an accent which thrilled the physician, and to draw her away from the bitter thought that ruled then her mind, he raised one of those disputes in which the French excel.

"Madame," said he, "while explaining to me this masterpiece which, thanks to you, I shall come understandingly to-morrow to hear, you have often spoken to me of the *color* of the music and of its pictorial effects, but in my character of analytical materialist I must own to you that I always am shocked at the attempts of certain enthusiasts to make us believe that music can *paint*. Is it not like saying that Raphael sings with colors?"

"In the musical tongue," answered the lady, "to paint is to awaken by sounds certain remembrances in our souls, or images in our minds, and these remembrances and images have their colors, they are gay or gloomy. It is but a question of

words. According to Capraja, every instrument addresses certain ideas in us just as every color touches certain sentiments. When you contemplate gold arabesques on a blue ground, have you the same thoughts which are excited in you by red arabesques on a green or black ground? In the one case as in the other there are no faces, there are no sentiments expressed; it is pure art, and yet no soul can remain unmoved by these appearances. The hautboy, as well as almost all wind instruments has the power of exciting rural ideas in all minds. The brasses are warlike. The strings, whose substances is taken from organized creatures, attack the most delicate fibres of our system, and go to the bottom of our hearts. Art paints with words, with sounds, with colors, with lines, with forms; if the means differ, the effects are the same. Would you know now in what the superiority of the *chef-d'œuvre* we have heard consists? I will explain it to you in a few words. There are two orders of music, one little, mean, of the second rank, everywhere the same, which reposes on a hundred phrases that every musician may appropriate to himself, and which constitutes a more or less agreeable chattering, on which the most part of composers subsist. We hear their songs, their so-called melodies, with more or less pleasure, but they leave nothing in the memory. In a century they are forgotten. The nations, from antiquity to our own days, have preserved certain songs which sum up their morals and their manners, I might say their history. Listen to one of these songs (the Gregorian chant has gathered up the heritage of antiquity in this kind), and you straightway fall into a deep revery, things unheard of, immense, unfold themselves before you, notwithstanding the simplicity of these rudiments, these musical ruins. Think of this well, dwell upon this thought—it is melody and not harmony which has the power of traversing the ages. The music of this opera contains a number of these great and sacred things. A work which opens with such an introduction and ends with such a prayer is immortal, immortal as the *O filii et filiae* of Easter, as the *Dies Iræ* of the service for the dead, as all the songs which in all lands survive so many ruined splendors, so many joys and prosperities forever lost."

Two tears which the Duchess wiped away as she left the box, told plainly enough that she was thinking of Venice; Vendramin, the lover of Venice, stooped and kissed her hand. The representation ended with a concert of the most original maledictions, with hisses lavished upon Genovese and an insanity of enthusiasm for the Tinti.

The events of the night gave rise to two factions, which, after the Italian fashion, speedily divided the city, the Genovesians and the Tintists. How nearly the violence of these factions might have approached to that of the Ghibellines against the Guelphs, or of the Orsini against the Colonna, had time been granted them, it is impossible to say, for the sinews of the war were cut by the reconciliation that came to pass between the tenor and the prima donna. The French physician, who, during the play, as we have seen, acted substantially the part of those interlocutors in the dialogues of Plato, whose business it is to furnish breathing time for the voluble Socrates, appears, at the conclusion of the story, in a more active and creditable character. But in what way this learned disciple of Magen-

die, of Cuvier, of Dupuytren and of Broussais, unravels the tangled threads of this strange history, we may not now set forth. Let it suffice that we complete our promised picture of an opera night in Venice with a scene, not more remarkable for the truth of its local coloring than for the fidelity with which it records an experience too common, alas, under all skies and upon every stage!

Returning from the theatre, the melomaniac Capraja urges Genovese to disclose the secret of his *fiasco*. Genovese raves about his passion for the Tinti. "Yes," interrupts the Duke, "but this does not explain how, from being a divine singer, you have become the most execrable of those who drive the air through their throats without imprinting upon it that enchanting suavity which charms us.

"I!" cried the *virtuoso*, "I become a bad singer! I!"

At that moment the physician, Vendramin and the others had reached the Piazzetta. It was midnight. The brilliant gulf marked out by the churches of San Giorgio and San Paolo at the end of the Giudecca and the beginning of the Grand Canal so gloriously opened by the *Dogana* and by Sta. Maria della Salute, this magnificent gulf was perfectly quiet. The moon lit up the ships moored at the Riva de' Schiavoni. The waters of Venice which are unaffected by the tides of the ocean seemed alive with the trembling of millions of sparkles. Never had a singer a more magnificent stage. Genovese with an emphatic motion called the heavens and the earth to witness—then, accompanied only by the murmur of the sea, he sung the famous *chef-d'œuvre* of Crescentini, *Ombra adorata!* This song, rising between the famous pillars of St. Theodore and St. George, in the heart of deserted, moonlit Venice,—the words so harmonious with the scene—the melancholy expression of Genovese, all subdued both the Frenchman and the Italians. These four such different beings, so poor in hope, believing in nothing for themselves or after themselves, and who granted themselves to be something fleeting, the work of chance, like a blade of grass, or a beetle, caught a glimpse of Heaven. Never did music better merit its epithet of divine. . . . This simple, earnest melody, penetrating the interior senses, poured upon them a flood of light. How holy was the passion of that moment! But what a frightful awakening had the vanity of the tenor prepared for those noble emotions!

"Am I a bad singer?" asked Genovese when the air was ended.

All regretted the nature of the instrument. This angelic music then sprang from a sentiment of wounded self-love. The singer felt nothing—he thought no more of the pious sentiments, the divine images he was arousing in those hearts, than does Paganini's violin, of that which Paganini makes it utter. They all had desired to behold there Venice rising from her shroud, and singing there herself, and the matter in question was the *fiasco* of a tenor!

John Sebastian Bach.

John Sebastian Bach was born at Eisenach in the year 1685. He was descended of a family in which musical genius had, for many generations, been hereditary; and he may be said to have transmitted it to his descendants: so that the name of Bach is one of the most illustrious in the history of music. The founder (as he may be termed,) of this great family, was Veit Bach. He was

a baker at Presburg, in Hungary; but being driven from that country by the religious disturbances in the sixteenth century, he removed with the remnant of his property, into Thuringia, and resumed his trade in a village in the neighborhood of Saxe Gotha. In his leisure hours he amused himself with his guitar, and communicated his musical inclination to his two sons. They did the same to their children; till by degrees there arose a very numerous family, all the branches of which appear to have made music their chief employment, and to have obtained among them most of the offices of organists, cantors*, and town musicians, in Thuringia. Some of these ancestors of John Sebastian Bach were men of eminent talents, and might have obtained both fame and fortune if they had been inclined to leave their native province. But they partook of the quiet, frugal, and contented disposition of the people among whom they lived; deriving their greatest pleasures from the practice of their art, and satisfied with the moderate competence which it procured them. The branches of this family, even when they had become numerous and scattered, were united by those ties of kindred which are observed to be so peculiarly strong among the Germans. It was their custom, every year, to assemble at some convenient place, and to spend a few days together in affectionate intercourse. Their amusements, on these occasions, were entirely musical. As their offices were all connected with the church, and as they belonged to a community among whom piety was more habitual than it has become in later times, they used to begin their pastimes by singing a hymn in chorus. Among their amusements was one called a "quodlibet," which consisted of extempore songs, of a ludicrous, and sometimes not very refined character, sung by all the company; each person singing different words, but in such a manner that the several songs made a sort of harmony together, and much laughter was caused by the quaint conceits and cross-purposes thus produced. This appears to have been an ancient and favorite German amusement; Forkel says that he had a printed collection of quodlibets published at Vienna in 1542.

The father of John Sebastian Bach was John Ambrosius Bach, court and town-musician at Eisenach. He had a brother, who held the same office at Arnstadt, and was so very like him, that even their wives could not distinguish them except by their dress. They were much attached to each other, and similar in voice, disposition, habits, and even in the style of their music. If one was ill, the other (it is said) fell sick also; and they died nearly at the same time.

John Sebastian lost his father when he was not quite ten years old; his mother had died some time before. He was thus left to the care of his elder brother, who was an organist, and from whom he received his first instructions in music. But he outran the pace at which his brother wished to proceed, and finding the lessons laid before him too easy, he used to importune his teacher to furnish him with pieces of greater difficulty. He had observed that his brother had a book containing pieces for the clavichord by the most celebrated composers of the day, and earnestly begged permission to make use of it, which was constantly refused. At last, he found means to get possession of it secretly. It was kept in a cupboard which had a door of lattice-work, through

* "In most parts of Germany, where the Protestant religion is established, each parish has a cantor to teach singing, and to direct the chorists. Though *cantor* is a general appellation for a singer, it is in a particular manner applied, in this country, to the person who has the direction of singing the psalm and hymns in parish churches. He is precentor, or leader of the psalm, which he likewise ends by singing the last word of every line; so that he may be called the *alpha* and *omega* of sacred song. The cantor, who is likewise frequently school-master, besides having a good voice, should necessarily understand counterpoint; if not in a high degree, at least sufficiently to correct such errors as may have crept into compositions through the ignorance or carelessness of transcribers. He should likewise be able to make an accurate score, and from the score to figure the bass, in such a manner as to include all accidents of modulation. "Without these qualifications," says M. Walther in his *Musical Lexicon*, "as a German organist is not gifted with universal knowledge, no perfect harmony can be hoped for."

"In the market-towns and villages of Thuringia, in Saxony, where two persons are usually employed in a school, he who directs the music in the choir, or leads the psalm or chorus, is called *rector*, or schoolmaster, and the organist is commonly *cantor*."—Burney's *State of Music in Germany*.

the interstices of which he could pass his little hand, and, by rolling it up, could withdraw and replace it. He set about copying it by night; and, having no candle, was obliged to work by moonlight. He took six months to finish his laborious task; but, just as he had completed his copy, his brother found it out, and cruelly took it from him; and it was not till his brother's death, which took place some time afterwards, that he recovered his treasure.

Being left destitute by the death of his brother, he went to Lüneburg, and was engaged as a treble singer, in a choir at that place, and contrived, at the same time, to improve himself as a performer on the clavichord and organ. In 1703, when he was eighteen, he became court musician at Weimar; and, in the following year, exchanged this situation for that of organist at Arnstadt. Here he began to study most zealously all the works of the great organists of that day which he was able to procure; and even travelled on foot to Lubeck to hear Buxtehude, a famous organist of that town. His talents now began to attract attention; and in 1708, he was appointed court organist to the duke of Weimar. In this situation he cultivated his powers by such unwearied diligence, that, by the time he was thirty years of age, he had become the greatest organist of his day. In 1717, Marchand, the celebrated French organist, who had the reputation of being unrivalled, visited Dresden, where he performed before the king, and obtained such approbation that a large salary was offered him if he would engage in his majesty's service. Marchand was immeasurably inferior to Bach; and this was well known to Volmuer, at that time director of the Dresden concerts; who, wishing to give the young German artist an opportunity of showing his superiority, obtained the king's permission to invite him to a musical contest with the Frenchman. On Bach's arrival at Dresden, Volmuer procured him an opportunity of secretly hearing Marchand. He was not discouraged; but sent Marchand a polite invitation to a trial of skill; offering to play on the spot whatever Marchand should lay before him, and requesting from him a similar compliance. Marchand accepted the challenge; and, with the king's consent, a time and place were fixed for the contest. A large company of the most distinguished people in Dresden assembled; and Bach was at his post, but Marchand did not appear. After waiting a long time, the company were informed to their great surprise, that Marchand had, that morning, "taken French leave" of Dresden. Bach, therefore, had to walk over the course; and played to the admiration of the assembly. "Bach received on this occasion," says Forkel, his biographer, "praise in abundance; but it is said that he did not receive a present of one hundred Louis d'ors which the king had designed for him.*"

Soon after this occurrence, Prince Leopold of Anhalt-Cothen, a great judge and lover of music, invited him to take the office of his *maestro di capella*; an office which he held about six years. In the year 1723, he was appointed director of music, and cantor to Saint Thomas's school at Leipsic, which situation he held during the remainder of his life.

In 1740 his second son, the celebrated Charles Philip Emanuel, entered the service of Frederick the Second of Prussia. That prince, who, besides being a statesman and a warrior, was a musical *virtuoso* of the first class, had heard so much of the transcendent powers of John Sebastian Bach, that he frequently expressed to Charles Philip, a wish to see his father. These expressions were frequently repeated to the father by his son; and John Sebastian was at length induced, in 1747, to pay a visit to Berlin. At this time the king had a private concert every evening, at which he himself performed on the flute. One evening, as he was getting his flute ready, and his musicians were assembled, an officer brought him a list of the strangers who were arrived. He ran over the list; and turning to the company, said, with a kind of agitation, "Gentlemen, old Bach is come." The flute was laid aside; and Bach, who had

* Burney, in his *Present State of Music in Germany*, (vol. ii. p. 82,) says that this contest actually took place, and that Bach, "like another David, vanquished this Goliath." But the above account is undoubtedly the correct one.

alighted at his son's lodgings, was immediately sent for and introduced to the king, who did not even give him time to change his travelling dress for a chanter's black gown, according to the etiquette of the time. The king gave up his concert for the evening, and invited Bach to try his piano-fortes, made by Silbermann, which stood in several rooms of the palace. The musician went with him from room to room; and he was invited to extemporise on the various instruments. After he had gone on for some time, he requested the king to give him a subject for a fugue, which he treated with his usual genius and learning. The king then expressed a wish to hear a fugue in six parts; but, as it is not every subject that is fitted for such full harmony, Bach chose one himself, and executed it to the astonishment of his auditors. The king being desirous to hear his performance on the organ, he was next day taken to all the organs in Potsdam as he had been to Silbermann's piano-fortes. After his return to Leipzig, he worked up the subject which the king had given him into a regular composition of great depth and learning, and had it published, under the title of "Musicalisches Opfer," (Musical Offering,) and dedicated to the inventor of the subject.

Soon after this time his sight began to fail, in consequence of the unremitting industry with which he had for so many years devoted his days and nights to the study of his art. He was at length seized with a painful disorder in his eyes; and, having twice submitted to an unsuccessful operation, he became entirely blind. His constitution, which had been uncommonly vigorous, also gave way; and he died on the 30th of July, 1750, in the 66th year of his age.

Bach was twice married. By his first wife he had seven, and by his second wife thirteen children; of whom eleven were sons, and nine daughters. Four of his sons, whom we shall afterwards mention, became musicians of great eminence. He did not make a great fortune, or gain during his lifetime that extensive celebrity which was due to his exalted merit. He had, indeed, a respectable office with a good income; but he had a very numerous family to support and educate. He neither had, nor sought any other resources. His compositions were of too profound and elevated a character, to be popular, or to be a source of profit when published; and he was too single-minded, too much occupied with his art, to court the patronage of the great. Had he, like many other great musicians, chosen to travel, his wonderful genius and attainments would have been the admiration of all Europe. By such means he might have gained greater riches and immediate fame, but not greater happiness than he possessed. He enjoyed what he loved, a tranquil life in the bosom of his affectionate family, a competency, and the respect and attachment of all who knew him.

Dramatic Music.

[From the French of CHORON.]

The invention of the lyric drama of the moderns is considered by many persons to be of very distant date; that is to say, if by the lyric drama we are to understand every representation accompanied by music. And, in fact, although these older representations differ widely from the lyric drama of our time, (as much by reason of the changes that have taken place in music in general as on account of the variations that have been sustained in the particular kind of music which we are now treating) still we cannot fail to remark in the former the foundation and principle of the latter.

Ancient writers speak of representations, both sacred and profane, as having been performed since the thirteenth century. An Orfeo of Angelus Politianus is cited which was composed about the year 1475. A musical tragedy is spoken of as having been performed at Rome in 1480. It is said that, in 1555, Alphonso della Viola set to music, for the court of France, "Il Sigisfide," a pastoral drama by Agostino Beccari; and that, in 1574, an opera was performed at Venice for the reception of Henry III., when, on his return from Poland, he passed through that town, in order to take possession of the crown of France, to which

he succeeded on the death of his brother Charles IX. But all these facts are too remote, and so very few vestiges of them remain, that it is impossible to deduce anything positive as to the state of this branch of the musical Art at that period, which, however, is not so very distant, being scarcely more than two hundred and fifty years. We may, however, venture to remark, that, up to that time, the lyric drama had no style of music peculiar to itself, but borrowed from the style then in use in the church, also, from the madrigals and popular songs.

The real epoch to which the birth of dramatic music, properly so called, may be fixed, is that of the invention of the recitative or recited music, which gave to the lyric drama a peculiar language and construction. The following, it is said, was its origin.

Three Florentine gentlemen, J. Bardi, P. Strozzi, and J. Corsi, amateurs of the Art, being little satisfied with the attempts made up to their time, to bring dramatic poetry to perfection, conceived the idea of having a lyric drama written by their best lyric poet, and composed by the most eminent of their musicians. They consequently selected Ott. Rinuccini and Jacq. Peri, both of them Florentines: the former wrote a poem entitled *Daphne*, to which the latter applied a sort of recitation, in notes, having all the sounds of music, without its regular support and marked time. This work, thus disposed, was performed in 1597, at the house of Corsi, and obtained the utmost success; so much so, as to determine Rinuccini to write two other works, of the same kind, namely, *Euridice* and *Ariana*. In the same year in which *Ariana* was performed at Florence, an oratorio, with the same description of recitative, composed by Emilio del Cavaliere, and entitled *Di Anima e di Corpo*, was performed at Rome. His work, together with that of Peri, was published in 1608; and in their prefaces the two authors claim the honor of the invention of recitative, which they both maintain to be the revival of the chanting declamation of the Greeks. Each of them, in support of his claim, cites different works written previously to the time of which we have just been speaking; and Emilio, especially, mentions a drama of his own, *La Disperazione del Satiro*, composed and performed in private since the year 1590, and *Il Gioco della Cieca*, represented in 1595. If we may credit J. B. Doni, the invention or revival of recitative belonged neither to one nor the other, but to Vincent Galileo, father of the celebrated Galileo the astronomer, who, feeling as well as Bardi and the other amateurs of Florence, the defects in the music of that age, and filled with the ardor of research, occupied himself in recovering the musical declamation of the Greeks, and having imagined the recitative, applied it to the episode of the Count Ugolino, (of Dante.) He composed also, in the same style, *The Lamentation of Jeremiah*, and sang them himself, with a viol accompaniment, before a numerous assembly. Julius Caccini, of Rome, a young singer, who frequented, with many other musicians, the house of Bardi, was enthusiastic in his admiration of this new style, and himself composed several pieces, with recitative of a very improved description. J. Peri soon became his rival in improvements, and both, according to Doni, cooperated in setting to music the *Daphne* of Rinuccini. Peri afterwards composed *Euridice*, and Caccini *Cephalus*. These pieces were followed by *Ariana*, which was put into recitative by Cl. Monteverde, of whom we have already spoken.

However the above inquiry may be decided, it is certain that, of all the above-named works, the *Euridice* of Peri was the first which was performed in public. This representation took place in 1600, at Florence, on the occasion of the marriage of Henry IV. of France with Mary de Medici. In the preface to the poem, which was printed the same year, Rinuccini states that the music composed by Peri to his *Daphne*, had made him cease fearing that he should never witness the revival of the musical declamation of the Greeks. In fact, nearly the whole of this work is in recitative; and it is difficult to discover any difference from the rest of the music, in those passages at the

head of which is placed the word *aria*. The same observation applies to all the works composed up to the middle of the same century. It is only in the opera of *Jason*, written by Ciccognini, and set to music in 1649 by Cavalli, that we begin to perceive airs having a melody differing from that of the recitative; yet still these airs are usually insipid, and generally (to give some idea of them) a kind of minuet, written in the time of *two-three*, and varying repeatedly. A greater degree of progress is perceptible in the operas of Cesti, who, in his *Doria*, composed in 1663, began to introduce airs in which the talent of the singer might be displayed to advantage. But what is particularly remarkable at this epoch is, that the opera began to degenerate into a *spectacle* calculated to please the sight alone; inasmuch that, in the works represented about the end of the seventeenth century, no mention whatever is made either of the poet, the composer, or the singers, but only of the machinist and the decorator. This, however, did not discourage an immense number of composers from devoting themselves to this style. So great indeed is their number, that it would be impossible to enter into any details with regard to them, without the risk of being carried too far.

Among these composers, there were many who had great knowledge and genius; to prove which, it is sufficient to name Fr. Gasparini, Peri, Colonna, Lotti, and above all, the celebrated Alessandro Scarlatti, to whom the invention of the *obligato* recitative is generally attributed. The principal characteristic of these celebrated composers of operas is, however, their science; and perhaps this was all they could do at a period such as that in which they wrote.

In the midst of this confusion, some few among them, and particularly Scarlatti, felt the necessity of making the melody conformable to the expression of the words; and some attempts made to this effect were very successful. This great improvement was, however, left to be completed by the first generations of the eighteenth century; and it is to the illustrious pupils of Scarlatti, namely, to Leo, Vinci, Sarro, Hasse, Porpora, Feo, Abos, and especially Pergolese, that this approach to perfection is attributable. They were well seconded by the poets of their time, and particularly by Apostolo Zeno, and his pupil Metastasio, who presented them with poems, written with purity and elegance, and full of interesting situations. Three generations may be considered as having followed this same system, profiting by the successive embellishments of melody and of the orchestra. In the first generation is comprehended the men we have just named; the second presents to our notice names not less celebrated, such as Jomelli, Piccini, Sacchini, Guglielmi, Traetta, Anfossi, Terradellas, and others; and the third, formed from the pupils of these last, has been rendered famous by Paisiello and Cimarosa.

This period, however brilliant, as it certainly was, was not exempt from faults; for instance, though their poems present some interesting and dramatic situations, essential errors may be found in the general construction of them, and even in the form of the detailed parts, where dramatic consistency is frequently sacrificed to the music; added to which, the singers, who then began to display abilities before unknown, exacted generally of the poet and composer such situations as would best suit their talents; the result of which was, that though dramatic music was indeed invented, the true lyric drama did not as yet exist. These abuses, deeply felt, and exposed by the best lyric poets, (by B. Marcelllo and by Metastasio himself) induced men of the greatest talent to make some efforts to create, at length, a perfect lyric drama, that is to say, a drama composed according to all the dramatic rules, and in which the music should be entirely subservient to the action. The first essays towards this were made by B. Marcelllo, who soon, however, disgusted with the vexations he met with at the theatre on this account, contented himself with laying open his principles in his writings, and giving examples of them in his sublime collection of psalms, an incomparable masterpiece of melody, harmony, and truth. The application of these principles to the

stage, with all the fulness of truth, was left to the celebrated Gluck, who, without possessing, as a composer, either the profound science or elegance of the great Italian and German masters, had sufficient talent and genius to complete, about the middle of the last century, (in 1764) this important revolution. He was considerably aided by the poet Calzabigi, who was the first that wrote an essentially dramatic lyric poem, his *Orfeus*. Gluck thus became a model to his contemporaries, several of whom, such as Piccini, Sacchini, and others, followed in the same track.

After such successful endeavors, the art seemed to be for ever fixed on a firm basis, with the exception of the changes that the variations of melody would probably occasion in it; and indeed, up to the present time, revolutions have taken place in this respect, of which it appears impossible to foresee the term. However, towards the close of the last century, the advancement of instrumental music caused a sensible movement in that of the drama; some composers having endeavored to introduce into operatic accompaniments the richness of the symphony. It is on this plan that Haydn, Mozart, Cherubini, and all of their school worked. This very brilliant system has great advantages, but a difficulty naturally results from it not easily to be overcome, which is that the most essential part, the *vocal*, supposing it even to have all its requisite qualities, is apt to be eclipsed, and even sometimes to appear less important than the accessory part.

On recapitulating the preceding observations, it will be found that at least six distinct epochs may be traced in the history of dramatic music within the space of two centuries. The first which we shall name, that of the recitative, under Peri, Monteverde, and their imitators; the second, that of the birth of dramatic melody, under Cavalli, Cesti, &c.; the third, that of science, under Peri, Colonna, and Scarlatti; the fourth, that of expression, under Vinci, Porpora, Pergolese, and the other pupils of Scarlatti; the fifth, that of the *lyric drama*, properly so called, under Gluck and his followers; and the sixth and last, that of dramatic symphony, under Haydn, Mozart, and Cherubini.

In all that we have as yet said, we have principally had in view the tragic drama, or rather lyric tragedy. It will be easily conceived that in what concerns melodic language, the comic drama, otherwise called lyric comedy, comic opera, buffa, interludes, &c. must have experienced the same revolutions; we shall therefore speak of them here in a very summary manner, and this with the view of pointing out those variations that have taken place in the proper construction of comedy, and of recalling to the memory those persons who have most distinguished themselves in it. The invention of lyric comedy is considered to be as remote as that of lyric tragedy. The origin both of one and the other is, however, lost in the obscurity of the middle age; probably we ought to seek it in the farces, moralities, and mysteries with which our ancestors were amused in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

The most ancient lyric comedies expressly mentioned, seem to be of the sixteenth century: of this kind are cited, the *Sacrificio* of Beccari, set to music in 1555 by Alphonso della Viola; *I Pazzi Amanti*, in 1569; *La Poesia rappresentativa*, in 1574; *La Tragedia di Frangipani*, the music by Cl. Merula; *La Poesia rappresentata*, &c. 1678; *Il Re Salomone*, 1579; *Pace e Vittoria*, 1580; *Pallade*, 1581, &c.; *L'Anti-Parnasso*, of O. Vecchi, 1597: all of which were represented at Venice. The music of these works was completely in the madrigal style; and if it had its beauties, it had also its absurdities, which were still more apparent on the stage, where every thing should appear true. Amongst these inconveniences, we shall name, as one of the most remarkable, the use of *monologues*, sung by several voices, on account of the want of instruments for accompaniment. It is not precisely ascertained when the recitative was introduced into lyric comedy. Several comic operas are known, written in the course of the seventeenth century; but without resting on objects, of the details of which we are ignorant, let us hasten to reach the period when Scarlatti

and his pupils introduced expression in dramatic music. Amongst these masters we find Pergolese, who distinguished himself by his talent in introducing declamatory modulation into dramatic music. Logroscino is likewise remarkable, as having, by the invention of finales, given to dramatic melody a new kind of development; and although in the two generations which we have indicated as succeeding this, the greater part of the composers and poets who rendered themselves illustrious cultivated lyric comedy equally with tragedy, still many peculiarly distinguished themselves in comedy; such as N. Piccini for instance, whose *Buona Figliola*, a masterpiece of grace and truth, announced the composer who was to surpass his model. In this same generation flourished the illustrious Grétry, who made Pergolese his especial model, also the composers who, following his steps, have given to France the true lyric comedy. In fine, comic music, after having been embellished by the genius of Guglielmi, Paisiello, Cimarosa, and other pupils of Piccini and their contemporaries, could not escape from the inroads of symphony: it supported the yoke under the reigns of Mozart and his imitators. Let us not, however, exclaim against an innovation which has produced masterpieces of an entirely new character, but rather let us endeavor to convince all those who would be tempted to take Mozart as a model, that to give effect to such a school of writing, the genius of a Mozart is indispensable.

Foreign and Native Musicians.

We have seen and heard JULIEN! 'Well, there! there's no use talking.' Nothing like him, nothing *approaching* him, as a 'leader,' has ever appeared in America. We used to think, when a little boy in the country, that APOLLOS HOPKINS, when he rose in the centre of the gallery of our great, square, straight-backed 'cathedral,' was the greatest leader we ever saw; previously taking out his pine pitch-pipe, (painted red at the same time the roof of our barn was painted, and from the same pot,) pulling it out as far as 'G' on the slide, and, with a preliminary 'Low-low-LUD-low 'um 'um!' 'setting' the tune, in something the same way that an 'expert' would 'set' a saw. Then would he rise, and his 'corps' with him, the women on the right hand and the men on the left, and, with his long blue sheepskinbacked singing-book (its covers rising and falling, like the slow-moving wings of a spread-eagle) in his left hand, and the tips of his great, bony fingers resting on the book, giving the 'upward beat, downward beat,' 'with a short, uneasy motion,' until, with uplifted hand and stentorian preliminary voice he awoke the 'great deep' of nasal 'execution.' Such was APOLLOS HOPKINS, the great musical leader of our time. But JULIEN is different. Nothing could be more dissimilar than the style of the two performers. JULIEN seems more graceful. HOPKINS wore no gloves, and his coarse hands were 'brown as the ribbed sea-sand.' JULIEN wears very white ones; his hands are small, and he 'makes more motions.' JULIEN is 'more stubbed than what APOLLOS was,' who was tall and lank; and when he stood up, and was under way, you could see, as they say, the leader 'sticking out.' Not so with JULIEN. He 'fires and falls back,' in his elegant chair, apparently dead of a surfeit of sweet sounds. But, everything else apart, JULIEN is a wonder. He is a true genius. Nothing has ever moved us so much, in the way of music, as the harmony which he compels from his hundred instruments, all sounding in unison, at once. It is the very *perfection* of art in its kind, and is really a 'living delight.'—*Knickerbocker Magazine*.

The Harp.

Of all the musical instruments that have touched the ear and the heart of mankind, the Harp stands foremost. Exquisitely beautiful as is the spirit of its chords when struck by the hand of a master, the glory of its renown lies in associations and memories, tender and sacred, connecting it with the earliest history of our race, and with the most romantic and poetic ages of the past. When the oppressors of Israel asked for a song from the

dark-eyed daughters of their captives, as they sat weeping by the waters of Babylon, they pointed to their harps "hung upon the willows" and their lips refused a song of joy. The national instrument might wail a psalm of sorrow to lighten the weariness of captivity, to recall memories of home, but it had no jubilant strain to gladden the heart of a conqueror while the "chosen people" sat in bondage and tears.

But there were exultant strains in the Harp when David touched its strings, and danced before the ark; or when the feet of Miriam moved obedient to its harmonies. The Harp, too, was exultant in the hands of the Northern Skald, as he celebrated the triumphs of his Jarl, or sounded the praise and majesty of his gods in the halls of Wodin, or on the mountain tops consecrated to Thor. There the white-haired and white-robed bard sang to the music of the harp, the history of races and heroes, the glory of religion and the splendors of the immortal state. The wandering Romans, approaching the shores of Britain, thus held the priests and poets of a religion anterior to Christ, piling sacrificial fires and invoking the aid of their deities against the invading Caesar. In all Northern Europe, the Harp sounded in banquet hall and camp, at the druid altar and at the head of the embattled host. The harper was historian, eulogist, priest and seer.

Kings were harpers of old. The psalmist-monarch uttered his rejoicing and sorrow to the music of the harp. The great Alfred, of Britain, found in his harp a ready key to the camp and tent of the conqueror of his country, and while he charmed the ear of the Dane as he quaffed his mead, he also espied the weakness of a foe who, ere another dawn, felt the fair hand of the royal harper victoriously grasping the battle-axe and the sword. And the great conqueror, Brian Boroihme—a king by might as by right; not heavier were his death-dealing blows on the "Field of the Green Banner," Clontarf, than were his fingers light and wizard when he touched that harp which Ireland still treasures among her relics, and which Bochara claims to have touched to please the ear of a Saxon king. And who has not fancied hearing, in some reverie of the soul over the fall and sorrow of nations, the strains of that mighty harp, viewless but living and immortal—

"The harp that hung in Tara's halls."

Rude or perfected, in all nations the harp has had a home and a welcome. The Hebrew, the Scandinavian, the Cimbrian and the Celt have held it hallowed. Saints, pilgrims and heroes have been solaced by it, and we are taught that, ascending to higher glories, the angels of God strike celestial melodies from its strings. It is not strange, then, with such a history upon earth, with such a prophecy and faith attached to its future, that the harp is become a chosen and universal, as it is a sacred instrument. Intrinsically exquisite, in form as in tone, it lacks nothing that could commend it to our sympathies and delight.

These thoughts have been suggested by a glimpse at the magnificent Double Action Harps, at the Crystal Palace, manufactured by Messrs. J. F. Browne & Co., of this city, who were also the leading Harp makers of London. Nothing could be more perfect and beautiful than these instruments, and we do not wonder that, even when less perfect, the sad-fated Queen of France, Marie Antoinette, and the famous Madame de Genlis, were enthusiastic patrons of the Harp. Bochara, the prince of modern harpists, pronounces the Harps of the Messrs. Browne & Co. equal to the celebrated Erard's, of Paris, and excelled by none in the world. In one respect they are superior to any European harps, viz: they are fitted for the extremes of climate in this country. For his improvements in this delightful instrument, which is equally a noble ornament for the parlor, and a source of exquisite pleasure alike to performer and hearer, Mr. Browne has received the Franklin medal of the Society of Arts.

No lady nor gentleman, to our mind, can possess a finer musical accomplishment than the skilful performance of the Harp, and no accomplishment is easier, or grander, if the "Double-Action Harp" be the instrument chosen. The principal

teachers and performers have abandoned the imperfect single-action harp, and it is sufficient for the fame of the splendid Double-Action American Harps of Messrs. Browne & Co., that M. Bochsa, the first of living harpists and harp composers, unqualifiedly commends them to the public, and uses no other himself.—*New York Mirror*.

THE BRIDE OF THE ADRIATIC.

[From the Italian of L. CARRER.]

[A Venetian gentleman loved a young girl who returned his affection. Marriage between them being impossible, the young girl drowned herself. The gentleman would never marry any other person, and being finally chosen Doge, declared himself espoused to the Sea. This is the origin of the feast of the Bucentaur, though the historians refer it to another cause.]

Let the sounds of gladness die
On the azure ways of ocean,
Where amid the rocks I lie
Sighing forth my lone emotion.

Give to me the jewel golden,—
My lamenting I will cease,
Him, who by this token's holden,
I will here await in peace.

Never shall another name him
Spouse, to me who pledged his faith;
His he called me—I will claim him,
Yielded up to me by death.

Softest bridal couch I'm making
For that day—of whitest foam—
Soothing thus my passion aching
Till I win him to my home.

When at last life's final morrow
Sends my long lost spouse to me,
In this cavern of my sorrow
Robed and waiting I will be.

Shells of Venice shall be shining
On my breast and on my hair,
And the seaweeds green and twining
Girdled round my waist I'll wear.

And I'll wear this ring I've treasured,
Flung from off his golden throne;
Years on years this ring has measured
Every throb my heart has known.

"See this ring, dear, can'st thou tell
Why 'tis with me, here, always?"
"It is the ring, I know it well,
I gave thee on my festal day!"

"But thou art pale and cold, dear wife!"
"It is the waves have made me so;
Above wert thou with joy and life,
I with the thought of thee, below!"

"Long, my bride, hath Heaven tried thee!
Faithful still hath been thy heart!
Now, at last, I stand beside thee;
Never, never shall we part!"

"I with thee will skim the waves
While the daylight gilds the deep,
And the silence of thy caves
Shall protect our tranquil sleep!"

"Close united thus—in fashion
New at every moment found
Born upon the sea, our passion
But the boundless sea shall bound!"

W. H. H.

CHURCH MUSIC.—A correspondent complains that the organs in our churches overpower the voices of the singers. It always seemed to us that singing as a part of public worship is very strangely conducted in Christian churches. The words are always drowned in the tune. If the singing is intended merely as a professional exhibition, it is not generally, we suppose, of a character to justify the attention given to it. If it is intended for a higher purpose, as a part of the public worship, we cannot see the propriety of singing in such manner that the sentiment of the hymn is entirely lost. As the singing in our churches is conducted, the words might as well be in a foreign tongue.—*Prov. Jour.*

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 1, 1853.

M. Fétis's Musical Testament.

II.

In our paper of September 17, we made some extracts from the commencement of this curious document. We have followed M. Fétis in his rapid review of the history of musical Art, and have seen him, by the light of his eclectic principle that musical genius, musical ideas survive, while musical forms change and grow obsolete, recognize the merit of the various schools of composers from the time when the musical scale lay half developed in the old church modes, and when the plain chant was the whole material of music, down to the modern deluge of Rossini-ism, which swept all before it, about the year 1821. The extravagant rage for the Rossini melody, and the fashion of imitating its mere form, (for form alone, not substance, *can* be imitated), were, it appears, what first provoked Fétis to commence a formal propaganda of what he held to be the sound principles of taste, by the weekly publication of his famous musical Review. We translate his own account of it.

"It was a time of actual affliction for me, this epoch when I saw the reality of Art called in question; when men deified faults rather than beauties in the works of the composer of the day, depreciating the noble productions of another period, and even those of Mozart, the greatest creator of ideas whom God had sent upon the earth. Surely, no one had more admiration than I for what there was truly beautiful, original and profoundly conceived in the dramatic works of Rossini! The regret I felt at seeing that illustrious man spoil such fine thoughts by common-place formulas which he himself despised, did not diminish in the least the high esteem with which I was penetrated for the inspirations of his genius. And now to-day, when, dropped by the indifference of the vulgar, that genius languishes in isolation and neglect, one voice has remained faithful to him in the proclaiming of his glory; *that* voice is mine. But, in considering the character of his talent, I assigned to him his place as the representative of an epoch in the history of the Art; an epoch characterised above all by the development of the power of rhythm, by new applications of the en-harmonic change, and by formulas of modulation until then unused. It was a long way from that to the idolatry of the multitude, who cried out, *No salvation, outside of the music of Rossini!*

"After meditating a long time on the best means of enlightening this infatuated world and of dissipating its errors, I settled upon the idea of my *Revue Musicale*, of which the first numbers were published in the month of February 1827, and of which fifteen volumes appeared within eight years. It was in this collection that I made, for the first time, the exposition of my doctrine of the imperishable worth of works of Art, whatever be their epoch and their principle, when they are rich in ideas, and when the merit of the form is in proportion with these ideas and their principle. I there attacked without concealment all the prejudices opposed to this doctrine; I courageously upheld glories legitimately acquired and which they sought to tarnish; finally, I showed no pity to the bad taste which fashion protected with its influ-

ence. Many musical journals had been undertaken in Paris for more than sixty years before; but not one had been able to sustain itself. The time no doubt had grown more favorable, for I found readers, who were wanting to my predecessors; the artists read the numbers eagerly as they appeared; even the elegant world took an interest in them; the provinces saw in them a means of information about the actual condition of the Art and about the worth of its productions; in short, all Europe was moved by the words of a sincere voice which came to affirm to the artists and to all art-lovers, that the history of this Art is not that of a dreadful shipwreck in which all is irrevocably swallowed up. I need not say that the *Revue Musicale* had also its detractors, that it raised up against itself the recriminations of wounded self-love, and that envy did not pardon its author his success after so many other fruitless trials; but I have never suffered such considerations to shake me when I believed a thing was good and useful.

"My end was already partially attained, and there commenced a salutary re-action in public opinion in favor of good and beautiful music; I then thought the time favorable for entering more deeply into men's convictions, and I organized my *historical concerts*. People have quite a different sort of confidence in the authority of words, from what they have in the experience acquired by their own personal impressions. I believed, then, that the most rooted prejudices against the music of earlier times would be unable to resist the hearing of this music, when selected with a true discernment of what it has most ideal and consequently most original, and I formed the plan of concerts, in which should be heard the best productions of each kind in a chronological and systematic order, preparing their effect by verbal explanations and by anecdotes. I would not undertake to tell what energy it required to assemble all the means of execution for such concerts, to triumph over difficulties, to put obstacles aside, and carry through the enterprise, in spite of the intrigues of envy and the ill will that surrounded me on all sides. But the certainty of success sustained me; it went far beyond my hopes. Nothing can give a true idea of the enthusiasm that seized the audience of those *séances* where a whole world unknown revealed itself with its secular forms and produced impressions as lively as they were various. All was new in that world of ideas which they had been wont to consider as forever buried in oblivion. This grand and consoling truth, which I had long been preaching, that the Beautiful is absolute, that it resides in the idea, and that the idea, essentially original, is of no age and cannot grow old; this truth, I say, became perceptible to all the world, and the palpable proof I gave of it seemed like a veritable resurrection of the past. The conception of the historical concerts made no less sensation in foreign countries, than their execution had produced in Paris: all the musical journals of Germany published considerations on this subject; for several years my correspondence brought me congratulations upon this conception, qualified by all the expressions which the artistic sentiment could inspire. Even at this day, in my distant travels, the remembrance of the historical concerts often assures me a touching and most kindly welcome on the part of many persons who are only indirectly occupied with music.

"That work has borne its fruits: an eclectic sense for the beauties of music, of whatsoever age and form, has penetrated everywhere. The beautiful works of past times have re-seized their rights, are listened to with the applause they merit, and inspire sincere delight in souls select. The adepts of this religion every day increase in number, and the reign of formula is drawing near its close."

The conclusion of M. Fétis's "Testament" has not yet come to hand.

Musical Intelligence.

Local.

The Address by GEO. R. RUSSELL, Esq., before the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association, was delivered before a large audience in the Tremont Temple, on Tuesday evening. The address was exceedingly interesting and commanded the close attention of the audience. It was comprehensive, progressive and liberal; giving a brief outline of the history of ancient Art; showing the true dignity of labor, and its absolute necessity in our country; the beauty and superiority of the golden Arts of Peace to the Arts of War; the connection and mutual dependence of the Fine Arts and the Mechanic Arts, and the duties of mechanics to advance the progress of their respective Arts.

It was written in a lively, interesting style, enlivened throughout with much humor and considerable keen satire: and of a most judicious length, the orator acting on the famous maxim of Lord Chesterfield, to this effect, "When you have made a good impression, leave!"

The Brigade Band performed several pieces of music very satisfactorily, and their performance gave a very favorable impression of the acoustic qualities of the Hall, as a Music Hall. As a Hall for *speaking*, we believe it, so far as we have observed, to be unequalled. We shall wait to hear a full orchestra in it, however, before giving a decided opinion in the matter.

After the exercises in the Temple, we learn that the Association held a Levee at the Revere House. From the proceedings there, as reported in the daily papers, we extract the following well deserved tribute to the President of the Association, JONAS CHICKERING, a noble specimen of "a working mechanic," who exalts his calling and reflects honor on himself and the city to which he belongs. The Hon. Robert C. Winthrop writes as follows to the Vice President of the Association.

I had intended to avail myself of the opportunity to propose the health of my valued friend, your President. May I ask you to do this in my name, if it has not previously been done by somebody else?

I have met Mr. Chickering in more than one Association, civil, political and religious. I may almost say, in the well remembered words of Shakspeare, "I have sounded him from the lowest note to the very top of his compass,"—and I can truly add, that I have always found him in perfect chord, and tuned to concert pitch. He makes harmony wherever he goes.

The sympathies of the whole community were with him, when the devouring element arrested his business for a moment, and we all rejoice that he has re-established himself so speedily and so successfully.

I would offer as a sentiment—

Jonas Chickering, who fulfils the whole idea of a President of a *Mechanic Charitable Association*. He has been tried in the fire, and has come out pure metal.

CONCERTS.—The concert season has begun, as our readers will see by turning to our advertising columns. OLE BOLL announces his Farewell Concert for next Tuesday evening, assisted by the favorite pianist, Mr. STRAKOSCH and by Signorina ADELINA PATTI, a child in years (but no mere youthful phenomenon, if what we hear is true), and the sister of the PATTI of old times. The famous Norwegian has a great host of enthusiastic admirers, who cannot soon forget the charm and excitement of the time when they first heard him, and a new generation of concert goers, grown up since his first visit, are eager to hear him.

The new QUARTET CLUB also announce an opening concert, as a sample of their proposed series, to be given in the Tremont Temple. So far as the names of the artists are any guarantee of the excellence of the performance, we may safely expect an interesting series of concerts of classical music from this new Club, and wish them all success in this undertaking.

A complimentary concert to Mr. THOMAS COMER is also announced in the daily papers. Mr. Comer's long musical services in this city, in the Church, the Theatre and the Concert room, well deserve somewhat more than an empty compliment, and if the programme be good, we shall hope to see the Music Hall crowded on the occasion.

New York.

The *Tribune* cautiously dawns with most faint praise, Maretzek's new prima donna, CONSTANZI MANZINI, a soprano from Naples. After making many allowances for a first appearance and other embarrassments, we are told that in person she is young, slender and pretty; in execution pretty fair, but not brilliant; her voice, a soprano, with much facility in the upper notes, which she can take very *piano*, and swell and diminish with apparent ease; her intonation, excellent; her most marked deficiency being "an inadequacy of intensity and of sympathetic tone." She made her first appearance on Monday, in "Lucia." Such praise is surely not enthusiastic, but it may be that there is something in her. *Nous verrons*. We will give her fair hearing in Boston, when our turn shall come.

The Italian Opera has closed its first week auspiciously. Two of the three operas given, *I Puritani* and *Ernani*, though not new, are not hackneyed, and as such have a special interest with the public. It is remarkable of the Opera of past winters in this City, that it contained singers whose merits appeared only to be fully recognized when they were introduced into the *Academie* of Paris, or the Queen's Opera at London. Among these may be named Tedesco, Laborde, and Bosio, all now playing the first parts at the great lyrical establishments in the chief cities of Europe. We throw out this hint, because America now should not be backward in determining the rank of artists for herself, but receive them and place them technically where they ought to be. We have frequently heard a company of singers at the boasted *Academie* of Paris not comparable to the one now at Niblo's; we now speak of the singers, and not of the orchestra or stage effect. But it is the experience of every traveler that he has not unfrequently sought for superiority abroad and found inferiority. But *omne ignotum pro magnifico*; names come roaring from afar, or down from antiquity, when the same or better would be unnoticed or unknown if placed quietly or indigenously under our own eyes. This is true as regards literature equally with art. There is not a week passes without writing equal to the best in books of English literature, but as it comes anonymously and is printed in the most shadowy of fugitive ways, it passes off with the day or week which gives it birth.

Among the singers at Niblo's is Marmi, who in his happiest moments, is the best basso extant, always excepting Lablache. To the student of the Italian language simply, we cannot recommend so good a lesson, as the unimpeachably good recitative of Marmi. Salvi is a vocalist of large style, and as such was a star of the Queen's Theatre. Steffanone, on the whole, is the best Norma we have had.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.—M. Jullien's season at Castle Garden has ceased, and he begins a second month of Concerts, six a week, at Metropolitan Hall.

We have found nothing to change of our first impression of M. Jullien and his company, given at length on his first appearance. The orchestra now plays better than ever. Habituated to nightly performances, with almost daily rehearsals, laboriously minute and accurate, they rendered on Saturday night, all styles of music, from the symphony to the waltz, with a delicacy and clearness of outline that may be compared to some exquisitely fine cabinet painting.

The great beauty of an orchestra consists in its power and variety,—affording all the necessary lights and shades. The great fault of our orchestra playing, in ordinary, is the want of these. Numbers are deficient, and the contrasts of light and shade accordingly do not appear. Jullien extracts not only a *piano* passage, but a *forte*. A *forte* is not simply loudness, but it is a great body of sound, balanced and varied in its colossal resonance. In an ordinary orchestra the loudness wants this quality—it is noisy without being full. Then, too, for the body of the piano passages, a great mass of stringed instruments is required: these to the number of about seventy, Jullien has, in his immense orchestra of one hundred and two. Both the artistic loudness and softness of an orchestra are dependent on the purity of tone of each performer; and, when we remember that Jullien's orchestra has several performers without equals in the world on their respective instruments; some others who have no superiors, and the balance equal to the average of the players even of the Conservatory Concerts of Paris, we may judge of its capacity to paint truly, musical subjects.

The public, now, under the baton of Jullien, should endeavor to widen its circle of appreciation in instrumental music. They should remember that music has its rhetoric as completely as poetry or prose—as an epic or an oration. While due admiration should be given to the exquisite passionate and heroic solo playing of Koenig on the cornet; to the matchless tone of Reichart on the flute; to the unapproached execution of Bottesini on the double bass; to the wonderfully pure and brilliant tone of Wulle on

the clarinet; or in another way, while full applause should be extended to the arrangement of national airs, which have invariably merit and generally excellence—being concentrated expressions of feeling wherein the greatest composers have found sources of inspiration or means of elucidation—yet the composition of music should be properly looked to at the same time. The public should now pay attention to combinations, to harmonies—to the exordium, progress, development and peroration of musical ideas—to music as a language of passion and emotion; and they should not merely dwell on individual players and the materialistic suggestion of the imitation of the tramping of men's or horses' feet, and the common place introduction of Fourth of July nationality—mere Yankee-doodle-isms, which are not nationality in a lyrical sense, but as far as they go, the death of high national art, as they raise a false issue in the concert-room.—*Tribune*.

A NEW VOLUME of this journal will commence with the number for Saturday, October 8th. Just the beginning of the musical season, and just the time for new subscribers to begin to read our paper. We trust our friends, who are satisfied that this paper is worth sustaining, will use a little effort to induce others to subscribe.

We would also state, for the benefit of those who may wish to keep connectively such mirror of the musical times as we have given for the eighteen months past, that we have a good supply of all the back numbers on hand, with bound volumes of the first year.

Advertisements.

M. JULLIEN'S CONCERTS WILL COMMENCE IN BOSTON,

...ON...

MONDAY, OCTOBER 24,

...AT THE...

Boston Music Hall.

Oct. 1, 8th.

NEW BOOK FOR THE MELODEON.

JUST PUBLISHED:—*The American School for the Melodeon*, Seraphine, Reed Organ, &c. Being a New and Complete Method of Study, embraced in a Series of

EASY AND PROGRESSIVE LESSONS;

to which is added a Choice Selection of Popular Airs, Songs, &c. Particularly arranged for Reed Instruments, by T. E. GUNTER. Price One Dollar.

This work will take the lead as a Method, easy, progressive and complete, for Reed Instruments. The Exercises are various, which, together with the Songs, Polkas, Dances, &c., numbering about one hundred, make the book as attractive as valuable. Published by

Oct. 1. Oliver Ditson, 115 Washington St.

DON GIOVANNI.

NOW PUBLISHED,

DON GIOVANNI: BY MOZART,
FOR PIANO SOLO.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

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ANUEL FENOLLOSA, PROFESSOR OF MUSIC.

Instruction on the Piano-Forte, and Cultivation of the Voice.

MUSIC-ROOM, No. 17 GRAY'S BLOCK, corner Washington and Summer Streets.

RESIDENCE, at the WINTHROP HOUSE, BOSTON.

Oct. 1, 3m.

ANDREAS T. THORUP, TEACHER OF THE PIANO-FORTE, No. 84 Pinckney Street.

Lessons given either at Mr. T.'s house, or at the residence of the pupil. Application may be made at the music-stores of Geo. P. Reed & Co. or T. T. Barker. Sept. 17, 3m.

JUST PUBLISHED,

F. WEILAND'S
Instructions for the Spanish Guitar,
Price \$1 net.

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MRS. ROSA GARCIA DE RIBAS, TEACHER OF THE PIANO-FORTE, SINGING & GUITAR, 2 Seneca St., corner Harrison Avenue.

MR. De RIBAS will give instruction on the Oboe and Flute. Also MUSIC ARRANGED, TRANSPOSED, &c. Boston, April 23. 3m

SINGING AND PIANO-FORTE.

MISS FANNY FRAZER begs to inform her Pupils and Friends that she has returned to the City, and is now ready to resume her teaching.
PAVILION HOTEL, Sept. 24th. 3c

THOMAS RYAN respectfully informs his pupils that he has returned to town for the season, and will resume his instructions in Harmony and Thorough Bass, Piano-Forte, Flute, Clarinet, Violin, etc. Ladies desirous of studying Thorough Bass in small private classes, will please leave communications at his residence, No. 5 Franklin St., or at G. P. Reed & Co.'s music store.
Boston, September 24, 1853.

SIGNOR CORELLI begs leave to announce to his friends and pupils that he has returned to the city, and may be found at his rooms, No. 20 Temple Place, or at the Tremont House. Sept. 17.

HAND-BOOK OF SINGING.

REIBAU'S HAND-BOOK OF SINGING: being the Second of Reibau's Series of Elementary Music Works. Just published. Price 50 cents.
OLIVER DITSON, 115 Washington St.

NORMA.

JUST PUBLISHED: THE OPERA OF NORMA, with ENGLISH AND ITALIAN WORDS. Price \$2. Being No. 1 of "Ditson's Edition of Standard Operas."
"At the low price of two dollars this opera is accessible to every music-lover, and in a form convenient and beautiful."—*Journal of Music*.

"A perfect mine of musical wealth."—*Ch. Freeman*.
"One of the most beautiful and recherché of all the elegant musical publications—and their name is legion—which have appeared from Mr. Ditson's teeming press."—*Yankee Blade*.
"Less than half the cost of a similar edition published in England, it is within the reach of all."—*Transcript*.
"Superb both as regards the composition, and the taste and skill displayed in its typographical and its mechanical execution generally."—*Pathfinder*.

DON GIOVANNI, by MOZART, will be ready in a few days. Price \$1.

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L. O. EMERSON,

Teacher of the Piano-Forte and Singing.

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No. 12 INDIANA PLACE, BOSTON.

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JONAS CHICKERING,

RESPECTFULLY gives notice to his friends and the public that, having recovered from the late disastrous effects produced by the destruction of his factory, he is now ready to receive orders for PIANOS, which he promises to execute with as much faithfulness and promptitude as heretofore.

379 Washington Street, Boston.

Mar. 5.

HEWS' PATENT

AMERICAN ACTION PIANO-FORTE.

THE MANUFACTURER is in possession of numerous testimonials from distinguished Musical Professors, who have used the greatly improved ACTION PIANO, commending it in high terms. The attention of purchasers and amateurs of Music to an examination of its superiority, is solicited.

GEO. HEWS, 365 Washington St., Boston.

Apr. 10.

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No. 381 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

Chickering's Pianos to let.

All Foreign and American Musical Publications received as soon as published. i23 3m

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PIANO FORTES REPAIRED, TUNED, & TO LET.

Apr. 10.

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BEETHOVEN'S ORATORIO OF ENGEDI, or DAVID IN THE WILDERNESS, known as the MOUNT OF OLIVES, is this day published in a neat, convenient form for the singer or concert-goer by

Geo. P. Reed & Co., Publishers,
17 TREMONT ROW, BOSTON.

Edward I. Balch,

OLE BULL'S

FAREWELL CONCERTS IN AMERICA!

OLE BULL announces to his friends and to the public that he will give a GRAND CONCERT on

TUESDAY EVENING, OCT. 4th,

AT THE BOSTON MUSIC HALL,

On which occasion he will be assisted by

ADELINA PATTI.

The Musical Phenomenon, and

MAURICE STRAKOSCH,

The celebrated Pianist and Composer.

The Tickets will be numbered to correspond with the seats in the Hall, and may be obtained at Mr. Wade's music store, 197 Washington street.

GRAND MUSICAL FESTIVAL,

IN THE SPLENDID

New Hall of the Tremont Temple!

THE undersigned, resident artists, respectfully announce to the Citizens of Boston and Vicinity, that they will give a

GRAND VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT,

On Saturday Evening, Oct. 15th,

In the beautiful Hall of the Tremont Temple, on which occasion will be performed: *Hummel's famous Sphar in D minor*, for piano, flute, oboe, horn, &c.; a *Quartet for French Horns*; a *Fantasia for Piano*, with orchestral accompaniment, assisted by the best artists of the city. Miss MARY ELINA CURRAN, a very promising Vocalist, will make her first appearance, and sing some fine ballads of Schubert, Mendelssohn, &c. Miss MARY SAUL, a wonderful Pianist, nine years of age, will perform a *Duo-Sonata* by Mozart, with Mr. PERABEAU, and also a *Solo* from the "Child of the Regiment."

Our subscribers to the *Classical Matinées* will please use their tickets for this Festival; and we pledge ourselves hereby that our Subscription Concerts will be in no way inferior to this one. Professors are respectfully invited to get their tickets at T. T. Barker's music store.

Tickets 50 cents each, to be had at the usual places. Subscription lists to our Classical Matinées will be found at the different music stores; \$3 for the whole series of Eight Concerts.

H. ECKHARDT, WM. KEYZER, VIOLINS.
WM. SCHLIMPER, A. FRENZEL, ALTOS.
TH. MAASS, CELLO, H. PERABEAU, PIANIST.

Oct. 1, 3c.

The Mendelssohn Quintette Club

RESPECTFULLY inform their friends that Circulars respecting their Concerts and Rehearsals will be issued on the arrival of AUGUST PRIZES from Europe, who is expected about the 25th September. Arrangements have been made with an excellent artist from Leipzig to take the place of Wm. Lehmann in the approaching season. Their repertoire will be found complete, by the addition of many new, standard works.

Sept. 24.

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Sept. 17. tf

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Beethoven's Symphony in C Minor.

In one of Jullien's New York programmes, in which the C minor symphony was announced, the public were coolly informed that the Scherzo and Finale were designed to "be descriptive of an advancing army!" We were reminded of an old attempt of our own, in the early Boston Academy days, some fifteen years ago or more, to hint in words the impression which the glorious music made upon us. For better or for worse we reproduce it here, seeing that a new generation of music-lovers may be said almost to have sprung up since that time. To be sure, it is not one of those *very* common-sense-ical criticisms, which assume that it is absurd to think that music ever means anything, and that therefore only a technical musician has any right to talk about it, and he only technically. On the other hand it is sufficiently guarded against the imputation of forcing one's own private fancy and construction on the innocent composer. There are two kinds of musical criticism. One examines only the musical texture, the mechanical structure of a composi-

tion, its harmony, its counterpoint, its thematic development, its instrumentation, and so forth, and should be attempted only by one who is theoretically, if not practically, a musician. The other regards the spirit and intention of the work, the degree and quality of artistic or poetic inspiration that pervades it, the effect which it produces in the soul of him who hears it;—and this demands some qualifications which the mere technical musician does not always have, and which the purely unscientific music-lover, by virtue of his humanity, his genial temperament, *may* have; although of course it is better when both characters are in the most complete degree united. Your technical critic will magnify a Jullien quadrille into co-equal consequence with a Beethoven symphony, smitten with admiration for the skill displayed in the mere handling of the orchestral or other musical materials. While the unscientific, but poetically, spiritually appreciative critic will *sniff* perhaps too hastily at the quadrille, as if all quadrilles were trivial, while he may be as fit to discourse on the beauties of the grand musical poem or symphony, of which the written score would be all Hebrew to him, as the poet is to talk of the sublimities of nature, without being a geologist or chemist.

A few words first about the practice of interpreting music into words. For certainly it is quackery to pretend to have found the key or story to a symphony, so that it must suggest just that, or nothing, to one prepared to hear with the understanding. We have been told that Haydn always had some little romance or idyl in his mind when he composed a symphony; and we have frequently had music interpreted to us, almost note by note, by some ingenious and imaginative listener. But the truth is, no interpretation can suggest so much, that the music shall not suggest more; and such limitations of its meaning may sadly interfere with a simple, free and deep reception of its power and beauty. How can we hear the right key, if we have been warned to look for another? And then again, music in its very nature is the language of something which words cannot tell; yes of something which thought cannot comprehend in its narrow, rigid moulds. It begins where speech leaves off. When we have fairly entered its element, it alone is all-sufficing; it explains itself, but it transcends speech and all this defining whim of the understanding. The charm and perfection of music is, that it sets you free, that it delivers you from thought, from care, from all too individual aim or consciousness, and bids your being melt and blend with its all-permeating sentiment. You listen and are transported. It has not addressed your thoughts; it has not spread a picture before you eyes; but it

has changed your state; it has warmed out into living, glowing reality the dim mysterious inner world in you, and made it the thrilling element in which all the conscious phenomena of your more outward momentary being float. In a great piece of music you see, you imagine almost everything; it wakes a thousand different trains of thought with equal reason, it suggests a thousand scenes. In no two hearers' minds does it light up just the same phantasmagoria. One imagines this, another that; and each is right, if he do not impose his interpretation upon the rest.

Music is more or less suggestive to different hearers. The thoughts it awakens in each certainly help them to speak to each other of what they have heard, to compare notes, and recal passages, and telegraph mutually the joy they had in it by these poor signs. But then these thoughts, however decidedly suggested, were not the music; these the great ocean tossed up to each of us upon its surface, and these we could rescue and identify; but what do these tell of its great boundless roar and swell, of its unfathomable depths?

And yet it is natural, it is almost inevitable, hearing music, to associate with it some more or less distinct train of ideas; and especially, if it have the unity and logical consecutiveness of a symphony (which is the evolving of a whole harmonious, multifarious world out of one simple theme), one is tempted to trace a connected story or allegory all through it. It is easy, if the principal theme awakes any definite emotion or idea, to use this as a key to all the mysteries which follow, and to recognize some new phase of its history in each successive musical treatment. All this is well. Only this must be borne in mind: that our story is, after all, not precisely an *interpretation*, but only an allegorical *illustration* of the music. We can only say, "it *seems* to sing of this or that; it is as if I saw such scenes and splendors passing before me." Earnestly and significantly the mystic tones appeal to us; but never can we render back in any intelligible statement the whole which they have suggested; never can we feel that we have understood it all; always the sense thereof deepens the more the music takes possession of us; and for every mood we bring to it it answers something. To every hearer it imparts a separate, private revelation. Truly its sense is infinite. It kindles up our imagination to invent those little fictions, poems, or pictures, by which we illustrate it to ourselves, and coin its vagueness into some stamp of definiteness; so does the purling of a brook whisper fairy tales to a poet dreaming by its margin;—but then is this the whole account of the stream of waters, or the stream of harmonies? have they not both something more to say? and is this anything more than one of the countless stories which they have in store? The most that can be done is, to weave a story or an interpretation which shall be entirely in the *spirit* of the music, and harmonize with it, so that the one shall predispose the mind for the other. With the inventor, therefore, if his story be a good one, be in

the spirit of the music, it shows that the music has indeed deeply wrought upon him, even to the prompting of a creative activity in his own mind. With other hearers, to whom he offers his fiction as a key, it will, if not very good, prove an obstacle and a hindrance, interfering with that perfect freedom with which the soul hears music; but if it be a true allegory, inspired really by the music having had more part in it than his own idiosyncrasy or idle, accidental thoughts, then the exercise of tracing through a fancied resemblance will bring them nearer to the music, and cause them to hear it more closely, while it will not preclude any suggestions which it may make individually to each of their minds. This is the true work of interpretation; the only way in which music may be translated into thought. It must be a work of genuine poetic creation. What moved the composer to make a symphony, moves the interpreter to make a poem; out of one and the same spirit, they create in their several ways; and there will be a spiritual correspondence between the two products, so that the impression of the one will not disturb, but only illustrate that of the other. It is the office of the imagination to give form and figure to invisible, *felt* realities. It moulds its recognition of a divine essence into an image, as of Jove or Apollo. It embodies the *vague* (which speaks directly only to faith or sentiment within us) in a form appreciable to thought and sense; and this embodiment is no interpretation, but only a type and suggestion of the unutterable essence. Just the same relation must these interpretations hold to music. They are but parables, which hint of something more, namely, the music. And music—it too is a parable, and hints of what cannot be uttered.

After this, we trust we shall not be understood to profess too much in the brief and sketchy interpretation which we offer of a symphony of Beethoven. It must be received with the understanding that it is only our own, it may be a very fanciful, or very superficial interpretation, but yet one which the symphony will admit of. Since it took form in our mind, we have heard various other interpretations suggested by one and the other, outwardly so unlike, as to make it seem an arbitrary piece of business. But upon nearer examination it was found that all these little dramas had a common key-note, and were but so many different fables, setting forth one truth. To one it seemed to preach resolution, moral heroism; and the answering themes in the first movement were two voices, one as of one depending on the eve of some vast undertaking, the other exhorting and encouraging; and the acme of the whole was in the triumphant march of the finale. Another calls it the "Skeptic in the honest and successful search for truth." Another, "Genius struggling with Nature for expression." And another, thinking all these too little and too definite, seems to hear, in its yearning, pleading, wild, upheaving ocean of harmonies, "innumerable spirits demand the crisis of their existence." Who does not see that here is at the bottom, after all, one theme: *the great life-struggle*, to each one modified by his own experience; to one presenting itself in superficial special incidents, to another generalized into a war of principles, a great life-tragedy. We all heard and felt it in those depths of our being where we are one; but as soon as we began to speak, the confusion of tongues arose. And now to these various testimonies we will add our own, and describe the symphony as it impressed ourselves. The truest account of it would be the impressions which it made upon the greatest possible number of independent hearers, carefully collated.

Beethoven had just reached the period of ripe manhood when he wrote it; that is to say, he was about thirty-seven; when all his tendencies were confirmed, when he had outgrown extraneous influences, and put all himself into his works. Imagine a man haunted, and drawn away from life's actual sympathies, by severe and tyrannizing ideals, filled with a high sense of Art, with convictions of truth and beauty which no one else could understand, and which led him to say, when he met a sympathizing spirit in the young Bettine: "When I lift my eyes I must sigh, for that which I behold is against my creed; and I must despise

the world, because it knows not that music is a higher revelation than science or philosophy." "I have no friend—I must live all to myself; yet I know that God is nearer to me, than to others, in my Art." Imagine, too, a heart formed for the tenderest love, but for a love so great and earnest, that there were found none worthy of it (he had been disappointed in his affections.) Add to this, that already he was two thirds deaf, and shut out from the world, and, in his childlike want of worldly tact, subjected to the management of his "evil principle," as he called his two crafty and selfish brothers, who taught him the habit of suspicion;—and we see that the pressure of circumstances lay heavily here upon a soul of the greatest promise; and that, if ever the great life-struggle, the contradiction between the Ideal and the Actual, occupied the soul of an artist, and drove him to his Art for a solution, it did with him. Such is the symphony in question.

The subject is announced with startling distinctness at the outset, in three short emphatic repetitions of one note, falling upon the third below, which is held out some time; and then the same phrase echoed, only one degree lower. This grotesque and almost absurd passage, coming in so abruptly, like a mere freak or idle dallying with sounds, fills the mind with a strange uncertainty, as it does the ear; for as yet the note is wanting, which determines the key of the piece. Still more is this vague apprehension increased, when on the ground-tone of C minor this little phrase, once boldly struck, as if by chance, multiplies itself in rapid, soft reiterations, which chase each other round from voice to voice throughout the whole band, first climbing the heights of the trebles, then again down darting through the unfathomable abyss of bass. It is as if a fearful secret, some truth of mightiest moment, startled the stillness where we were securely walking, and the heavens and the earth and hell were sending back the sound thereof from all quarters, "deep calling unto deep," and yet no word of explanation. What is it? What can all this mean? What a world of earnest, strange, portentous voices we set ringing round our heads, when we chanced to stumble upon that seemingly unmeaning phrase of the three notes! Strange and unendurable suspense, dreading we know not what! Comes there no sign of hope? Yes—when the burst of mingling echoes has once spent itself, there is a moment's pause, and then the distant mellow horns take up the three notes in a higher strain, and fall into another key, the warm and confident E flat major—and on this basis the *countertheme* is introduced, a strain of sweetest love and promise, an unlocking of the springs of good affection in the soul, as if to drown all doubt. How vain! for still the ground trembles; and even now those three dread notes are never silenced; they only sink down into the bass, and there, all too audible, though deep and muffled, shake away at the foundations, and contradict the upper melodies. These are the themes.

Beethoven, explaining the *time* of those first three notes one day to a friend, said: "*So knocks Fate at the door.*" It is the dread necessity of the Actual, the limitation which meets us on all sides. It is long before the aspiring genius of man will recognise it to be a *necessity*. In vain do generous hopes and proud resolves intoxicate for a time, and banish the spectre from their charmed circle. In vain does man's genius come to his aid with glorious promises and sense of power. In vain the rising of the indomitable will, the calling on a latent immortal energy within. In vain the hours of poetry and love; the discovery so often, in the highest action of the mind, of an infinite relationship. All this is ours, and real. But so too is that vague, shadowy foe; that thing which men call Fate. It lurks in the commonest experiences of life; the child finds it in his play; strike your foot against any stone by the wayside, and the whole world rings to it. Many times we meet it, many times are baffled, ere we feel that it is one and the same power hemming us in on all sides. Vex yourself to madness with the strange problem, wrestle with the enemy till you are thrown down insensible; with returning consciousness, quietly

and slyly he steals upon you from behind again, (for so we may interpret those passages of the music, where, after all the forces of the orchestra have spent themselves in a long, furious burst, there is a pause as of exhaustion, and the theme sets in again in a low tone from a single instrument.) On every side the problem challenges us. In our thinkings and in our strivings it cuts short the conclusion. In the sweetest and surest love-passages, in the bud of the rose, still it lurks, as in that sweet horn melody in the *countertheme*. And such is life—this perpetual, alarming pressure of a vague power from without; this struggle with we know not what; sweetened and relieved, however, by many a melody of love and hope: stern, mysterious demands sounding deep within us, like a last trump, while mingled strains of love and hope and pity flow forth to blend the sharp quick calls into a more human melody, winding gracefully around them, like beautiful innocence, flinging herself around the neck of the stern avenger to intercede for the condemned. It is in vain to describe how all this is worked up in the second division of the Allegro. The whole movement seems to represent the genius of man in conflict with necessity—man pleading and wrestling with the iron limitations which rise up against him, chafing with his half-fledged immortal wings against the bars of the Actual. Many details of beauty might be singled out; but who cares to see a single figure cut out from its relative position in a great painting, say the "Last Judgment" of Michael Angelo? Once the struggling forces seem exhausted, and the whole orchestra rocks and pants and groans, while the conflict renews itself by fits; and when the theme swells up again into a long, loud crash upon the dominant, it dies away in an earnest, prayer-like cadenza from the oboe alone, in which you seem to hear the Good Genius entreating: "Now kind heaven grant that this may be the last!" and you hope to hear it pass out into the clear and tranquil perfect key of C major. In vain! still the minor third! the conflict is renewed. Necessity prevails, and man must own it and be reconciled. There is peace even in *that*. To this consummation the musical conflict perseveres; after a sweet streaming forth of all the blended wind-instruments, the last sounding out of the mysterious three notes is with the consent of the whole orchestra.

And now has the difficulty been looked in the face. Soon must the solution come. Man's struggle with destiny, could he understand it, is nothing but his want of harmony with himself. He has a great lesson to learn: he must *renounce*. The Fate he dreads is only the moral law,—the law he does not love—in terrible disguise. He must renounce and obey; be content to be faithful to himself, and not ask for the reward, which is in Heaven's keeping. This victory once gained over himself, and Fate and his will now are one voice. So sings the Andante, stately and grave, yet full of tenderness, like the chorus in an old Greek tragedy, chanting the moral of the piece, in the intervals of the action, and celebrating the dignity and beauty of the Law. It seems to be a lyric exposition, both of the appalling difficulties and of the absolute beauty of the principle of self-sacrifice, the terrors and the splendors of the cross. How wisely do the manly and yet tenders tones of the violoncello discourse! With what sober certainty the theme is taken up and varied by the earnest, reedy sounds of the bassoon! How it is insisted and insisted upon with a heavenly authority, as if it were an angel speaking, and bidding us moreover listen to the starry spheres, and to all the winds and woods and waters, and satisfy ourselves that the whole heavens and earth are full of confirmation, that deep calleth unto deep, and the stars sing together of *this* truth also. In that strange passage, where there is a monotonous rustling for some bars, alternately in the violins and the basses, and which seems to have no meaning, save to effect as much novelty as possible, and carry our thoughts far away from all that has gone before, yet how strangely steals in, in a remote mysterious key, the same theme! as much as to say: "If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy voice reach me." There are passages of

deepest grief and despondency heard ever and anon in the pauses of the discourse; the bitter price is weighed; and the prayer involuntarily escapes: "let the cup pass from me." But the sufferings are but for the present time; the safety and beauty of the principle shines out high over all; the truth is glorified; the soul is full of confidence. All this is, as it could only be, in the religious key of A flat major.

And since allusion has been made to the old Greek drama, in which Fate always plays principal part, I may trace some fancied analogy between what is thus far described of the symphony, and an idea once suggested to me concerning the "Eumenides" of Æschylus. In the first scene of that drama we have Orestes pursued by the Furies into the temple of Apollo. The Furies sleep while he prostrates himself before the statue of the god. What is this but man forgetting his daily persecutors, the tormenting cares of the Aetna, while he gives himself up to his genius? (Apollo, god of genius.) Genius in his glowing hour rises above all earthly troubles; but not effectually, not permanently. It is a struggle—and we have the music of it in the Allegro movement. Apollo sends him to consult Minerva. Genius cannot save a man; he has need of wisdom. And would not the *andante*, if it could be translated and congealed into permanent marble, rise before us pure and calm and lofty, in terrible beauty, MINERVA! goddess of Wisdom and of heroic Will.

What can be said of the wonderful music of the *Scherzo*, which comes next,—such impetuous, reckless strength, and yet such weakest tenderness, such restlessness, and yet such sure and steady preparation and progress towards the acme of the whole, the glorious *Triumphal March*! It would seem as if the wisdom, which has been sung, were now to be embodied in some glorious deed; as if the artist were gathering up his strength to crowd all the lesson of his life, resolutely, into one soul-satisfying, complete revelation of Art; with a Titan's strength to cast off the weight of the ideal which oppressed him, by action as ideal, and prove that, with all that Hamlet had, his also was the strength which Hamlet had not. Playfully and capriciously he dallies awhile in the *Scherzo*, as if with sense of abundant riches, with the light-hearted consciousness of having solved the riddle, yet earnest as before, starting and stopping suddenly, resolving and musing by turns, in a fever of preparation, yet sure of what is coming. He only waits the breeze; it is already rising; the sails flutter about in all directions, until the main current of the air shall fill them and decide the course. It is all a sort of loose sketching as in preparation for the glorious utterance in Art which he has in mind, but which has not quite yet taken form. How the *basses* labor and tug in broken efforts; though baffled oft, they carry the point at last, for there is abundant strength, and the thing is fated, only wait the fulness of time! Hark! has not the happy moment arrived! The spell of inspiration is upon him—a mysterious murmur comes from the depths of the orchestra—then a light tilting movement of the upper melodies, as if ready to break away,—a swinging to and fro of the good ship, with her sails all set and filled, while only one rope holds her to the land: it snaps! and away she shoots triumphantly. It is the march, the magnificent *Finale*, which bursts forth in the key of C major, in the full noonday blaze of light, and carries with it such a swarming, crowding wealth of melodies and harmonies, and moves with such a mighty on-sweep, that all things open before it, and are swept on with it in its wake. Again and again, with grander energy and richer harmony the theme is repeated; thoughts innumerable keep crowding out, as if the uncontainable impulse never could exhaust itself; as if the composer never could get out the mighty thought which fired his soul. Again and again is the closing chord reiterated, as if he stamped upon the ground from very impatience, as if he could not consent to stop and leave so much unsaid.

And is this all? O no! the impression which Beethoven always leaves upon us is, that there is more, more! A boundless striving to pronounce

the unutterable, to embrace the infinite, is the sentiment of all his music; and the hearer, spell-bound, must follow the heaven-storming Titan, as far as his strength holds out.

And here I may add words which Bettine reports Beethoven to have said to her. If he did not say it in words, he certainly did repeatedly in his music:

"The mind," said he, "would embrace all thoughts, both high and low, and embody them into one stream of sensations, all sprung from simple melody, and without the aid of its charms doomed to die in oblivion. This is the unity, which lives in my symphonies—numberless streamlets meandering on in endless variety of shape, but all diverging into one common bed. Thus it is I feel that there is an indefinite something, an eternal, an infinite to be attained; and although I look upon my works with a foretaste of success, yet I cannot help wishing, like a child, to begin my task anew, at the very moment when my thundering appeal to my hearers seems to have forced my musical creed upon them, and thus to have exhausted the insatiable cravings of my soul after the *'beau ideal'*."

And again he said (what seems to contain the whole moral of the symphony we have been reviewing): "Would you know the true principle on which the arts may be won? It is to bow to their immutable terms; to lay all passion and vexation of spirit prostrate at their feet, and to approach the divine presence with a mind so calm and so void of littleness, as to be ready to receive the dictates of Fantasy and the revelations of Truth."

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

CANZONET.

[From the Italian of TOMMASO GROSSI.*]

Pilgrim swallow, that so oft
Pansing on my terrace drear,
Thy lamenting song and soft
Pourest on my listening ear,
What to me then wouldst thou say,
Pilgrim swallow, in thy lay?

Dost thou, mourning here alone,
Thou forgotten by thy mate,
Match thy sorrow with mine own,
Widowed bird and desolate?
Pour then forth thy plaintive lay,
Pilgrim swallow, in thy way!

Yet, in this more blest than I,
Thou thyself canst still betake
To thy wings, and mourning fly
O'er the hills, and o'er the lake,
Calling on him all the day,
Happy swallow! in thy way!

Might I thus—but ah! the hope
This dungeon dim denies too well!
I must not dream of Heaven's blue cope
Within this sunless, aimless cell,
Whence to thee my feeble lay,
Swallow, scarce can find its way!

Soon September comes—from me
Thou wilt wing thy journey fleet:
Distant shores thou soon wilt see,
Other waves and mountains greet!
Hailing all upon thy way,
Pilgrim swallow, with thy lay!

But while every morning, I
Ope mine eyes upon my woe,
I will still believe thee nigh,
'Mid the frost and ice and snow,
Mourning with me in thy way,
Swallow, with thy plaintive lay!

Coming with the coming Spring,
Planted here a cross thou'lt find;
Fold on it thy weary wing
When the sun has far declined;
Sing my requiem in thy way,
Swallow, with thy plaintive lay!

W. H. H.

* This Canzonet is taken from Chap. 26 of Grossi's romance, *Marco Visconti*.

Michael Kelly.

This witty musical adventurer, from whose pleasant autobiography we have several times drawn food for our columns, was born in Dublin, in 1764. We find the following brief account of him and of his works.

His father, Michael Kelly, was an eminent wine merchant in that city, and for several years master of the ceremonies at the Castle. At a very early period, Michael displayed a passion for music; and as his father was enabled to procure the best masters for him, before he had reached his eleventh year he could perform some of the most difficult sonatas then in fashion, on the piano-forte. Rauzzini, when engaged to sing at the Rotunda in Dublin, gave him some lessons in singing, and persuaded his father to send him to Naples, as the only place where his musical propensity would receive proper cultivation. At the age of sixteen, he was accordingly sent there, with strong recommendations from several persons of consequence in Ireland, to Sir William Hamilton, the then British minister at the Court of Naples. Sir William took him under his fostering care, and he was placed in the Conservatorio of La Madonna della Loretto, where, for some time, he received instruction from the celebrated composer, Fenaroli. Sir William Hamilton also did Kelly the honor of introducing him to the King and Queen of Naples, who particularly noticed the young Irishman. Having had the good fortune to meet Aprile, the first singing master of his day, that great artist, being then under an engagement to go to Palermo, offered to take Kelly with him, and to give him gratuitous instruction while there. This proposal was, of course, gratefully accepted, and he received Aprile's valuable tuition until the end of his engagement at the theatre. Aprile's kindness, however, did not terminate there, for he sent Kelly to Leghorn, with the strong recommendation of being his favorite pupil. From Leghorn, young Michael was engaged at the *Teatro Nuovo* at Florence, as first tenor singer. He then visited Venice, and several of the principal theatres in Italy, in which he performed with distinguished success. He was next engaged at the court of Vienna, where he was much noticed by the Emperor Joseph II. He had likewise the good fortune to be the most intimate friend of Mozart, and was one of the original performers in his "*Nozze di Figaro*," the part of Basilio having been written for him.

Having obtained a year's leave of absence from the Emperor, for the purpose of visiting his father, (at the end of which time he was to go back to Vienna, where he was in such favor that he might have ended his days happily,) he returned to England by the same opportunity as Signora Storace. In April, 1787, Kelly made his first appearance in Drury Lane Theatre, in the character of Lionel, in the opera of "*Lionel and Clarissa*." Here he remained as first singer until he retired from the stage. He was also for several years musical director of that theatre. Kelly sang at the King's Ancient Concerts at Westminster Abbey, and at all the principal music meetings and theatres in Great Britain. He was, besides, for several years, principal tenor singer at the Italian Opera in the Haymarket, where he was stage manager.

The death of his dear and lamented friend, Stephen Storace, in the year 1797, first induced Kelly to become a composer, since which time he wrote and selected the following sixty pieces for the different theatres, by which it will appear that no English composer has ever contributed more largely to the public stock of amusement. It may be necessary to add that, in addition to the following list, Kelly has composed a great number of Italian and English songs, duets, trios, &c. &c., which retain their popularity: "*A Friend in Need*," 1797; "*Chimney Corner*," 1797; "*Castle Spectre*," 1797; "*Last of the Family*," 1797; "*Blue Beard*," 1798; "*Captive of Spielberg*," the comic music, the serious being by Dussek, 1798; "*Aurelio and Miranda*," 1798; "*Feudal Times*," 1799; "*Pizarro*," 1799; "*Of Age to-morrow*," 1800; "*De Montford*," 1800; "*Remorse*," 1801;

"Gypsy Prince," 1801; "Adelmorn," 1801; "Algomah," 1802; "House to be sold," 1802; "Urania," 1802; "Hero of the North," 1803; "Marriage Promise," 1803; "Love laughs at Locksmiths," 1804; "Cinderella," 1804; "Counterfeits," 1804; "Deaf and Dumb," 1804; "Hunter of the Alps," 1804; "Land we live in," 1804; "Honeymoon," 1805; "Youth, Love, and Folly," 1805; "Prior Claim," 1805; "Forty Thieves," 1806; "We fly by Night," 1806; "Royal Oak," 1806; "Adrian and Orilla," 1806; "Adelgitha," 1807; "Town and Country," 1807; "Time's a Tell-tale," 1807; "Young Hussar," 1807; "Wood Demon," 1807; "Something to do," 1808; "Jew of Mogador," 1808; "Africans," 1808; "Venoni," 1808; "Foundling of the Forest," 1809; "Fall of the Taranto," 1809; "Britain's Jubilee," 1809; "Gustavus Vasa," 1810; "Humpo," 1812; "Absent Apothecary," 1813; "Polly," 1813; "Russian," 1813; "Nourjahad," 1813; "Peasant Boy," 1814; "Unknown Guest," 1815; "Bride of Abydos," 1818; "Abudah," 1819; "Grand Ballet," 1819.

Kelly died in 1825. He has left a most entertaining account of his own musical career, in a book published in London, in 1814, in two vols. 8vo., called "Musical Biography of Michael Kelly."

Lachner.

Franz Lachner, Maitre de Chapelle of the King of Bavaria, was born in 1804 at Krain, a little town of that kingdom, where his father was organist. From his earliest infancy he was instructed in music, and so rapid was his progress that it was soon necessary to think of giving him more skilful teachers. He was sent first to Nuremberg and then to Munich, where Winter became his master in composition. Winter dying before Lachner had completed his studies, he was placed under the direction of Eisenhofer, with whom he completed his musical education.—Already his learning was extensive in the theory and practice of his Art; nevertheless, believing that much yet remained for him to learn, he went to Vienna, where he hoped to find favorable opportunities for the development of his talent: he was not deceived in his expectations, for he soon formed friendships with the most distinguished artists of the Austrian capital, and especially with the Abbé Stadler, whose counsels were of much service to him. At this time he read with avidity all the best works extant on the theory, practice and æsthetics of his Art; his taste and judgment were formed from the best models; and finally, to the talent of a skilful executant on the organ, piano and violin, he added the merits of a great erudition. At a trial for the place of organist of the Evangelical Church of Vienna, he bore away the palm among thirty competitors; but he did not long retain the position, abandoning it in the following year for that of director of music at the theatre of the Porte de Carinthie. In 1834, he resigned the latter post for that of Maitre de Chapelle of the Ducal Court at Mannheim. He met with the most brilliant reception in this city where he celebrated his arrival by the execution of his third grand symphony. In 1835, a prize being offered at Vienna for the best symphony, Lachner composed one with the title *Sinfonia Passionata*, and handed it in to the jury who were to decide on the merits of the competitors. (This symphony was performed several seasons by our Musical Fund Society in Boston.) The first prize was awarded to him; M. Strauss, Maitre de Chapelle at Carlsruhe, obtaining the second. Lachner had no sooner completed his symphony than he received his appointment as

Maitre de Chapelle to the King of Bavaria, and he departed to Munich, leaving to his brother his place of director of music at the Court of Mannheim.

Previous to Lachner's establishment at Munich, the greater part of his great compositions had been heard only in Vienna, where they enjoyed the greatest consideration. Among his principal works are: 1st. *The four ages of man*, oratorio: 2d. *Moïse*, idem; 3d. First Symphony for grand orchestra, in *mi bémol*; 4th. Second do. in *fa*; 5th. Third do.; 6th. Fourth do. (*Sinfonia Passionata*), which received the prize at Vienna. Among his lesser works are: 1st. Sonate pour piano et violoncelle, op. 14, Vienne, Mechetti; 2d. Grande Sonate pour piano à 4 mains, op. 20, Vienne, Leidesdorf; 3d. Premier nocturne à 4 mains sur des thèmes français, op. 12, Vienne, Pennauer; 4th. Deuxième idem sur des thèmes d'*Oberon*, op. 22; 5th. Des caprices et des marches à quatre mains, *ibid*; 6th. Deux grandes Sonates détachées pour piano seul, op. 25 et 27, Vienne, Pennauer et Mechetti; 7th. Rondeaux brillans pour le piano, op. 8 et 17, *ibid*; 8th. Introduction et variations brillantes sur un thème original, op. 15, *ibid*; 9th. Des recueils de chansons allemandes.

MUSIC AND FLOWERS.—Yes, two gifts God has bestowed upon us that have in themselves no guilty trait, and show an essential divineness. *Music* is one of these, which seems as though it were never born of earth, but lingers with us from the gates of heaven; Music, which breathes over the gross, or sad, or doubting heart, to inspire it with a consciousness of its most mysterious affinities, and to touch the chords of its undeveloped, unsuspected life. And the other gift is that of *Flowers*, which, though born of earth, we may well believe, if anything of earthly soil grows in the higher realm—if any of its methods are continued, if any of its forms are identical there, will live on the banks of the River of Life. Flowers! that in all our gladness, in all our sorrow, are never incongruous—always appropriate. Appropriate in the church, as expressive of its purest and most social themes, and blending their sweetness with the incense of prayer. Appropriate in the joy of the marriage-hour, in the loneliness of the sick-room, and crowning with prophecy the foreheads of the dead. They give completeness to the associations of childhood; and are appropriate even by the side of old age, strangely as their freshness contrasts with the wrinkles and the gray hairs; for still they are suggestive, they are symbolical of the soul's perpetual youth, the inward blossoming of immortality, the amarantine crown. In their presence we feel that when the body shall drop as a withered calyx, the soul shall go forth as a winged seed.—*Rev. E. H. Chapin.*

'THE DEVIL'S SONATA.'—A singular story respecting one of Tartini's most celebrated compositions is told on the authority of M. de Lande, chapel-master to Louis the Fourteenth: "One night, in the year 1713, he dreamt he had made a compact with the devil, and bound him to his service. In order to ascertain the musical abilities of his new associate, he gave him his violin, and desired him, as the first proof of his obedience, to play him a solo; which, to his great surprise, Satan executed with such surpassing sweetness, and in so masterly a manner, that, awaking in the ecstasy which it produced, he sprang out of bed, and instantly seizing his instrument, endeavoured to recall the delicious but fleeting sounds. Although not attended with the desired success, his efforts were yet so far effectual as to give rise to the piece since generally admired under the name of 'The Devil's Sonata.' Still the production was in his own estimation so inferior to that which he had heard in his sleep, as to cause him to declare that, could he have procured subsistence in any other line, he should have broken his violin in despair, and renounced music for ever!"

JOSQUIN DES PRÉS.

Josquin Des Prés, or Deprés, is enumerated by Guicciardini among the musicians of the Flemish school. He may justly be called the father of modern harmony, and the inventor of almost every ingenious texture of its component parts, nearly a hundred years before the time of Palestrina, Orlando di Lasso, Tallis, or Bird, the great musical luminaries of the sixteenth century, whose names and works are still held in the highest reverence by all true judges of the genuine style of choral compositions. Adami, in his historical list of the singers in the pope's chapel, mentions Josquin as one of the greatest cultivators and supporters of church music. He calls him *uomo insigne per l'invenzione*. After quitting Italy, he was appointed chapel-master to Louis XII. of France, who reigned from 1498 to 1515, and it is scarcely probable that such an honor should have been conferred upon him till he had attained great eminence in his profession. He must have acquired the public favor, either by his works or performance, before he could be noticed by a sovereign; and it has been well observed, that it is as difficult for a prince to get at a man of merit, as it is for a man of merit to approach a prince. It appears that Josquin was an ecclesiastic; for it is related that when he was first admitted into the service of Louis, he had been promised a benefice by his majesty; but this excellent prince, contrary to his usual custom, (for he was in general both just and liberal,) forgot the promise he had made to his *maestro di capella*; when Josquin, after suffering great inconvenience from the shortness of the king's memory, ventured, by a singular expedient, to remind him publicly of his promise, without giving offence: for being commanded to compose a motet for the Chapel Royal, he chose part of the 119th psalm, "*Memor esto verbi tui servo tuo*;" "O think of thy servant as concerning thy word;" which he set in so exquisite and supple manner, that it was universally admired, particularly by the king, who was not only charmed with the music, but felt the force of the words so effectually, that he soon after granted his petition by conferring on him the promised preferment: for which act of justice and munificence, Josquin, with equal felicity composed, as a hymn of gratitude, another part of the same psalm, "*Bonitatem fecisti cum servo tuo, Domine*;" "O Lord, thou hast dealt graciously with thy servant."

Josquin seems to have possessed a certain vein of wit and humor, in addition to a musical genius, of which Glareanus has given his readers several instances, besides those just related.

In consequence of the procrastination of the performance of Louis XII's promise relative to the benefice, Josquin applied to a nobleman in high favor at court, to use his interest in his behalf; who encouraging his hopes with protestations of zeal for his service, constantly ended with saying, "I shall take care of this business: *let me alone*;" "*laissez faire moi*, (*laissez moi faire*;) when at length Josquin, tired of this vain and fruitless assurance, turned it into *solmization*, and composed an entire mass on these syllables of the hexachords, *la, sol, fa, re, mi*; which mass is among Josquin's productions in the British Museum, and is an admirable composition.

The following circumstance, which likewise happened during Josquin's residence at the court of France, has been recorded both by Glareanus and Mersennus. These writers inform us, that Louis, though music afforded him great pleasure, had so weak and inflexible a voice, that he never was able to sing a tune, and defied his *maestro di capella* to compose a piece of music in which it was possible for him to bear a part. However, the musician accepted the challenge, and composed a canon for two voices, to which he added two other parts, one of which had nothing more to do than to sustain a single sound, and the other only the key note and its fifth, to be sung alternately. Josquin gave his majesty the choice of these two parts, and, beginning with the *long* note, after some practice his royal scholar was enabled to continue it, as a *drone* to the canon, in spite of nature, who had never intended him for a singer.

Among musicians, Josquin was the giant of his age, and seems to have acquired a universal do-

minion over the affections and passions of the musical world. Indeed, his compositions were as well known and as much practised throughout Europe, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, as Handel's were in England. In the music book of Prince Henry, afterwards Henry VIII., which is preserved in the Pepys collection at Cambridge, there are several of his compositions; and we are told that Anne Boleyn, during her residence in France, had collected and learned a great number of them. In a very beautiful manuscript in the British Museum, consisting of French songs of the fifteenth century, in three and four parts, there are likewise many of Josquin's compositions. It is, perhaps, sufficient to observe, without enumerating the mere names of this great musician's professional contemporaries, either on the continent or in England, that they were every way inferior to him in talent, and that Josquin's fame has chiefly been acquired by his masses, and still more excellent motets; a large collection of which, perhaps the most valuable now extant, is preserved in the British Museum.

IMPRESSING MUSICIANS. In 1454, in the reign of Henry VI., it was so difficult to procure musicians, that the government found it necessary to impress them, as in later times they impressed seamen. Henry VIII. gave power to officers to impress children who had good voices, for the choirs of several cathedrals. In 1550, Edward VI. commissioned Philip Van Wilder to take, in any places within England, to the king's use, such and as many singing children, or choristers, as he or his deputy shall think good. The Queen Elizabeth, authorized Thomas Gyles, to take up such apt and meet children as are most fit to be instructed and framed in the art and science of music and singing, as may be had and found out within any place of England or Wales, to be by him educated and trained for service in the cathedral church of St. Paul.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

From my Diary. No. XXVII.

NEW YORK, Sept. 10.—Thinking over the conversations I have had with people at the West during the past summer upon music, I am struck with the often expressed desire for something in the way of music better, higher, nobler, than what my Western friends have been able to get or to hear. That pleasant evening at the Saut St. Marie comes up, and the breathless attention with which that little musical circle listened to my feeble attempts to give them some idea of the profound depths of expression, which mark not only the great masterpieces of Oratorio, Opera, Mass, and Orchestral Music, but works for the piano by such as Mendelssohn, Chopin, Weber, Beethoven, Hummel, and their like. One of the ladies then present touches the piano with a masterly hand; her execution is singularly fine, her expression admirable; she has from her earliest childhood studied the instrument with good instructors so far as the merely mechanical goes, and yet *had never seen a Sonata!* Waltzes, Quicksteps, &c., and arrangements from operas form her musical library. She felt that there must be something higher and nobler, and was delighted to hear that there was. Is there no way of satisfying this craving for good music? Must all who live without the limits of our cities be condemned to the miserable twopenny trash, which lies in piles on so many of our pianos?

There is more musical spirit and culture at the West than we are apt to think; but it is found here and there, too much scattered to produce the fruit it otherwise would. At Detroit there is a good deal of it. There are several very fine singers and pianists, and it is a mystery to me that a common love for the divine Art does not unite them. There is a better prospect for a "Handel and Haydn" Society there, if the musical people would unite, than there was in Boston in 1815. There is, I think, a Lyric Society there, but just what it is doing I am not informed.

I found a fine piano at one of the copper mines, Lake Superior, and it is not there as a mere piece of furniture either—which is encouraging. Our good Yankee people do carry with them their bibles, their psalm-books, their love for singing schools, and their pianos or fiddles, as

the case may be, their good morals and their love for books and artistic enjoyment. God bless the Yankees! Where they settle in any numbers you may depend upon it music will in time take root and flourish.

Little musical societies are springing up all through the Lake States, and here and there is to be found a singer capable of a solo. Short cantatas are a commodity greatly wanted in the music market, fitted for such associations. African song-singing "families," and quartets with high sounding Greek names, who deliver platitudes and insipidities and whining sentimental bathos, are nuisances; but our Mrs. Bostwicks, Kate Hayeses, little Pattis, &c., &c., are doing a good deal of good. I guess they will have good music out West some time or other—I should not like to speak slightly of some cities there now.

Sept. 23.—The *Musical World* translates an article by some German, in which the authenticity of "Beethoven's Studien" is called in question. That some portions of that work are transcripts from Fux and others has long been known—the fugue from Fux's "Gradus," for instance. I care not for that; but the charge, or insinuation that the thing was got up to sell, and is a fraud on the public by Toby Haslinger and von Seyfried, is too base and calumnious not to be noted.

Mark how plain a tale, &c.

Beethoven died March 26, 1827; soon afterward the proper committee was appointed by the court to take an inventory of the property left. In the very book under consideration the names of the committee, and of the persons invited to be present, are given; among them are Czerny, Pringer, Haslinger, Artaria, and Sauer,—all names known to students of German musical history. The inventory made under oath, is also given, and in this document, No. 149 reads, "*Contrapunktische Aufsätze. 5 grosse Packets.*"

At the auction Haslinger purchased them, and four years after they appeared, edited by Seyfried. Unless we can suppose that Beethoven's strange chirography was not known to those who for thirty years had been in constant intercourse with him, and that all that bright galaxy of musicians at Vienna in 1832 were the most gullible of human beings—in short, unless we can believe in the most monstrous absurdities, we may rest assured that the Studien were Beethoven's lessons in the science of music while studying with Albrechtsberger.

No one supposes, *who knows anything about it*, that this is a regular work on the science of music by Beethoven. It is not; and has no value as such. It is, however, a most interesting publication, as it shows the course which he was forced to pursue in his studies, at a time when he had already become known as an author and was the pet of one half the Vienna *cognoscenti* as the great pianist of his day. How his spirit rebelled against the dry rules of Fux and Marpurg, &c., is sufficiently evinced by the sarcastic and humorous remarks which sprinkle the pages of the Studien.

Sept. 30.—Last night was Jullien's "Beethoven Night," and a noble bill was presented for the first part of the performance. The *Lenore* overture, with the difficult passage for the violins, and the trumpet behind the scenes; the allegretto from the 8th Symphony, that Haydnish movement, so full of the cheerfulness and good nature of Haydn; the exquisite *Le Desir* Waltz, instrumented; the song "*Kennst du das Land*," which Beethoven sang to Bettine in the "shrill voice;" and the superb C minor Symphony! I came away then!

Apollo! won't Dwight luxuriate when Jullien gets into the Music Hall! There has never been anything like his leading in this country, or like his orchestra. Such tones from the brass and wood, such a body to the strings, such time, such crescendos, diminuendos, pianos and fortes!

There were some new readings in the symphony. The pauses and rests made longer than usual, the allegros taken slower. The result was a clearness and impressiveness quite new. The Hall was perhaps two-thirds full! The Boston folks will appreciate him better—I hope.

Some days after the first performance of the "Messiah," Handel went to pay his respects to Lord Kinnoul, who complimented him on the noble entertainment which he had lately given to the town. "My lord," said Handel, "I should be sorry if I only entertained them; I wish to make them better."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 8, 1853.

Psalmody.

When the "notions" of our excellent correspondent, "H. T." appeared in our paper of the week before last, we happened to be away among the mountains, listening to the great, solemn, cheerful psalm of nature, which forever sounds about the grey or snow-clad summits of Mount Washington and his great brothers, with a sublimity of never-ending fugue beyond the possibility of all "arrangement" or "adaptation" to the Procrustes' measure of our Yankee psalm-book makers. Not the less pleased were we to read our friend's remarks, and it is with pleasure that we now return to them. We thank him for doing us the justice to "suppose that we would let him speak in a way that might not suit our notions;" but then his "notions," as just now stated, *do* suit our's much better than he seems to imagine. In fact there is scarcely a sentiment expressed in the letter of "H. T." with which we do not harmonize, and not one which we are prepared positively to contravene. His opening general statement, to be sure, that "music does not express any sentiments that cannot be defined in words," is one whose accuracy we entertain some doubt about. But this is a metaphysical and speculative question and not vital to the point on which we seem to be at issue.

Our friend mistakes the *point* of our objection to the Psalmody business. We say psalmody *business*, because it is not to Psalmody in itself, as a legitimate and valuable form of sacred musical art, that we have ever objected; but it is to that great business done in psalmody by hosts of *quasi* musical adventurers in this country;—peddling swarms who trade upon the musical ignorance of the people, multiplying indifferent copies of a certain article quite extravagantly beyond the natural need therefor, and *manufacturing* the demand that they may have the privilege and profit of also manufacturing the supply. "Psalm tunes are worth attending to;" that we have never doubted. But *what* psalm tunes? how many of them? and with what kind and degree of attention? It is enough for us to say now that we insist on some discrimination and some limit (and so does "H. T." if we understand him); we shall return to it again.

What we object to is this indefinite and fearful *multiplication* of psalm tunes and "Collections." We are drugged with the article. It has become a *trade*, much more than it is an Art. Psalmody as an Art, psalmody as a work of earnest, original, inspired invention or creation, is in the nature of the case very limited. The short and simple type does not admit of indefinite multiplication of copies, without loss of every vital characteristic. It becomes a mere mechanical exercise in the grammar, but without the soul, of music. Now of the sincerest advocates of psalmody we complain, not that they are not interested in a noble and religious work, but that they over-estimate the importance of plain psalm-singing as compared with other forms of sacred music. Real, genuine, inspired psalmody, the old Gregorian and Lutheran chorals, for instance, and many of the beautiful quartet pieces for small choirs, that have

maintained their place so long in the affections both of musicians and of uncultivated worshippers, are good, are a part of our best musical treasure. The form is legitimate; but then it is only *one* form among many; and the attempt to multiply an infinite number of varieties of this one form robs it of all its virtue, and dilutes it into a wishy-washy formalism. A good psalm, or choral, an "Old Hundred," for instance, is a good and grand thing; but the production of one such is also a rare thing in the ages,—as rare as the creation of a true and inspired little poem. What should we think if volume after volume of new collections of ephemeral magazine poetry, by all our swarms of little poetasters, were given to be read through as class books to the children in our schools, just as the new collections of psalmody are put upon all the choirs and singing schools throughout the land? Would taste for the beautiful, or earnestness of mind, or deep and pious tone of life, be much increased thereby? Now this, we fear, is what these many great Yankee psalm-book manufacturing factories are doing.

We agree with our friend, that "we need sacred music as well as secular;" although we recognize a sacredness in all earnest, deep, true Art. We too insist on a distinction. A waltz, a quickstep, a negro melody or operatic bravura aria in a religious service is the height of impious absurdity. Our friend himself complains that "in some churches we find them forsaking the old choral tunes and graceful airs of our fathers, to introduce insipid or harsh things of living Bostonians." This is but the echo of our own complaint. Again: "In others we find hired singers flourishing and making a display of their voices in opera airs, *fixed over for church occasions.*" This he thinks the greater evil of the two; and "*this,*" it seems, "is the horror of foreign music," which we are said to laugh at. If this be it, well may we laugh at it; for who are the arrangers and fixers up of opera airs for church occasions? who are the chief sinners and authors of this sort of abominations? Who but the native psalm-book makers, who ransack all the operas and classics of the Art, to find bits of melody and harmony, which they may cut and mould and twist into the shape of psalm-tunes to fill out their "Collections," and to persuade the ignorant public that they are spreading all the riches of Mozart and Beethoven, or (what is more often to their purpose) of Rossini, Donizetti and Verdi, before their prurient appetites for musical novelties? We mean by the "foreign music," which we defend, the real music of good masters, in its original and lawful form, unaltered, uncurtailed, and *unarranged* by sacrilegious hands into New England "parcels to suit purchasers." We like a Mass, a Gloria, a Benedictus, a Motet, a Hymn of Palestrina, Mozart, Mendelssohn, &c., in its original, unaltered form; but our psalm-book makers give you *Batti, batti*, Zerlina's sweet, coquetish melody, "fixed" into a psalm-tune, and tell you that you hold in your hands a new and altogether transcendent collection of sacred music, much of which is by the great masters, such as Mozart!

In conclusion we have only room now to say that we do not wish to be understood as "shaking our sides over the *whole tribe* of psalm-singers," as if *no* good could come out of Nazareth; that we do not condemn or laugh without discrimination, as if *all* who make or collect psalm-tunes were necessarily guilty of "the unpardonable

sin;" that we share in our friend's respect for Zeuner's "Ancient Lyre," to which favorable allusion has been more than once made in these columns; and that we mean soon to sketch out our own ideal of what we think might be a good system of church music, in which the choral, or plain psalm, in all its simplicity and with its time-hallowed associations should bear its part.

How they Review Music in Germany.

We have been often called severe in our notices of new pieces, variations, arrangements, &c., by our young native or naturalized composers: but what would the sensitive gentlemen think if we made them the subjects of such frank, unmincing criticism as their betters often get in the *Leipsic Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, the most severe and at the same time most interesting of musical journals; the most respected, too, and in the long run most affectionately regarded by musicians, *because it is sincere* and makes it a point of conscience not to praise anything and everything out of a lazy abundance of good nature and smooth flow of words! Here is a specimen, which we translate:

C. REBBELING. Op. 2. *Jalse brilliant. Pièce de Salon pour le Piano.* Magdeburg, &c.

The composer has proposed to write a saloon piece, and chose therefor the form which C. M. von Weber has used in his "Invitation to the Dance." But he seems to have found such great contentment in the Weber composition, that he has not only slavishly imitated the form even to the number of bars, but has even found it impossible to get away from the melodies of the "Invitation," and has imitated them more or less . . . The result of it is a forlorn twin sister to the work of Weber, hearing about the same relation to this that a *cretin* bears to the Medicean Venus, or the ourang-outang to a man, which former animal, tradition says, the devil fabricated, to parody God's work.

We know not who C. Rebelling is; but why should not the honest truth be told him and the music-buying public? Such little reviews the *Zeitschrift* gives us under the generic head of *Unterhaltungs-Musik, Modeartikel*, which may be rendered: "Amusement Music, the *fashionable* article,"—a very proper rubric for such dilettante songs, variations, fantasies and polkas as the throng of modern virtuosos write, and one which covers the entire publication business of *most* of our American music shops. Here is another specimen:

L. DAMES. Op. 7. *Songs for Soprano or Tenor, with pianoforte accompaniment.* Magdeburg, &c., &c.

These songs stand little or not at all above the ordinary day-and-fashion-products, with which the music market is overflowed year by year. What the composer says, has all been said in a much better manner before; the text-distortions, false declamations, long-winded text-repetitions, &c., we have often heard already, and, in spite of the most energetic war upon such nonsense, it is always, as the publication figure shows, in great demand. We wish that the composer, who evinces a certain skill in the treatment of the voice part, might, after earnest study of good models, quit the path he has here entered and strike into a better direction.

Here is a pithy one:

C. WISENEDER. Op. 17. *Three Poems for an Alto or Baritone voice, with piano, &c.*

Three very dilettantish and very nothing-saying insignificances—and already *opus seventeen*! The case is quite beyond criticism.

The frequency of such notices in the weekly list of the *Zeitschrift* proves that Germany too, musical, spiritual, deep-souled Germany, has her full proportion of feeble, vain and insignificant

composers; nay, and in spite of her Schubert, her Mendelssohn, her Robert Schumann and Robert Franz, large hosts of fifth and tenth-rate song composers—a fact which it behoves our well-meaning publishers of "*Gems of German Song*," and our concert *lieder*-singers, carefully to bear in mind. But these critiques are not all nor generally of this pungent quality; credit and encouragement are also gracefully and generously given, while each new work is brought up to the truest standard in its kind and measured; and we find abundant recognition of good and wholesome products, even when they happen to be, as in the following case, from the despised soil of Italy:

G. MAGAZZARI. *Serate romane. Album vocale di sei pezzi da camera per canto con accomp. di Pianoforte.* German translation by J. C. Grünbaum. Vienna.

These songs are genuine Italian, and although kept quite easy, yet on account of their national coloring not uninteresting. The tender and melodious predominate, the centre of gravity lies in the voice part, the accompaniment is entirely a secondary matter; yet they are far removed from the *fule* and *outrée* manner of the latest Italian opera. Sung with the Italian lifeness and with the original text—not with the somewhat clumsy German—these songs will not fail of their designed effect. Those taken from the mouth of the Roman people, as for instance the canzone *I Moccioletti di Roma*, seem to show that the Italian people itself is still always more productive and more musically sound, than its so-called *Muestri*, who control the theatres.

A work by so important a name as Littolf is thus characterized:

H. LITTOLEFF. Op. 79. *Tarantelle infernale. Grande étude de vitesse pour le Piano.* Magdeburg.

Performed by a clever pianist, this Tarantella will not fail of its effect. It is vivaciously, skillfully and tastefully put together; but then only *put together*, since one finds nothing new in it. It partly reminds you of other similar pieces of music, above all of the Tarantella in the *Mueta di Portici*, which in originality and musical value far surpasses this imitation and indeed may pass for a model of this species of dance.

So much for the present. These were gleanings from a single number. We propose from time to time, by means of the *Zeitschrift* and other foreign sources, to keep our readers somewhat informed of the new publications and new fashions in the European music market.

WELCOME BACK!—We have had frequent inquiries during the summer past about our "Diarist." Where is he? And: "We trust he has not ceased to diarize." A very pleasant feature in our paper has undoubtedly been missed. But to-day, to the satisfaction of our readers and ourselves, our friend appears again and answers for himself. Early in June, half fagged out with the midnight labors of a great newspaper office in New York, the Diarist sought health and strength in wholesome travel and adventure, and joined a geological expedition to the copper mines of Lake Superior. The first extract from his diary to-day proves that he has looked after the musical as well as the mineral resources of that region. Music and Beethoven lie still at the very heart of his being, not to be rooted out or paralyzed, and out of that heart he will still speak to us in his own quaint, instructive way.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The N. E. School of Design.

MR. DWIGHT,—Dear Sir:—In an article on the Mechanics' Exhibition, in a late number of your paper, you speak of certain drawings and designs in a way which has led many to infer that they are the

production of the pupils of the "New England School of Design for Women." We are anxious to correct this impression. The designs referred to are from a private school, by a gentleman and his pupils who have no connection whatever with this school. The "New England School of Design for Women," which is the School kept for two years past in Thorndike's Building, Summer street, and which was incorporated by our last Legislature, sent nothing whatever to the Exhibition. Their reasons for not doing so seemed satisfactory to the Committee, but any one who is interested in their work can see specimens of it at the School room.

We are happy to learn that this School opens this third year of its establishment under very favorable auspices—several of its former pupils are earning their living by the practice of the branches taught in it, and others of great talent are preparing for similar situations. One of the pupils lately received a diploma at the Dedham County Fair, and almost immediately after, obtained a very desirable situation for work. It seems to be slowly but surely winning its way to public confidence and success. E.

We cheerfully give place to the above, since we know the "New England School of Design for Women" too well, and esteem it too highly to wish to have it confounded with any other institution. The article on the Mechanics' Fair was written in our absence, and our friend who kindly occupied the editorial chair for us, had certainly no intention of attributing the specimens which he saw at the Fair to the New England School. It was simply from inadvertence that he omitted to mention that the School alluded to was Mr. Whitaker's.

MISS HOSMER'S PROGRESS.—A correspondent of the *Home Journal* writes from Rome, where the young sculptress continues to reside:

"You will be pleased to learn that Miss Hosmer is getting on bravely—I presume, exceeding the expectations of most of her friends at home. She very wisely placed herself under Mr. Gibson's tuition, and is pursuing her studies in the most thorough and judicious manner. Mr. Gibson is very fond of her, and very proud of her, and I, for one, as an American am proud of her, too, she certainly has talent of a high order; and if she should prove to have physical strength adequate to the demands of an arduous profession, she will surely attain to great eminence. Since her arrival in Rome, Gibson has kept her, until quite recently, closely studying and copying from the antique. One of the most exquisite bits of modelling I have seen for many a day was her copy—not a servile copy, for it was twice the size of the original—of a celebrated torso of Venus. At this time she is engaged upon an ideal head, working out her conception of Daphne. It promises to be very lovely, as well as artistic, in its composition, and in its forms true to the most beautiful nature. Our mutual friend, Crawford, is progressing rapidly with his mammoth horse and rider, and, to my taste and feeling, he is doing the thing quite successfully. There can be no doubt that his Richmond Monument will be one of the grandest and noblest of modern works. It must place him, as an artist, in a very high position."

Musical Intelligence.

Local.

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.—Mr. AUGUST FRIES arrived in the last steamer from Europe, accompanied by Mr. KREBS, who takes the place vacated by Mr. Lehmann. The Club will soon be ready to take the field, we doubt not, with undiminished popularity and success.

"MENDELSSOHN CHORAL SOCIETY."—This is the name of a new Society just formed in this city under very gratifying auspices. It already numbers some 125 members, with the following organization: President, B. F. Edmonds; Vice President, Geo. Kurtz; Secretary, M. N. Boyden; Assistant Secretary, I. D. Brewer; Treasurer, R. Kemp; Librarian, W. L. Elliot; Directors, S. A. Steison, S. B. Ball, H. Hitchings, J. D. W. Joy, W. L. Brown, W. E. Durant, Thos. H. Chandler.

The Society will commence rehearsals at Cochituate Hall on Monday evening, October 10th, and as soon as Mr. CARL BERGMANN arrives in town, he will take his place as teacher and conductor.

It is the intention to give the "Messiah" on Christmas night, with the assistance of the "Germania Society."

NEW PIANOFORTE WAREROOM. Bostonians, who are familiar with some twenty or thirty pianoforte warehouses in the southern section of the city, will come at once to the conclusion that there is nothing *new* or novel in our caption, but this is not so. It will be seen by a card in our advertising columns, that our fellow citizen, Mr. JONAS CHICKERING, whose fame as a manufacturer of pianofortes is world wide, and whose old and extensive establishment on Washington street was totally destroyed by fire about a year since, has taken the Masonic Temple, Tremont street, and converted it into a splendid, spacious, convenient and elegant mart for the sale of his celebrated instruments.

He has expended upwards of \$3000 to effect the change, and the work reflects lasting credit on his good taste in the detail. The old Temple is now a modern Temple, hereafter to be devoted to musical purposes. Persons most familiar with the locality, will hardly recognize it in its present condition. On entering the front door, a wide and spacious stairway leads directly up in front, landing near the centre of the old hall. Over this stairway is a ceiling in oak panel work. Over the entrance way is a business office, with small private rooms to the right and left. Still higher (the locality of the old gallery) is the private room of Mr. Chickering, where the immense operations of his whole establishment will be originated, for the hands of his numerous artisans. From this point he has a view, from oval port-holes, of his entire suite of rooms. On the right and left of the stairway are two splendid drawing rooms, each 23 by 23, carpeted, and the walls covered with a beautiful satin paper, and otherwise furnished and fitted in excellent good taste.

At the head of the great stairway, two ponderous doors open into the great wareroom, which is 60 by 40 feet in dimensions. The floor is covered with a neat Brussels carpet; the long windows upholstered with heavy green damask curtains, fringed; the walls covered with a rich and elegant gold and satin finished paper, in large panels, with pilasters between each panel, on which there are figures emblematic of astronomy, architecture, sculpture, painting, music, &c., with a gothic arch from pilaster to pilaster, formed of flowers in gay tints, true to nature, lying in masses. Over this is a broad frieze, entirely around the hall, on which there are a mass of figures emblematic of all the arts; the whole combined is chaste and elegant. This paper was manufactured in Paris, and imported expressly for this room. The whole suite of rooms are to be lighted with gas from chandeliers. The finish throughout is in the gothic style, and in keeping with the external architecture of the building.

This is a model establishment, and the most splendid in the country for a similar purpose. It must be seen to be duly appreciated, and after to-day the numerous friends and patrons of Mr. C. will have an opportunity to see it in perfection. The site is one of the most desirable that could be found, being remote from the noise of Tremont street, with a southern aspect on Temple Place, which is a private way, and little frequented by carriages.

The reputation which Mr. Chickering has earned, as a manufacturer, needs no praise from us. An experience of thirty years of uninterrupted labor and trial in one vocation, has enabled him to reach as near perfection in his beautiful art, as is possible for one mind to achieve. The extensive sale of his instruments throughout the broad extent of this country, in England, France, the Continent, the East and West Indies, fully attests to this fact.

Mr. Chickering's establishment has always been the head quarters for musical intelligence, and all artists of celebrity seek his presence on arrival in the metropolis, where a warm and friendly reception is sure to greet them.

We congratulate Mr. Chickering on his future prospects in his new Temple. Long may he preside over it, which, we venture to assert, will meet with a hearty response from his hosts of friends.—*Transcript*, Oct. 4.

MADAME ANNA THILLON.—This fascinating actress and vocalist has just commenced a farewell engagement at the Howard Athenæum, and is going through her usual round of favorite popular operas.

Advertisements.

The best Book on Piano Instruction existing!

IN PRESS:—JULIUS KNORR'S GUIDE FOR TEACHERS ON THE PIANO. A full system of instruction, from the very outset, to artistic perfection, with full advice to teachers and pupils. Its progressive order, completeness, and the value of the pieces recommended, (about 200,) make it indispensable to teachers, and invaluable to all players. It is

THE BEST SELF-INSTRUCTOR EXTANT.

It is also THE ONLY KEY to the proper use of Julius Knorr's "Materials," and his "Large Method." Price 75 cents
G. A. SCHMITT.

iii 14 3m

JONAS CHICKERING, PIANO-FORTE MANUFACTURER, MASONIC TEMPLE, Tremont Street,

HAVING removed from his former location in Washington Street, and fitted up Warerooms in the above named beautiful building, is now prepared to attend upon such of his friends and the public as may honor him with a call. His time for the past six months having been exclusively devoted in endeavors to render his manufacture more perfect than ever, he is confident of being able to fully satisfy all who are desirous of possessing a good instrument.

Residents in the vicinity and adjacent States will please notice particularly his address, as there is another person in this city bearing his name, and with whom he is frequently confounded.

Mr. C. flatters himself that his experience and reputation of thirty years, must convince all who anticipate purchasing, that this is the best testimonial that he can offer of the excellence of his Pianos, and of the satisfaction which has invariably been manifested with regard to all the qualities which constitute an unexceptionable instrument.

WAREROOMS,

Masonic Temple, Tremont Street,

Oct. 8. tf BOSTON.

THE GREAT AMERICAN PICTURE.

John Bunyan's Immortal Allegory.

Probably no Book, save the Bible, has been so extensively read as Bunyan's Inimitable Allegory,

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

It has been translated into nearly all the different languages of Christendom, and been perused with delight and holy fervor by all nations. Art has lent her attractions in nearly all the forms of illustration, from the rough Wood Cut to the exquisite Steel Engraving. But to the middle of the nineteenth century, and to an American Clergyman, are we indebted for the only true pictorial conception of this immortal work.

The novel and sublime idea of embodying the ENTIRE STORY, and transferring the same to a SINGLE PICTURE, showing the wanderings of Christian from the "City of Destruction" to the "Celestial City," presenting at one view to the eye the varied scenes through which he passed, originated with DANIEL WRIGHT, of Massachusetts. His truly original and beautiful conception was reduced to a most elegant design by HAMMATT BILLINGS, and from this design, JOSEPH ANDREWS, the distinguished historical engraver, has produced, after four years of labor, a Picture which will take rank among the most superb and elaborate productions of human genius, taste, and skill.

The Picture is now ready, and will be offered for sale at the Bookstore of the Publishers, and by Agents duly authorized by the Publishers.

Price—India Proofs, Ten Dollars; Prints, Five Dollars.

JOHN P. JEWETT & CO., Publishers,
17 and 19 Cornhill, Boston.

JEWETT, PROCTOR & WORTHINGTON,
Cleveland, Ohio.

We have received from many of the distinguished men in this country, Clergymen, Statesmen, Lawyers, Artists and Editors, the most flattering testimonials in favor of this great work of Art.

These letters being too long and elaborate for an advertisement, we shall publish them in a pamphlet circular. We subjoin the names only:

Rev. E. N. Kirk, Boston.
Rev. Dr. Jenks, Boston.
Rev. F. D. Huntington, Boston.
Rev. John S. Stone, D. D., Brookline.
Rev. R. H. Neale, D. D., Boston.
Rev. Baron Stow, D. D., Boston.
Rev. Leonard Bacon, D. D., New Haven.
Prof. B. Silliman, New Haven.
Rev. Dr. Dowling, Philadelphia.
Rev. E. M. Chapin, New York.
Rev. George B. Cheever, D. D., New York.
Rev. A. L. Stone, Boston.
Rev. Rufus W. Clark, Boston.
Rev. Dr. Cox, New York.
Rev. John McDowell, D. D., Philadelphia.
Rev. Dr. Sears, Boston.
Rev. Dr. Durbin, Philadelphia.
Rev. Dr. Stork, Philadelphia.
Hon. Edward Everett, Boston.
Hon. Rufus Choate, Boston.
T. B. Welch, Esq., Artist, Philadelphia.
Samuel L. Gerry, Esq., Artist, Boston.
William L. Whitaker, Esq., Artist, Boston.
And numerous Editors.

Mr. GEO. E. SICKELS is the only authorized Agent for Boston, who will thoroughly canvass the city. His rooms are at the Am. S. S. Union, No. 9 Cornhill, where he keeps for sale the Engraving and various styles of frames, designed expressly for it. Oct. 8.

SIGNOR C. CHIANEI

RESPECTFULLY informs his pupils and friends that he is now ready to resume his instructions in singing. Application may be made at No. 47 Hancock Street, or at the Music Store of Theodore T. Barker, No. 381 Washington Street. Oct. 8. ikt

OTTO DRESEL

BEGS leave to announce that he has returned to the city, and may be addressed (for the present) at Mr. Chickering's Warerooms, in the Masonic Temple, or at the principal Music Stores. Oct. 8.

J. TRENKLE,

TEACHER OF THE PIANO-FORTE.

Residence No. 7 Hayward Place.

Oct. 8. 3m

PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION.

G. A. SCHMITT, (From Germany),
TEACHER OF THE PIANO-FORTE,

Is now prepared to give lessons at the residence of pupils or at his own residence, rear of No. 411 Washington Street.
Refers to the following gentlemen: JOHN S. DWIGHT, JONAS CHICKERING, Esq., HALLETT, DAVIS & Co., OLIVER DITSON.
Oct. 8.

SINGING AND PIANO-FORTE.

MISS FANNY FRAZER begs to inform her Pupils and Friends that she has returned to the City, and is now ready to resume her teaching.
PAVILION HOTEL, Sept. 24th. 3c

THOMAS RYAN respectfully informs his pupils that he has returned to town for the season, and will resume his instructions in Harmony and Thorough Bass, Piano-Forte, Flute, Clarinet, Violin, etc. Ladies desirous of studying Thorough Bass in small private classes, will please leave communications at his residence, No. 5 Franklin St., or at G. P. Reed & Co.'s music store.
Boston, September 24, 1853.

SIGNOR CORELLI begs leave to announce to his friends and pupils that he has returned to the city, and may be found at his rooms, No. 20 Temple Place, or at the Tremont House. Sept. 17.

JUST PUBLISHED,

F. WEILAND'S

Instructions for the Spanish Guitar,
Price \$1 net.

G. ANDRÉ & CO., PHILADELPHIA.

NEW BOOK FOR THE MELODEON.

JUST PUBLISHED:—The American School for the Melodeon, Seraphine, Reed Organ, &c. Being a New and Complete Method of Study, embraced in a Series of

EASY AND PROGRESSIVE LESSONS;

to which is added a Choice Selection of Popular Airs, Songs, &c. Particularly arranged for Reed Instruments, by T. E. GURNEY. Price One Dollar.

This work will take the lead as a Method, easy, progressive and complete, for Reed Instruments. The Exercises are various, which, together with the Songs, Polkas, Dances, &c., numbering about one hundred, make the book as attractive as valuable. Published by
Oct. 1. Oliver Ditson, 115 Washington St.

DON GIOVANNI.

NOW PUBLISHED,

DON GIOVANNI: BY MOZART,
FOR PIANO SOLO.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

Oct. 1. Oliver Ditson, 115 Washington St.

HEW'S PATENT

AMERICAN ACTION PIANO-FORTE.

THE MANUFACTURER is in possession of numerous testimonials from distinguished Musical Professors, who have used the greatly improved ACTION PIANO, commending it in high terms. The attention of purchasers and amateurs of Music to an examination of its superiority, is solicited.

GEO. HEWES, 365 Washington St., Boston. tf
Apr. 10.

THEODORE T. BARKER,

MUSIC STORE,

No. 381 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

Chickering's Pianos to let.

All Foreign and American Musical Publications received as soon as published. tf
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D. B. NEWHALL,

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
PIANO FORTES,

No. 344 Washington Street, Boston.

PIANO FORTES REPAIRED, TUNED, & TO LET.
Apr. 10. tf

BEETHOVEN'S ORATORIO OF ENGEDI, or DAVID IN THE WILDERNESS, known as the MOUNT OF OLIVES, is this day published in a neat, convenient form for the singer or concert-goer by

Geo. P. Reed & Co., Publishers,
17 TREMONT ROW, BOSTON.

Edward L. Balch,

M. JULLIEN'S CONCERTS

WILL COMMENCE IN BOSTON,

...ON...

MONDAY, OCTOBER 24,

...AT THE...

Boston Music Hall.

Oct. 1, 3c.

GRAND MUSICAL FESTIVAL,
IN THE SPLENDID

New Hall of the Tremont Temple!

THE undersigned, resident artists, respectfully announce to the Citizens of Boston and Vicinity, that they will give a

GRAND VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT,

On Saturday Evening, Oct. 15th,

In the beautiful Hall of the Tremont Temple, on which occasion will be performed: *Hummel's famous Septuor* in D minor, for piano, flute, oboe, horn, &c.; a *Quartet for French Horns*; a *Fantasia for Piano*, with orchestral accompaniment, assisted by the best artists of the city. Miss MARY ELINA CURRAN, a very promising Vocalist, will make her first appearance, and sing some fine ballads of Schubert, Mendelssohn, &c. Miss MARY SAUL, a wonderful Pianist, nine years of age, will perform a *Duo-Sonata* by Mozart, with Mr. PERABEAU, and also a *Solo* from the "Child of the Regiment."

Our subscribers to the *Classical Matinées* will please use their tickets for this Festival; and we pledge ourselves hereby that our Subscription Concerts will be in no way inferior to this one. Professors are respectfully invited to get their tickets at T. T. Barker's music store.

☞ Tickets 50 cents each, to be had at the usual places.

Subscription lists to our *Classical Matinées* will be found at the different music stores; \$3 for the whole series of Eight Concerts.

H. ECKHARDT, WM. KEYZER, VIOLINS.
WM. SCHLIMPER, A. FRENZEL, ALTOS.
TH. MAASS, CELLO, H. PERABEAU, PIANIST.

Oct. 1, 3c.

The Mendelssohn Quintette Club

RESPECTFULLY inform their friends that Circulars respecting their Concerts and Rehearsals will be issued on the arrival of AUGUST PRIES from Europe, who is expected about the 25th September. Arrangements have been made with an excellent artist from Leipzig to take the place of Wm. Lehmann in the approaching season. Their repertoire will be found complete, by the addition of many new, standard works.
Sept. 24.

GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY.

GRAND CONCERTS! The GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY respectfully announce to their friends and the public of Boston and vicinity, that they give a Series of TEN GRAND CONCERTS, at the

BOSTON MUSIC HALL,

Commencing on SATURDAY EVENING, October 22d, and continued every other Saturday Evening.

The ORCHESTRA will be increased by the addition of many of the best artists in the country, thereby enabling the Society to produce the elaborate compositions of the great masters with better effect than heretofore. No expense will be spared to render the Orchestra complete in every department.

☞ The best available talent, vocal and instrumental, will be engaged during the season, to render the series of Concerts equal in point of brilliancy and attraction to any ever given in Boston.

☞ In order to prevent the confusion and disappointment experienced upon the unusual demand for tickets last season, ONLY A LIMITED NUMBER of subscription tickets will be issued "SUBSCRIBERS' TICKETS." A package of thirty tickets to be used at pleasure, \$10; half packages, containing fifteen tickets, \$5. Subscription papers are now open at all the Music Stores and principal Hotels. The issue of tickets will commence at Wade's Music Store on the 8th of October.
Sept. 17. tf

CLASSICAL MATINÉES.

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Hummel, and his Works.

Johann Nepomuk Hummel, the great composer and pianist, was born at Presburg on the 14th of November, 1778, where his father was music master in the military school of Wartberg. At the age of four he learned to play the violin, but without evincing a decided bias for music. The next year he began to take lessons in singing and on the piano; from that time his faculties were rapidly developed: in a single year he acquired remarkable skill for a child. At this period, his father removed with him to Vienna, and became *chef-d'orchestre* in Schikaneder's theatre, when the little Hummel, scarcely seven years old, attracted the attention of Mozart and the other distinguished artists. Mozart, in spite of his repugnance to giving lessons, offered to take charge of the boy's musical education, provided he would live with him, and be always near him. Of course the proposition was gratefully accepted. With such a master, the boy made prodigious progress in two years. At nine, he excited the admiration of all who heard him.

His father then thought to turn his precocious talent to account, and they travelled together through Germany, Denmark, Scotland. His first public appearance was in a concert at Dresden, 1787; next he played before the court at Cassel. At Edinburgh the child pianist created great enthusiasm; there he published his first work, a theme with variations, dedicated to the Queen of England. After spending the years 1791 and 1792 in London, he visited Holland, and returned to Vienna after six years' absence.

He was then fifteen years old, and his execution could already be considered the most correct and brilliant of the German school; meanwhile his studies became more serious than before. His father, who was excessively severe, exacted incessant labor from him; and when he had become a man and famous artist, he was still subject to his will. At Vienna he studied harmony, accompaniment and counterpoint with Albrechtsberger, and formed a friendship with Salieri, who gave him useful hints about singing and the dramatic style. In 1803 he entered the service of Prince Esterhazy, and composed his first mass, which won the approbation of Haydn. About the same time, he wrote ballets and operas for the theatres of Vienna, which were favorably received. Hummel was now twenty-eight years old; his works, especially his instrumental music, and his fine talent for execution, had rendered him famous in Germany; but his name was absolutely unknown in France, until the year 1806, when Cherubini carried home from Vienna his grand fantasia in E flat, (Op. 18.) which was executed at the *concerts* of the Conservatory that same year, and, although only understood by artists, it so raised his reputation in Paris that all the pianists sought his works.

In 1811 Hummel left the service of Prince Esterhazy, and until 1816 had no other employment than that of professor of the piano, at Vienna. Then for four years he held the place of chapel-master to the King of Wurtemberg, and then entered the service of the Grand Duke of Weimar, in the same capacity. Two years afterwards he obtained leave of absence to make a pedestrian tour in Russia. St. Petersburg and Moscow gave him the most brilliant reception. In 1823 he went through Holland and Belgium, and finally to Paris, where his success was worthy of his talent. His improvisations on the piano excited the liveliest admiration. Returning to Weimar, he did not leave that place until 1827, when he heard

of the approaching end of Beethoven, between whom and himself there had been some unpleasant differences. He hastened to the bedside of the dying artist, and could not repress his tears; Beethoven reached out his hand to him, they embraced, and all was forgotten.

Two years afterwards Hummel again visited Paris and London; but his playing did not produce the same sensation as before; pianists noticed the approach of age and a certain timidity of execution in his performance. After a journey to Poland, he passed the remainder of his days peacefully at Weimar. He died on the 17th of October, 1827, at the age of fifty-nine.

Hummel was equally distinguished as a performer, (on the piano,) an improvisator, and a composer. In execution, continuing the mixed school of Mozart, improved by the regular principles of mechanism which he learned of Clementi during his two years in London, he became himself the founder of a new German school, in which many celebrated artists have been formed. The epoch of Hummel among the German pianists was a real epoch of progress and of transformation. Greater difficulties have been conquered, greater power and severity of tone have been produced in piano playing since his time; but no one has gone beyond him in purity, regularity, and correctness of execution, in raciness of touch, in coloring and expression. His execution was less the result of a desire to display prodigious skill, than the attempt to express a thought continually musical. This thought, always complete, manifested itself under his hands with all the advantages of grace, delicacy, depth, and expression.

In his improvisations, Hummel had such power of fixing and giving regular form to his fugitive ideas and inspirations, that he seemed to be executing premeditated compositions. And yet there was nothing cold or mechanical about it; the ideas were so felicitous, the manner so charming, the details so elegant, that his audience was lost in admiration.

Hummel's very remarkable productions, especially in the sphere of instrumental composition, have placed him in the first rank of distinguished composers of the nineteenth century; doubtless, his fame would have been still greater, had he not been the contemporary of Beethoven. The general opinion has hardly estimated his best works highly enough. His great septuor in D minor, (Op. 74;) his quintet for piano, (Op. 87;) his concerto in A minor, (Op. 85,) in B minor, (Op.

89,) in E major, (Op. 110,) and in A flat, (Op. 113;) some of his trios for piano, violin, and violoncello; and the grand sonata for piano with four hands, (Op. 92,) are works of a finished beauty, where all the qualities of the art of writing are united with noble or with elegant and graceful thoughts. But these qualities, beautiful and estimable as they are, cannot compete against those outbursts of genius, those original and overpowering conceptions of Beethoven. A fine composition of Hummel leaves in the mind the idea of perfection; but the pleasure which it causes never amounts to frenzy. Had Beethoven come a quarter of a century later, he would have left to Hummel the undisputed glory of being the first instrumental composer of his age. In the dramatic style and in church music, Hummel also holds a high rank, though his works in these departments are not marked by any very distinctive quality.

The works of this celebrated artist may be classed as follows:—

I. *Dramatic Music*.—1. "*Le Jicende d'Amore*," opera buffa in two acts. 2. "*Mathilde de Guise*," opera in three acts. 3. "*Das Haus ist zu verkaufen*," in one act. 4. "*Die Rückfahrt des Kaisers*," in one act. 5. "*Eloge de l'Amitié*," cantata with choruses. 6. "*Diana ed Endimione*," an Italian cantata with orchestra. 7. "*Hélène et Paris*," ballet. 8. "*Sappho de Mytilène*," ditto. 9. "*Le Tableau parlant*," ditto. 10. "*L'Anneau Magique*," pantomime, with singing and dances. 11. "*Le Combat Magique*," ditto.

II. *Church Music*.—1. Mass for 4 voices, with orchestra and organ, in B flat, (Op. 77.) 2. Second Mass in B flat, (Op. 80.) 3. Third Mass, in D, (Op. 111.) 4. Gradual, (*Quodquod in orbe*), for 4 voices, orchestra and organ, (Op. 88.) 5. Offertory, (*Alma Virgo*), for soprano solo, chorus, orchestra, and organ, (Op. 89.)

III. *Instrumental Music*.—1. Overture for grand orchestra, in B flat, (Op. 101.) 2. Three string quartets, (Op. 30.) 3. and 4. Grand Serenade, for piano, violin, guitar, clarinet, and bassoon, Nos. I. and II. (Op. 63 and 66.) 5. Grand Septuor, in D minor, for piano, flute, oboe, horn, alto, violoncello, and double bass, (Op. 87.) 7. Grand Military Septuor, in C, for piano, flute, violin, clarinet, trumpet, and double bass, (Op. 114.) 8. Symphony Concertante, for piano and violin, (Op. 17.) 9. Concerto for piano, in C, (Op. 34.) 10. Easy Concerto for piano, in G, (Op. 73.) 11. Third Concerto in A minor, (Op. 85.) 12. Fourth Concerto, in B minor, (Op. 89.) 13. "*Les Adieux*," Fifth Concerto in E major, (Op. 110.) 14. Sixth Concerto in A flat, (Op. 113.) 15. Brilliant Rondos for piano and orchestra, (Op. 56, 98, and 117.) 16. *Themes Variés* for piano and orchestra, (Op. 97, 115.) 17. "*Le Cor enchanté d'Obéron*," grand fantasia for piano and orchestra, in E major, (Op. 116.) 18. Trios for piano, violin, and violoncello, (Op. 12, 22, 35, 95, 83, 93, 66.) 19. Sonatas for piano and violin, (Op. 5, 19, 25, 28, 37, 50, 64, 104.) 20. Sonatas for piano with 4 hands, (Op. 43, 92, 99.) 21. Sonatas for piano alone, (Op. 13, 20, 36, 81, 106.) 22. Detached pieces for piano solo, viz.: 3 Fugues, (Op. 7;) Rondos, (Op. 11, 19, 107, 109;) fantasias, (Op. 18, 123, 124;) *Etudes and Caprices*, (Op. 49, 67, 105, 125;) Variations, (Op. 1, 2, 8, 9, 40, 57, 118, 119, &c.) 23. Complete Method, theoretic and practical, for the piano.

(The above is taken from Fétis's "*Biographie Universelle des Musiciens*."

Diogenes' Dictionary of Music.

Chest-voice. A voice which comes from the chest, and which, if properly cultivated, brings a great deal into it. Tenors, possessing chest-voices, with real C's at the end of them, are gradually becoming extinct; and tenors with *voce di testa*, or voices which are detestable, are rising on all sides, to the terror of civilized Europe. The Emperor of Russia used to be the chief speculator in tenors, but America has now come into the market, and threatens to outbid him completely. If the present demand for genuine tenors continues long in America and Russia, their value will become so enormous that England and France will not be able to afford anything more expensive than basses, and an occasional baritone. We believe that the terms on which Mario has been engaged to sing in America are as follows:

1. A salary of 20,000 a year; being twice the amount received by the President of the United States.

2. Half the receipts for three nights in the week, and a clear benefit on the other three nights.

3. Certificates of bronchitis, inflammation of the larynx, and other vocal disorders, to be at his command, whenever he feels indisposed—to appear on the stage.

4. The manager to receive him at the door of the theatre, walking backwards, and holding four wax-candles in each hand.

Chorus. A musical composition written for many voices; also the proprietors of the voices for which the said musical composition is written. The chorus is principally employed in operas for the following purposes:

1. To congratulate the proprietor of a village on his return to his birth-place. Choruses of this description may be said to belong to the "Hail, happy-day" school, and will be found to be written more or less upon the model of the subjoined specimen:

Hail, happy day!
Happy day! Happy day! Happy day!
Hail, happy day!
Let's be gay! Let's be gay! Let's be gay!

2. To celebrate the triumph of a monarch. The raw materials for this species of chorus is, "Long live the King!" to which the *obligato* rhyme is of course "sing."

3. To celebrate the downfall of a monarch—"Down with the Tyrant," &c.)

4. To make a *vivâ voce* declaration of war against the inhabitants of some neighboring kingdom, none of whom are present at the time of the declaration being made. The most remarkable thing about a chorus of this description is, that the singers generally deliver it in the same attitude as that in which they congratulate the proprietor of the village on his return to his birth-place.

At some minor theatres the chorus and ballet consist of the same persons. It has hitherto been impossible for us to find out whether these persons are singers who have not yet learned to dance, or dancers who have not been taught how to sing.

Contralto.—In operas, a woman who has a man's voice; in cathedral choirs, a man who has a woman's.

Cornet.—A junior officer in an orchestra,—we beg pardon: we mean a tenor wind instrument in a cavalry regiment.

Critic. A gentleman, or other person, assuming the office of judge, and taking particular delight in summing up against the public, who, in most musical trials, should be allowed to play the part of jury. Critics of music are remarkable for their fondness for technical terms, and are supposed to be great admirers of all musical dictionaries (excepting, of course, the present one.) Some criticisms of music are so full of notes, keys, chords, and modulations, that one might imagine they were written with a clarionet, or the bow of a violin, and that they were intended not to be read, but to be played on the dulcimer, sackbut, psaltery, and all kinds of musical instruments. It is pretended that the great object of musical critics, in introducing a superfluity of musical expressions, is to render their articles unintelligible to the "general public." It would be sufficient, however, for them to endeavor to write English correctly, in order to attain that desirable

object with the greatest certainty. We have seen some criticisms so full of "stringed instruments," "the wood," "the brass," "instruments of percussion," "massive orchestration," "phrases for the oboe," "passages for the *corni di bassetto*," and all sorts of other uninteresting and frequently unmeaning details, that to look at the newspaper which contained them was sufficient to give one the headache. Musical criticisms are generally full of "sound," sometimes of "fury;" always, we may add, "signifying nothing." We have known instances of an English critic finding fault with the accent of an Italian *prima donna*, who had lived nearly all her life in Florence; but in order to be able to perform this feat with any degree of confidence, it is essential that the critic should never have quitted Brixton. The golden rule for criticising music resembles the rule for criticising pictures, as given in the *Vicar of Wakefield*: "Say that the composer would have succeeded better if he had taken more pains with his orchestration, and praise the works of Sebastian Bach;"

The Orchestra—Jullien.

The October number of "Putnam" contains a long and well written article with the above title, to which we would commend the attention of those readers who wish to have some more definite ideas as to the composition and arrangement of a grand orchestra than they are able to get from their own unassisted observation. The writer seizes the opportunity presented by Jullien, who, for the first time in this country, offers to us what can, with strict propriety, be called a "grand orchestra." He says:

When the advertisements speak of a grand orchestra, they are almost invariably devoid of truth. The smallest number of a grand orchestra is sixty, and then the hall wherein they play should not be very large. Eighty and upwards, however, are necessary to the greatest effects. An orchestra of eighty was only heard on three occasions last winter in this city, for the first time in our national history, a smaller number than that having been the limit theretofore. M. Jullien's orchestra, numbering one hundred and two performers, is the largest, therefore, yet heard in this city, or country.

He claims for Jullien the characteristics of a man of mind, having the powers of a leader; and states his purpose in the article under notice to be, to throw out hints, when necessary, as to the real qualifications for lyrical leadership, thus seeking to extend a due appreciation of the intent and spirit of High Art.

He then gives a sketch of the life and adventures of Jullien, with which our readers are sufficiently familiar, and which have been doled out *ad nauseum* in weekly instalments for a long time back to the readers of the *London Musical World*, which seems to exist chiefly as a vehicle for the puffing of Albani, Jullien, and Albert Smith, though sometimes enriched with articles of much value, and worthy of the rank which it claims to hold as the leading musical paper of London.

After a brief consideration of the great improvements in the fabrication of musical instruments (instancing, by way of example, the Piano Forte, which has undergone *eight hundred* distinct changes of combination, proportion and shape to bring it to its present perfection), the writer passes to an account of the compass, tone and quality of the different human voices, and of the various instruments of the orchestra, illustrating this part of his subject by a table showing the "Extent of Voices and Instruments." He then gives an idea of the *modus operandi* of a composer, in writing an opera, which will be found of very considerable

interest, containing much information which will be new and most acceptable to many persons, and will clear up their ideas on some matters connected with the orchestra, and with the subject of musical composition. This part of the article is illustrated by two pages giving a sample of a full score, being a part of a Grand Symphony in C.

The writer sums up his impressions of Jullien, personally, as follows:

The impressions we have derived from a close consideration of M. Jullien on several occasions is, that he can magnetize and fire an orchestra, and through it an auditory, with a preëminent degree of force. This truth the vehement, tumultuous, and overwhelming plaudits of the thousands who go six nights a week, rain, or shine, to hear him, irrefragably affirm. In his original compositions which have been performed here he shows himself an unsurpassed master of the art of displaying the properties of each and every instrument, and bringing out of virtuosos their highest qualities. His arrangement of American airs concluding with a description of a battle is the best piece of purely imitative music we have ever heard. It may be safely said that this community did not know the possibilities of a truly grand orchestra until developed by Jullien. Several of his leading solo players have no equals in the world, and the whole body is composed of choice spirits. The accuracy, strength, and splendor of an inspired musical colossus are evolved by the passion, power, and unity of the immense mass which he seems to clutch in his musical hand, and mould at his musical fancy. He is so interesting and arousing the public admiration and love for the beautiful revelations of which he is the arch-apostle, that were he to stay among us a few months he would level the forests and drain the swamps of our musical territory, and so far as the public fiat could assert, he would thenceforward be kept among us to contemplate the large results of his energy, courage, skill and genius.

The article is well worth reading by all amateurs, and we commend it accordingly to their attention.

Allegri's Miserere.

Gregorio Allegri, who appears to have been a dignitary of the Church, being styled the Reverend, was a native of Rome; the precise date of his birth is unknown, but must have taken place either the latter end of the sixteenth century or the beginning of the seventeenth, as he was admitted into the Pope's Chapel in 1629, as a contra tenor. He was of the family of Correggio, the celebrated painter; who also bore the name of Allegri, and received his musical education from the famous Nanini, who was contemporary with Palestrina. His vocal abilities were not of a first-rate order, but he was accounted an admirable master of harmony; joined to this, he bore an excellent character for benevolence;—it is said his door was daily crowded by the poor and needy, who never went unrelieved; besides which, he made a practice of visiting the prisons, in order to bestow his alms on distressed and deserving objects.

Among the compositions of Allegri, (which were chiefly confined to the Church) is the celebrated *Miserere*, performed in the Sistine Chapel at Rome, on the Wednesday and Friday in Passion week, being, for its excellence, reserved for the most solemn occasions. This *Miserere* is composed in five parts, viz., 1st and 2d soprano, alto, tenor and bass, and is written in the key of G minor. In construction it is of great simplicity, and its appearance does not convey any great intelligence of the wonderful impression made by it, when performed in the Pope's Chapel.

The author of a "Tour in Germany," thus relates the manner in which it is performed at Rome, during the solemnities of Lent.

"Allegri's famed *Miserere*, as sung at the Sistine Chapel at Rome, during Easter, justifies the belief that, for purposes of devotion, the unaided

human voice is the most impressive of all instruments. If such a choir as that of his Holiness could always be commanded, the organ itself might be dispensed with. This, however, is no fair sample of the powers of vocal sacred music; and those who are most alive to the 'concord of sweet sounds,' forget that, in the mixture of feeling produced by a scene so imposing as the Sistine Chapel presents on such an occasion, it is difficult to attribute to the music only, its own share in the overwhelming effect. The Christian world is in mourning; the throne of the Pontiff, stripped of all its honors, and uncovered of its royal canopy, is degraded to the simple elbow-chair of an aged priest. The Pontiff himself, and the congregated dignitaries of the Church, divested of all earthly pomp, kneel before the cross in the most ostentatious garb of their religious orders. As evening sinks, and the tapers are extinguished one after another, at different stages of the service, the fading light falls ever dimmer and dimmer on the reverend figures. The prophets and saints of Michael Angelo look down from the ceiling on the pious worshippers beneath; while the living figures of his Last Judgment, in every variety of infernal suffering, and celestial enjoyment, gradually vanish in the gathering shade, as if the scene of horror had closed forever on the one, and the other had quitted the darkness of earth for a higher world. Is it wonderful that, in such circumstances, such music as that famed *Miserere*, sung by such a choir, should shake the soul even of a Calvinist?"

Although the harmony of this celebrated composition is pure, and (for the time it was written) bearing a considerable share of ingenuity and a peculiar kind of beauty, yet it owes its reputation more to the theatrical manner of performance than to the composition itself. The same music is many times repeated to different words, and the singers have by tradition, certain customs and expressions which produce wonderful effects, such as swelling or diminishing the sounds at some particular words, and singing entire verses quicker than others. Some of the greatest effects produced by this piece, may perhaps be attributed to the time, place, and solemnity of the ceremonies. The Pope and conclave are all prostrated to the ground, the candles of the Chapel and the torches of the balustrades are extinguished one by one, and the last verse of the Psalm is terminated by two choirs, the chapel-master beating time slower and slower, and the singers diminishing the harmony by little and little to a perfect point, followed by a profound silence.

The *Miserere* is the 51st Psalm, whence Allegri has selected part of the 1st, and the whole of the 2d, 4th, 6th, 8th, 10th, 12th, 15th, and 18th verses, and concludes with part of the 19th. So sacred was this composition at one time held by the Church, that the penalty of a copy was almost tantamount to excommunication; the thunders of the Vatican being hurled against the miserable wretch who dared to disregard its dictates. Padre Martini states, that there were never more than three copies made by authority; one for the Emperor Leopold, another for the King of Portugal, and the third for himself. Respecting the former, the following anecdote is narrated.

"The Emperor Leopold the First, not only a lover and patron of music, but a good composer himself, ordered his ambassador to Rome, to entreat the Pope to permit him to have a copy of the celebrated *Miserere* of Allegri, for the use of the Imperial Chapel at Vienna; which being granted, a copy was made by the Signor Maestro of the Pope's Chapel and sent to the Emperor, who had then in his service some of the best singers of the age; but notwithstanding the abilities of the performers, the composition was so far from answering the expectations of the Emperor and his Court, in the execution, that he concluded the Pope's *Maestro di Capella*, in order to keep it a mystery, had put a trick upon him, and sent him another composition.

"Upon which, in great wrath, he sent an express to his Holiness, with a complaint against the *Maestro di Capella*, which occasioned his immediate disgrace, and dismissal from the service of the papal chapel; and in so great a degree was

the Pope offended at the supposed imposition of his composer, that, for a long time, he would neither see him nor hear his defence; however, at length the poor man got one of the cardinals to plead his cause, and to acquaint his Holiness that the style of singing in his chapel, particularly in performing the *Miserere*, was such as could not be expressed by notes, nor taught or transmitted to any other place but by example; for which reason the piece in question, though faithfully transcribed, must fail in its effect, when performed elsewhere.

"His Holiness did not understand music, and could hardly comprehend how the same notes should sound so differently in different places; however, he ordered his *Maestro di Capella* to write down his defence, in order to send it to Vienna, which was done, and the Emperor, seeing no other way of gratifying his wishes with respect to this composition, begged of the Pope, that some of the musicians in the service of his Holiness might be sent to Vienna to instruct those in the service of his chapel how to perform the *Miserere* of Allegri."

It is well known that the powers of Mozart's memory were truly astonishing, and the manner in which he obtained a copy of the *Miserere* is highly characteristic and amusing.

When in his fourteenth year, Mozart travelled with his father to Rome, and was invited by the Pope to the Quirinal Palace: this happened just before Easter,—while in conversation with his Holiness, he solicited a copy of the *Miserere*, but was refused in consequence of the prohibition. He then asked permission to attend the only rehearsal, to which he listened with the utmost attention. On quitting the Chapel, Mozart spoke not a word, but hastened home and wrote down the notes. At the public performance, he brought his manuscript carefully concealed in his hat, and having filled up some omissions and corrected some errors in the inner parts, had the satisfaction to know that he possessed a complete copy of the treasure thus jealously guarded. When afterwards this manuscript was compared with the one sent by Pope Pius the Sixth to the Emperor of Germany there was not found the difference of a single note.

Although Allegri set many parts of the Church service with divine simplicity and purity of harmony, yet there does not appear to be a single composition of his, save the *Miserere*, which has withstood the ravages of time.* As while he lived he was much beloved, so when he died was he deeply lamented. His death occurred on the 18th of February, 1652, and he was buried in the Chiesa Nuova, before the Chapel of St. Philip Neri, the place of interment for the singers of the Pontifical Chapel, upon the wall of which is engraved the following epitaph:

CANTORES PONTIFICII
NE QUOS VIVOS,
CONCORDS MELODIA
JUNXIT:
MORTUOS CORPORIS,
DISCORDS RESOLUTIO
DISSOLVERIT:
HIC UNA CONDITUS
VOLUERE.
ANNO 1640.

PAGANINI.—It may be recollected that the celebrated violinist Paganini died at Nice about fourteen years ago, and that the bishop refused to allow his remains to be interred in consecrated ground, because he had died without receiving the sacrament. Paganini's executors had the body removed to a private place, and commenced legal proceedings to obtain right of sepulture. The court of Nice having decided against them, they appealed to the Arch-Episcopal court of Genoa, which reversed the sentence of the lower court, and ordered the body to be buried in the cemetery. On this, the court of Nice appealed to the court at Turin, which, however, has confirmed the burial. As a last recourse, the court of Nice has appealed to a tribunal of Judges to be nominated by the Pope.

* Kircher has inserted in his *Musurgia*, published in 1652, the year in which Allegri died, a quartetto of his composition for two violins, tenor and bass.

Beethoven, according to M. Jullien.

Prevented from enjoying the performances of Monsieur Jullien's orchestra since his second Concert at Castle Garden, we had the good fortune to revive our reminiscences of that almost incomparable band of artists, and their truly incomparable conductor, on Thursday evening, when the whole of the first part of the programme was devoted to the works of Beethoven. M. Jullien showed, in our judgment, a thorough knowledge and nice appreciation of the works of the great epic composer, in the mere selection of the compositions for performance on this occasion. From all that he has left us, no other five works could be chosen better suited to give to a promiscuous audience a comprehensive view of the character of his mighty genius.

Egmont is in every way the finest of his overtures. Its thoughts are intrinsically finer, the treatment of them is bolder, and what is above all,—considering that it is an overture, an introduction to a dramatic performance—it is more dramatic in its character than any other of his compositions. In the whole range of the musical drama there is no more impetuous and fiery passage than the final *presto* of this overture. The entire composition is remarkable for an absence of that self-contemplative spirit which gives character to almost all the works of this composer. It has a few passages unmistakably his, no matter whose the name under which it might be produced, but except these few, it might have been written by the author of *Der Freyschütz* and *Oberon*.

The selection from the 6th symphony, in F, called the Pastoral, presented the audience not only with the best portion of that work, but with the finest of Beethoven's few attempts at descriptive composition. In the second movement of the same symphony,—which is suggestive, not descriptive, in its aim, seeking to awaken emotions kindred to those excited by a walk by the side of a rivulet on a spring day, but not attempting to imitate the flow of water, or the sigh of the breeze, any more than the light of the sun,—in this movement there occur direct imitations of various birds: but this is the very lowest kind of art, and though Beethoven has employed it with signal success and in a manner peculiar to himself, the aim is trivial and the effect unworthy. The *allegro*, which M. Jullien gave us, is one of the most characteristic of those peculiar movements in triple time which Beethoven created and substituted for the Minuet and Trio of the old Symphony and Quartet. It is a quaint and fairly graphic embodiment of the spirit of rustic hilarity. To execute it well, great delicacy of execution is needed and equal nicety and promptness in taking up the parts by the several instruments. It was exquisitely well done under the direction of M. Jullien. The Storm Movement, which puts a sudden stop to the rural festivities, is a marvellous exhibition of profound knowledge of counterpoint and mastery of its resources compelled into the service of portraying the fury of the elements. It is impossible to imitate lightning or rain by music; and though drums furnish a pigmy thunder, wind can be but feebly counterfeited by any or all of the instruments in the orchestra. But Beethoven's storm lacks the effect of neither lightning, rain, wind nor thunder. His composition arouses in us lively reminiscences of the emotions with which we see the heavens riven by fire, and sheets of water sweep over prostrate fields, and hear fitful gusts howl in alternate fury with the bellows of black browed clouds. The subsiding of the tempest is perhaps yet more graphic; and yet it is needless to say that no storm ever died away in such sweet strains. The music is not imitative, but suggestive; a distinction to which we drew the attention of our readers some years ago, in commenting upon the performance of this same symphony, and again in remarking upon the purely imitative labors which deform Haydn's otherwise noble *Creation*. This storm movement was a remarkable exhibition of skill on the part of the orchestra and control on that of the conductor. The violoncellos and double basses, which have passages not easy of performance and yet very essential, were handled with admirable effect; and the violins bowed like one man. The drums, which in this movement are very important instruments, were admirably played.

The next piece, *Adelaida*, which was sung by König's cornet, is before all other compositions as an expression of unutterable love and utter wretchedness. It is a grand and incontrovertible assertion of the great school of music, the school of thought, that it can give voice to passion, that it can express the keenest pangs of grief, and with a power that dwindles the efforts of the declamatory

writers, how fine so ever they may be in themselves. There is nothing petty about the love or the anguish of *Adelaida*. The passion is heroic; and the art is high art. Not only this—there is a broad and very remarkable distinction between its sentiment and that of the Italian declamatory writers. Its excellence is not only of degree; it is of kind. The beauty of *Tu che a Dio spiegasti l'ali*—and it is beautiful—multiplied a hundred fold would not be a thought nearer the beauty of *Adelaida*. In the former, and in all the compositions of its school, the passion is not heroic; it is not grand. It is a passion which seeks utterance. It is not all-absorbing; for it can busy itself with thinking about itself, and seek assuagement of its sorrows by pouring them into the ears of others. It delights to be a martyr; and revels in the luxury of its woe. Recall the finale of the second act of *Lucia*, and that of the first act of *La Sonnambula*, and observe that *Edgardo*, in the one, and *Elvino* and *Amina*, in the other, declaim their grief and linger over their own expression of their own sorrows. This sort of passion is very moving in its utterance; but somehow or other, though sometimes for dramatic effect it kills itself, we feel no certainty that, if it were not for the dramatic effect, it could not get safely through its misery, and do it all over again. Not so with the passion of *Adelaida*. In that the cry of grief is wrung from the tortured soul. We see the effort made to restrain the utterance of the agony, which breaks forth in strains which express, but do not diminish or assuage a woe which, though utter and hopeless, is not pitiful or even pitiable, and which seeks no sympathy. *Edgardo* kills himself; but he who loved *Adelaida* has no need to put himself to death;—he dies. His heart is cloven by a keener edge than that of steel. He does not put an end to a grief which he is too feeble to bear; he bears it until it puts an end to him. Every strain, every note of *Adelaida* breathes heart-broken anguish. It is a musical picture of a strong soul wrecked and shattered. The melody is a cry which a mighty spirit cannot stifle, and the accompaniment, in itself a marvel of art, throbs and leaps and quivers with the pulse of woeful passion.

We remind our readers that we drew and insisted on this distinction in criticising the performances of Jenny Lind. We found her at first comparatively incapable for declamatory effect; but afterward in the great school of music, herself unapproachably great.

A restless discontent, a yearning after he knew not what, is as much the characteristic of Beethoven's music, as a mild and noble melancholy was that of Mozart's, and a glad and hopeful spirit that of Haydn's, and this is not in any of his works more manifest than in the waltz theme which has been well named *Le Desir*. The man who wrote that strain could never be happy, and would never be satisfied. It tells plaintively of an aching void, that will never be filled. It was played very smoothly and expressively, and the variations were very nicely executed; but we had rather they had been left unplayed, and in truth, unwritten. They but fritter away the sentiment of the theme, instead of expanding and varying its expression. That air is not to be varied. Beethoven might have done it; but he didn't.

The greatest of instrumental compositions formed the fitting finale to such a selection. The Symphony in C Minor contains no finer thoughts, perhaps, than are to be found distributed through the other works of its composer; but no one of his instrumental works is equal as a whole to this. People have puzzled themselves to discover what it means. What matter? It meant something to Beethoven, without a doubt, or it would be meaningless to us; but our enjoyment of it depends not on the thought or the fact which moved him to write it, but upon its power to please our sense of beauty, and to suggest to us the same emotions which had possession of his soul when its twin-born marvels of melody and harmony came into existence. We would willingly linger over its varied beauties; varied from grandeur and majestic power to delicacy and tenderness and quaint grotesqueness. But our space fails us; and these are themes upon which we have more than once descanted lovingly. Its greatest movement is the second; greatest in its thoughts, and in their treatment. Perhaps in the whole range of orchestral music there is no such succession of beauties as in this movement. The noble theme announced by the violoncellos; the tender loveliness of the succeeding strains for flutes, oboe, and clarinet, repeated, but with a difference, by the violins; the placid dignity of the second theme, the surprising

enharmonic change by which it passes to the trumpets and becomes stately, majestic and awe-moving; the passage by mysterious harmony back into the original key; the repetition of the same strains, the same yet even varying, again and again, at each recurrence enhanced with some new and unexpected charm; the hurried, impatient passage which breaks the even and dignified progress of the movement; the startling return to the theme and the reproduction of all its beauties with the freshness of novelty and the charm of recognition, make it a nonpareil of musical art. M. Jullien feels it profoundly and comprehends all of its beauties. It was as a whole admirably well given; but in some passages towards the close, in which a charming variation in the effect is produced by the alteration of the time of two notes in a group of four, the point was neglected, to the marrying of what would otherwise have been a perfect performance.

The difficult *Scherzo* was well done, except that the horns were too overbearing in the second theme, and that the double basses, though unusually distinct were not distinct enough in the *Trio*. It is hoping too much perhaps to hope for a better performance of this *Trio*, which in fact is only enjoyed thoroughly by reading it in score after having heard it attempted.

If the final March had not been mutilated and overborne with brass, nothing could have been wished for in its performance. The whole of Monsieur JULLIEN's brass band was here let loose. It was too much. It was more than BEETHOVEN wrote for. The merciless array of trumpets overwhelmed even that large body of strings, and the balance of the instrumentation was destroyed. The ophicleide told well in taking the part of the fabulous contrafagotto of the score; but even here we were reminded continually that its register was an octave too high. The curtailment of the movement by the loss of the first part was decidedly injurious. Those themes should be heard again and again to produce their full effect, and the ear needs long preparation for that furious *presto*. These points excepted the performance was truly splendid. We owe Monsieur JULLIEN much for giving us such music in such a manner. To the credit of our city the house was entirely filled.

We inform a respected correspondent that we have by no means lost sight of Monsieur JULLIEN's humbug, and shall endeavor at the proper time to justify our correspondent's kind expressions and comply with his suggestions. What we have said on this score is mild and gentle in comparison with what we have to say; although we shall speak as we did, in the utmost kindness. But hereafter we shall deal principally with an accomplice of the great conductor, who is both the cause and the occasion of his humbug.—N. Y. Courier & Inquirer.

THALBERG'S NEW WORK.—M. Thalberg has published an elaborate compilation of music, entitled "The Art of Singing applied to the pianoforte." It is thus noticed in a London paper:—"Few musical publications furnish ampler text for a lecturer than this. The entire history of arrangements for the Pianoforte of music not written for the Pianoforte might be sketched—also, the rise, progress, and changes in style of *cantabile* playing—with reference to its contents. While turning over these elaborate pages,—while testing the examples that they contain, in which executive steadiness and ingenuity are forced to their extreme boundaries,—we have glanced back to the days when single notes and a figured bass were all that were submitted to the amateur who was called to give some account at his harpsichord or pianoforte of the *Concertos* of Corelli—the *Overtures* of Handel—the *Symphonies* of Vanhall—or the opera songs of Jomelli, Hasse, and Sacchini. Sound musical knowledge was in those days strictly demanded from players of the first class; but how has the art of prestidigitation (to borrow a word from the conjurors) been since then cultivated! The pianoforte is now expected to represent the *solo* instrument, the vocal concerted piece, the opera chorus, with full orchestra, of its sole self:—nay more, while representing these, it is perpetually required to throw into the bargain some new *arpeggio*, or monster chord, or airy chromatic passage. The habit and the call have, indeed, become matters of every-day occurrence; and here M. Thalberg assembles some of the most arduous specimens of embroidery, and having prefixed a few intelligent remarks on di-

versities of taste and of tone in touch, calls, the work 'The Art of Singing applied to the Piano.'—Such a title suggests retrospect, as has been said, and challenges examination." A long criticism follows, the substance of which is, that M. Thalberg has produced a work, the compositions of which are so overloaded with ornaments and so hemmed in with difficulties, that few besides himself can play them.

ARTISTE.—*Artiste* (as all but *artistes* are aware) is the French for "artist;" and tenth-rate musicians, professors of parlor magic, unappreciated tumblers, etc., have now appropriated the word in a manner which says much for their self-appreciation. Writers, many of whom have exhibited a tolerable amount of art, never call themselves artists. The class of persons who in England have hitherto been generally known by the name of artists, are beginning to get ashamed of the word, and to call themselves painters illustrators, caricaturists, lithographic draughtsmen, or by any title which may indicate the especial branch of art which they cultivate. Singers, such as Viardot, continue to call themselves singers. Dancers, such as Taglioni, will always call themselves dancers.—Thalberg is a pianist; Ernst, a violinist. But Tomkins, of the Casino band, Miss Gherkins, who was hissed at the Surrey Music Hall, Squalinalto, who was tenor ("in the chorus," *understood*) at the *Scala*, etc., etc., all insist upon being called *artistes*. An *artiste* is the name of a person who lives upon Art while destroying it, like a blight upon a flower.—*Diogenes*.

Translated for this Journal.

The Bell Casting at Breslau.

Once dwelt there a Bell-caster
In Breslau's city fair,
In his craft an honored Master,
Of skill and counsel rare.
From churches and from chapels
In the city all around,
The praise of God is ringing
From his bells, with solemn sound.
The bells all round are ringing
So loud and full and clear,
Of Faith and Love seem singing,
So sweet their tones appear.
But of all the Master's labors,
The glory and the crown
Is called "The Bell of Sinners,"
At Breslau, in the town.
In the tower of St. Magdalen's
This master work doth hang,
And speaks to many a sinner
Of God in its solemn clang.
How doth the worthy Master
With care the work attend!
Both day and night he labors
Until the work shall end.
And now the time drew near;
The mould already stood,
And, bubbling in the furnace,
Was the metal hot and good.
Then to his side the Master
A stripling fair doth call,
"Watch thou beside the furnace,
Watch thou—alone—of all;
"For I before the casting
My strength with wine will cheer,
For now the molten metal
Will flow both full and clear.
"Take heed how on the flood gate
Thou even lay thy hand;
Thy life shall be the forfeit,
I swear it, as I stand!"
The boy stands by the cauldron,
Into its depths looks he
On the metal, foaming, boiling,
And raging to be free.

In his ears is a gentle whisper
Doth lure him to draw near
And but to place his finger
On the gate—with curious fear.

Now in his hand he grasps it—
And now the gate doth turn—
Then grows he anxious, fearful,
Nor knows what he hath done.

Swift runs he to the Master
And will his guilt unfold;
For pardon now he prayeth,
And fast his knees doth hold.

Scarce had the Master listened
To what the boy did say,
When sudden madness seized him
And held him in its sway.

His dagger keen he plungeth
Deep in the stripling's breast;
Swift to the furnace runneth,
In mad, unconscious haste:

Perchance he yet may hinder
The stream of fiery glow.
But lo! the casting's ended!
No drop doth downward flow.

Now quick the Master hastens
To break the mould of sand,
Sees, without spot or blemish,
The Bell before him stand!

On the ground the boy is lying
And the work sees nevermore.
Ah! Master, cruel Master,
But thou did'st smite him sore!

Before the pitying Judges
The Master Founder stands—
His bloody crime confesses—
They bind his murderous hands.

But none may save the Master,
Blood must for blood atone,
And calmly now he heareth
The words of fearful doom.

And now his days are ended;
The Master forth is led,
And hears the solemn Masses
That are chaunted for the dead.

"I thank ye," said the Master,
"Oh friends most dear and true,
And yet, one little favor
My heart would beg of you:

"I would I once might listen
To the tolling of my Bell—
With care the mould I fashioned,
I would know if all is well."

His dying wish is granted;
And solemnly and slow
The Sinner's Bell is tolling
As he to death doth go.

He hears the Bell's sweet ringing,
So full and clear and slow,
And as he hears it ringing
His eyes with tears o'erflow.

His look grows glad and cheerful,
For with every stroke that rang
The Bell did tell of Heaven
With mournful, solemn clang.

His head he meekly bendeth
To the headsman's glittering knife,
Through the Gates of Death he passeth
To the promised Better Life.

Of all the Master's labors,
The glory and the crown
Still hangs there in St. Magdalen's,
At Breslau, in the town.

'Tis called "The Bell of Sinners,"
And for the passing soul
From that time forth forever
With solemn sound doth toll.

W. MULLER.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 15, 1853.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Jullien and his Orchestra.

NEW YORK, October 8, 1853.

Last evening we heard for the first time the great orchestra of Jullien. It was his "eleventh concert at Metropolitan Hall, and *thirty-fifth* in New York," and the crowd and the enthusiasm showed that the charm still worked. The programme was characteristic, but not one of Jullien's best, not like that of the night before, when he gave one of his "Beethoven nights," which we should prefer to hear before undertaking to fathom the depths of the great Jullien's musicianship as an appreciator and conductor and interpreter of the greatest kind of music. The critic of the *Courier and Enquirer*, however, speaks of that both intelligently and eulogistically this morning. Our *locum tenens* will please copy. But such an orchestra and such conductorship, with such solo-playing on all sorts of instruments, is certain to delight one the first time, even if there be nothing great or classic in the programme; and after all, it did contain some fine and many clever things. It was undoubtedly a fair specimen of Jullien in his speciality. There was something imposing in the mere assemblage of an orchestra of a hundred persons, embracing so many celebrated virtuosos, the best on their several instruments that Europe could afford, on a stage brilliantly decorated and in that brilliant hall; and when the magician (whose outward man has been abundantly described) rose from his throne, and carefully surveying all his forces, raised his wand, it was plain that the best understanding and best feeling existed between him and all his artists.

The overture was *Semiramide*, one of Rossini's best, and rather seldom heard among us. What a rich and pure sonority in the full, loud chords! The power and blended quality of tone of that great orchestra exceeded all that we had ever heard. There were no uncertain, characterless, or noisily obtrusive sounds; it was one rich, vital tone, a harmony in the best sense of many pure, effective, justly related individual tones. The ear and mind rejoiced throughout the evening in this satisfactory and vital fulness of the *tutti*. The quartet of the horns was played deliciously sweet and crisp. The witching little theme of the violins, starting with those light and quick reiterations of the first note, was given with elastic delicacy and precision by the broad mass of strings, and the *crescendos* and *diminuendos* and *retardandos*, and other points of expression were caught with sympathetic unity and certainty from the expressive baton and gesture of the conductor. We never heard an overture made so brilliantly effective; every point of melody, of rhythm, of harmony, of instrumental coloring, of light and shade, was boldly, delicately, happily brought out. We recognized the truth of what is often said of the expressive indications of Jullien's baton, it seems spontaneously to trace the outline of each melodic figure in the air; were it a lighted stick and moving in the dark, we might almost see the music. Nor was it possible to doubt that there had been consummate judgment and tact in the selecting,

combining, training and tempering the instruments that made up that orchestra. Every instrument seemed a distinct and living individuality, whether emerging into the foreground with a solo passage, or kept back in the humbler function of mere common chord accompaniment; there was no mere unindividualized mass of sound in any portion of the band.

There was one brief specimen from Beethoven, the graceful Allegretto from the eighth symphony, which we have enjoyed quite as well at the hands of the "Germanians," since it does not depend for its effect on a great orchestra; but it was genially, tastefully and lovingly, as well as accurately rendered.

As for the dance pieces, in which lie Jullien's forte and popularity, we could not but enjoy them also, for some time, because of the wonderful mastery of instrumental *effects* displayed in them; although there is little in such music that survives apart from these effects of varied and contrasted instrumentation; reduce it to a piano-forte arrangement, and it is nothing; whereas a solid work of Beethoven, for instance, a composition with ideas and inspiration in it, will convey the magnetism of its character through a mere outline, as the great paintings do through good engravings. Yet as Jullien gives them, with all his orchestral resources, they are among the most brilliant and individual novelties in music. It is in these too that he displays the character and as it were draws the peculiar soul out of each solo instrument. His famous "American" Yankee-Doodle battle quadrille is certainly a wonderful exhibition of instrumental *effects*, both solo and combined. Its twenty solos, by such artists as Koenig, whose cornet is truly said to *sing*, Hughes on the ophicleide, the hard, round, solid tones of which, such as we never heard before, are grandly expressive in their way, Lavigne and Wuille, with their exquisite oboe and clarinet, were a new revelation of the best modern skill in instruments. Nor was this all; the contrapuntist's art came much in play, especially in the wonderfully imitative effects of the battle, as well as the deep boom of the "monster drum," which in so grand a combination supplies a necessary craving of the ear. There was a new polka, of Jullien's, called the "Katydid," suggestive of summer evenings at Castle Garden, in which the insect's *tick* is imitated by a machine devised by Jullien for the purpose; a humorous and graceful affair it was, to be sure. But all mere brilliancy, all mere effect will cease to satisfy, because it astonishes but does not inspire you; and so we found our senses dull and mind fatigued before the long list of quadrille, waltz and polka fireworks was exhausted.

That Jullien is a masterly conductor, a scientific, classically trained musician (for he had Cherubini for a master), a shrewd observer of men and feeler of the public pulse, a man of wonderful vivacity of temperament, alive to all outward impressions, and with much inventive faculty to render them in music, we cannot doubt. That he is a reverent and sympathetic interpreter too of the great and true tone-poets, we are assured, and saw some proof of it last evening. But of his power to create and originate great music, we must say the "grand operatic selection and fantasia from his *Pietro il Grande*," left us unconvinced. There was no lack of a musician's skill and knowledge; but it did lack (to us at least) the stamp of inspiration, the charm of individual ideas; there

was form without vitality; there was repetition and prolongation of common-place cadences, as if to secure new chances of reaching what he had vainly tried to reach. But Jullien is a creator in one sense; he is the creator of perhaps the world's finest orchestra; and is that not glory enough for one man? Consider whether it does not mark a man of decided character and large grasp of thought.

Mlle. ANNA ZERR seems to be an unsympathetic, uninspiring singer, having high soprano notes of rare beauty in themselves, with three or four *extra* high notes, fitting her for the songs of the Queen of the Night, in the *Zauberflöte*. Her rendering of Mozart's divine melody: *Deh vieni non tardar*, a melody which only JENNY LIND has sung in all its pure height of heavenly simplicity, and which even SONTAG injured by false but graceful ornament, was, to us, almost an act of musical sacrilege. All simplicity and and purity of melody, the vital characteristics of that song, were gone: it was loaded with embellishments and trills and the most unmeaning, common-place cadenzas of Italian opera. Her "I've been roaming," won an encore from a portion of the audience. We feel unwilling, however, to pronounce any judgment from a single hearing on a singer of such note and of no considerable reputation, and trusting we have not heard the best of Anna Zerr, shall wait till we hear her in Boston.

There were some admirable instrumental solos, of which we have not time now to speak.

Ten Years Ago.

We present below, as an interesting reminiscence of the days of our ignorance, an extract from the leading editorial article of the first number of a musical periodical started in this city in 1842 by Messrs. George J. Webb and T. B. Hayward. It is difficult to realize that so great a change can have been wrought in the musical taste and knowledge of our people as is shown by contrasting this article with that contained in the number of our *Journal of Music* for April 30, 1853 (Vol 3, No. 4), in which we gave a list, as full and complete as we could, of the classical music which had been performed in Boston, during the past winter; and, did not our own memory bear out the assertions of the article from which we quote, we should almost disbelieve the story that it tells. Familiar now, as every concert goer among us is, with all the Symphonies of Beethoven, with many of those of Haydn and Mozart, to say nothing of those of Mendelssohn and of modern living composers; familiar with the principal Italian operas now on the stage; with classical chamber music of the highest order; having heard within a few years past many of the most distinguished singers of the day, JENNY LIND, ALBONI, SONTAG, and a host of others of less celebrity; having listened to the brilliant efforts of the most famous instrumental performers, so that all these matters are familiar to us as household words, we can scarcely appreciate the wonderful change that has come over the musical public in what seems to be so short a period.

We ask our readers to compare the following statements with those contained in the number of our *Journal* alluded to.

We speak, and justly, with the highest admiration, of Handel, Haydn and Mozart; and we have a very few of their compositions in this country, which some

of our societies perform in a manner that does themselves credit.

But the few pieces that we have, are very little spread in this country; and these masters are generally regarded but as men of yesterday; whereas they lived and wrote and died, before most of the present generation were born. Their works are also very voluminous, and it is hardly probable that the twentieth part of them ever reached our shores. Of that species of musical composition, of which Haydn was the inventor, for which he is most celebrated, and on which rests his fame as a composer and a man of genius more than on anything else, viz.; the *Symphony*, properly so called, the public performance has been attempted in this country in but few instances. Now the voluminous works of these men, to say nothing of numberless others, have been before the public in Europe from fifty to a hundred years, and in the way of frequent performance in hundreds of places; and it may well be imagined what must be the effect on the public taste. Fifty years ago, the musical world of Europe was listening to and enjoying the works of these great masters; while the musical public of Boston was luxuriating upon the productions of—Billings and Holden; and strange to say, we even now have among us men, who still prefer the latter. The *Quartet*, for two violins, a viola and *violoncello*, with which it is so common for amateurs to entertain themselves in a private way in Europe, is rarely attempted here, unless it be by a small club of foreigners; nay, it is almost unknown in this country.

Of Oratorios, very few, probably not more than a half dozen, have ever been performed in this country; and these with little or no success, except in two or three places. Nor is it yet twenty-five years since the first attempt to give a regular Oratorio was made. Now of this species of composition there are probably several hundreds in existence, many of which are regarded as standard works, and parts of still more are considered as furnishing the most valuable selections for public performance, that can be made. Handel alone has bequeathed to the world about twenty.

It is not twenty years since the first successful attempt at the representation of the Italian opera was realized; and this it has been found impossible to sustain. In Boston it was never attempted. The only operas which we have had here are what are called English Operas, of which we have seen but four or five, and Ballad Operas, which have been somewhat more numerous. In Europe, great numbers of new operas are brought out every year; and the accumulated mass would amount to thousands. It is true, most of them enjoy but an ephemeral existence; few of them lasting more than two or three years. But many of them contain songs, or other movements, which are so valuable as to be published separately, and share a high and a lasting popularity.

There are several whole species of musical composition, which are as yet scarcely known at all in this country. Two of these, the *Symphony* and the *Quartet*, both of which are instrumental, have been already mentioned. Others still might be added; but it would carry us beyond our purpose to enumerate them here.

Of vocal music, too, there are many kinds, as the *Cantata*, the *Serenata*, of which we have but few specimens; and several, of which we have none. Indeed, most of the vocal music in this country, except psalm tunes, is almost wholly confined to the large cities. The more common kinds, such as Songs, Duets, Trios, Glees, Madrigals, &c., are but little circulated in the country; and indeed our whole stock of these is very limited.

Of the immense mass of standard instrumental music, whether for the piano, the organ, or for single wind and string instruments, we have an equally limited proportion.

To supply some of these deficiencies, particularly those enumerated in our Prospectus, by establishing a work which shall serve as a regular periodical organ of circulating as widely as possible a choice selection from these treasures of art, is the design of the present undertaking. It rests with the public to determine whether such a work is worthy of their support.

Mr. WEBB, the editor of the periodical from which this extract is made, is entitled, not a little, to the credit of having brought about this change. As conductor of the various Oratorio Societies in Boston and of the "Boston Academy of Music," and of the "Musical Fund Society," he has exerted a most useful influence on the development and progress of a high musical taste among us.

Mrs. SEGUIN.—We mentioned, more than a year ago, that Mrs. Seguin intended to expand her private classes in vocal music, into a more public institution—an Academy of Music—wherein the most advanced and thorough instruction in the art, might be imparted to a large number. The lamented death of Mr. Seguin, interrupted the formation of her plans; but her intention has never been abandoned, and she is now engaged in the preliminary steps for founding the proposed institution. Mrs. Seguin is especially adapted to be at the head of such an academy. She has not only the advantage of being herself a mistress of the vocal art, but she received her own musical education in the "Royal Academy of Music," of London, which is an institution precisely similar to that which Mrs. Seguin designs to establish. She is, therefore, already familiar with the practical working of musical academies. We heartily wish her most abundant success in her enterprise. Mrs. Seguin has received great encouragement from home and foreign musicians, who feel that an academy for the complete mastery of vocal music, is a real desideratum among us. Mr. Benedict, the eminent composer and leader, of London, who is well known here in connection with the concert tour of Jenny Lind, writes to Mrs. Seguin, as follows:—

"2 Manchester Square, London, 20th Jan., 1853.

MY DEAR MRS. SEGUIN,—I have heard with the greatest concern, the news of your sad bereavement. Every one who knew your excellent husband, must feel your terrible, irreparable loss; and none better than myself—tried in the school of Misfortunes and domestic calamities—can appreciate the whole extent of your sorrows. But you have still holy duties to fulfil, and I hope you will persist in your former plan of forming a Singing Academy. Your great experience in both the classical and modern styles, your perfect taste, your high musical acquirements, hold out the certainty, that you must succeed in a country where talent, united to an unimpeachable moral character, can never fail to enlist the sympathies of all. With the best wishes for yourself and family, believe me, Always yours, very truly,
JULES BENEDET.

We shall soon be able to give further particulars of Mrs. Seguin's plan. Meanwhile, we commend it and her to the consideration and confidence of the musical public.—*Home Journal*.

Musical Intelligence.

Local.

THE GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY begin their concerts on Saturday next, at the Boston Music Hall, and in spite of the attractions presented by Jullien's monster orchestra, will be most cordially welcomed back to Boston, by their numerous friends, and fellow citizens, as they may fairly call themselves, having taken steps to become citizens of the United States. The Germania Society has been for some years our *beau ideal* of a well trained orchestra, and with the largely increased number of members that will compose the Society this winter, we do not fear that their performances can suffer by any comparisons. We are informed that Mlle. CAROLINE PINTARD, from Paris, will appear at these concerts as vocalist. She is said to have a fine contralto voice and to be an accomplished singer, and beside all this, to have no ordinary personal attractions. Subscription tickets will now be delivered by Mr. Bandt, the agent, at Wade's Music Store.

OLE BULL'S CONCERT on Friday of last week was very well attended, by an enthusiastic audience. We were not able to be present at this concert, but would remind our readers that his next and last Farewell Concert will take place this (Saturday) evening at the Music Hall. The programme will be found in another column.

The Concert of the new Quartet Club, to be given to-night in the Tremont Temple, presents great attractions. It will be the first opportunity we have had of hearing a concert in the new hall, as well as the first performance of the new Club. Hummel's celebrated Septuor in D minor will be performed and will be the chief attraction of the programme. The subscribers are assured that the subscription concerts to be given by this Club will be in no way inferior to this one. If the performance should be equal to the promise, we may surely expect a very delightful series of concerts.

THE MENDELSSOHN CHORAL SOCIETY (the new Oratorio Society) commenced their Rehearsals on Monday

evening last. Although the evening was quite rainy and unpleasant, the choir numbered 130 voices, the parts being about equal. Mr. Bergmann, of the Germania Musical Society, has been selected as Conductor for the season; but, as he had not arrived in the city, at the request of the President of the Society, Mr. George J. Webb conducted this Rehearsal. The "Messiah" was taken up, preparatory to its performance on Christmas evening.

Immediately after the choice of officers, a few weeks since, Mr Webb was unanimously elected an honorary member of this Society, a well deserved compliment, coming from those who have been formerly under his instruction and who appreciate his exertions and sacrifices in the cause of the advancement of vocal music in this community.

Advertisements.

OLE BULL'S

FAREWELL CONCERTS IN AMERICA!

OLE BULL announces to his friends and to the public that he will give his

Positively Last Grand Concert,

THIS (Saturday) EVENING, OCT. 15,
AT THE BOSTON MUSIC HALL.

On which occasion he will be assisted by

ADELINA PATTI.

The Musical Phenomenon, and

MAURICE STRAKOSCH,

The celebrated Pianist and Composer.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

1. La Sylphide—Fantasia Romantique—composed and executed on the Pianoforte by Maurice Strakosch.
2. Happy Birding of the Forest, by Wallace—sung by Signorina Adeline Patti.
3. Polacca Guerriera—composed and executed by... Ole Bull.
4. Ah! Non Giunse, the celebrated Kondo Fiale from La Sonnambula—sung by Signorina Adeline Patti.
5. Adagio Religioso, (Mother's Prayer)—by request—composed and executed by Ole Bull.

PART II.

1. The Banjo, a new Capriccio Characterisque, composed and performed by... Maurice Strakosch.
2. "Home, Sweet Home," the celebrated Ballad composed by Sir H. Bishop—sung by Signorina Adeline Patti.
3. Grand National Fantasia for the Violin alone—performed by Ole Bull.
4. Jenny Lind's Echo Song—sung by Signorina Adeline Patti.
5. Carnival of Venice—by Ole Bull.

Price of admission to all parts of the Hall \$1. Seats may be secured without extra charge at E. H. Wade's music store, 197 Washington street.

Doors open at 7. Concert to commence at 8.

NOTICE.—For the convenience of the Public, and to prevent a crowd, both entrances of the Music Hall, and two ticket offices will be opened on Saturday evening.

Each admission ticket sold on the evening of the Concert will entitle the purchaser to a secured seat.

Bertini—Newly Revised.

Important to Dealers, Teachers, and Scholars.

THE Musical Public is respectfully informed that a New Edition of Bertini's celebrated Method of Piano-Forte Instruction is in course of preparation, which will contain the New and Important Revisions of the Author, (not contained in any present American edition,) embracing very important studies, rendering this work the most attractive and thorough to teachers and scholars of any ever published. It will be issued in a style surpassing in beauty, durability and convenience all previous works of the kind.

Oliver Ditson, 115 Washington St.

OTTO DRESEL,

WINTHROP HOUSE.

Oct. 15,

tf

SIGNOR C. CHIANEI

RESPECTFULLY informs his pupils and friends that he is now ready to resume his instructions in singing.

Application may be made at No. 47 Hancock Street, or at the Music Store of Theodore T. Barker, No. 381 Washington Street.

Oct. 8. is4t

J. TRENKLE,

TEACHER OF THE PIANO-FORTE.

Residence No. 7 Hayward Place.

Oct. 8. 3m

A. W. FRENZEL

RESPECTFULLY gives notice that he is commencing a new term with Scholars on the PIANO-FORTE. Orders may be left at G. P. Reed's or T. H. Barker's Music Stores, or at his residence,

No. 4 Pine St., Boston.

JONAS CHICKERING, PIANO-FORTE MANUFACTURER, MASONIC TEMPLE, Tremont Street,

HAVING removed from his former location in Washington Street, and fitted up Warerooms in the above named beautiful building, is now prepared to attend upon such of his friends and the public as may honor him with a call. His time for the past six months having been exclusively devoted in endeavors to render his manufacture more perfect than ever, he is confident of being able to fully satisfy all who are desirous of possessing a good instrument.

Residents in the vicinity and adjacent States will please notice particularly his address, as there is another person in this city bearing his name, and with whom he is frequently confounded.

Mr. C. flatters himself that his experience and reputation of thirty years, must convince all who anticipate purchasing, that this is the best testimonial that he can offer of the excellence of his Pianos, and of the satisfaction which has invariably been manifested with regard to all the qualities which constitute an unexceptionable instrument.

WAREROOMS,

Masonic Temple, Tremont Street,

Oct. 8. tf BOSTON.

THE GREAT AMERICAN PICTURE.

John Bunyan's Immortal Allegory.

Probably no Book, save the Bible, has been so extensively read as Bunyan's Inimitable Allegory,

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

IT has been translated into nearly all the different languages of Christendom, and been perused with delight and holy fervor by all nations. Art has lent her attractions in nearly all the forms of illustration, from the rough Wood Cut to the exquisite Steel Engraving. But to the middle of the nineteenth century, and to an American Clergyman, are we indebted for the only true pictorial conception of this immortal work.

The novel and sublime idea of embodying the ENTIRE STORY, and transferring the same to a SINGLE PICTURE, showing the wanderings of Christian from the "City of Destruction" to the "Celestial City," presenting at one view to the eye the varied scenes through which he passed, originated with DANIEL WIGHT, of Massachusetts. His truly original and beautiful conception was reduced to a most elegant design by HAMMATT BILLINGS, and from this design, JOSEPH ANDREWS, the distinguished historical engraver, has produced, after four years of labor, a Picture which will take rank among the most superb and elaborate productions of human genius, taste, and skill.

The Picture is now ready, and will be offered for sale at the Bookstore of the Publishers, and by Agents duly authorized by the Publishers.

Price—India Proofs, Ten Dollars; Prints, Five Dollars.

JOHN P. JEWETT & CO., Publishers,

17 and 19 Cornhill, Boston.

JEWETT, PROCTOR & WORTHINGTON,

Cleveland, Ohio.

We have received from many of the distinguished men in this country, Clergymen, Statesmen, Lawyers, Artists and Editors, the most flattering testimonials in favor of this great work of Art.

These letters being too long and elaborate for an advertisement, we shall publish them in a pamphlet circular. We subjoin the names only:

Rev. E. N. Kirk, Boston.
Rev. Dr. Jenks, Boston.
Rev. F. D. Huntington, Boston.
Rev. John S. Stone, D. D., Brookline.
Rev. R. H. Neale, D. D., Boston.
Rev. Baron Stow, D. D., Boston.
Rev. Leonard Bacon, D. D., New Haven.
Prof. B. Silliman, New Haven.
Rev. Dr. Dowling, Philadelphia.
Rev. E. M. Chapin, New York.
Rev. George B. Cheever, D. D., New York.
Rev. A. L. Stone, Boston.
Rev. Rufus W. Clark, Boston.
Rev. Dr. Cox, New York.
Rev. John McDowell, D. D., Philadelphia.
Rev. Dr. Sears, Boston.
Rev. Dr. Durbin, Philadelphia.
Rev. Dr. Stork, Philadelphia.
Hon. Edward Everett, Boston.
Hon. Rufus Choate, Boston.
T. B. Welch, Esq., Artist, Philadelphia.
Samuel L. Gerry, Esq., Artist, Boston.
William L. Whitaker, Esq., Artist, Boston.
And numerous Editors.

Mr. Geo. E. SICKELS is the only authorized Agent for Boston, who will thoroughly canvass the city. His rooms are at the Am. S. S. Union, No. 9 Cornhill, where he keeps for sale the Engraving and various styles of frames, designed expressly for it. Oct. 8.

The best works on Piano Instruction existing.

IN PRESS.—JULIUS KNORR'S GUIDE FOR TEACHERS ON THE PIANO-FORTE, translated from the latest and most approved German Edition, by G. A. SCHMITT.

Also JUL. KNORR'S REVISED EDITION OF A. E. MULLER'S METHOD FOR THE PIANO-FORTE.

The above works are in reality the most complete, elaborate, and, at the same time, condensed works on the subject of which they treat. They contain Studies and Examples which will lead the scholar to a mastery of all the modern achievements of the Art; and are, in the opinion of leading German critics, the best books on musical instruction extant. THE GUIDE is not only a key to the succeeding work, but contains a list of over two hundred pieces, by the first masters, in progressive order, with notes of advice to the teacher, showing how they might be best practised for the advancement of the pupil.

THE COMPLETE METHOD contains many suggestions of the greatest importance to Teachers and Pupils that have not been mentioned in any other book of instruction.

These exceedingly valuable works are in press, and will be ready at an early date.

OLIVER DITSON, Boston.

iii 14 3m

PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION.

G. A. SCHMITT, (From Germany),
TEACHER OF THE PIANO-FORTE,

IS now prepared to give lessons at the residence of pupils or at his own residence, rear of No. 411 Washington Street.
Refers to the following gentlemen: JOHN S. DWIGHT, JONAS CHICKERING, Esq., HALLETT, DAVIS & Co., OLIVER DITSON.
Oct. 8.

SINGING AND PIANO-FORTE.

MISS FANNY FRAZER begs to inform her Pupils and Friends that she has returned to the City, and is now ready to resume her teaching.
PAVILION HOTEL, Sept. 24th. 6c

THOMAS RYAN respectfully informs his pupils that he has returned to town for the season, and will resume his instructions in Harmony and Thorough Bass, Piano-Forte, Flute, Clarinet, Violin, etc. Ladies desirous of studying Thorough Bass in small private classes, will please leave communications at his residence, No. 5 Franklin St., or at G. P. Reed & Co.'s music store.
Boston, September 24, 1853.

SIGNOR CORELLI begs leave to announce to his friends and pupils that he has returned to the city, and may be found at his rooms, No. 20 Temple Place, or at the Tremont House. Sept. 17.

JUST PUBLISHED,

F. WEILAND'S

Instructions for the Spanish Guitar,
Price \$1 net.

G. ANDRÉ & CO., PHILADELPHIA.

NEW BOOK FOR THE MELODEON.

JUST PUBLISHED:—The American School for the Melodeon, Seraphine, Reed Organ, &c. Being a New and Complete Method of Study, embraced in a Series of

EASY AND PROGRESSIVE LESSONS;

to which is added a Choice Selection of Popular Airs, Songs, &c. Particularly arranged for Reed Instruments, by T. E. GERNEY. Price One Dollar.

This work will take the lead as a Method, easy, progressive and complete, for Reed Instruments. The Exercises are various, which, together with the Songs, Polkas, Dances, &c., numbering about one hundred, make the book as attractive as valuable.
Published by
Oct. 1. Oliver Ditson, 115 Washington St.

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NOW PUBLISHED,

DON GIOVANNI: BY MOZART,
FOR PIANO SOLO.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

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HEWES' PATENT

AMERICAN ACTION PIANO-FORTE.

THE MANUFACTURER is in possession of numerous testimonials from distinguished Musical Professors, who have used the greatly improved ACTION PIANO, commending it in high terms. The attention of purchasers and amateurs of Music to an examination of its superiority, is solicited.

GEO. HEWES, 365 Washington St., Boston. tf

Apr. 10.

THEODORE T. BARKER,

MUSIC STORE.

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Chickering's Pianos to let.

All Foreign and American Musical Publications received as soon as published. 1123 tf

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PIANO FORTES,

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PIANO FORTES REPAIRED, TUNED, & TO LET.

Apr. 10. tf

BEETHOVEN'S ORATORIO OF ENGEDI, or DAVID IN THE WILDERNESS, KNOWN AS THE MOUNT OF OLIVES, is this day published in a neat, convenient form for the singer or concert-goer by

Geo. P. Reed & Co., Publishers.

Jan. 8. 17 TREMONT ROW, BOSTON.

Edward A. Balch,

M. JULLIEN'S CONCERTS
WILL COMMENCE IN BOSTON,

...ON...

MONDAY, OCTOBER 24,

...AT THE...

Boston Music Hall.

Oct. 1, 3t.

GRAND MUSICAL FESTIVAL,
IN THE SPLENDID

New Hall of the Tremont Temple!

THE undersigned, resident artists, respectfully announce to the Citizens of Boston and Vicinity, that they will give a
GRAND VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT,

On Saturday Evening, Oct. 15th,

In the beautiful Hall of the Tremont Temple, on which occasion will be performed: *Hummel's famous Septuor in D minor*, for piano, flute, oboe, horn, &c.; a *Quartet for French Horns*; a *Fantasia for Piano*, with orchestral accompaniment, assisted by the best artists of the city. Miss MARY ELINA CURRAN, a very promising Vocalist, will make her first appearance, and sing some fine ballads of Schubert, Mendelssohn, &c. Miss MARY SAUL, a wonderful Pianist, nine years of age, will perform a *Duo-Sonata* by Mozart, with Mr. PERABEAU, and also a *Solo* from the "Child of the Regiment."

Our subscribers to the *Classical Matinées* will please use their tickets for this Festival; and we pledge ourselves hereby that our Subscription Concerts will be in no way inferior to this one. Professors are respectfully invited to get their tickets at T. T. Barker's music store.

Tickets 50 cents each, to be had at the usual places.
Subscription lists to our *Classical Matinées* will be found at the different music stores; \$3 for the whole series of Eight Concerts.

H. ECKHARDT, WM. KEYZER, VIOLINS.
WM. SCHLIMPER, A. FRENZEL, ALTOS.
TH. MAASS, 'CELLO, H. PERABEAU, PIANIST.

Oct. 1, 3t.

CHAMBER CONCERTS.

The Mendelssohn Quintette Club

RESPECTFULLY inform the Musical Public that they will give during this, their Fifth Season, a series of eight Concerts, to take place once a fortnight as usual. Tickets for the Series, \$3. Subscribers may use their tickets at pleasure. Subscription lists may be found at the Music Stores after Monday, October 17th. The time and place for the Concerts will be announced as soon as possible. Oct. 15.

GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY.

GRAND CONCERTS! The GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY respectfully announce to their friends and the public of Boston and vicinity, that they give a Series of TEN GRAND CONCERTS at the

BOSTON MUSIC HALL,

Commencing on SATURDAY EVENING, October 22d, and continued every other Saturday Evening.

The ORCHESTRA will be increased by the addition of many of the best artists in the country, thereby enabling the Society to produce the elaborate compositions of the great masters with better effect than heretofore. No expense will be spared to render the Orchestra complete in every department.

The best available talent, vocal and instrumental, will be engaged during the season, to render the Series of Concerts equal in point of brilliancy and attraction to any ever given in Boston.

In order to prevent the confusion and disappointment experienced upon the unusual demand for tickets last season, ONLY A LIMITED NUMBER of subscription tickets will be issued.

SUBSCRIBERS' TICKETS. A package of thirty tickets to be used at pleasure, \$10; half packages, containing fifteen tickets, \$5. Subscription papers are now open at all the Music Stores and principal Hotels. The issue of tickets will commence at Wade's Music Store on the 8th of October.

Sept. 17. tf

CLASSICAL MATINÉES.

THE undersigned, resident artists of Boston, intend to give a Series of Classical Concerts during next winter, in which the best works of the great composers will be performed; such as Quartets, Quintets, Septets, Trios, Duos and Solos, by Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Hummel, Weber, Cherubini, etc. The programme will be made more attractive by *Vocal* performances between the different pieces, as also Solos for Horn, Violoncello, Piano, Violin, etc., occasionally. Many greater compositions, as, Quartets, Quintets, and Septets for Piano with String and Wind instruments, will be produced, which have never been publicly performed in Boston. To accommodate Ladies and others out of town, we propose to give our Concerts in the afternoon. The time and place will be announced hereafter. The subscription is \$2 for the Series of Eight Concerts. Single tickets 50 cents each.

Subscription lists will be found at the different Music Stores.

H. ECKHARDT, VIOLINS. CH. EICHLER, ALTO.
WM. KEYZER, VIOLINS. TH. MAASS, VIOLONCELLO.
Sept. 3. H. PERABEAU, PIANIST.

Concert Programmes, Tickets, &c.

PRINTED NEATLY & PROMPTLY
AT THIS OFFICE.

L. H. SOUTHARD,
TEACHER OF MUSIC,

265 Washington Street, Boston.

Oct. 16. 3m

Letter-Press, Music and Job Printing-Office,

MRS. ROSA GARCIA DE RIBAS,

TEACHER OF THE

PIANOFORTE, SINGING & GUITAR,
2 Seneca St., corner Harrison Avenue.

MR. De RIBAS will give instruction on the Oboe and Flute. Also MUSIC ARRANGED, TRANSPOSED, &c.
Boston, April 23. 3m

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APPLY AT HIS RESIDENCE,

No. 12 INDIANA PLACE, BOSTON.

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MANUEL FENOLLOSA,

PROFESSOR OF MUSIC.

Instruction on the Piano-Forte, and Cultivation of the Voice.

MUSIC-ROOM, No. 17 GRAY'S BLOCK, corner Washington
and Summer Streets.

RESIDENCE, at the WINTROP HOUSE, BOSTON.
Oct. 1, 3m.

ANDREAS T. THORUP,

TEACHER OF THE PIANO-FORTE,

No. 84 Pinckney Street.

Lessons given either at Mr. T.'s house, or at the residence of the pupil. Application may be made at the music-stores of Geo. P. Reed & Co. or T. T. Barker. Sept. 17, 3m.

T. BRICHER,

Organist and Conductor of Music

At the Bowdoin Square Church.

OFFICE UNDER THE CHURCH. ...ENTRANCE ON CHALDON ST.
Jan. 22. 3m.

H. S. CUTLER,

Organist at the Church of the Advent, also of the Boston Harmonic Society.

ADDRESS—(Care of) ROLAND CUTLER, No. 4 Market
Square, Boston.) 22 tf

F. F. MÜLLER,

DIRECTOR OF MUSIC AND ORGANIST at the Old South Church; ORGANIST of the Handel and Haydn Society; ORGANIST of the Musical Education Society, &c. &c. &c.
Residence, No. 3 Winter Place, Boston. 11 tf

NATHAN RICHARDSON,

PROFESSOR OF MUSIC.

Letters may be addressed at the Revue House, Boston. 25 tf

Germania Serenade Band.

THE SERVICES OF THIS ASSOCIATION can be secured

by applying to
G. SCHNAPP, Leader,
364 Tremont Street. 11 14 tf

DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC,

A Paper of Art and Literature,

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\$2 per annum, in advance.

ITS CONTENTS relate mainly to the Art of Music, but with glances at the whole World of Art and of Polite Literature; including, from time to time,—1. Critical Reviews of Concerts, Oratorios, Operas; with timely Analyses of the notable Works performed, accounts of their Composers, &c. 2. Notices of New Music published at home and abroad. 3. A Summary of the significant Musical News from all parts; gathered from English, German, French, as well as American papers. 4. Correspondence from musical persons and places. 5. Essays on musical styles, schools, periods, authors, compositions, instruments, theories; on Musical Education; on Music in its Moral, Social, and Religious bearings; on Music in the Church, the Concert-room, the Theatre, the Chamber, and the Street, &c. 6. Translations from the best German and French writers upon Music and Art. 7. Occasional Notices of Sculpture, Painting, Architecture, Poetry, Aesthetic Books, the Drama, &c.—8. Original and Selected Poems, short Tales, Anecdotes, &c. 9. Back numbers, from the commencement, can be furnished. Address, (post paid,) J. S. DWIGHT,

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On advertisements standing three months or longer, a discount of twenty per cent. on the above rates is allowed.
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No. 21 School St.

A Paper of Art and Literature.

NO. 3.

This exquisite little *Aria* is entirely novel in conception, as it is completely beautiful in effect; the phraseology, the harmony, and above all, the instrumentation, are, at the same time that they are essentially characteristic of the composer, especially peculiar to this song, and we cannot less wonder at the consummate artistry that from such original experiments could command success, than

admire the perfect loveliness which is their result. Two points of singular excellence may be technically described; first, the return to the principal subject, (which is peculiarly felicitous even for Mendelssohn, who rarely suffers this always prominent feature in a musical design to elude some particular manifestation of his power,) where the first employment, throughout the score, of the basses and the commencing of the melody before the return to the key are the means from which the effect is derived; second, the reversion of the chief phrase of the song in the concluding symphony, which surprises all hearers by the newness of effect of which it shows a familiar idea to be susceptible.

As a matter of art, the introduction of this piece is most masterly, since thus is obtained a relief to the agitated character of the scene in which it is an episode that heightens the effect while it prevents what might else be monotony; and, to recur to the close of the previous piece, the change from major to minor which may, perhaps, give too much of transiency to the brightness that so lovingly expresses the last words of Stephen, is well considered to unite the present number in the general color that pervades the scene, avoiding a violent contrast of key in its introduction.

As a matter of imagination, there is a most subtle, refined, and delicate beauty in the idea of thus opposing the gentle benignity of Heaven to the vindictive ferocity of man—a pertinent symbol of the principles of good and evil.

No. 8.—To separate the actual from the ideal, the history from the illustration, it is needful that the soprano voice, which has been engaged in the last Aria, should no longer continue the narrative, and the brief recitative that now follows is therefore assigned to the tenor, which is, with this exception, reserved, in this introductory portion of the Oratorio, to personate, dramatically, the character of Stephen.

The Recitative relates how they, the people, rush upon their victim, and thrust him out of the city. Thus are we led to that extraordinary dramatic conception which, upon a first hearing at least, makes a more prominent impression than any other of the many very striking movements in this Oratorio, the chorus of the people, "Stone him to death!" a piece of such powerful representation of a will and an act, a curbless, furiously raging, maddened lust for life and its ferocious gratification, as cannot be surpassed, and has most rarely been equalled. If it be the province of art so to paint the passions of men that through its medium we see into the heart-secrets which to the world are known but in the deeds they prompt, and yet, while laying bare this metaphysical anatomy, so to clothe it in the investiture of ideality that in thus presenting all of truth, it shows this very truth to the naked sense (which would, with indifferent likelihood, be lovely or repulsive), to be all of beauty; if it be the province of art so to embody a thought, a feeling, as to make it live in the sense of those who witness its presentation, and thus to create a sympathy not only between them and the artist, but amongst them with one another; if it be the province of art, the true engine of magnetism, to make a multitude one-minded and one-hearted, and to fill this universal mind and heart with a sense of greatness that is akin to, if not identical with its possession; if such be the province of art, then must we all own that the highest art fulfils its noblest province in the composition under notice, where the fiercest passions, sublime like the tempest, from their being above human control and beyond human power, are brought before us in that very quality of truth which reveals the inmost beauty of its most hateful aspect.

I shall have to revert to this chorus in noticing another, near the end of the work, upon its connection with which I will not here further remark; it is more to the present purpose to recur to the last choral piece, where the multitude interrupt the oration of Stephen, which I do in order to remark upon the very different expression that is here given of the same words, showing how inadequate are these, words only, to convey a meaning without the adjunction of some other form of language or medium of expression to endure them

with such vital character as alone can realize their signification. Declamation is a medium that is indispensable; and music may be, and this music is the highest class of declamation. "He blasphemes God," mutter the people in the former chorus, awed by the eloquence of their intended victim, and striving mutually to renew the energy each of other by their passing from mouth to mouth the token word of their resentment. "And who God blasphemes," is the voice of their growing confidence: "He shall perish!" is the cowardly bravado of their interassurances of their unanimity. Unimpressed by the dignified composure, the gentle majesty of Stephen; irritated, rather, by his firmness, and impatient of his calm demeanor, they can no longer wait for the judgment of the council, but hurry him from the tribunal with the cry of "Stone him!" justifying themselves in the murderous violence they are about to perpetrate, by declaring in loud vociferation to the world, "He blasphemes God! and who God blasphemes, he shall perish!" Will is now their only law, infuriated bigotry its only interpreter, and the right of might the all-sufficient authority for its administration.

It is now to be technical. The conclusion of the Recitative in the key of G minor, with the half-close on D, the voice ending upon the fifth of the chord, is most skillfully contrived to give every possible poignancy to the unisonous A flat, (colored by the unhacknied and therefore peculiar tone of the trombones) that afterwards becomes the minor ninth of G, with which the chorus opens. Bitter, severe, vindictive is indeed the expression of the clamorous entry of the successive voices, and all-powerful the unanimous exclamation of the whole choir upon the resolution of the discord. It would be tedious to trace, bar by bar, every point of mastery this chorus displays; but one cannot forbear to remark upon the immense power of the passage of descending scales for the whole of the string instruments, while the voices, supported by the brass band, declare with vehement emphasis the crime of their victim, and the savage punishment of this, wherein they are exultingly engaged. Further must be noticed the especially effective application of the plagal cadence, and of the ancient practice of closing with the major chord of the tonic a piece in a minor key; the vague, one may say, inconclusiveness of which is well in keeping with the feelings here embodied, that are rather gratified than satisfied, or at least not satisfied in their gratification;—the appetite for horrors, once stimulated, grows by what it feeds upon.

No. 9.—One cannot but wonder that the composer could have resisted the temptation of the most lyrical, the beautifully expressive words of Stephen, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge! Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!" to write an extensive Air, which would, which must have become to us a memory to hang our love upon, and to treasure up in our hearts a sacred, a personal, a household feeling, wherein the sympathies of every one of us who has ever been wronged and has forgiven; who has ever loved and, loving, trusted; who has ever been chastened by sorrow and in such chastening has known a spring to unlock the tenderest emotions of his soul;—a feeling in which the sympathies of every such a one would find a home. But one must more admire the exquisite sense of dramatic propriety evinced in the treatment of this passage, which consists of the simple declamation of the text, with such inflection of the voice as is true alike to the sense of the words and to the situation in which they are uttered.

The death blow has been dealt. Overcome but not subdued, kneeling amidst the murderous missiles of his assailants, teaching by his example, even more than in his precepts, the doctrine and its beauty for which he suffers, Stephen, still strong in his wonted firmness, cries aloud the prayer that would avert the judgment of Heaven from those who have destroyed him. His life ebbs fast. He resigns his soul into the hands of that Savior in whose faith he has lived, and suffered, and dies; becoming fainter and fainter with every sound that passes his lips. "And, when he had said this, he fell asleep," is then rendered with

such picturesque beauty as suggests to us, more touchingly than any words could do, the gentle state of peace with all the world and unity with heaven, in which the martyr's spirit is expired, and shedding forgiveness like an odor from its wings, takes its flight into those realms where truth and light, the substance and the shadow of deity, are unhid by the ignorance and prejudice of man.

A most happy artifice is here employed—the acute wind instruments sustain the incomplete chord of A flat, upon which the solo voice has ended, and the chorus, and the organ, and the string orchestra commence, through this, with very deep tones, in the key of F minor, the most beautiful of all the Lutheran Chorals I have ever heard: "To Thee, O Lord, I yield my spirit," which seems like the pall with which mortal grief decks what it has loved and lost, while the pure spirit, hovering over, delays its passage to heaven.

No. 10.—A short Recitative, for soprano, tells how Saul, by his presence, sanctions the assassination of Stephen, thus introducing the hero of the work with such unimportance as, at that period of his career, his historical character bore, and leaving it to the representation of his subsequent deeds, and their influence upon mankind, for the development of that great conception for which the treatment of these introductory incidents has admirably prepared us, and in which Mendelssohn has proved himself fully equal to his subject. The Recitative proceeds to relate the lamentation of pious men over the body of the martyr. In this piece of plain recital, the composer, by attempting nothing, succeeds the most.

No. 11.—This lovely chorus, which concludes the portion of the subject that is to be regarded as introductory of the principal action, is a benediction upon him who has suffered for purity and love; and, with what perfect beauty the pronunciation of this blessing is rendered, with what exquisite ideality the assurance of tranquil and eternal happiness (the genial hushing eventide, with its kissing coolness and its whispered warblings of everlasting peace and love,) is conveyed, no words can serve to say, but yet no sense can fail to feel. Where genius has set its seal, it is not for theorism to break assunder, and the sovereign charm of this mighty talisman attracts all sense as it repels all system; we believe and we feel, but we cannot understand.

A brief examination of the plan of this melodious movement may help us to a knowledge of where its beauty lies, though it cannot teach us of what it consists. The chief subject is given at full length in the opening symphony by a resonant, mellow combination of tenor instruments, and the expression this embodies is strengthened by a phrase of gentle confirmation, introducing the harmony of the seventh upon the key-note, for the flute and clarinet. This subject is then dispersed successively among the voices, and afterwards analogously to the form of a first movement in any instrumental composition upon the classical model, it gives place to a second subject in the fifth of the original key, which will be recognised by the moving together for the first time of all the voices in harmony.

Substituted for the elaboration of the subject, with which we have now been made familiar, that mostly constitutes the second part of an instrumental movement, is an episode of a somewhat different character, to the words, "For, though the body die, the soul shall live for ever."

With one of those beautiful surprises in which Mendelssohn especially excels, we return to the chief subject in the original key, and this is followed, to carry out the analogy before noticed, by the second subject in the same key, instead of, as at first, in the key of the dominant.

The second subject is here most artfully prolonged into a coda of great interest, a prominent and most beautiful feature in which is formed by the two unaccompanied phrases for the voices, through which, only, during the whole movement, the figure of semiquavers ceases, that is otherwise maintained, in a manner peculiar to the composer, with most fortunate effect.

The concluding symphony is a repetition of the first, with the orchestral distribution of the principal melody reversed, those phrases that were be-

fore assigned to the tenor instruments being now given to the acute, and those that were before given to the acute instruments being now supported by the tenor.

Thus is completed the representation of the state of Christians and of Christianity at the time when St. Paul entered upon the scene of history. We see the seditions by which the scribes incite the people: we see the fanatic fury thus induced and its violent action; we see the dignified firmness, the zealous enthusiasm of the first martyr; we see his suffering and his intercession formerly upon his enemies: we see his faith and his resignation. In the fierce, vindictive spirit of the Peoples' Choruses is delineated the present character of Saul; in the gentle, peaceful beauty that contrasts these is displayed the nature of the creed which, at first so active to suppress, he was subsequently more sedulous and more influential to extend.

The purpose I have ascribed to these introductory pieces is thus, I think, powerfully fulfilled; and we are now duly prepared to enter upon the main action of the *Oratorio*.

[To be continued.]

The Grand Opera at Paris.

The Grand Opera, (says the correspondent of the *Atlas*) restored at a cost of \$70,000, again affords the fashionable part of Paris a charming means of passing away the evening. The opera of *Les Huguenots* was selected to do the honors of the house warming. M. Meyerbeer took unusual pains to present his opera as perfect as possible to the public. He even wrote three new dances for the third act, and he personally directed the last rehearsal of this *reprise* with as much care as if it had been the first, instead of the 233d performance of his celebrated work. He made the chorus repeat in couples, then in small numbers, and lastly in chorus. He observed every note of the violins, and of the drums, and of the cymbals; scolding heartily every musician whose notes were not irreproachable, and making them begin again the whole piece, whenever there was any slow or fast movement which the partition did not require. The chorus was increased by a hundred additional voices.

The *claqueurs* are in future obliged to dress in black and wear black cravats, the orchestra to wear black with white cravats. Turning to the material changes, we shall find the vestibule painted in imitation of marble above the first six feet, which is painted to resemble open wainscoting. The ticket offices have been placed nearer the wall, to allow a larger space for circulation. The public *foyer* is painted in imitation of white veined marble, while the between-columns and tympana of the archivolt are in green marble; the ground of the wall and the ceiling is white, while all the ornaments, the carvings, the frieze, the cornice, are gilded. M. Barre's bust of Louis Napoleon is placed on a pedestal in the style of Louis XV., fronting the large door. Twenty-eight gilded consols sustain busts of Lulli, Quinault, Mehul, Monsigny, Gluck, etc., and at one end is M. Duret's Mercury and Neapolitan dancer. Divans and chairs in red velvet invite loungers to a luxurious repose.

One of the best modifications in the interior of the *Salle*, or theatre proper, is the suppression of the *balcon*, the portion of the tiers in front of the boxes, where gentlemen sat and not unfrequently annoyed the ladies in the boxes, by their impertinent gaze; and during the *entr'actes* would completely screen the boxes from the rest of the theatre, by standing up with their backs to the orchestra, gazing on the inmates of the boxes. The boxes have now small *salons* behind them, where the party may retire during the between-acts. The corridors are painted in imitation of white marble, and lighted with lamps in the style of Louis XIV. Instead of the paintings which formerly decorated the galleries, gilded carvings on white grounds are placed.

The cupola is painted azure, and contains several groups of allegorical persons. The cornice is gilded, and is separated from the azure vault by a gilded balustrade. The columns, which were

entirely gilded, are now white and gold; their flutes are filled with gilded ornaments of the Louis XIV. style. A quadrille, in the same style, and gilded, decorates the base of the columns. The between-columns remain as they were, with this difference, that the fronts of the boxes are more richly charged with gilded carvings. Upon the four grand pendentives formerly covered with painted figures, are four colossal gilded spread eagles, relieved by a black-enamelled white and gold ground. The Imperial Arms, in gilded carved wood, are placed upon the golden brocade mantle lined with ermine. The first tier of boxes has been improved by alternate gold and white balustrades on a red ground; the three other tiers of boxes are decorated with trophies of music and kindred objects, sustained by garlands of flowers and of foliage, all gilded and placed on a white ground.

Each of the three grand divisions of the *salle* are subdivided into three parts by motives, wherein are children and heads, sustained by garlands and fissures in white, which rather neutralize the garishness of the gold. The boxes are hung with red velvet paper, and are furnished with sofas and arm-chairs. The *salle* is lighted by a chandelier of crystal and gilt bronze, containing 128 gas jets, and eight new girandoles. When you are informed that all the gilding is of the purest gold leaf, and recollect that it still has the freshness of novelty, you may conceive the splendor of the opera house. This is the last restoration this opera house will receive, the government contemplating building a new opera house before long.

Rubini.

[The following interesting account of that *rara avis*, a great tenor, is from the French of M. Escudier, and was written as long ago as 1840. Rubini is now living, in princely retirement, in the neighborhood of Milan.]

Rubini is still young. He was born in 1795 at Romano, a little estate situate at four leagues from Bergamo. In 1811 he formed part of the choruses of the theatre of that town, and was the last of the choristers. He was subsequently attached to a strolling company, which he soon left to go on a pilgrimage through Italy with a violin player of the name of Modi. But the tribulations and vicissitudes of that wandering life soon disgusted him, and he accepted an engagement at Pavia. His success there was attended with great *déclat*, and summoned him successively to Brescia, Venice and, lastly, to Naples, where the director, Barbaja, made him appear before the public with Pelligrini and Nozzari, in two operas composed for him by Fioravanti, *Adelson y Salvini* and *Comingio*. In 1819 he sang at Rome in *La Gazza Ladra* with Mlle. Monbelli, and at Palermo with Lablache and Donzelli. At Naples, whither he returned after those bright excursions, he found Mlle. Chomil, a distinguished cantatrice, who shortly after became his wife, and thence he proceeded with her to Vienna, which capital gave him a memorable reception.

It was on the 6th of October, 1831, that Rubini appeared for the first time at Paris, in *La Cenerentola*. His career as an *artiste* has been since but an uninterrupted series of triumphs in France, England, Austria, and Italy, the cradle of his fame. Those triumphs are too recent, and have excited too much attention in the musical world, to require any detail of them at our hands. Besides, it is not a biography of this great singer that we wish to write, but rather an analytical examination of his method, which, without ever having been written, has had nevertheless, like Garcia's, an undeniable influence over all the schools of singing.

Rubini's voice is that of a tenor, in the full acceptance of that word. It begins from E, and rises in *petto* notes to B above the lines; it continues in *di testa* notes to the F, ever in an intonation of perfect justness and evenness. Thus the scale which it runs over is of two octaves and one note. But that is but its ordinary compass; for we have heard Rubini in Donizetti's *Roberto Devereux* leap even to G. He had, indeed, never ascended so high; and he himself, after

that *tour de force*, appeared astonished at the feat.

So much for its extent. As for its power, it has not been below what the strongest dramatic expression may require from a singer. But this strength, however great, never offends the ear by too rough bursts. His voice is enveloped, as it were, in a light gauze, which, without interfering with the most rapid leaps, softens the asperities almost always inseparable from an energetic vibration. Hence the unspeakable sweetness and charm which spreads round the singer when he utters passages of sorrow and tenderness. It is of him that one may say without exaggeration, that he has tears in his voice.

We willingly acknowledge that nature comes in for a large share in those qualities so rare and so precious, but what art has added is immense. One of the wonders of that art is revealed in the transitions from the chest to the head voice, and *vice versa*. When he has reached the limit of the chest register, E, for instance, the change in entering the head voice is effected so marvellously that it is impossible to seize the moment of the transition. Another of those wonders is that, gifted with very broad lungs, and which respire a large quantity of air, he measures his respiration with so much dexterity that he loses of his breath but just what is required to produce the sound proportioned to the value of the notes. His manner of drawing breath is also one of the secrets of art for which it is impossible to account. He so cleverly dissembles the artifice of respiration, that, in the longest passages, one cannot perceive the moment when his breath is renewed. To explain such a phenomenon, he must fill and empty his lungs almost instantaneously, and without the least interruption, as would be the case with a cup which one emptied with one hand and filled with the other. It may be easily imagined what advantage a singer must derive from such a faculty, which he is as much indebted for to nature as to practice. By this means he can impart to his phrases a brilliant and varied color, for his organ retains in its graduation the strength necessary for commencing, pursuing, and ending, without any interruption, the longest periods.

There are those who, after seeing Rubini, will tell you that he is a cold and stiff actor, if they do not even add that he is no actor at all. This is another error that it is easy to dispel. This immobility he is reproached with is the necessary consequence of his manner of singing. Behold Rubini in those famous *adagios*, when motionless, and his head inclined backwards to open to sound a broader passage, he raises that harmonious and limpid voice which moves the audience so deeply! The slightest motion of the body would produce a waving in that voice which is of itself so sure, and deprive it of that evenness and finish whose charm is unspeakable. It is his voice that weeps, and makes you weep; you are moved—you feel enraptured; Talma himself, with his admirable mimic powers, did not produce more stirring effects.

Such are the various aspects under which this great singer presents himself. Nature and art have combined to render him a real phenomenon. His voice is strong, sweet, just, and even; it is nature which has made it thus, and nature never proved more liberal. His method is a perfect one, because it is founded in truth and the most exquisite taste. Rubini has carried scientific singing to perfection; he does better all that was done before him, and art is moreover indebted to him for many innovations which have already enriched all methods. Thus, to mention but one, Rubini has been the first to introduce into song those vigorous aspirations which consist in protracting a sound upon the same note before the solution of the cadence. This shake imparted to the voice, this sort of musical sob, ever produces a great effect, and there is now no singer that does not strive to imitate it.

Yet, as nothing in the world is quite perfect, Rubini likewise pays his tribute to human nature. In our opinion he is too negligent in his manner of delivering a *recitativo*. Then again in *ensemble* pieces, he does not even take the trouble to sing; and when he condescends to open his lips,

it is to remain completely silent. One may say that Rubini does not exist in *ensemble* pieces. He likewise often sings with his chest voice. It is, perhaps, to these *naïf* artifices that Rubini is indebted for the so complete preservation of his organ, which is now as fresh as in his most youthful days; but it is not the less true, that by that excessive laziness he may endanger the dramatic conception of the composer, and paralyze the exertions of his comrades.

We have said nothing of Rubini's private character, for our object was the artist only; but we cannot dismiss this brief sketch without doing justice to his generous feelings, the simplicity of his habits, and the kindness of his heart. All his comrades, and all who have had opportunities of knowing him, will bear witness to his eminent qualities, both as an artist and as a man of the world.

A correspondent of a morning paper, writing from New York, says one of the uppermost of the upper ten thousand, in the Dress Circle, at the Opera the other evening, boasted of wearing jewelry that had cost \$2500 at a Broadway establishment the day before.—We are told by the same writer, that the receipts at the Italian Opera average about \$2500 per night; the Broadway theatre \$3000; the National \$3000; the Bowery \$2000; Wallack's \$2200; Burton's \$2200; the Hippodrome \$3000; Barnum's Museum \$1500; Jullien \$1500; making, with an addition of \$2000 more for the various other places of public amusement, a nightly expenditure of \$22,000! Immense this; but then they think nothing of it in New York.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

That "Monster Concert by Young Ladies."

FRIEND DWIGHT:—In thy journal of the 7th month and 6th day thou dost speak of a concert given by the pupils of Friend Taylor. Old Quakerdom seldom replieth to anything, lest peradventure he should stir up the Old Adam both in himself and others; still he doth decide to speak a few words to thee, not in behalf of himself, (because truth compelleth him to tell thee it is unnecessary, as Friend Taylor possesseth a reputation throughout the Southern States that thou and thy journal do not, and he doth verily fear never will) but that thou mayst know more in regard to the object &c., &c. of music in the Southern Female Institutions. And furthermore, he verily thinketh that not only thee, but thy German encomiast "Hoplit" could gain a wrinkle or two from Madison even, although he doth not expect thee to look to Madison for the music of the future. (Query—Doth the world musical acknowledge Boston as the place to look to for the music of the future?)

To criticize fairly, Friend Dwight, thou shouldst take into consideration the object, performers, &c. &c.—Verily thou wouldst not expect the same from young school girls, that thou wouldst from Jullien's troupe!

That thou mayst better comprehend what I say to thee, I will put "Old Broadbrim" under my chair for a while and speak to thee in thy own worldly tongue.

Music, in the Southern Female Institution, is taught as a recreation and accomplishment, and not with a view of making *Artists*. The time given to it by the pupils is one hour a day, during one or two years, and in some few cases from three to four years. A Concert is usually given once a year, for the double purpose of showing the improvement of the pupils, and the gratification of their parents and friends. These Concerts have an effect upon musical taste, and those of us who direct them, are responsible in a measure for the improvement of the taste of the mass, but one cannot expect us to improve the taste, otherwise than by degrees. It will not do to force an apothecaries' shop down a sick man's throat, at once; because a few pills at a time do him good.—We are all musically sick, that is, there is music which we cannot appreciate; but when given us in broken and repeated doses, improves our musical health. Germany, the very heart and brain of music, has had composers who were not appreciated in their times. Why are they now? Because by frequent hearing of their compositions, musical taste has been improved.

The performers at the "Monster Concert" were

school girls, some of whom had taken lessons but a few weeks; it is not expected that they would be able to play the most Classic Music. There are those who are called Artists (and Boston is not clear in this) who would have a much better effect upon their hearers if they confined themselves, in public, to such music as is within the bounds of their ability and appreciation. We claim to be progressive here; and if the music of Von Weber, Jullien, Donizetti, Strauss, Boieldieu, Labitzky, Auber and Meyerbeer, being played by young (and musically, in regard to the length of time of practice, very young) ladies is not progressive and calculated to improve musical taste in your judgment, then we must agree to forever disagree. Perhaps you will say such music will do very well if it was played well. In answer to this, I will state, in behalf of the young ladies of the "Monster Concert," that there were between one and two thousand of the most intelligent sons and daughters (whose opinion, collectively at least, I presume is worth nearly as much as that of Mr. J. S. Dwight, editor of *Dwight's Journal of Music*, individually,) of Georgia and sister states present, and although in a very warm room, and so much crowded that from two to three hundred persons had to stand for the space of two and a half hours, without intermission, there was as much interest manifested, and as good order kept, as I have ever seen in your city or New York, during a musical performance.

Although such a piece as No. 1, Part 2d, of "Monster Concert" may have no real high merit as a musical composition, still it serves a very important purpose—unless the pupils were well drilled in time, they never could keep together in such a combination.

As to No. 1, Part 3d, although we like much that is foreign, especially in music, and had no celebration of the last Fourth of July, still, had you been present at the performance of this piece, you would have seen no "intensely harrowing excitement," but that we love our country.

Some time ago, a review of the different Musical Journals appeared in the *Visitor*, (a copy of which was sent to you) of this place, under the signature of "Chord of the Seventh," in which, although *Dwight's Journal* was well spoken of, still the review recommended more cordially to the public, *The New York Musical World & Times*. Do you not think that this had a "little bit" of influence on you when you wrote the article headed "Monster Concert by Young Ladies?"

Having more important matters to attend to, I have deferred noticing the "Monster Concert" till a moment when I have nothing else to do. In fact, I intended, (owing to the limited circulation of your Journal,) to say nothing, nor should I now, were it not that the article had been copied by the *Yankee Blade*.

Should you get a chance to slip out of the chair editorial long enough for a visit South, give us a call, and we will both show and teach thee something—don't open your eyes in astonishment, and think, Well! here's presumption; but come, for I tell ye again we will teach and show you something, even if you be a "Great Bostonian," and we nothing but a "Little Madsonian."

Respectfully Yours, etc.,

GEO. C. TAYLOR.

Madison Ga., Sept. 27.

P. S. If being in favor of a lady learning to play the violin, viola, violoncello, or contra-basso, is being a Woman's Rights man, then I am one, most emphatically.

G. C. T.

REMARKS.—As the writer of the above appears to feel aggrieved by us, we give him the full benefit of his complaint in his own peculiar vernacular. Most of our readers may have forgotten, or never noticed that, some two or three months since (Aug. 6 was the date) we amused ourselves, and thought to amuse our readers, under the above caption, with a very formidable and curious concert programme, which it was hardly possible to treat seriously. The conductor thereof, our aggrieved "friend," was an entire stranger to us, so that we could not bear him any malice. It was the intrinsic humor of the thing, (the grand array of pieces played on "nine pianos," the "quintette by 114 hands," the grand Yankee Doodle battle piece, &c., &c.), that moved us. We thought the thing in itself a droll monstrosity and think so still. At this late date, Mr. Friend Taylor sends us this, his well-tempered, but sarcastic, withering reply. To print it is to add something to the fun, at the same time that in so doing we "fulfil all righteousness" to the aggrieved party. We remind the writer, that we made no criticism

on the performance of his pupils, since we did not hear them; that we did consider the fact that his *exccutantes* were scholars in a literary seminary, where music could hold only secondary regard, and for that reason did we marvel that their precious hours should be spent in preparation for displays so only *quasi* musical; and we assure him that we have no disposition to measure the worth of our own "individual" musical judgment against that of "the collective judgment of two thousand sons and daughters of the South," &c. Moreover we assure him that we never saw or heard of the "Visitor" to which he alludes, so that no notice in it of our journal could have *spited* us in the way which we are too happy to leave to thin-skinned professors. Editors are not apt to have the same sensitiveness, as musical professors, to what the newspapers may say.—ED.

FEMALE ORCHESTRAS.—Such things are not unheard of, or at least not unimaginable. That luxurious travelling genius, William Beckford, pretends to have seen and heard as follows in Venice, in 1780.

"The sight of the orchestra," he says, "still makes me smile. You know, I suppose, it is entirely of the feminine gender, and that nothing is more common than to see a delicate white hand journeying across an enormous double bass, or a pair of roseate cheeks puffing, with all their efforts, at a French horn. Some that are grown old and Amazonian, who have abandoned their fiddles and their lovers, take vigorously to the kettle-drum; and one poor limping lady, who had been crossed in love, now makes an admirable figure on the bassoon."

From my Diary. No. XXVIII.

NEW YORK, Oct. 6. I like this little passage in one of Auerbach's Black Forest Village Histories, which being translated runneth thus: Reinhard, a painter, has married a peasant girl and taken her to the city, where one evening he takes "Lorle" and the Assistant Librarian, his friend, to a concert.

After a Beethoven Symphony, the Librarian said, "Now tell me honestly, would you not rather have heard a good waltz?"

Lorle replied, "To tell the truth, yes!"

The Librarian, overjoyed, went to Reinhard and said, "You have a noble wife, and one of a thousand, for she has just had the courage to confess openly that she grew weary with Beethoven."

Reinhard bit his lips, but on getting home said gently to Lorle, "You must not be deceived by the Librarian; he is all taken up with his books, you must never laugh at or venture an opinion upon what you do not fully understand. That is not the only music which sets the body in motion; there is also music by which we allow our souls to be elevated and depressed, to which we give full sway, raised above all earthly things—the soul free and alone. I cannot explain this to you, you will find it out yourself; but you must cherish a feeling of respect for things to which so many great men have devoted their lives. Only pay due attention and you will in time understand these things."

Lorle promised to take heed.

At the last concert of the winter, the Librarian, after some piece, asked her again what she thought, and her reply was:

"On everything, yet I don't know on what. When the flutes and trumpets and violins are talking so together, now calling to each other, and then all speaking together, it is indeed as if other beings than men conversed, and it is such a delight to think of all sorts of things, and that so peacefully; it is as if the thoughts had gone rambling in a musical world, here and there."

The Librarian muttered to himself, "Oh wo! she is also growing enlightened."

Oct. 10. Rub-a-dub, Rub-a-dub, slam bang crash! There goes the third of those heaven-assaulting bands by our windows within the last hour. A friend says that some of these bands actually play tunes! This must be apocryphal, for if so, they would not cover them up with such a horrible racket.

One dark, foggy morning, the story goes, Napoleon ordered 300 drummers to march up to the walls of a be-

leaguered city. The thundering noise led the besieged to suppose the whole French army on the move, and at the proper moment, by their reckoning, they touched the train to a mine, explosion followed and not one of those three hundred drummers has written to his friends since.

Fill your glasses, friends, and drink to the memory of Napoleon!

Oct. 12. A Mendelssohn Night at Jullien's! There is no necessity now to make the grand tour to hear music. Could you have been with me, Will W., you would cease to sigh for those Sinfonie Soirées in the *Schauspielhaus*. I do think Jullien is the finest conductor I ever saw, and what a programme he gave us! That A minor Symphony, so exquisitely melancholy, and yet so expressive of the struggle of despair—Prometheus chained to the rock—yet that Scherzo is anything but a despairing Prometheus—is worthy of Beethoven, when played. Had not Mendelssohn the finest taste of all composers? Is not his instrumentation the richest? Are not his combinations, especially of the wood band, more delicious than those of any other? Is he not the Claude of music? He seems deficient in mere melody, in long, regularly constructed airs, with beginning, middle, and end,—[Indeed! friend Diarist, do you not forget?—Ed.] doubtful if there is one in all his works, like those of Mozart, Rossini, or even of half a dozen second and third rate composers, but a flow of melodious harmony from the entire orchestra! None but a composer of the first rank could have chained that great audience to-night, in a city, too, not over and above distinguished for its appreciation of orchestral music (ask the Philharmonic Society), as that was chained. I declare, it was delightful, after all the misery suffered last winter at the Philharmonic concerts from whisperers, and talkers, and nestlers, and fidgetters, and hummers, and drummers, to be able to listen to a whole symphony in peace. Peace be within the walls of those people for it!

Then that Midsummer Night's Dream music; how indescribably beautiful in itself, how doubly beautiful when so given! And how Jullien himself enjoys it! Call him a humbug! Why, he actually filled the hall with fairies—and those who could not see them had better procure a pair of the spectacles of fancy for the next time. As the Turks say, there is one Mendelssohn and Jullien (to-night) was his prophet. Think of "Elijah" being performed by this orchestra with singers and chorus to match!

Anna Zerr sang "Hear ye Israel," from that Oratorio, and sang every note tremolo. Hayter used to play the organ tremolo in the Dead March in Sampson, and the effect was most powerful. But it is quite another thing when heard continually in the throat of second and third rate prima donnas. It is abominable. When Gretry heard Mehul's "Utbal," in which were no violins, he exclaimed, "I would give a Louis to hear a cricket chirp at this moment." I would have given half that to have heard one pure, smooth tone sung to-night. My brother has a dog call made tremolo by a little ball inside. It is a very bad whistle. I reckon the Fraulein sings with a dry pea in her throat. No matter, 'twas a great concert.

Oct. 14. The N. Y. Tribune has a proof reader who exhibits a remarkable knowledge of Shakspeare. In Jullien's Concert Bill this morning is the following:

4 COMIC MARCH of Bottom, Quince, Senig, and the others, proceeding to their Dramatic representation—the characteristic Overture to the Mock Drama of "Pyasenus and Thisbe."

Fine Arts.

"Pilgrim's Progress" in One Picture.

This curious engraving we have already mentioned with some admiration. It is now ready, (see our advertising columns) for purchasers, and we learn that it is meeting with a rapid sale. To look at it again is to perceive new beauties, and to feel new wonder at the manner in which the designer and engraver have contrived to overcome so many difficulties. Truly they have solved what would seem to be an impossible problem in Art. They have made a beautiful, harmonious, artistic whole out of a wilderness of almost unmanageable details, and grouped into one present

picture a long, imaginary series of events. To be sure, we cannot and never could be partial to the employment of pictorial and plastic art upon allegorical subjects. Allegory is better told in old John Bunyan's plain vernacular way, than painted. It is fitter for the mind's eye, than for the eye of sense. No allegorical picture can ever be a very great picture. All the warm coloring, the delicate and luxurious fancies of Cole never could quite reconcile us to his "Course of Empire" and vision of "Life" pictures. There will be something cold, faint, abstract and mechanical about all such products; they still lack the wholesome, solid impress of reality.

Viewed purely from the side of Art, therefore, no pictorial illustration of Bunyan's allegory could belong to the best and greatest kind of Art. But the picture now under notice is not to be so viewed; it belongs rather to a mixed, ambiguous category; its sphere is one that lies between Art proper, (which first of all things must address the eye, dealing entirely with the concrete,) and poetic allegory, whose beginning and end are in the mind, the only dwelling place of intellectual abstractions. But this mixed sphere legitimates itself, in a case like the present, by the plea of illustration and instruction. It is as an aid to the memory and comprehension of Bunyan's allegory, and not as a pure Art-product, that it makes its claim on our attention. In furnishing this aid, it may borrow more or less from Art, according to the skill and taste and genius of the illustrator. A good translator of a foreign poem must be something of a poet; so a good translator of a word-woven into a linear or colored design, must be something of an artist. And we feel that the requisition is well met in this design of Hammatt Billings, as engraved by Andrews. The Pilgrim's progress is here clearly, beautifully illustrated; spread before the eye at one view in its entirety and in all the mutual connection of its parts; at a glance the whole history lies and glows before us. In every house where Bunyan's work is cherished, it would be well that there should hang this fine key and invitation to the glorious thought-journeyings of the poem.

SONG OF THE GOLDEN WEB.

INSCRIBED TO HIS LITTLE STATUE, "THE WEAVER,"

BY H. H. KINNEY, SCULPTOR.

I spring the treadle with a cheerful tread,
And ply the shuttle of the golden thread,
And swing the lathe with an earnest blow,
That merrily round the wheel may go.
For I am the weaver of the Golden Web.
And spring the treadle with a cheerful tread.

My woof I weave from the golden beam,
And curb the dashing mountain stream,
To twirl the spindle, and speed the loom,
And I gaily laugh mid the busy hum;
For I am the weaver of the Golden Web,
And ply the shuttle of the golden thread.

I weave a golden robe for all,
Who never shrink from duty's call;
And a golden mantle ever fling
O'er Genius, like an Angel's wing.
O! I am a weaver of the Golden Web,
For I ply the shuttle of the golden thread,
And I spring the treadle with a cheerful tread,
For I am the weaver of the Golden Web.

WANTED.—A heavy Premium will be paid for a new Tema, of eight to sixteen bars, upon which to exhibit instrumental "ground and lofty tumbling." The "Carnival de Venise" having been in constant use from Paganini down to the present day, has been worn threadbare, and critics and the public will endure it no longer. Apply to any of the instrumental soloists of M. Jullien's band, or to any other Solo instrumentalist now in the country.

P. S. Musical journals throughout the world are requested to copy the above.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 22, 1853.

Music at Home.

The musical season is opening apace, and with a rush of preparation and great promise. Plainly, the multitude of concerts, even if you weed out all that is spurious and trashy, and confine the number strictly to the concerts of good music, will exceed any person's power of close and critical appreciation. We shall report as fully and as fairly as we can, within the natural limits of our time, strength, opportunity, fit state of mind and body, and so forth. To notice every speciality; to weigh out to each individual what he may deem his just portion of notice; to consider all the little private interests and personalities that go to the making up of a concert, is more than any reasonable mortal can expect of us amid such distracting frequency and promiscuity of intellectual feasting. But we may do perhaps what is far better. We may cull out from the bewildering multitude of topics, a practicable number of good texts, whereby to draw attention to important general truths and principles in Art and in the formation of sound taste. We may use the worst, sometimes, as well as the best, of what we may hear performed, by way of text and warrant for renewed attempts to point out and insist upon the true, the noble, the alone satisfactory and enduring in our Art. Would that the individuals, the artists, whose productions or performances we have to notice, could be as content to merge their private personality in this great work of opening the ears and souls of people to good music, as we shall be to dismiss and disregard all personal considerations in our passing comments.

Meanwhile the campaign has begun. First of all come the light skirmishers, the fantastic solo-players, virtuosos, brilliant executionists. These "finger knights" and wizards steal a march upon the advancing solid columns, to figure a little in the foreground of the season, while the field is free. They choose their time shrewdly, for we verily believe their day is short! Once let the grand orchestra, the grand chorus, commence operations, and who is any longer dazzled by their feats? Now is not here a text, and of the gravest, though the suggestors thereof be fantastical and light. Had we the eloquence of the old prophets we would fain preach upon this text a solemn lesson, in tone at once affectionate and fearless, on the false tendency into which so much musical talent and unwearied culture has been coaxed and flattered by the cheap and noisy admiration of ignorant and superficial publics. What youthful energies and precious time are thrown away upon the sheer vanity of showing the world one's skill in the achievement of unmeaning difficulties! How pitifully the virtuoso's art lies in astonishing and making the idler portion of an audience clap their hands, than in expressing aught that music should express! How much music is written first and then performed and kept unreasonably in the foreground of the public hearing, simply to show off the musician! How much of the most painfully laborious virtuosity, is yet sadly not in earnest, since it thinks more of the effect than of the intrinsic quality of its own Art!

In noticing the concerts already past, let us begin with the one which may be considered the novelty of the season; namely:

GOTTSCHALK.

The extravagant fame and the peculiar kind of enthusiasm which preceded the arrival of the young New Orleans virtuoso, announced in the bills always as "the great American pianist," had forewarned us what to expect of him. We expected brilliant execution, together with perhaps some little touch of individuality enough to lend a charm to pretty but by no means deeply interesting or important compositions of his own. Some of the compositions we had heard from other players, and by their triviality were forced to feel that either these belied him, or that it was by sheer professional puffery that he had been so long proclaimed the peer of Liszt and Thalberg and even Chopin; all of whom, particularly the last, have been true tone-poets, of decided individuality, which is stamped upon their written works, with which the Gottschalk *Bananiers* and *Dances Ossianiques* bear no more comparison than the lightest magazine verses with the inspired lyrics of the great bards. Yet upon composition, it would seem, he takes his stand; for in his programme of Tuesday evening every piece performed by him was of his own composing; and the newspaper and pamphlet biographies of him, innumerable letters from abroad, and eulogistic critiques in the papers, from New York to New Orleans, harp upon this with a peculiar energy.

Well, at the concert—which, by the way, did not half fill the Boston Music Hall, owing partly we believe to the one dollar price, and partly, we hope, to distrust of an artist who plays wholly his own compositions—our expectation was confirmed. There was indeed most brilliant execution;—we have heard none more brilliant, but are not yet prepared to say that Jaell's was less so. Gottschalk's touch is the most clear and crisp and beautiful that we have ever known. His play is free and bold and sure and graceful in the extreme; his runs pure and liquid, his figures always clean and perfectly defined; his command of rapid octave passages prodigious; and so we might go through with all the technical points of masterly execution. It was great execution. But what is execution, without some thought and meaning in the combinations to be executed?

Could a more trivial and insulting string of musical rigmorole have been offered to an audience of earnest music-lovers than "American Reminiscences" to begin with! These consisted of a thin and feeble preluding, in which the right hand ran with exquisitely liquid evenness and brightness up and down the highest octaves, over and over, without any progress of ideas, as if it were mere scale-exercises, followed at last by fragmentary and odd *allusions* to "Old Folks at Home," and then by that homely tune, (which seems to be a sort of catching, melodic *itch* of the times) fully developed, and then varied in divers difficult and astounding ways. Also "O Susanna" (if we remember rightly) in the same fashion. There was an eruption of silly applause here, and an encore which he answered with—"Yankee Doodle"! We say *silly* applause; for who, that admired such execution as a power worth having, could but feel melancholy to see the power so thrown away? and who that went there eager to hail and praise a young native artist, could but be mortified to see an artist so little in earnest with

his Art, and to find the dilettante public still so ready to extol as Art what properly is little more than sleight of hand!

The most imposing piece of Mr. GOTTSCHALK was called "Jerusalem, a triumphal fantasia," for two pianos, in the great difficulties of which he was ably seconded by Mr. J. PYCHOWSKY, who played at disadvantage from a hastily made manuscript copy. In portions of this there was a certain De Meyer-like pomp and breadth of harmony; but the ideas seemed commonplace and the work as a whole left but a heavy and confused impression. There was a certain grace and individuality in the *Savanna* and *Bananiere*, which he styles "Poetic Caprices," though not enough to build the fame of genius on. His "Carnival of Venice" we did not hear.

Skilful, graceful, brilliant, wonderful, we own his playing was. But players less wonderful have given us far deeper satisfaction. We have seen a criticism upon that concert in which it was regretted that his music was too fine for common apprehension, "too much addressed to the *reasoning* faculties," &c. To us the want was that it did not address the reason, that it seemed empty of ideas, of inspiration; that it spake little to the mind or heart, excited neither meditation nor emotion, but simply dazzled by the display of difficult feats gracefully and easily achieved. But of what use were all these difficulties?—"Difficult! I wish it was impossible," said Dr. Johnson.) Why all that rapid tossing of hands full of chords from the middle to the highest octaves, lifting the hand with such conscious appeal to our eyes? To what end all those rapid octave passages? since in the intervals of easy execution, in the seemingly quiet impromptu passages, the music grew so monotonous and commonplace; the same little figure repeated and repeated, after listless pauses, in a way which conveyed no meaning, no sense of musical progress, but only the appearance of fastidiously critical scale-practising.

We seriously doubt if Gottschalk's forte is composition. A far less brilliant fortune would have been a far truer friend and teacher to him. They have wronged him, who have assured him that his trivial though graceful fantasies were enough to place him in the rank of finely original piano-forte composers. He must do more and very different from that to earn the title. But in justice to him, we are assured that he does play the compositions of the masters with real understanding and indeed *con amore*, and it promises well for him that in his second programme he announces his determination to play *classical* music, from Beethoven, Onslow, &c. We shall rejoice to forgive and forget all hitherto, if with his splendid execution, he will evince the soul and fire and judgment also for the interpretation of such works.

Mr. GOTTSCHALK was assisted by a singer, Mlle. BEHREND, who possesses a voice of truly beautiful quality, power, and great compass, but with little skill of execution. In the rapid harmonic variations of Mme. Sontag's Swiss Song, half the notes were inaudible; but now and then a simple, sustained tone filled the great hall gloriously.

A charming feature of the concert was the admirable harp-playing of Mr. APTOMMAS, a young Welshman, who had lived long in France and England, hearing the best masters, but forming

his own school. There is a fresh glow of youth and health in his cheeks, and he has the appearance of a modest, earnest, genial artist. We have never before heard the harp so played; its clear, rich, mellow tones rang through the hall like a bell. Every ear craves new refreshment from his minstrelsy. But away with the romantic stuff about "Welsh harper;" he plays the modern, artificial, Erard double action harp, (one of the most difficult of instruments), and his music is modern and metropolitan as that of Thalberg, though he is Welshman born.

In responding to the *encore* of his *Dance des Fées*, he had the ill luck to suppose the audience wished to hear "Yankee Doodle," not having been present in the beginning of the evening and not knowing that Gottschalk had already selected the same rare and marvellous theme. We are sure he is too earnest a musician to repeat this experiment.

OLE BULL.

The Norwegian opened the season, and has given three or four concerts in the Boston Music Hall, to large and applauding audiences. He has been playing his old pieces, mostly the same by which he first introduced himself in America, in the days of our childish hero or rather virtuoso-worship. Ole Bull's position as an artist is well enough settled to require no criticism now. We heard him but once, and for a few moments. We entered the hall and found him deep in the middle of "Yankee Doodle" unaccompanied, looking as if rapt and wrestling with the inward spasms of a Pythian frenzy under the influence of that emptiest of all tunes, which people "whistle for the want of thought." And so we have it. With Ole Bull the word is "Yankee Doodle"; with Gottschalk, also, "Yankee Doodle"; and Aptommas "keeps it up"; when Jullien comes it will be "Yankee Doodle Dandie!" It would seem as if the good report of our last year's musical season, and the purification of our temple from these evil spirits by that grand series of true classic concerts, had provoked said spirits to beleaguer our fair city in the outset of the season and endeavor to surprise us unawares, reversing our fair fame; and there is always enough of the old Adam left in all promiscuous audiences to lay us open to the enemy's insidious or bold and impudent approaches. But we fear not; the good seeds have been sown.

Ole Bull played his "Carnival of Venice" with wonderful beauty, and grotesque humor. The rich tones of his instrument seemed in that hall the richest and purest that we ever heard from the violin. He was assisted by STRAKOSCH, the pianist, whom we did not hear; and by the charming child *canta-ricce*, little ADELINA PATTI, whose voice is of the rarest beauty, purity and penetrating power. Her delivery of Jenny Lind's "Herdsman's Song" was truly admirable, and bespeaks the greatest promise.

GRAND FESTIVAL IN TREMONT TEMPLE.

Here was a beginning of something serious, and therefore to be respected. The concert announced for Saturday last by Messrs. ECKHARDT, KEYZER, SCHLIMMER, FRENZEL, MAASS and PERABEAU, did not draw the audience it deserved, considering that there was so much excellent in the programme. Hummel's Septuor could not fail to interest; but there seemed to our ears a lack of perfect unity of pitch among the instruments, which chilled the effect. The horn part,

too, was stammering and uncertain, so that we scarcely recognized those exquisite little *obligato* passages which fall to its share. Mr. PERABEAU executed the piano part with skill and brilliancy, but we thought with rather a tendency sometimes to over-hasten the *tempo*. The quartet of Beethoven, by Messrs. ECKHARDT, KEYZER, &c., was very well played. Miss CURRAN, a young lady of pleasing, modest appearance and who looks as if she meant to be in earnest with her Art, made her first appearance as a vocalist. She has a mezzo soprano voice of bright, clear quality and considerable power, as yet not much developed, though there is some charm and promise in her singing. By the way, did not the pianist take the Mendelssohn song: *Auf Flügeln des Gesanges*, quite too fast for her? Miss MARY SAUL, the "wonderful pianist" of nine years, did not impress us as wonderful, but only clever. We must doubt the policy of introducing unripe school performances in a public concert.

The Classical Matinées of these gentlemen will soon commence, and we wish them all success.

So much for what is past. To-night we renew the old feasts and triumphs of the

GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY.

This little orchestra has long been our standard of the good and genuine in instrumental music; and even in the presence of Jullien's great means and mastery, we still look to them for our purest and most enduring musical satisfaction. This time, however, they are a big orchestra. Their numbers are more than doubled, increased to about fifty! It made us happy in their rehearsal to see the well known faces of our best resident musicians, mingled in their ranks. This new harmony cannot but be productive of the best results. Now we shall have the fine outline of the old Germania symphony enriched by the instruments of a grand orchestra. Ten excellent violins they have now, where they had only two or three! And it is a pleasure to recognize among them FRIES and SICK and KEYZER and others of our own.

The new feature of to-night will be Wagner's overture to *Tannhäuser*. Here is something new, and great as new. We have heard it, and burn to say what—but patience! we will not speak yet. The programme of the whole concert is in another column.

JULLIEN.

On Monday night the good people of Boston are to hear a greater orchestra, with greater solo-players, and a more famous conductor, than they have ever heard before. At first everything will please and excite, because of the novelty and beauty of instrumental effects. After that, by degrees, we shall grow more critical and exacting as regards the programme. But Jullien can play the best kind of music. If he makes a colossal toy of the grand orchestra in his quadrilles and polkas, he has also his Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and Mozart nights, in which he proves his love and power of interpreting the finest works. Since our letter from New York, we were present last week at his Mendelssohn Night, and never before have we so felt the power and beauty of the A minor (or Scotch) Symphony. That Scherzo, which we shall hear on Monday, was made thrice beautiful by the exquisite neatness and distinctness of his solo-instruments in those little passages for oboe, flute, &c., which wind in and out in the very complex texture of the composition.

Jullien is to play every evening for a fortnight. What better way to familiarize the public ear with orchestral effects? Jullien takes his stand as the musical indoctrinator of the masses. Does he not miscalculate, then, in putting his tickets at a dollar! In Castle Garden he had half-a-dollar; there his orchestra exceeded a hundred; here, we are told, it will consist of but sixty or seventy instruments. We fear the masses will not go many nights to pay more for less than was given in New York. M. Jullien will find it for his interest, too, to give afternoon concerts.

Foreign.

PARIS.—Mme. Bosio, from the Royal Italian Opera in London, is now here.—*Le Nabab*, a new opera by Halevy, and *Mario Spada*, continue to attract crowded audiences to the Opera Comique.—Madame Lagrange and Signor Calzolari have returned to Paris from Lyons, where they have been performing with great success at the Italian Opera.—M. Brandas & Co., the music-publishers, have announced their intention to publish in a cheap form the vocal scores of *Robert le Diable*, the *Huguenots*, the *Prophète*, the *Juive*, and the *Chaperons blancs*.—Mlle. Clauss has left Paris for Geneva (Switzerland).—Meyerbeer's new comic opera, provisionally entitled *L'Étoile du Nord* (libretto by Scribe), was read to the vocalists last week.

Advertisements.

BOSTON MUSIC HALL.

The Germania Musical Society

HAVE the honor to announce to their kind patrons and the music-loving community of Boston and vicinity, that they will give their

First Grand Subscription Concert, On Saturday Evening, Oct. 23d.

Being thankful for the past liberal support received from the Concert-going public, the Society have readily gratified the desire of their patrons, to enlarge the Orchestra in all its departments, and it consists at present of about

FIFTY THOROUGH MUSICIANS,
INCLUDING THE MEMBERS OF THE QUINTETTES CLUB,
and many of the best resident musicians in Boston, forming in all as complete an orchestra as can appear in this city.
They will also be assisted by

Mlle Caroline Pintard,

A very superior Vocalist, and

Carl Hause, Pianist.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

1. Symphony No. 5, in C minor, op. 67, Beethoven.
Allegro con brio—Andante con molto—Scherzo—Finale.
2. Aria, from the Opera "Maria di Rudenz," Donizetti.
Sung by Mlle CAROLINE PINTARD.
3. Invitation to the Dance, Weber.
Arranged for the Orchestra by Hector Berlioz.

PART II.

4. Overture to the Grand Romantic Drama "Tannhäuser und der Sängerkrieg auf Wartburg."
(First time in America,) Richard Wagner.
5. Fantasia for Piano, "Don Giovanni," Thalberg.
Performed by CARL HAUSE.
6. Grand Concerto in E major, for Flute, Briccialdi.
Allegro—Andante mosso—Finale, Allegro.
Performed by CARL ZERRAHN.
7. The Celebrated Concert Polka, with Variations, Alary.
Sung by Mlle CAROLINE PINTARD.
8. Overture to "Athalie," op. 74, Mendelssohn.

To meet the wishes of a great portion of the Subscribers, expressed at the receipt of the subscription tickets, seats will not be secured, as the majority prefer to use the tickets at their pleasure, i. e. an indefinite number for each concert. It being the object of the Agent to give entire satisfaction, the doors will be opened only three quarters of an hour before the concert, thus giving an equal chance to all to procure such seats as may be desired.

Single tickets, 50 cents. For sale at the Music Stores, Hotels, and at the Door on the evening of the Concert.
Doors open at 6½. Concert to commence at 7½.

THE FIRST PUBLIC REHEARSAL will take place on WEDNESDAY, Oct. 26, commencing at 3 o'clock, P. M.

OTTO DRESEL,

WINTHROP HOUSE.

Oct. 15,

tf

F. SICK,

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and pupils that he has removed to

No. 352 TREMONT STREET.

BOSTON MUSIC HALL.

JULLIEN'S CONCERTS!

M. JULLIEN has the honor to announce that he will give a Series of

Twelve Orchestral & Vocal Concerts,

Commencing on Monday, October 24th, and continuing every Evening until the Series is completed, which cannot be extended, as M. JULLIEN will leave Boston on the 7th of November, to appear in New York on the 8th, and Philadelphia on the 9th.

The First Concert in Boston will take place on

Monday Evening, Oct. 24th,

when the following Programme will be presented.

Part I.

- Overture: "Der Freyschütz," Weber.
Quadrille: "Haydée," Jullien.
On themes selected from the opera composed by Anber.
Symphony: The Adagio in A from the Symphony in D, Beethoven.
Grand Aria and Brilliant Variations, Proch.
Mlle ANNA ZERR,
Prima Donna of the Imperial Opera, Vienna, and the Royal Italian Opera, London.
Valse: "La Prima Donna," Jullien.
Composed expressly by command of the Queen of England, and performed at the Court Balls at Buckingham Palace. The Solos and Cadenzas performed by
HERR KOENIG.

Solo: Contrabasso, Bottesini.
On themes selected from Bellini's Opera, "La Sonnambula."
SIGNOR BOTTESINI.

Quadrille National: THE AMERICAN, Jullien.
Expressly composed by M. Jullien since his arrival in America, and containing all the principal National melodies, viz: 'Hail Columbia,' 'Star Spangled Banner,' 'Our Flag is there,' 'The Land of Washington,' 'Hail to the Chief,' 'Yankee Doodle,' &c., concluding with a Triumphant Military Finale.—Arranged with Twenty Solos and Variations. To be performed by Twenty of M. Jullien's eminent Solo Performers!
Performed with unprecedented success for forty-one consecutive nights in New York.

INTERMISSION OF FIFTEEN MINUTES.

Part II.

- Grand Operatic Selection and Fantasia, Meyerbeer.
From the opera of "Les Huguenots," arranged by M. Jullien, with Solos for Oboe, Opheleide, and Viola d'Amore, performed by
MM. LAVIGNE, S. HUGHES and SCHREURS.
Ballad: "I've been Roaming," C. E. Horn.
Mlle ANNA ZERR.
Symphony: The Scherzo Assai Vivace, Mendelssohn.
From the Symphony in A minor, generally known as the "Scotch Symphony."
Polka: "Les Echo du Mont Blanc," composed at Chamonix in 1852, Jullien.
Introducing the Alpine Horn. "Ranz des Vaches," and Echo, Performed by HERR KOENIG.
Solo: Flute, Original theme, with brilliant variations, Reichert. M. REICHERT, (First Flute to the King of Belgium.)
Gallo: "The Amazon and Tiger," Jullien.
Descriptive of Tiger Hunting in South America.

CONDUCTOR.....M. JULLIEN.

Admission to all parts of the Hall, \$1. Family Tickets to admit Five, \$4. To be purchased during the day, at the principal Music Stores and Hotels.

NEW SACRED MUSIC BOOK.

POLYHYMNIA:

A COLLECTION OF

ORIGINAL HYMN TUNES, ANTHEMS,
CHANTS AND SENTENCES,

INCLUDING A CHOICE SELECTION OF

Hymns in different Metres in Three Parts.

CALCULATED FOR

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Oct. 22, 61

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Boston, September 24, 1853.

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Oct. 15.

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A Paper of Art and Literature.

VOL. IV.

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NO. 4.

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The Purest Tones the Most Effective.

[We translate the following from an instructive series of "Acoustical Letters," by Richard Pohl, in the *Leipsic Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*.]

The propagation of sound, both as regards intensity and area, is wonderfully influenced by the purity of the tone:—a quality so frequently neglected by singers and by instrumentists, in favor of dazzling virtuosity or mere rude strength of tone. Many seem not sufficiently aware how important a part is played, both in the æsthetics and the physics of tones, by *purity of tone*, that is, by the greatest regularity and uniformity in its vibrations; otherwise they would certainly expend more pains upon a property as beautiful in itself as it is most fruitful in its effects.

We have already remarked that, the purer a tone, the more beautiful and positive will be its color (*Klangfarbe*). We have also found that the purer a tone, the more distinct its impression; and we have now to learn that, the purer a tone, the weaker it may be and yet operate on the ear with the same intensity as a tone that is stronger but less pure. More good results combined could scarcely be desired from one source; and one would think, since the three fundamental conditions of good singing are beauty in the formation of tones, clearness of expression, and moderation in the means, that all singers would strive to acquire these qualities by following the way of purity! But, how many singers are there who sing purely? Since purity of tone depends on uniformity and unity in the vibrations, it is possible to perceive the faintest agitations, if they repeat themselves in perfectly regular sequence and so sum themselves up to a perceptible effect. The tone of the boatswain's whistle is heard through the creaking of joists, through the fluttering of sails, the roar of waves and the howling storm! In the greatest noise and thunder of battle are heard the signals of the horns and trumpets. For, although simultaneously excited by a thousand tones and noises in *irregular* succession, still the ear remains more susceptible for the steady recurrence of much weaker impulses, which succeed each other at *equal intervals*.

For the same cause, the Russian horn music—confessedly the type of perfectly pure instrumental music, because every instrument is tuned to only one tone, and in this is tuned *perfectly pure*—is heard at the distance of nearly a long German mile (5 $\frac{3}{4}$ English miles); other instru-

mental music, under particularly favorable circumstances, is heard at the farthest but a short German mile (3 $\frac{9}{10}$ English miles); whereas you may hear the marching of a company of soldiers, which is always rhythmical and energetic, only 2000 feet at the farthest. The trampling of a squadron of cavalry on the walk is heard only 1800 feet, but regular gallop 2600 feet.

Entirely similar observations may be made with fire arms. There is no doubt at all which gives the purer, stronger and more far-reaching sound: the discharge of a six-pounder or a salvo of fifty muskets. The quantity of powder fired is in both cases the same, but the fifty men do not press the trigger with perfect simultaneousness, the operation of their fingers is neither concentrated in time nor space, and the consequence is, that the effect of the cannon is much more intense. On the contrary, a well-maintained firing in file, in which each fires immediately after his next man, is far more perceptible to the ear, than the simultaneous platoon firing of the same number of guns; since the platoon fire is always only an irregular and not a precisely simultaneous crack; whereas in the other case blow follows blow with rhythmic regularity. Most completely was this witnessed in the parade firing of the French under Napoleon, known by the name of *feu roulant*. The troops were trained to fire so quick and regularly one after the other, that blow followed blow, and the salute made an impression as if tone swiftly followed tone in drawing the hand over the keyboard of a piano. This *rolling fire*, therefore, was comparable in its *regularity* to the Russian horn music in its *purity*, and produced, like this, *relatively* the greatest effect.

The applications of all this to music are self-evident. A purely tuned tympanum rings clearly and distinctly out through twenty drums; one pure solo voice penetrates through a whole choir of singers; one pure solo violin sounds through the whole accompanying orchestra; it is therefore relatively stronger, that is, more perceptible, more sensible to our ear.

Of *absolute strength* it is not here the question, since it is a well-known fact that by excessive strength a tone is overdone, i. e. becomes impure. When singers with weak voices sing in large theatres, they almost invariably over-reach the tone. They *scream*, in order to be heard, and the whole effect is that they sing tremulously and make the tone impure! So every wind instrument may, by blowing too hard, be driven to false

tones. String instruments, especially steel strings on pianos or harps, are liable to the same thing. If they are struck too violently, the string begins to make not only transverse, but also longitudinal vibrations; these vibrations are not uniform, the tone becomes impure and therefore without resonance, indistinct, and relatively less strong than a more moderate but purer tone. If all the piano-forte drummers would but consider that!

With the harp it is a well-known fact, that its *piano* and *mezzo forte* is finer than the *forte* and *fortissimo*. The consequence is that the harp is much more resonant in smaller rooms, than in a concert hall or as an orchestra instrument. For in the latter cases the player is compelled to attack the instrument more energetically and therefore overdo the matter, so that the strings lose the beautiful regularity of their entirely free vibrations, and this absolutely most beautiful tone among all string instruments becomes feebly resonant and choked. We know of famous violins of famous concert masters, which under the heavy stroke of the bow no longer sing, but scream and groan. The tone is gone—since the greatest intensity was sought by means of strong bowing, whereas precisely the reverse is the result, and not only the beauty and but even the strength of the pure sound is lost.

Orchestras especially are very apt to sin against this law of strength in unity and purity.—Here too it must be considered that, under equal exciting force, the high tones are always more perceptible than the low ones, and the clear tones more so than the dull ones. For the higher tones, (as is known from Savart's experiments with the *Syren*) require less intensity in the exciting power in order to be heard. According it never would occur to any chapel-master, to man the piccolo flute with more strength than the low wooden wind instruments, whilst even celebrated directors find nothing laughable in placing only one man on the harp part in an orchestra of about sixty men! And yet every one would laugh if only one viola and violoncello should be set against twenty-four first and second violins!

In Choruses the Soprano is almost always too strong, the Alto almost always too weak. It is not to be presumed that the ladies on the Alto develop less activity of lungs, than the Soprano voices; but they sing deeper, they are commonly fewer in number, they restrain themselves, sing impure or hum, and the choral effect is disturbed. To proceed according to the right principle, the Alto voices should always out-number the Soprano, and the viola should be manned at least as strong as the first violin part. Experience teaches, that in the solo vocal quartet, as in the string quartet, the highest voice, if not reined in with great discretion, almost always covers up the other voices, simply because it is the highest. Only the Bass or the violoncellist escape being covered up, since they develop more intensity of lungs or bow. The tenor either screams, or he is asthmatic or fat;—in all these cases there is a loss of strength and purity, and the consequence is, that in Australia and California great lumps of gold are far more frequent, than good tenors are in Europe, so that with us the first tenors are literally worth their weight in gold!

That the brass almost always cover up the string instruments, is too well known. Hence thoughtful instrumental composers are in the habit latterly of indicating in their scores the number of per-

formers on each part; a direction, alas! which is almost never followed, so that the effects are naturally lost. The vibrating column of air in a brass tube requires much more expenditure of strength to set it in motion, than the vibrating strings of the string instruments, with the exception of the double-basses, which, in proportion to the weakness of their number, are more liable to growl (*"rumpleln"*) instead of ringing out in pure, clear tones. That one trumpet can out-sound all the violins, or one bombardoon all the double-basses, follows very plainly from the intensity of the manner of setting it to vibrating; and yet we almost always find the same disproportion in the manning of an orchestra. To be sure, these requisitions are not always practicable; but then the brass should be as much subdued in tone as possible; and frequently there is no obstacle but custom or convenience in the way of a reform. To double the kettle drums, which as instruments of percussion operate still more intensely than wind instruments, would scarcely suggest itself; but should it happen (as in the Dresden Palm Sunday concerts in the opera house), then the flutes should be at least quadrupled, instead of doubled.

[To be continued.]

The Kook Konzerts.

[They have funny concerts and a funnier musical critic in the city of Troy, N. Y. The following, from the *Troy Daily Budget*, is worthy of *Punch* or *Thackeray*; and like the satirical sketches of those moralists, it admits of a pretty wide application. We are sorry to have to abridge it at all.]

Last Friday evening it was our fortune to be present at a Konzert at the Female Seminary by the Kooks—spelt, you will observe, with a K. There is an old proverb that "too many cooks spoil the broth"—whether this be true or not, we have no means of knowing, but we are fully prepared to say that too many Kooks can make a Konzert a complete bore.

Besides the Kook Family, a Signorina Valentini, Prima Donna of the Theatres of Milan, Turin and Venice was announced to appear. And she did! If she was ever Prima Donna at the Theatres above mentioned, all we have to say is, they must have been pretty short of timber. A morning paper yesterday pronounced compliments on this Signorina that would make Sontag blush—but we will venture that she did nothing of the sort. Master Kook, likewise, was compared to Herz, Thalberg, De Meyer, and what not. This sort of thing is abominable. Our gorge rises at it.

Had not these persons given a pair of additional concerts, we should not have felt called upon to notice this stupendous humbug. We went on Monday evening to hear them, merely for the innocent amusement which it afforded—and we found plenty of it. By dint of specious programmes scattered over the city, bragging and disgusting puffery, an audience of perhaps two hundred was collected at Harmony Hall.

Master Sebastian Kook opened the concert in the same way as before—namely, by playing a Fantasia by Herz—and to do him justice, he played it very well. Indeed, his playing is the only endurable feature in the whole affair from beginning to end. He plays with a good deal of facility and no inconsiderable degree of taste—as well, perhaps, but certainly not better, than many children of his age who have not set themselves up as prodigies. We feel inclined to give him all the praise he deserves, but it is not in our heart to say that we consider him terribly prodigious.

After him came the Fat Woman—no, we were thinking of something else—but Signorina Valentini as she calls herself, and a very pretty name she has too. Her appearance created a sensation; we think it would do that almost anywhere. She

is an apoplectic-looking female—florid and flabby—adipose and able-bodied, and not calculated to inspire in the beholder a very exalted idea of her promise as an interpreter of the poetical, romantic or spiritual music. She would sooner suggest the idea of Bacchus in petticoats in a fit of absence of mind. In yesterday's programme we perceive she is called the "Italian Lark"—heaven forgive her godfather! Had she been dubbed the "Dutch Owl," no one we dare say would have deemed the *soubriquet* at all inappropriate.

She "threw herself," to use the language of Young America, into "Casta Diva," that inevitable and everlasting rock on which every singer, good or bad, feels bound to split. But it has no such effect on her—although her audience was ready to split—with laughter. She electrified the house. Somebody in a morning paper says that he thinks the Oleaginous Lady's "Casta Diva" is better than Jenny Lind's! Perhaps it is—every one to his taste—there may be persons who prefer the screech of a peacock to the thrilling warble of a nightingale.

"The Warrior's Banner," came next on the catalogue of musical sweetmeats, and it was given by Master Louis Kook, a little Stunner of only nine years old—at least that is the age put down in the bills. This Warrior's Banner may be a very good thing in its way, but in Mr. Kook's way it was almost anything else. It would be no very easy matter to say exactly what it was, it was so near indescribable—but as near as we could get at it, it was a frantic affair—and with regard to tone of voice, as androgynous and epicene a performance in the way of a noise as we have heard for many a day.

The truth is, these infantile phenomena are nothing but another name for bores. From the Infant Drummer to this last infliction in the shape of Louis Kook (always excepting Paul Jullien) all these youthful prodigies in our opinion are unmitigated gags. We hear their efforts with the same sensations that we experience in seeing a juggler swallow a sword—we wonder a little, but we shudder a great deal more as cold chills chase each other like streaks of chain-lightning down the spinal column. How often have we been compelled to listen in admiring horror as some misguided mother trotted out her precocious offspring to display their musical or elocutionary accomplishments. On such occasions we suffer the nervous tremor of one about to undergo a surgical operation—we resign ourselves to our fate and sigh for a pocket handkerchief saturated with chloroform. "With sad civility" we endure the ordeal, setting our teeth and clenching hands—we perhaps feel called upon to mutter a salvo of grim praise while our mental aspirations aim at a consignment of the little dears to the bottom of the Red Sea. And so it is generally, we apprehend, with the long suffering, patient and good-natured victims of infantile music.

It is said that Dr. Johnson used to relieve himself of these juvenile tormentors by refusing to hear the songs they could sing or the verses they could recite. On one occasion, however, he was persuaded by a fond parent to listen to his two children repeat Gray's *Elegy*; the father wishing to have them take alternate verses, that the doctor might judge which had the happiest cadence. "No sir," said the doctor, "let the brats speak their verses both at once; they will make more noise, and it will be sooner over."

"Coming through the Rye," by Miss Louisa Kook, a seven year old, next claimed attention. She forgot the words once or twice, and when she remembered them, she "took no note of time" any more than Adam did when conversing with Eve in the garden of Eden, for the Obese Lark, who played the accompaniment, had much ado to keep within gun shot of the child as she elbowed her way through the Rye. She got through, though, and we were glad of it; it seemed barbarous to force such a pretty child to torment herself and others by such an unnatural and uncongenial display, when she might be a real blessing to mothers, by revolving in her proper sphere—the nursery.

The "Happy Birdling," ejaculated by the Dropsical Donna, was the next draft on our en-

thusiasm.—To say that it was unique is not saying more than is true.

It is hardly worth while to break a fly upon the wheel, but the humbuggery of these people has been so offensive that we cannot pass their efforts in silence.

Young Louis is announced in a separate paragraph in the programme, and in small capitals, "Ah he is THE BOY FOR BEWITCHING THEM, and making your sides ache with laughter." "Them," we suppose refers to the softer sex—for we are sure no masculine being in his senses could be bewitched by such a pitiable exhibition of abortive straining as was displayed by this Master Louis. We feel sorry for him, and have felt so ever since last Friday evening—our pity has prevented until this time any expression of opinion upon his merits. As he was fore-ordained to bewitch, he sung a song called "I'm the boy for bewitching 'em"—labeled "comic" on the programme—but how or where we racked our brain in vain to discover. Like the frogs in the fable who were stoned to death, we could say, "it may be sport to you, but it is death to us." We have no recollection of ever before feeling so melancholy under the infliction of a comic song. As to voice, the poor little fellow had none at all—he writhed and yelled like one in pain—at first he seemed to have a colic—but subsequent observation satisfied us that he was trying to burst a blood vessel or to split his thorax.

There had been some tittering, not to say giggling, at several previous musical revelations, but now every face was as gloomy as the Dead March in Saul. We firmly believe the ladies (especially those at the Seminary) were all more or less affected. It was certainly most lugubriously laughable—positively, the most lachrymose of funny songs.

The probability is, that the boy's guardians have committed an error; he is *not* the "Boy for bewitching 'em"—at least not just now. He should lie by a few years to cultivate his seductive powers; he should permit them to ripen somewhere near maturity, before he should venture with any confidence of success into the enterprise of fascinating the fair.

As to Master Sebastian, his piano-forte performance, as we have said before, is very well—nay, it is more than respectable. But neither his playing, nor any body's else could survive the neutralizing tendency of such coadjutors. This Signerina bears about the same relation to him in the way of benefit that a mill-stone would to a shipwrecked man in want of a life-preserver. We advise him to let her go, and tell his little brother and sister to retire with all possible despatch into the shade.

With respect to his own endeavors, let him not attempt too much. He should lay aside at present his ambition of appearing as a composer, and practice diligently the works of others who have gone before him, and who have written much better than he ever will. If he *must* give Yankee Doodle with the variations, let him rather follow Herz, Wallace, DeMeyer, Jullien, or the five hundred others of less note who have worked upon this theme and twisted it into every conceivable form, than endeavor to please the public with his own crude compositions on it, which, in our humble opinion bear very faint affinity to the original, plain, patriotic Doodle.

Yankee Doodle.

["Yankee Doodle" literature ought to be at a premium while Jullien is about. We saved the following from a country paper some time since.]

Watson, in his "Occurrences of the war of Independence," says—This tune, so celebrated as a national air of the revolution, has an origin almost unknown to the mass of the people of the present day. An aged and respectable lady, born in New England, told me she remembered it well, long before the Revolution, under another name. It was then universally called "Lady Fisher," and was a favorite New England jig. It was then the practice with it, as with "Yankee Doodle" now, to sing it, with various impromptu verses—such as:

Lydia Locket lost her pocket,
Lydia Fisher found it—
Not a bit of money in it,
Only binding round it.

The British, preceding the war, when disposed to ridicule the simplicity of Yankee manners and hilarity, were accustomed to sing airs or songs set to words invented for the passing occasion, having for their object to satirize and sneer at the New Englanders. This, as I believe, they called Yankee Doodle, by way of reproach, and as a slur upon their favorite, "Lydia Fisher." It is remembered that the English officers then among us, acting under civil and military appointments, often felt lordly over us colonists, and by countenancing such slurs, they sometimes expressed their superciliousness. When the battles of Concord and Lexington began the war, the English, when advancing in triumph, played along the road "God save the King," but when the Americans had made the retreat so disastrous to the invaders, these then struck up the scouted Yankee Doodle, as if to say, "See what we simple Jonathans can do!"

From that time the tune of intended derision was assumed throughout all the American colonies, as the national air of the sons of liberty, even as the Methodists—once reproachfully so called—assumed it as their acceptable appellation. Even the name of "sons of liberty," which was so popular at the outset, was a name adopted from the appellation given us in Parliament, by Col. Barre, in his speech. Judge Martin, in the history of North Carolina, has lately given another reason for the origin of "Yankee Doodle," saying it was formed at Albany, in 1755, by a British officer, then there, indulging his pleasantry on the homely array of the motley Americans, then assembling to join the expedition of Gen. Johnson and Governor Shirley. To ascertain the truth in the premises, both his and my accounts were published in the *Gazettes*, to elicit, if possible, further information, and the additional facts ascertained seemed to corroborate the foregoing idea. The tune and quaint words, says a writer in the *Columbian Gazette*, at Washington, were known as early as the time of Cromwell, and were so applied to him then, in a song called "Yankee Doodle," as ascertained from the collection he had seen of a gentleman at Cheltenham, in England, called "Musical Antiquities of England," to wit:

Yankee Doodle came to town,
Upon a little pony,
With a feather in his hat,
Upon a maccaroni.

The term "feather," &c., alluded to Cromwell's going to Oxford on a small horse, with his single plume, fastened in a sort of knot called a "maccaroni." The idea that such an early origin may have existed seems strengthened by the fact communicated by an aged gentleman of Massachusetts, who well remembered that, about the time the strife was engendered at Boston, they sometimes conveyed muskets to the country concealed in their loads of manure, &c. Then came abroad verses, as if set forth from their military masters, saying:

Yankee Doodle came to town,
For to buy a firelock;
We will tar and feather him,
And so we will John Hancock.

MY SPIRIT BRIDE.

AFTER THE GERMAN.

I.

Silently walk I by the sea-side, when the waves are still, and the scene is bathed in liquid moonshine, but I am not alone.

II.

A spirit walketh at my side, noiseless, speechless. The pebbles that rustle as I tread, stir not under her footfall, for she is a spirit, lighter than the breath of zephyr. Not Camilla, whose naked foot the bearded corn hurt not, is lighter, for behold she treads the foamy wave from whence sprang Aphrodite the Beautiful.

III.

But when I touch her hand, it is as vapor, and her breath is cold, like the chill breath of Eternity. I would

fain dally with her golden locks—but they wreath away and are gone, like smoke from the pipes of burschen. If I gaze into her eyes, alas! they are vacant. Doth my heart speak to her? Behold she vanisheth and is not!

IV.

Yet walk I by the sea-side, for she is with me, but whence or whither, tell me if thou canst, Prophet of Mystery!

V.

I have wandered up and down in the earth seeking my betrothed. Into the clear fountains of many eyes have I gazed to find my soul's image. Many golden curls have I seen in the breezes disporting—and often I have peered into the orbs of azure deep as heaven.

VI.

Now walk I joyfully again by the sea-side, on my arm rests a hand, warm and tender. Here are ringlets of gold that cling round my finger—and soft lips that return my gentle pressure—and her eyes I do not see for very clearness—but the pearly thoughts that glisten through them from the soul's deep caverns.

VII.

Now walk I once more silently by the sea-side—a Spirit walketh at my side, speechless, noiseless. Gaze I on more in the laughing eyes of maidens—no more sigh I for their sweet lips—the pure love of the spirit is sweeter. She that I loved better than all the world, is now in Heaven! She that loved me in the flesh now loves me more in the spirit!

R. S. R.

AT A SOLEMN MUSIC.

Blest pair of syrens! pledges of Heaven's joy,
Sphere-born, harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse,
Wed your divine sounds, and mix'd power employ,
Dead things with inbreath'd sense able to pierce;
And to our high-raised phantasy present
That undisturbed song of pure concent:
Aye sung before the sapphire-color'd throne
To Him that sits thereon,
With saintly shout, and solemn jubilee;
Where the bright Seraphim, in burning row,
Their loud uplifted angel-trumpets blow;
And the Cherubim host, in thousand quires,
Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
With those just spirits that wear victorious palms,
Hymns devout and holy psalms
Singing everlastingly:
That we on earth, with undiscording voice,
May rightly answer that melodious noise;
As once we did, till disproportion'd sin
Jarr'd against nature's chime, and with harsh din
Broke the fair music that all creatures made
To their great Lord, whose love their motion sway'd
In perfect diapason, whilst they stood
In first obedience, and their state of good.
O may we soon again renew that song,
And keep in tune with Heaven, till God, ere long,
To his celestial concert us unite,
To live with him, and sing in endless morn of light!

MILTON.

New Music.

New publications have been accumulating on our desk at a rate which makes it impossible to notice them all with anything like critical discrimination. We make a beginning, however, with a few of the most important.

Oliver Ditson sends us:

1. The *Don Giovanni*, of Mozart, being a piano-forte arrangement of the entire opera, in style uniform with his edition of *Norma* and other standard operas. The moderately skilful pianist may hereby recall all the ideas and essence of Mozart's most masterly and magical creation for himself; and indeed, so fascinating must he find it, that he will be unconsciously drawn into practice and made skilful with his fingers. The arrangement, with the exception of a few places, is not very difficult, and is clearly, neatly printed in the small Philadelphia music type. The best German arrangement is strictly followed, and the proof seems to have been carefully read. That is, of the *music*,—which is the main,—not so, however, of the little introductory scraps of the Italian words, which are prefixed to each movement. These are shamefully misspelt,—a defect which might have been easily enough avoided. Thus we find: "Ah! chi

mi dis ce mai," for *Ah! chi mi dice mai*; "*Madaminar*," for *Madamina*; &c., &c. But we cannot too earnestly commend such a work to young pianists, amid the flood of trashy variations, fantasies, &c., all sound and finger-difficulties, "signifying nothing," which solicit them on all sides.

2. *Variations for the Piano*, by MOZART, in a series of twenty-four numbers, of which three are issued. These are upon simple themes, selected with a Mozart's taste and tact, and the variations are models in their way. In them you have all the grace, consistency and never-failing charm of Mozart's style. Here too the young pianist can practice with the certainty of *learning something*; something higher and better than mere execution, at the same time with that.

3. Six *Lieder* of SCHUBERT, transcribed for the Piano by STEPHEN HELLER. We have seen but the first, which is the popular and lovely "Serenade." The transcription is a very simple, literal one, compared with that of Liszt; but the genial purity of Heller's musical style guarantees the excellence of these little works.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 29, 1853.

First "Germania" Concert.

The Boston Music Hall was just comfortably filled, last Saturday evening, with an audience too happy to sit once more within those harmony-inspiring walls, awaiting the renewal of the dear old feasts. It was a graceful token of sentiment, which led the Society to decorate the hall with evergreens and place the wreathed busts of Beethoven, Mendelssohn and Mozart on the front of the stage, Beethoven being in the middle. The "GERMANIANS" had about doubled the numbers of their orchestra, and took their places amid general and hearty plaudits. We counted *eight* first violins, *seven* second, *four* tenors, *four* violoncellos and *four* double-basses, together with such increase in the wood and brass departments as made the whole number not quite up to fifty. Conductor BERGMANN'S entrance was the signal for prolonged and special greeting. And it was soon clear that the old virtue had not departed from his baton, which swayed the grand as easily as it had done the smaller orchestra, and that he stood there the same clear-headed, earnest, sure interpreter of the great tone-poems into whose spirit he was wont so ably and so fondly to initiate us.

The old C minor symphony was brought out with a fire and breadth and grandeur which we have not known before. It is true, we missed sometimes that perfect sharpness and evenness of outline, that always distinguished the original Germanians; but this was forgotten almost more quickly than perceived, so greatly did the additional string instruments add to the energy and fulness of the now broad, majestic river, and now dashing and compressed mountain cataract of tones. We never heard the spirit of the music and of Beethoven more successfully brought out. The Andante, (taken a little slower than we sometimes hear it,—some, we are aware, would say *too* slow), came out as clear in form as a newly cast bell, and seemed profoundly to impress and satisfy the audience. The triumphal march finale rang through that sympathetic hall sublimely.

Weber's "Invitation to the Dance" displayed the brilliant instrumentation of Berlioz in a bright light; though it seems to us essentially a piano-

forte piece, and to lose something of its delicacy and swimming *abandon* in any other form. The orchestra colors are warmer, but appear to overload it; while the movement, taken prodigiously fast, (we suppose according to the design of Berlioz) sometimes forbids that perfect clearness of outline which it can only have under one pair of hands, working from one brain. The violoncello sang the slow recitative prelude and conclusion with rare beauty and expression.

The novel and, next to the symphony, the great feature of the concert was the overture to the romantic drama of "Tannhäuser and the contest of the minstrels at the Wartburg," by Richard Wagner. It made us more than ever eager to hear the opera itself, about which the musical world abroad is so divided. It settled the question, for us, with regard to Wagner, as a great creative genius in the sphere of instrumental music, and as a profound musician. This overture is full of power and beauty. The ideas are both original and pregnant, and they are developed and sustained with wonderful strength and skill, leaving the conviction in the hearer's mind of an abundance of reserved power. There is a masterly progress in its dramatic interest; it is one of the most exciting overtures we ever listened to, in that respect resembling the *Leonore* of Beethoven, though wholly different in the character and working up of its ideas. Whatever may be said of Wagner's theories of Opera and Drama, of his "emancipation of the tones" from the received laws of modulation, &c., &c., as described in our previous articles about him; and whatever party opposition there may be to him abroad, one could not hear the overture without thinking to himself: The man who wrote that is not to be put down. Certainly the *Tannhäuser* must take its place among the *great* overtures of Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Cherubini and Mendelssohn.

Doubtless there were various impressions about in a large audience listening for the first time; to some what was to us sustained, heroic strength, seemed only repetition; some were lost in its complexity; some had not read the composer's key to its dramatic design, published in our last. This was quite necessary to an intelligent reception and enjoyment of the music; and admirably it corresponded. How grave and solemn and middle-age-like were the opening sounds of the distant pilgrim's chant in slow procession, (intoned by horns, bassoon and the low *chahureau* notes of the clarinet)! Buoyant, determined, full of faith as its movement was, yet it conveyed the idea of eyes cast down to earth and thoughts introverted. How the harmony swells to rich pomp and majesty as the march approaches, and how solemnly the sounds recede again, and melt into sombre, twilight harmonies! And now an utter change; the buoyant, happy and defiant snatch of melody, that suddenly seems flung laughingly upon the breeze, is the voice of the tuneful minnesinger, Tannhäuser, merrily advancing on his way to contend with the other minstrel at the Wartburg. This little strain, so perfectly original and exquisite, is like a challenge. He is in danger, this bold bard! He means to sing of love, and his thought is not pure from worldliness. Charms and mysterious snares surround him. He is in the dangerous neighborhood of the "Venusberg," the mountain in the German forest where the old Christian superstition supposed the heathen goddess to be banished and confined. Here the

orchestral harmony is finely divided into light, thrilling strains of aerial music, (there being in portions of it some eight separate violin parts), in the midst of which the little snatch of Tannhäuser melody is flung back and forth from various voices. The enchantment grows richer and more complex and bewildering, and finally swells to an almost stunning pitch, and subsides amidst wildly wailing under-tone accompaniments preceding the re-entrance of the solemn pilgrim chant, the last repetition of which, *fortissimo*, by the brass instruments, on the dark, rich back-ground of a persistent wailing figure kept up by the whole mass of violins, makes a sublime finale. That aerial, fairy music in the middle seems fully equal to Mendelssohn in that line, and yet entirely original. The overture was played with great precision, spirit and true fervor, and it is music of exceeding difficulty.

A repetition of the *Tannhäuser* at last Wednesday's rehearsal fully confirmed the first impression. It should be given at another concert, that it may be more generally appreciated.

Mendelssohn's overture to "Athalia" made a noble finale to the concert. With nothing very striking in its ideas, it is worked up with masterly power, so as to cast a certain shadow of cold, solemn, simple, antique thoughts over the hearer's mind. It is neither sacred nor romantic music: indeed in such a Grecian subject the composer precluded himself the warmth and wealth of ideas belonging to his usual romantic vein.

Miss CAROLINE PINTARD, who sang two pieces, made a very agreeable impression. She has a contralto of most rare richness, evenness and sweetness; not of great power, yet by its purity and true intonation pervading all parts of the hall distinctly. She has been well schooled, and sings with simplicity and nobleness of style, with large, round phrasing, and without any nonsense. Such at least was the impression of her first piece, an aria from *Maria di Rudenz*, properly written for a male voice. Whether she have the inspiration to make a great singer, we cannot yet judge. Her second piece, Alary's Polka, was unsuited to her voice; it depends for its effect upon the bright soprano tones, as Sontag sings it, and loses all its brightness when let down to the contralto register. The pleasing appearance and marked propriety of manner of the young *debutante* also did their part to prepossess the audience in her favor.

The new pianist, Herr CARL HAUSE, by no means played the "Don Juan" fantasia of Thalberg as Jaell plays it; but we saw reason to suppose that he labored under accidental difficulties, which did not suffer him to do justice to himself, and hence refrain from judgment. It would have been more effective, had he commenced farther back, and not immediately with the serenade melody, which suffered from lack of something to relieve it and from the nervousness of the performer. Mr. ZERRAHN played the flute concerto of Briccialdi admirably, but the piece is too long

The GERMANIA REHEARSALS began on Wednesday afternoon, with a large, not crowded audience, and with a rich selection of music, including Beethoven's fourth Symphony, the overtures to *Tannhäuser* and some lighter music. Such excellent music, at such very low price, will not fail to crowd the hall soon to the overflowing measure of last winter.

Jullien's Concerts.

So far (for three nights) the "Monster Concerts" have been on a greater scale in all respects than in that of great audiences. The Boston Music Hall, even on Jullien's "Beethoven Night," has not been two-thirds full. The terrific storm of course put a great audience for anything out of the question on the first night. This is not as it should be, nor can we believe that it will so continue. The dollar price is really cheap for such an unparalleled combination of talent as Jullien has had the enterprise and tact to muster and train together to complete unity for our entertainment. Ordinarily a dollar would be cheap for hearing any one of his five and twenty solo-players, each the very best in his speciality afforded by all Europe. Think of an orchestra in which every instrumental part is manned or led off by such artists! Add to this that all in the rank and file are good; that the orchestra is complete and in the full sense of the term a *grand* orchestra: that they play with most perfect unity and precision; that their truth of intonation is refreshingly infallible; that the *ensemble* of tone, or collective sonority of the orchestra, considered as one complex instrument, is exceedingly bright and beautiful; and that they play so much of the best, as well as so much merely *effective* music,—and the wonder is, how can the public keep away at any price! True, Jullien had a hundred in New York, and has only sixty here:—but we assure our readers that in our Boston Music Hall these sixty tell with at least twice the power the hundred did in Metropolitan Hall. And would you hear the best solo-playing of the world in the very room in all the world where it can be heard to the best advantage, you will take care not to lose this brief combined opportunity of Boston Music Hall and Jullien.

Again, such education of the ear as is afforded by these concerts it would be shiftless on the part of any music-lover to forego. Never have we had such a chance to learn what a great orchestra can be and is. One evening at Jullien's is as good as a year's lessons about the peculiar characters and powers of instruments, the effects producible by various combinations, the means and possibilities of instrumental *effect*, and in impressing on the mind indelible types of *crescendos*, *diminuendos*, *staccatos*, and other dynamic and rhythmic arts. We think it must chip the shell of many a latent thickly encrusted musical sense, to hear Jullien's orchestra.

Of course the expense at which all this is provided for us, nightly, must be enormous; and greatly as we rejoice in the tendency to cheap amusements, we cannot expect the best artists of the old world engaged for us at double their European salaries, for a price of admission which the Music Hall well filled could hardly make remunerating.

Such numbers as have so far come within the sweep of the magician's bâton, have been completely captivated and carried away with enthusiasm. To be sure, much of this enthusiasm is of a superficial kind; much of it we laugh at while it brings us on our feet; many of his instrumental effects and bold surprises, we call laughably fine; and much of the contagious pleasure we associate with the large *bonhomie* of the conductor himself, his vivacity, but not extravagance of gesture, and the inimitably self-satisfied and happy air with which he sinks down into his velvet seat at

the end of each tuneful victory, making the whole audience happy along with him. Yet there has been a large dollar's worth, each time, of real musical enjoyment and instruction. Steal our purse, rather than steal *that* from us.

Several distinct points of interest stand out in one's recollection of a Jullien concert. First and most prominent is:

The Orchestra itself, in its *ensemble*, considered as a great organic, complex mechanism of musical effect, and without reference to the kind of music played by it. It is impossible, too, to separate it from its creator and conductor; it is the outward form and organism of his idea, and it moves in sympathetic obedience to his signal. Ten first violins, 6 second, 4 tenors, 4 violoncellos, and *eight double-basses* (besides BOTTESINI!) make a grand string department, where every man is an artist. But the two middle parts are evidently much too weak in numbers. Flutes, oboes, clarinets, bassoons, each are represented in the first and second parts; the brass is very powerful, and the drums, in readiness at any moment to swell a whirlwind *crescendo* or a battle finale into monster proportions. The huge ophicleid, the flageolet (a sweeter substitute sometimes for the shrill and saucy piccolo), the monster drum, &c., are instruments not common in our orchestras. The brilliancy, precision, point, expression, &c. with which this great organism performs its functions we have sufficiently indicated. The perfect symmetry and swiftness with which it rolls up a *crescendo*, from the faintest murmur to its forty drum power maximum of sound, is one of the tricks in which Jullien has trained it to infallible success. But we cannot say that we have yet heard a genuine *pianissimo* among its other remarkable virtues; it can play lightly as well as play loudly, it can drop out voices and contract its tens to units; but we do not observe that wonderfully beautiful and ideal effect of an entire tone-mass subdued to the distinctest whisper. Bright, gorgeous sunshine or gas-light, and no soft twilight, seems Jullien's peculiar sphere. His day is all noon, his house all blazing ball-room. As his art lies chiefly in effects, and grand surprises, and the nursing up of great furores in the audience, there is naturally a tendency to make the most of ponderous ophicleids and shivering trumpets and trombones. There is always something like a sonorous battle and a siege laid to your poor private castle of dullness. Your nerves are kept upon the strain, and finally the mind is fatigued with the reiterated thunder crash and lightning glare of his intense *fortissimo*.

2. Next, we would fain do justice to his unrivalled solo-players. There is BOTTESINI, who makes the double bass play themes and variations, with all the fluency, all the sweetness and more than the richness of tone of violins and cellos; while his rapid transitions from the lower to the highest octaves of the colossal viol, and his revellings in its aerial harmonies, are as smooth and finished and graceful as if it cost no effort. M. REICHERT exceeds what we had supposed the possibilities of the flute, producing a tone of unrivalled solidity and roundness, and sweeping through long scales with a rapidity and evenness that we had thought belonged to the hands of Jaells and Gottschalks on the piano-forte. A beautiful melody of his own made the theme for his tasteful variations in the solo which we heard. Even more wonderful was the oboe solo of

LAVIGNE. His tone is thinner and finer than that of some of our best oboists: but it is a purely reed tone, more sharply contrasted with the clarinet tone than theirs, and never harsh. His execution is most smooth and flexible; he plays it *con amore* and with exquisite expression, looking like a Pan with half-closed eyes, and reeling jolly figure, half-drunk with the delight of his own music. Verily he was born with a reed in his mouth. In him you have the whole individuality of his instrument embodied. And how he holds his breath! He sustained and trilled a note, now swelling, now diminishing, for twice the time we ever heard a note sustained (the *Atlas* says a minute and a sixth by watch), and the fine, pure beauty of that tone lingered within the resonant walls of the Music Hall as if it loved the place. KOENIG's cornet-à-piston has been abundantly described. In tone, expression, execution he leaves nothing more to be demanded of the instrument. He is the model of a true solo-player, in that he lays himself out more in expression, than in flourish, and sings a melody with an intelligent and voice-like style.—The round and solid tones of HUGHES's ophicleid are as satisfactory and expressive in some passages, as they were novel to most ears. He executes also with a rare facility.—WUILLE's clarinet is the sweetest-toned and most cunningly modulated of all the specimens of that best and most human voice-like of wind-instruments. And there are many other solo-players yet to take their turn, whom we have not room here to mention. It is, however, in the little passages where each emerges into occasional prominence in the orchestral performances, that we are most charmed with the mastery of these solo-instruments.

3. *The dance music*—the music in which M. Jullien is peculiarly himself. His quadrille, waltz and polka compilations are all set in most brilliant frame-work, and treated with a consummate mastery of brilliant instrumentation, which make them absolutely exciting. Here you may study the effects of all kinds of instruments. Thus his famous "American Quadrille" owes its astonishing effect to the skill with which homely, humdrum melodies are brightened up, and set off against each other with all sorts of novel and grotesque instrumental coloring; especially to the brilliancy with which he invests Yankee Doodle (thus verifying Emerson's saying: "the meanest object is beautiful if placed in a strong enough light.")—There are some happy touches here: thus his simply isolating the first note of the strain all the time by a strong accent, makes almost a new thing of the Yankee Doodle; then the manner in which it is first boyishly whistled in the flageolet and flute, then grotesquely tooted on the bassoon, then droned out, bag-pipe-like, by two oboes, &c. And finally, and chiefly, to the *crescendo* progress in the entire arrangement, Yankee Doodle at last coming in *fortissimo* by all the instruments, in swifter and swifter *tempo*, and then the battle and drum cannonading, and Yankee Doodle stronger still in sign of triumph, and the shout of voices too, thrown in; the inevitable uproarious applause of the many; the preconceived rising of the musicians, as Jullien turns with air of solemn invitation to the audience, who involuntarily rise also, as "Hail Columbia" peals forth in large chords!—This is, to be sure, making a colossal toy of the orchestra, as we have before said! but the effect is most ingeniously and most

triumphantly managed. His "Katydid Polka," "Prima Donna Waltz," and other pieces of this kind, are equally effective in their way, although the themes are often old and hacknied. The precision and spirit with which these things are played, could never be surpassed.

4. The *Classical Music*. To hear the great works of the masters brought out in the full proportions of so large an orchestra, where all the parts are played by perfect masters of their instruments, is a great privilege and great lesson. So we must think, in spite of any criticisms to which M. Jullien's conductorship in symphonies may be open. Where everything is so distinctly rendered, and all on so large and bold a scale, it cannot but open many ears and souls to the grandeur of a Beethoven's conceptions to hear one of his masterpieces from this orchestra. To take our examples from the "Beethoven Night" (Wednesday): was it not something to hear that scrambling bass passage in the Scherzo of the C minor symphony, brought out into bold, broad outline by the nine double-basses, with BOTTESINI among them! We confess it was the first time we ever heard that passage actually with our ears; save for a piano arrangement we scarcely knew its shape before. And how magnificent the triumphal march became with such a powerful *tutti*! But here we are constrained to make a beginning of criticism, and to own, that after all the joy we felt in such bold renderings, M. Jullien's leading in symphonies is open to criticism. Why did he omit a large part of that glorious finale? Why was the sweet counter-theme, led in by the three horn notes on the dominant of key, in the Allegro, played so heavily? Why was there never any *pianissimo*? And why was the time changed so arbitrarily, more than once in the course of the same movement, and no settled rate of movement maintained? We fear the answer to such questions must be found in the answer to another: Why does he on the programme call the Scherzo "descriptive of an advancing army?" In the Larghetto of the second symphony, on another evening, (the programme said *Adagio*) he retarded the last measures in a manner as unmeaning as it was strikingly marked.

The *Leonora* overture was superbly played, as were the *Freyschütz* and some other overtures, on other evenings. The *Adelaide* was "sung" by Koenig's cornet with great beauty and feelingness, but with something too much of the Italian *tenore* sort of pathos. The Andante was not slow enough and the impassioned last movement much too slow. We could not see the propriety of introducing into a Beethoven programme those grotesque orchestral variations of the *Le Desir* waltz, which has long since ceased to be attributed to Beethoven, but which the programme informed us that Schubert wrote and "dedicated to Beethoven"! There was a little too much of the "monster concert" and too little of the "classical" about this!

We have our doubts whether Jullien's forte lies in classical music, although we do thank him for much enjoyment of it. It would seem as if much limitation to the short forms of dance music, in which he is like a metronome personified, caused him to get lost in the longer forms of symphony music, so that he cannot hold the time with constancy. With less brilliancy of *ensemble*, less largeness of outline, and less consummate skill and individuality in the separate instruments, we

confess to catching the spirit of the symphonies more satisfactorily from the Germanians under Bergmann's baton. There all is certainty, and conscientious, even religious, fidelity to the composer; and if less imposingly executed, his conceptions are more appreciatingly and (in the German sense of the word) more *genially* indicated.

We should hesitate to avow these strictures, were it not that they have such confirmation from the best musicians in Germany and here. Meanwhile, we regard Jullien and his orchestra as a great God-send; and all who have any music in their souls must go and hear him while he stays. He is no "humbug," no mere superficial parader of *clap-trap*, but a thinking and observing man, who loves and studies nature, seeks the laws of tone-effects in nature, and shows a masterly power of combination in whatever he does.

We had almost forgotten to speak of Mlle. ANNA ZERR. In our Music Hall her voice tells to far more advantage than it did in New York. Moreover her selection of pieces has not been so unfortunate for her, as that of *Vieni non tardar*, which influenced our impression there. Here her delivery of the passionate Queen of the Night's song, with the extra high notes (to F in *alt*), was a brilliant and finished piece of execution. The sweet little Alpine Melody which she sings, too, ("Forget me not"), was rendered with great expression. Yet her voice in general is worn and too often tremulous, and her style cold; to those few extra high notes she would seem to owe her European fame.

Next week M. Jullien announces more classical nights. We cannot doubt that he will crowd the Hall before he has done with it. Boston audiences warm up slowly, but very surely, when a thing is good.

Gottschalk.

Jullien has left us no room to say what more we wish and feel in duty bound to say about the young pianist. For the present we let this suffice:

Had his first concert been like his second, we should have had a far pleasanter task in writing about it; for the second gave us a better opinion of him as an artist. In the first he was only a *virtuoso*; and much of the exception which we took to him, was simply the instancing in his case of our profound conviction of the false and superficial tendency of the whole modern virtuoso school in Art. We could not but judge him by the extravagant claims that came before him, claims of genius, both in playing and in composition, equal to that of Liszt and Chopin. And as his first programme seemed a re-assertion of that claim, as it consisted wholly of his own compositions, it was impossible not to dwell more upon their triviality and heaven-wide distance from Chopin, &c., than upon his transcendent powers of execution, which we admitted to the fullest extent.

In the second concert he played some classic music and played it well,—with clearness, delicacy and feeling,—especially the sonata for four hands, by Onslow, in which he was ably seconded by Mr. PYSCHOWSKY. The surpassing beauty of his touch lent a rare beauty to these works. The "Kreutzer Sonata," with Mr. Suck as violinist, we enjoyed; but not more than we have done at the hands of several less remarkable pianists. There might have been more of the Beethoven fire and earnestness in opening the Adagio, if they had first wrought themselves up to the true pitch of fervor by playing the first movement.

Again, on the first night, Mr. Gottschalk appeared to play with a cold nonchalance, like a merely executive virtuoso. This time his very sadness (from the news of his father's death, as well as from wounded self-esteem at missing the enthusiasm here which he had raised in Paris), seemed to re-act in the way of inspiration on his

playing; there was a touch of genuine feeling added to his grace of execution.

Again, the few little pieces of his own which he did introduce, had more charm of individuality than those he gave before; and they did not disappoint us, because they did not claim too much. They were quite unpretending, pleasing little fancies; the *ballade*, with which he answered an encore, was even more than that. But who could think for a moment of comparing them with such fine inspirations as any of the little mazourkas or nocturnes of Chopin; the "Invitation" of Weber; the little tone-poems of Henselt, Stephen Heller, &c.; and much more that we might name.

His execution of Liszt's fantasia on *Lucia* was wonderful, and electrified his audience. But was it wise and artist-like to introduce more difficulties into the piece than Liszt had written? We saw the wondrous feats; but with our eyes shut would the music have sounded any better for them?

A Complaint from Mr. Perabeau.

MR. EDITOR:—In your *Journal* of last Saturday I find some very *false* and *unjust* remarks in regard to our Concert, which you will oblige me in correcting. Firstly, you say, "but there seemed to our ears a lack of perfect unity of pitch among the instruments," etc. But it seemed *not so* to our ears. Our musicians have ear enough to tune their instruments perfectly, and in regard to the *Horn*, I must tell you, that all wind instruments, when cold, are *flatter* than when used some time, when they grow *sharper*, by the warmth of the respiration. I am at a loss to "recognize those exquisite little *obligato* passages" for the *horn*; if you would have said *solo* for *obligato*, it would have been right. Your remark about "a tendency sometimes to over-hasten the *tempo*," shows that you are ignorant with this Septuor; if you would take the trouble to look into the composition you would find *accelerandos*, i. e. hasten the *tempo*. I studied music in Germany, Mr. Criticos, heard the greatest artists play and can therefore not agree with your notions about performing Chamber Music.

Your query, "Did not the pianist take M.'s song quite too fast for her?" I respond trembling, that I committed the unpardonable sacrilege, in not consulting your infallible oraculum about the *tempo*. Miss Mary Saul seems to draw all your wrath on her; our Programme does not say anything about "wonderful pianist of nine years," you are therefore not authorized to say so. You call her performance "unripe school performance." Please allow me to be of a different opinion; if it had been so, I would of course not have brought her in a public concert. Miss Saul is with *nine years* *riper* than many others with *nineteen* (in musical point of view) and I hereby defy you, to find me another Miss of *nine years* to compete with her; if she had appeared with *another* Society, you would have lavished the whole repertorium of your superlative praises on her. Miss Saul has composed *Waltzes*, *Marches*, etc., and what is *more*, has *written them down*, is capable of writing the harmony to a given melody; but this is "only clever." I send you hereby our Programme in order to persuade you there is no puffing about "a wonderful pianist, nine years," in it.

Ne Sutor supra crepidam.

Schuster bleib' bei deim Leisten.

H. PERABEAU.

P. S.—Your remarks remind me of "Diogenes Dictionary of Music" in Friday's Transcript, Oct. 7 "Say that the Performer would have succeeded better if he had taken more pains with his instrument." You will do me the greatest favor, in not commenting my performances in your *Journal* anymore, let them be in my favor or otherwise.

H. P.

OUR REPLY.—But we must "comment" this "performance," which is decidedly more "otherwise" than wise. For the writer's own sake we are sorry he insists upon our printing it; it never could be in our heart to do him so unkind a deed. For, look you, Mr. Perabeau:

1. You deny that the instruments were out of tune, and then excuse it by showing *why* the horn was flat.

2. As to *obligato* and *solo*, you quibble. Musicians use both terms indifferently in speaking of scraps of melody which fall to the share of single instruments in a concerted piece; although *obligato* also covers more ground than that.

3. As to the *tempo* in your piano-playing in the Septuor, we spoke of *over-hastening*, and of a general *tendency* (as we have fancied, constitutional in you) to hurry.

4. We vented no "wrath," and even found no fault with your promising pupil; we only made a friendly suggestion to the concert-givers.

5. Read your own announcement in our advertisements of Oct. 15th, and you will find: "Miss Mary Saul, a wonderful Pianist, nine years of age, will perform," &c.

6. We do not answer the insulting insinuation about "another society." You must trust our motives, before we will parley with you.

7. We *shall* comment, independently and freely, impartially and kindly, upon all public performances when it shall to us seem fit. In many cases we should be too happy to accept such release as you offer us, could we only make it consistent with our duty to our readers.

Finally, we print your letter of our own free will. Let no one take it as our pledge to print every angry self-defence which any artist we may choose to criticise, may write. He plays, the public pays, and we say our say about it. Personally we know him not, and own no controversy with him.

MR NATHAN RICHARDSON'S new Music Store is by far the most elegant and tasteful establishment of the kind in this country. Indeed it is new in kind, a fine ideal of his own. It is an honor to our city and is worthy of the cause of Music. It is worth a visit to Boston to see so beautiful a store; the music-lover finds himself there surrounded with all the materials and worthy emblems of his art. The gilded bust of Beethoven looks down upon him as he crosses the threshold; busts and portraits and medallions of the great composers and artists adorn the long vista of the main store, till you reach the elegantly furnished sanctum in the rear, where artists congregate, to hold exchange, and try new music, and read the latest musical journals of this country and of Europe. One side of the store is stocked with all the best foreign music, under the charge of Mons. HILL, who has had long experience of the business in one of the largest firms in Paris; the other with American publications, politely and obligingly dispensed by Mr. FOYE, well known for years past in the store of Mr. Ditson.

Mr. Richardson is himself a musician, familiar with the music and the artists of Germany, and presides over the whole with the most liberal enthusiasm for his Art, as is evinced by so much generous and tasteful outlay. Nothing on his part will be neglected for the accommodation of artists and art-lovers. His place is truly what he styles it in his advertisement (see last page), a "Musical Exchange." We can assure our friends also, that they may buy foreign music of him at the cheapest prices.

On Thursday evening of last week, over a hundred artists, amateurs and critics were present. By invitation of the proprietor, at a charming little social dedication of his store. The scene was beautiful, the hospitality both bountiful and graceful, and all were bappy in the opening of such good times for music. There was an elegant banquet, toasts and speeches and bouquets and music, and all seemed to augur such success as the liberal enterprize of Mr. Richardson undoubtedly deserves.

Advertisements.

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The Mendelssohn Quintette Club

RESPECTFULLY inform the Musical Public that they will give during this, their Fifth Season, a series of eight Concerts, to take place once a fortnight as usual. Tickets for the Series, \$3. Subscribers may use their tickets at pleasure. Subscription lists may be found at the Music Stores after Monday, October 17th. The time and place for the Concerts will be announced as soon as possible. Oct. 15.

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Has the honor to announce that his Series of

Twelve Orchestral & Vocal Concerts,

Commencing Monday, October, 24th, will be continued every Evening of next week until the Series is completed, which cannot be extended, as M. JULLIEN will leave Boston on the 7th of November, to appear in New York on the 8th, and Philadelphia on the 9th.

It is his design to give during the week three evenings of classical music, viz:

A Beethoven Night,

A Mendelssohn Night,

And a Mozart Night.

Several of M. Jullien's most remarkable Solo-Performers, who have not yet been heard alone in Boston, have yet to make their appearance, besides the unrivalled artists who have already had such unbounded applause. Among these are the brothers Mollinauer, whose violin performances have created such a sensation in Europe and in New York.

CONDUCTOR.....M. JULLIEN.

Hereafter the doors will be opened at 6 $\frac{1}{4}$, and the Concert commence at 7 $\frac{1}{2}$.

Admission to all parts of the Hall, \$1. Family Tickets to admit Five, \$4. To be purchased during the day, at the principal Music Stores and Hotels.

NOTICE.

Inquiries having been made as to the probability of a reduction in the price of admission to these Concerts, the Manager respectfully informs the public that, in consequence of the enormous expense attending the production in the United States of the greatest Instrumentalists of Europe, such a course cannot be complied with.

By order of the Board of Management,
W. F. BROUGH.

Oct 29

MUSICAL SOIRÉES.

OTTO DRESEL, encouraged by the reception of his Concerts last winter, proposes soon to commence a SECOND ANNUAL SERIES OF

SIX SOIRÉES,

at a time and place to be hereafter specified. The programmes will be made up with the same care and selectness as the former series, and in the rendering of Duos, Trios, Quartets, etc., etc., he will be assisted by members of the GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY. Subscription for the Series, \$5.00. Oct 29

PUBLIC REHEARSALS.

THE GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY will give PUBLIC REHEARSALS at the Boston Music Hall every WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, at 3 o'clock, commencing Oct. 26.

The full Orchestra will perform at the Rehearsals. Admission:—Packages containing eight tickets \$1, to be had at the Music Stores, and at the door. Single tickets 25 cents. Oct 29

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THE undersigned, resident artists of Boston, intend to give a Series of Classical Concerts during next winter, in which the best works of the great composers will be performed; such as Quartets, Quintets, Septets, Trios, Duos and Solos, by Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Hummel, Weber, Cherubini, etc. The programme will be made more attractive by Vocal performances between the different pieces, as also Solos for Horn, Violoncello, Piano, Violin, etc., occasionally. Many greater compositions, as, Quartets, Quintets, and Septets for Piano with String and Wind instruments, will be produced, which have never been publicly performed in Boston. To accommodate Ladies and others out of town, we propose to give our Concerts in the afternoon. The time and place will be announced hereafter. The subscription is \$3 for the Series of Eight Concerts. Single tickets 50 cents each.

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oct 29

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MISS FANNY FRAZER begs to inform her Pupils and Friends that she has returned to the City, and is now ready to resume her teaching.

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6t

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Boston, September 24, 1853.

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Sept. 17.

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No. 21 School St.

DWIGHT'S Journal of Music.

A Paper of Art and Literature.

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The Purest Tones the Most Effective.

(Concluded from last Number.)

In manning an orchestra, so as to give the single instruments their proportionate strength of tone, the maximum is reached sooner than it is commonly supposed; and this is a point, about which there is a great deal of vagueness. If one imagines that, the more violins, basses, &c., he employs, the more he will increase the tone-effect, he is greatly mistaken. The reasons why it is not so are, to be sure, quite complicated; they lie partly in the laws of velocity, partly in those of the

reflection and mutual interference of sounds,—laws which we must first learn to understand.

But a further reason, and one not unessential, is found in what has been already said. A powerfully and beautifully played solo violin sounds out through all the *ripieni* (filling up, or accompanying) violins, because this violin may be compared with the cannon (see last number), whereas the *ripieni* parts correspond to the platoon firing. The single violin has a pure, regularly vibrating tone; the *ripieni* play and sound confusedly together. In the same manner a small choir, singing *unisono*, resounds distinctly through the confused roar and tumult of a great crowd of people.

Observe now in an orchestra the wind instruments, the string instruments, and the singers. How many of them actually commence the tone precisely with the down stroke of the director? The concert-masters, the chorus leaders, and at the most the upper voices and those sitting nearest to them. The others follow after, like a rattling platoon fire of musketry. Now this one, and now that one comes in too late or too soon,—not by whole minutes, to be sure,—but tenths of seconds are long enough intervals of time for the ear, when it is practised, to distinguish separately!—One flute is just taking breath, while the other is already making the attack; one violinist draws an *up bow*, while another draws a *down bow*; one plays with a half, another with a whole length of bow. And now, only now, for the singers! Especially the ladies, who, to the despair of the chapel-master, sing shame-facedly all the evening into their note-books, and never see when his baton comes down, but only sing after when their fair next neighbor begins. Grand *ensemble* effects shall we have out of that! And then they think, *the more, the better!* On the contrary, the more, the worse. For, the greater the number of co-operators, so much the greater will be the confusion (*Tonwirrwarr*). One and the same tone from a hundred throats does not strike upon our ear *at once*, but possibly a hundred times in a second, that is to say, from one throat one hundredth part of a second after another. That, to be sure, is not much, but quite enough to make it impossible to reach the intended unity of effect. Every director knows that, the greater the masses, the more difficult it is to hold them even outwardly together. Of inward unity, of unanimity of will and effort we do not here speak.

But if it were possible to enforce this—and that it is possible in certain circumstances, at least to

approximate to it, is proved by highly successful and therefore celebrated orchestral representations, like those at the Leipsic Gewandhaus, under Mendelssohn, in Dresden, under Wagner, and at the Paris Conservatoire,—you would always find that the most powerful tone-effects, the most unanimous moving together was realized by the relatively smaller orchestra. The absolutely largest orchestra will in many respects be just the absolutely weakest. For no sooner have you by incredible pains conquered the fatal "one after another," than you come at once upon the ugly problem of the *purity* of the orchestra, which never will be solved.

Of what avail is the purest tuning of an orchestra, so long as all ears are not alike purely tuned, all fingers alike dexterous, and so long as all the incidental causes, such as the influence of temperature, and so forth, cannot be avoided. Not only do the string instruments, after a few bars, sink, and the wind instruments rise in pitch,—and what is worse, not rise and sink proportionally, but by a hundred *nuances* and fluctuations, often too slight to be remedied, but always too large not to be perceived;—but the fingers and the breath, too, the bows and the mouth-pieces, are not perfectly obedient; many ears hear with difficulty, many easily, one is in advance in his perception, another lags behind—and so in short an orchestra, the larger and more many-voiced it is, presents a sort of tone-whirlpool, of which we have often wished that it might be as visible to the eyes as it is audible to the ears of the public. Could our eyes only see these tumultuous air waves, as we can follow the waves of water, we should be frightened by this agitated, self-crossing, whirling, self-swallowing and annihilating surge, which hammers upon our tympanum, in a manner far more confused and complicated than the breakers dashing on a rocky ledge, which do follow certain laws and coincidences, however complicated.

Thus whatever may be attained by *precision* in the operation of great masses of instruments, is partially cancelled again by the want of *purity*. By this not only the sonority and clearness, but also the strength of the impression are impaired.

And thus, in this striving after the maximum of tone-effect, it turns out as in every other striving. It is a universal law of nature, that, in the vicinity of the maximum, like increases of the power applied do not produce like increases of effect. The mathematical proof of this belongs not to our present purpose. But one may have practical

experience of it at every "monster concert," which, under the circumstances, produces not a greater, but relatively a less intense effect, than a normal orchestra of from sixty to eighty men; to say nothing of the æsthetic pleasure which must always be disturbed by too great a multitude, since an artistic unity can never be brought about in so multifarious an assemblage.

DEATH OF MADAME MENDELSSOHN.—The Frankfort papers announce the recent death of Madame Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, widow of the composer, at the age of thirty-five,—and her interment in the Free Town with solemn musical ceremonies. The event had been for some time expected by the friends of the deceased lady,—since her health was, by them, known to have been slowly and steadily declining for more than a twelvemonth. It must not pass without its word of respectful commemoration; since whenever the story of the life of the composer of 'Elijah' is told,—a place of no ordinary love and honor must be kept for the worthy wife of the greatest modern artist; who rejoiced in the extraordinary triumphs of his brilliant but short career, with a simplicity, cordiality, and modesty excellent in one so beautiful and accomplished as she was; and who supported his loss and accepted the trial with a quiet and dignified resignation, made all the more touching by the depth and earnestness of affection which she loved to express when speaking of him who went before her—by but a little while—to the grave.—*Lond. Athenæum.*

[From the London Athenæum.]

Death of George Onslow.

Some years ago, when the immediate surprise and delight excited by Beethoven's earliest works had subsided, and before chamber-musicians or chamber-audiences had begun to relish his later compositions,—before also the peculiar genius of Mendelssohn was fully developed,—the music of Onslow was in great request among our choicer amateurs, and the announcement of his death might have excited a livelier regret than it will now excite. Yet, in more respects than one, the composer just deceased claims an honorable mention amongst the distinguished and individual artists of the past half-century.

He was born at Clermont, in the Pay-de-Dôme, in July, 1784. His father was a member of the well-known English family—his mother a Brantôme. Thus, he learned music merely as a gentleman's accomplishment; and though he studied the pianoforte under Hullmandel, Dussek, and Cramer, besides learning the violoncello, it was not, we are assured, till some time after boyhood was passed that a hearing of Méhul's Overture to "Stratonice" excited in him that desire of trying to exercise creative power which was only to be allayed by his devoting his life to the study and production of music. Unlike many other amateurs who confound wishes with means, and ideas with complete works,—determined too, to undertake musical composition in its most delicate and complex and intellectual forms,—Onslow, we are assured by M. Fétis, shut himself up, and toiled laboriously ere he gave out his first stringed Quintet; from that time until within a short period of his death producing and publishing unceasingly most successful as well as most fertile compositions for the chamber. A few Symphonies and three Operas (no one of which is particularly striking), 'L'Alcalde de la Vega,' 'Le Colporteur,' and 'Le Duc de Guise,' are the only other works by Onslow which have been laid before the world. So far as we are aware, he never attempted sacred composition.

The large mass of chamber music, however, finished by Onslow well merits the epithet of remarkable. It is thoroughly original without being extraordinarily striking,—delicate and interesting without sickliness or the absence of occasional vigor,—suave in the phrases, ingenious in structure,—not always, it may be, sufficiently varied by happy strokes of episode, but always thoroughly

well reasoned out, and interesting to the players, from the closeness of attention and readiness in dialogue, reply and imitation which it demands. During later years—as frequently happens with those whose first thoughts are more pleasing than powerful—Onslow, in straining after novelty and contrast, became only affected or fragmentary. This may have done its part in abating the zeal and sympathy of his admirers:—but enough remains from his pen to be referred to, to be returned upon, to be performed and partaken of with pleasure, so long as music is bound by its present laws, and as those who enjoy it retain their present canons of enjoyment. It would be superfluous to single out any of the well-known Quintets which have won for Onslow an European celebrity,—or to do more than mention his Pianoforte *Sextuor*, his Pianoforte Duets in F minor and E minor, his Pianoforte *Trio* in G major (a singularly sweet and gracious specimen of his style), his Pianoforte *Sonatas*, with violin (in G minor and E major), and with violoncello (in F major and G minor). The above are all classical works, having a beauty, an intricacy, and an expressiveness totally their own,—appealing to the thoughtful, as opposed to the sensual musicians,—happily conceived and carefully finished.

The habits of Onslow's life were gentle and retired, tending to encourage self-occupation. He resided principally in his native Anvergne,—travelled little, we believe, save to Paris, where he succeeded to Cherubini's membership of the *Académie des Beaux Arts*,—and mixed in the concerns of the world of music only sparingly and occasionally. The kindness of his nature took the form of an over-graciousness of manner, which made intercourse with him fatiguing to all such as prefer discriminating judgment and fresh, if irregular, sallies of humor to compliment, be it ever so courtly, or approval, be it ever so sincere. His health had been for some time declining,—but his death, at the close of a walk, was sudden. It is presumed that it may be followed by some votive honors in the country to which by right of citizenship, and more by the manner of his art, he may be said most closely to belong.

Adolph Bernard Marx.

Adolph Bernard Marx, doctor and professor of music, was born at Halle the 27th of November, 1798. He received instruction in the elements of music and on the piano, and was taught harmony by Türk; but, in his youth he cultivated the art only imperfectly, being obliged to give himself to the study of jurisprudence. Having completed his course at the University, he obtained an appointment on the tribunal at Halle, which, however, he soon abandoned for one more important in the college at Naumbourg. But the strong desire of devoting himself entirely to the study of music, decided him to remove to Berlin, where for several years, contending successfully against many obstacles, he pursued his musical studies. In 1823, Schlesinger committed to his charge the editorship of the *Allgemeine Musik Zeitung*, and the successful manner in which he conducted it for seven years, made him advantageously known and was the cause of his receiving, in 1830, the appointment of Director of Music in the University of Berlin. He subsequently received the diploma of Doctor in Music from the University of Marbourg, and his published works justify his title to this honor.

Among the productions of Marx are the following:

1st. *Die Kunst des Gesanges, theoretisch-praktisch.* (The Art of Singing, theoretical and practical.) Berlin, 1826, 4to. 347 pp. This work is in three divisions; the first containing the principles of music; the second, treating of the theory of the voice and its formation; the third being

made up of detailed observations on the application of the art of singing to different styles of music.

2nd. *Ueber Malerle in Tonkunst. Ein Mairgruss an die Kunst-Philosophen.* (On Painting in Music. A May greeting to the Art-philosophers.) Berlin. 1828. 67 pp., 8vo.

3d. *Die Lehre von der musikalischen Composition, praktisch-theoretisch, Selbst-unterricht.* (Theory and practice of musical composition.) 2 vols. Leipsic. 1838.

4th. *Allgemeine Musiklehre. Ein Hülfsbuch für Lehrer und Lernende in jedem Weise musikalischer Unterweisung.* (General Music Teacher.) Leipsic. 1839.

5th. *Berliner Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung.* 1823–1828.

6th. *Ueber die Geltung Händelscher Sologesänge für unsere Zeit. Ein Nachtrag zur Kunst des Gesanges.* (On the value of Handel's solo songs for our time. A contribution to the Art of Song.) Berlin. 1829. 4to.

7th. *Betrachtung ueber den heutigen Zustand der Deutschen Oper,* (Considerations on the present state of German Opera,) &c.

Marx also wrote several articles in the Universal Lexicon of Music, published by Schilling; among them, those on Bach, Beethoven, Gluck, Fasch, Grétry, Haydn and Handel. He is also known as a composer by several musical dramas, symphonies, &c., and by his Oratorios, "Saint John the Baptist," which was performed in 1835, and "Moses," recently performed under the direction of Liszt, at Weimar. Dr. Marx is at present associated with Dr. Kullak, in the direction of a Musical Academy in Berlin; for an account of which see vol. 1, page 170, of this Journal.

A Letter about Jullien.

DEAR MR. DWIGHT:—A private letter from one of Jullien's audience last night fell into my hands to-day, and I thought in spite of its hasty style and its slight satire upon us Bostonians it might amuse your readers. I have not spared even the allusion to yourself. The writer does not pretend to any musical knowledge, but as you will doubtless give us a full and fair analysis of Jullien's performance, I thought this dashing criticism might meet a response in some minds and could do nobody any harm. c.

BOSTON, Oct. 27, 1853.

DEAR E——: Last night we heard Jullien. What a wonderful man he is! Why, he has met Yankeeedom on its own ground and beaten it entirely. Such a command of means, such an understanding of effects I never saw before, but the aim is petty, trivial, purely of to-day and this world. He understands our weak side and relied upon the Boston reputation for appreciation of a grand orchestra and the classical music, which our friend Dwight insists so much upon, and so supposed he could put the dollars in his pocket here as fast as he did the fifty cents in New York. Many things Jullien understands, but not the Boston public. His music is essentially popular, and he needs the great democratic masses to receive and reward it. The musical public in Boston is of necessity small, and we have not that perpetual influx of new people which enables New York to furnish a fresh audience every night. Jullien needed every person that ever goes to a concert, and that for more than one night each, to make out his twelve audiences of two or three thousand. The prestige of success is a part of his art, and he ought never to allow himself to have an empty

house. We Bostonians have a notion that a half dollar is enough for a concert, and you know what Boston notions are. Fashionable people, indeed, attend only dollar concerts, but they are few in number after all; and as for us sober people, if curiosity overcomes economy for once, yet it is only for once—we see the elephant and are satisfied. Then, too, a half dollar audience is so much more impressible and sympathetic. Why, Jullien would have every one of them on their feet and answering his shouts as they did in Castle Garden; but how can he expect people who are “genteel” and can afford their dollar a ticket, to peril their reputation by a display of patriotism. Imagine Park and Beacon streets, which closed their windows when Kossuth went through, rising up to honor “Hail Columbia,” and “Who fought and bled in Freedom’s cause.” *** Oh, it was very funny to see a few grave people rise while Jullien was playing Yankee Doodle with the broadest fun and satire gleaming through it everywhere, and laughing at them to their faces, and they knew nothing, of it! Old Connecticut and wooden nutmegs, ticking clocks and jingling picayunes, Mexican wars and Bowery boys, all seemed fairly represented. Again and again come in the same rub-a-dub, the same unmeaning, hacknied phrase:

Yankee Doodle is the tune
Americans delight in,
’Twill do to whistle, dance and sing,
And its just the thing for fightin’.

Then that booming cannon, and the battle, and the shouts all worked up with grand effect; and after the victory—no song of thanks going to the gods, or mass to be performed in the churches;—what had *they* to do with whipping the British? “We beat ‘em boys,”

“Yankee Doodle keep it up,
Yankee Doodle dandy.”

“The British can whip all the world—and we can whip the British.” We laughed as if we were children again. I did not quite forgive Jullien that he did not fully take us captive, that he did not extemporize and repeat in louder and louder, wilder and wilder strains, like the prisoner who played the magic pipe in the fairy tale, until we had to rise and dance at his bidding. I did not wish to pay reverence to “Hail Columbia”—which I think anything but hale at present, but I did want to feel like a boy when he first hears a military band and give myself up once more to a popular impulse.

It was profane to hear Beethoven in this connection. I half suspected it before we went, but after a ten years’ worship of him, I could not risk losing the possibility of hearing a whole series of his music finely played; but it was like using Raphael’s Cartoons for fourth of July fireworks. Nothing can wholly eclipse such genius, and occasionally the grand Beethoven thought broke through; but there was no unity of expression; the effect was distracting and confused, until it came to the triumphal march; that was grand—it was the march of an army—not the marshalling of all the elements of the universe, as it has always seemed to me before,—still its vigor, its precision, its masterly execution were very great. W—— compares him to Horace Vernet, whose battle pieces are the finest possible, but who fails in every other department. How we wished for I——, with his severe taste and his intellectual perfection of musical expression, to see the tantalizing effect which this masterly

power over the instruments, with the entire failure to reproduce the idea, would have had upon him.

We came away fully satisfied that we had had our money’s worth,—having of course taken a family ticket of five—another queer feature of the concert; for the groups of five in every direction gave that peculiar aspect of arrangement to the audience which might be indicated by the way in which we used to sing—five times three are fifteen, five times four are twenty, five times five are twenty-five, and five times six are thirty. How smoothly and nicely it used to run, didn’t it? and just so did Jullien’s concert. Long live Jullien!—we have never seen his like before, and hardly think we shall soon again. The witching hour of night found us still comparing notes on his performance, and I only wish you could have been of the party. R—— must have enjoyed him to the utmost.

Yours for Classical Music, D.

For Dwight’s Journal of Music.

The Dead March in “Samson.”

Is not our good friend the “Diarist” mistaken in speaking of the Dead March in “Samson” being played in Boston? He may be right, but I never chanced to hear “Samson” with any other than the Dead March from “Saul.”

And this gives me a chance to say that the substitution of the Dead March from “Saul” in the Oratorio of “Samson” was, I think, a great mistake. The march in “Samson” fills up its place exactly; the march from “Saul,” when put there, is out of place.

One day last Spring, I was riding with K., when I suddenly said, Did you ever hear this air? and then hummed,



No; said he: what is it? Tell me what it expresses, said I. I cannot tell, exactly, was his reply, but it seems like *eulogy*. As our wagon rattled a good deal I said no more. Some time after, when he had forgotten it, I played it on the piano, according to Dr. Clarke’s arrangement, and without telling K. what it was, asked him to analyze it. It is, said he, the utterance of a soul too full to refrain from utterance, and yet with emotions so nicely balanced that it does not know whether to break out into *lamentation* or into *eulogy*. Still a third time, some months afterward, I was riding with him on top of a stage-coach, and said: K., do you remember this tune? and then whistled it. No, said he, I do not. What does it express? said I. It is a puzzle, he answered; it seems not to know whether to weep or to break out in praises.

Now when you remember that Handel places this march between the choros, “Weep, Israel, weep,” and the bass solo, “Glorious hero,” you must acknowledge that he put it in the right place, and it is a meddlesome interference to substitute any other music for it.

The whole Oratorio of “Samson” bears the criticism of K. equally well. He has never

heard it, except as I have given him detached portions on the piano, or hummed the airs, and yet without knowing the words, he always gives correctly their expression. I will occupy your space with only one more example. On my humming the air of the words, “Then round about the starry throne of Him who ever rules alone,” he said it expressed clear and undoubting hope with a reference to previous *despair*. Now it is preceded in the oratorio by the recitative, “My genial spirits droop, my *hopes are fled*.”

H. T.

For Dwight’s Journal of Music.

Vive la Bagatelle.

On Monday night M. Jullien was again in his glory. Enough, too much, has already been said of this dictator in the realm of sound. But we can not forbear one word in vindication of his genius.

‘Humbug,’ ‘clap-trap,’ these are words as closely connected with the name of *le grand Jullien* as are ‘trashy’ and ‘noisy’ with the Valse and Gallop among the pseudo-critical. What if the great maestro with his mammoth band and monster concerts is a hum, and his titanic drum a hum-drum,—what if his exquisite echo is blown from a horn out of a back window,—what if His Imperial Highness (does he not ape the majesty of his Roman namesake?) condescendingly nods and braves each obsequious solo, and recalls them upon very slight pretence for an encore,—what though he perch his unique and graceless figure

High on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshines the wealth of Ormus or of Ind,

but which in fact is only tinsel and fustian,—what if his halo is gilt and his majesty a mockery,—is he not at least the *prince* of humbogs? Be it so, say we, for behold a greater than Barnum is here! The man is a study in himself. His cravat,—Jullien’s cravat, Jullien’s waistcoat, Jullien’s gloves, are they not each and all wonders in their way? And when under the magic of his bâton the muses and the graces all spring up and gather into sight—when with his massive shoulders, Atlas-like, he seems to hold up the heavens while it thunders, and vast volumes of sound are rolling and fulminating about his head,—when the electric spark from his finger’s end seems to dart to the remotest corner of the orchestra,—when at the quiver of his wand the note comes shaking and tremulous from a score of instruments—and tones clear as light answer the flashing of his eyes—when his nod, like the Olympian Jove’s, unbinds all the bolts of sound and lets loose the thunder of the drums, not only in the Hall, but in the lower entry, then the study becomes mystery and wonder verges on admiration.

All this has been said much better before. It is in everybody’s mouth and in everybody’s ears. It has been well said too that he gives us too much of the monster and too little of the muse: that he has imbibed the genius of imperial Rome: that when he plays Yankee Doodle, it is to display the agility of his leviathan parts, a display only paralleled by the tight-rope performance of Nero’s elephant. So his battle scenes and shouts of victory remind us no less of the mock fights and naval conflicts of the amphitheatre translated into sound.

The American mind wants repose. But Jullien, like a true artist as he is, and not a social philosopher, appeals to those elements which it has, not to what it lacks. If the trash which he

serves up to his audiences is nightly devoured with avidity, and better selections meet with little favor, as is the fact, who shall blame Jullien for the tastelessness of his hearers? It is his purpose to please not to instruct. Moreover it is his boast that he has popularized orchestral music. Who then shall dub him "hnm," while he succeeds so eminently in what he undertakes? Go and listen. Graciously permit yourself to be pleased; for it is due to the artists who make an effort to please you,—suffer yourself to whirl away in the mazes of that Byronic "Prima Donna," in which Buckingham Palace, with the crowned head and court in it, and the Iron Duke himself at their head to lead the waltz, seems sucked up into a maelstrom of sounds, and after riding aloft and spinning for a while on each of its towers is at last safely restored to its massive foundations. When one is swept off his feet by each fell swoop of those fiddle bows, one cannot but wish to make a new combination of parts of the "Prima Donna" and give it a new name. Then might we have a "Witche's Dance" after our own heart—not that easy grace with which Ole Bull's witches, twining their arms in sisterly affection, glide into the dance with a gentle movement, like well-bred young ladies,—but a weird, screaming, chattering, squeaking, gibbering jig that should raise one's hair and stop one's breath till at last they are swept off to upper air by one circling eddy of sounds, as in John Martin's picture of Macbeth. It needs a man of terrors, like the gloomy Paganini, whose life was a tragedy, to do this.

Quid multa? One word touching the "Atlantic," and then adieu to him of the golden wand. This Gallop, performed for the first time, was a disappointment. So grand a theme should not be so poorly treated. It lacks incident—not that it should be too specific and descriptive—but certainly it should not be so general as to be vague and senseless. The imagination needs a standpoint from which to regard the tumultuous, wavy scene—of course the vessel is taken as the only available one—the only idea intelligibly conveyed is that of waves beating against her side. This may be the chief feature of the voyage to those who roll, sea-sick, in their berths, but it is not enough for an enthusiastic audience. If the subject is monotonous, let him indulge in a poetic license and vary it,—few of his hearers would detect the fraud; for this continued thumping, were the illusion complete, could only produce nausea, never pleasure. But the field is wider. Where, for instance, are those varieties of time and tone and quality which the different waves afford? Where all those incidents which lend to sea life the little interest it possesses? Here the composer's genius seems to have deserted him. Where is the boatswain's call, piping the hands on deck, the wind howling through the shrouds, so well expressed by the strings of such an orchestra,—the rising storm—hail—thunder—then the calm—the entry of smooth water—the nearing the harbor—in strong relief against these strains, the gun which announces the arrival at port—and then the jubilant strains and palpable extasies at the re-union of friends?—we cannot but blame Jullien for not using some of these materials and making more of the "Atlantic," for that great name deserves more at his hands. When he shall pay a visit to his Imperial Brother of the Celestials, let him compose a "Pacific" for an overture to his first "sing-sing" in China, and, our word for it, the

long-nailed and pig-tailed critics will look, from their little eyes, with favor on him. Success to Jullien, say we, *Vive la bagatelle!* R. S. R.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Jullien: A Sketch from the Life.

BY JOHN ROSS DIX,

Author of "Pen and Ink Sketches."

Years ago, as some of our readers, perchance, may remember, we published a sketch of Paganini, Emperor of all the Fiddlers. One or two friends have requested "a crack of the old whip" in the shape of a companion picture of Jullien, Czar of all the Conductors. Willingly we take up our pen and commence an outline.

Many times have we looked upon M. Jullien. Evening after evening have we passed in the Drury Lane Theatre, when he stood "monarch of all he surveyed" in the midst of his magnificent troupe of instrumentalists, and never did we tire of listening to his spirit-stirring compositions. Those "Seasons" were wont to wind up with a *Bal Masqué*, and many an American visitor to London will remember the scene of fun, frolic, and festivity which was presented on such occasions.

But we once saw M. Jullien under very different circumstances. Even he has had "to wage with fortune an unequal war." Emperors and kings, like common people, are sometimes compelled to abdicate, and the great, or electrically speaking, the "Prime Conductor" was one sad day obliged to lay down his *bâton* and exhibit his Hyperian curls in—alas! that we should say it—in the Court of Bankruptcy!

Somehow or another the expenses of his Concerts had exceeded the receipts; and while all London imagined Jullien to be making a fortune, he was hurrying to a failure. A crash, more startling than any his orchestra could have produced, ensued, and an inexorable gentleman of the Hebrew persuasion laid his rude hand on the hitherto unsullied coat of our harmonious friend. His "entertainment" came suddenly to an end, contrary to musical canons, by sundry "overtures" to his creditors—pending which, Jullien had the honor of making his bow, not to his admirers, but to a crusty old Commissioner in Bankruptcy, who knew more about a "balance sheet" than a sheet of music, and put a "bar" to the harmony for the present by asking the luckless composer, not about his last Quadrille, but respecting his first Schedule.

Yes—there in that dingy court in Basinghall Street, stood our friend, altered indeed in position and dress, but the same as ever in face and, as Mr. Turveydrop has it, "deportment." The faces of the commissioner and of the composer were studies—the one all crabbedness and sourness, the other all blandness and beatitude. Jullien took the examination very easily. It was no use for a grim opposing barrister to try to damage his fair fame, the Bankrupt smiled him down, and the result was, that when the examination ended—the Commissioner complimented Jullien on his honorable behavior—the creditors saw that he acted like an honest man, and professed themselves satisfied, and the Jewish gentleman, with the hooked nose, defiled no more the coat of the composer.

And now, here we are in the Boston Music Hall to look on our old favorite once more; for

his fame has flown before him; and the musical *quid nuncs* of the city are anxious to hear whether "common rumor" has in this case, turned out to be a "common liar." Patience, ladies and gentlemen,—you will be satisfied ere long that the lady of a hundred tongues has, for once, adhered to truth.

It is half-past seven o'clock, and the Hall is about two thirds filled. The Dollar ticket has kept many away, doubtless, and perhaps it would have been more politic in Jullien to have fixed a lower price, but that is *his* business. Those who are present are on the tip-toe of expectation, for his portraits in the music-shop windows—and music-sheets with the American flag gaudily displayed thereon—and "authentic" accounts of Jullien's early life and times, and of the desperate duel he once fought—have all together excited much curiosity respecting the hero of Schottisch and Quadrille. Then his very name is musical, and young ladies lisp it lovingly to their enamored beaux, who wish in their hearts that they had been equally fortunate, and are quite indignant at their parents for having bestowed on them the unromantic appellations of Hiram W. Hinks or Jabez J. Timmins.

One by one the members of the Orchestra make their appearance. The sudden rise of innumerable jets of gas reveals an amazing number of beards and mustachios—all these gentlemen might be known to be musicians had you met them at the North Pole. A discriminating eye could have told upon what instrument any one of the gentlemen played. The Bassoon had a grave and solemn look, and the buccinator muscles were particularly well developed, presenting a striking contrast to the Flute, who had pinched up lips and drooping upper eye-lids. The Cornet-a-piston was florid, and rather red about the whites of the eyes; and the Violins ("who were in great force") had each of them a shaky sort of air. The Drum was remarkably pompous; and the Piccolos volatile and flighty. As for the Violoncello he looked like a grumbler, and the Oboe reminded one of Byron's "deep-mouthed Bæotian."

The tuning of an orchestra is by no means a delightful subject either to listen to, or to write about—so we shall not attempt any description thereof. Indeed we have no time, for the clock strikes eight, and the audience are becoming impatient.

Suddenly a lightly built(?) but a symmetrical figure makes its appearance on the platform, and the owner of it cannot be mistaken. As he glides gracefully towards the little raised scarlet covered platform, on which stands a chair of crimson velvet and gold, and a gilded music stand, he takes little or no notice whatever of the applause which greets him. But, once on his throne, he makes a slight obeisance, and then casts a glance over his musical realm.

Yes! there stands Jullien, in faultless coat—irreproachable shirt bosom—immaculate wristbands—unexceptionable trowsers, and glistening little boots. From the curls of his head to the sole of his patent leathers it is Jullien all over—"none but himself could be *his* parallel." He is, as we heard a lady near us say, "a duck," though, considering his musical predilections, we should have imagined him to be a rather more musical kind of bird. There is nothing of the "quack" about our conductor, who now lifts his white wand and taps lightly on his music stand.

Every one is on the *qui vive* now—audience as well as orchestra. The eyes of each musician are fixed upon their great chief, who with bland and beaming face takes a final glance to assure himself that all is right. The bows of the fiddles are half raised, and slope over the nicely tuned strings. The man at the big drum grasps with one hand the stick, and in the other holds a cymbal; the Cornet-a-piston nears Herr Koenig's lips, the Bass Viols erect their ponderous proportions. The

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOV. 5, 1853.

Concerts of the Week.

JULLIEN has had the whole field. The amateurs seem almost to live their evenings in the Boston Music Hall, deepening their attachment to the place, while every night surprised by some new instrumental wonder. Who ever believed he could sit out so many quadrilles and so many repetitions of the Yankee Doodle slam-bang!

Thin houses lasted just a week; on Monday there was a great increase of audience; on Tuesday greater yet; and on Wednesday, Jullien's benefit, the great hall fairly overflowed, so that an eager surf of listeners broke over the stage itself and hardly left room for the ponderous ophicleid to turn about. This was but the infallible result of a continued siege by such a body of musical knights errant, real invincibles, as come here banded together under Jullien. Every onslaught has developed new resources.

Jullien is decidedly the topic, judging, among other things, from the number of communications sent to us about him. Three of these we print to-day, rather as amusing specimens of the impression Jullien makes on various bright, observing persons, who only *love* music, than as critical appreciations. It is well to see a fact from many points of view. Our own view is perhaps neither represented by the hero-worship of the sprightly "pen and ink sketch" of one, nor by the sceptical pleasantries and strictures of the other two. Yet there are good hints in them, and each makes out a kind of case in his own way.

The "Beethoven night" last week was followed by a "Mendelssohn night." We must say that we enjoyed the Scotch Symphony (in A minor), as fully as we ever did; in many respects more so. There has been, and there perhaps will always be, a question about the *tempos*. Some of them were taken a little faster than has been usual here. But the spirit and intention of the work we could not miss; it *felt* right; it came home to us. The Adagio never sank more deeply into our soul. Every piece of music of decided character, to be sure, sets its own time; but is that time always precisely the same? There authorities differ. We never could help suspecting that *tempos* were in some measure *subjective* to each one of us, seeming faster or slower according to our individual temperaments, and to the varying pulse of one and the same individual. We have heard an anecdote of Mendelssohn, to the effect that, being asked by a conductor how fast he should take one of his compositions, he replied by the question: "How fast do you *like* to take it? So? then you had better take your own time." There may have been a *double entendre* in this, to be sure. At all events we liked Jullien's rendering of the Mendelssohn Symphony far better than we did that of the C minor of Beethoven. Nor with regard to all of Jullien's classical renderings, can we go so far as one of our correspondents, who thinks that the "thought of the composer only broke through occasionally." In spite of what seemed to us defects in the rendering, we rarely missed the thought; Beethoven's thought stamps itself so positively, that where every part is clearly, fully and correctly sounded, as it must be in such an orchestra, with such master per-

Oboe gives symptoms of volcanic action, and the Trumpets prepare for a decided "flare-up." As for the Flutes and Clarinets, they seem to know that they are about to recover their wind and get ready for flourishes and cadenzas. In a word, it only requires a wave of the magic wand of Jullien to awaken those enchanted instruments into life and beauty.

Mark you, how calm, how self-assured the great man appears. Not a fear has he—not the most distant idea of discord! He knows his men, and they won't make a mistake! As soon would Jullien believe that the planetary system would become deranged during the next half-hour, as that Koenig or Lavigne or any of the others would play a false note. No, no! he has little fear of such a catastrophe. One more look, and now he rests the tips of his gloved fingers on the music-stand, bends the left knee, artistically points the right toe, and raises his *bâton*, as if it had been the wand of an enchanter; the effect is—A CRASH!

A crash of music, not chaotic, or fragmentary, but a crash of harmony. Suddenly the white wand gently waves, and the left hand moves over the rippled waters of melody. And now the flutes warble deliciously, the strain being continued by the cornet-à-piston, which after "loosening the chords in a silver shower," utters a sound "so fine that nothing lives 'twixt it and silence." Now a look sets the host of violin bows into frantic paroxysms of sound, and the bassoon grumbles at a look from the master. A glance upward is a signal for the drum, which thunders a recognition, and the cymbals clash sympathetically. Faster and faster waves the wand, and as Jullien's curls tremble with excitement—for he is excited now—the harmony swells and deepens, and the whole orchestra is in motion. From a seeming momentary confusion, comes the air of a national piece, and "Hail to the Chief" elicits a burst of applause. Scarcely is it ended before "The Star Spangled Banner" renews the testimonials of delight, and on goes Jullien, conquering and to conquer.—The audience become almost frantic as the guns boom, without as well as within the Hall, and not being, as the *Home Journal* has it, "tied with strong ropes," they leap to their feet and cheer and stamp and wave hats and handkerchiefs. The enthusiasm is prodigious, and when it is at its height, a shout bursts from the lips of the musicians themselves, which is echoed by all present, and amidst a hurricane of cheers Jullien flings himself gracefully in his gilded chair and enjoys his triumph.

But he is forced to rise, and at an *encore* "Hail Columbia!" is pealed forth at the intimation of his wand. The excitement is now greater than ever, and all own the power of the great conductor. Shrewd fellow! he has tickled the national vanity; and as he once more takes his seat, a smile of intense satisfaction plays over his broad, pleasing face, and well chiselled features. The ladies look lovingly at him, and some pronounce him irresistible, whilst the men declare him to be "a brick!"

There, dear reader, we have, as well as we were able, touched off our musical friend for your especial benefit. If you doubt the accuracy of the sketch, out with your dollar and go and see for yourself.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

From my Diary. No. XXIX.

NEW YORK, October 31.—Mendelssohn (apropos to the question addressed to the *Diarist* in the *Journal* of Oct. 15,) *fascinates* me more in his music than any other composer. I know no other term which will convey an idea of the manner in which it affects me. Whatever it be, the theatre music of the "Summer Night's Dream," the concert-room music of his symphonies, his chamber-music, his piano-forte compositions, or the lofty movements of "Elijah" and "Paul," he seizes and holds me fast, fills every thought, for the time being, and I *wake up* at the close, seldom able to rescue a single passage, which has been sung or played, unless the work be one which has become familiar by oft hearing. When listening to a new work of his, I can never anticipate a measure—I might as well undertake to guess what the *Æolian*

harp is going to sing next. I cannot whistle a *tune* of his, nor did I ever hear anybody whistling or singiing him for want of thought.

The most exquisite melodic phrases abound in his works, but when I recall one to mind, and hum it over, in about three measures it lands me—nowhere. Just so soon, however, as the power of whistling or singing all the forty parts of a grand orchestra is attained, there is no doubt that Mendelssohn will become as whistleable and singable as Mozart, Rossini, Bellini, or Billings. Some seventy years since, the "Magic Flute" was produced, and its melodies, after being in everybody's mouth in Vienna, started off on their travels, and are going yet. Who does not know "Away with Melancholy"—a comic chorus in that splendid work?

How Rossini's melodies have gone everywhere! *Di tanti palpiti*, for instance. There's that famous melody in the overture to *Masaniello*—that sets all the heels, toes, canes and umbrellas within hearing in motion. Then again, take our Scotch and Irish melodies—which by the way I cannot hear with any patience if sung with an accompaniment—(query, How did Beethoven succeed in arranging the Scotch songs for Thompson?) these seem to be pure melodies—the musical thought flows along clear and bright as a line of silver. Take old Billings' psalm tunes, or Swan's—take Pleyel's themes (in his sonatas), or Beethoven's in his adagios, that in the trio Op. 11, for instance, or that in the Sextette—and many others—all these are of the stamp which I described as constructed with beginning, middle, and end. I cannot find such in Mendelssohn. Nor do I want them, but a good many of my neighbors at the concert do.

The other day I was looking at some fine pictures. All the colors were arranged so as in each case to tell a story—their subjects were brought out something as a fine melody is brought out by an orchestra. The other day too, I went over to Jersey City, and noticed that the great landscape painter had been at work upon all the foliage that so richly covers the lofty river banks up Hoboken and Weehawken way, and had clothed the whole shore with the richest and most gorgeous colors. They were put on in inextricable confusion—still they were so harmonious!—they told of Autumn just as Mendelssohn would sing of it.

Nov. 1.—I scrawled the above yesterday, and "in view of this subject"—as our old minister used to have it—I turned over the leaves of "Elijah" (Reed's beautiful edition) this morning. Nowhere, or, at most, only in mere melodic phrases here and there, could I separate a single part from the rich, golden, mellow luxuriance of the extraordinary instrumentation, by which every thought and feeling represented in the text is so magically painted. In the Arias, and concerted pieces even, memory did not reproduce the singing of Ball, Anna Stone, and the others at the Melodeon, or Formes, Miss Dolby and their associates at Exeter Hall, or Madame Tuzcek, Herr Mantius and their associates at the Berlin Sing-Akademie, but

—"The rich stream of music [which] winds along
Calm, majestic, smooth and strong."

as somebody once wrote (didn't he?) It seems to me that we cannot speak of "accompaniments" in Mendelssohn's music, nor in Schubert's, for the part sung and the parts played, form but one integral whole. Think of beginning a solo in "Elijah" with a guitar-like *trun-tum, tum, trun-tum, tum!* I reckon it will be some time before that "theme for variations," recently advertised for, will be picked out of the works of Mendelssohn.

W., the friend to whose sleeve (and Dwight's) I pin my musical faith, was present at the Germania Concert in Boston the other evening. He was here yesterday, [There's that bell again! I declare, the most melancholy sound in nature is that cracked bell on the city hall—chug, chug!] and divided mankind into two classes—those who have heard the Overture to *Tannhäuser*, and those who have not. He describes it as a new revelation to him in Music—most original and wondrously fine. The place in which he heard it, too, he describes as utterly unparalleled—he is familiar with all the noted halls in Europe, but has never seen one which can be compared with the Boston Music Hall as a place in which to *hear Music*, which is what halls *should* be built for. When will our New York Metropolitan nuisance be abated? When shall we hear the *Tannhäuser* overture?

formers on each instrument, one hardly can mistake it. Every figure tells distinctly; such large sonority, such bold, clear euphony adds vastly to the impressiveness of the music, and makes its complication more appreciable, doubtless, to ears unfamiliar. How grand the *Euryanthe* overture one evening! the various stringed masses came in with such unmistakable positiveness in the answers of the fugue subject!

The other Mendelssohn pieces went not like the symphony. The "Midsummer Night's Dream" music was here and there coarsely rendered. There was none of that fine *pianissimo* in the Overture, and the Notturmo was hurried out of its true character and expression. The "Wedding March" took us off at too brisk a rate for a theme of such weight and thoughtfulness, as well as joyous pomp; and rich and euphonious as the crackling brass did sound, we could have wished it considerably less loud.

The promise of Beethoven, Mendelssohn and Mozart nights this week was, it seems, hastily made. But the great public has found potent attraction enough without these. Mozart has not been unrepresented. Mlle. ZERR has twice sung the passionate Queen of the Night's song, with those clear extra high notes and that brilliant execution which make that song her own; also the *Batti, batti* and *Vedrai Carino*, with far less expression and far less chaste abstinence from common-place Italian cadenzas, than the Italian Bosio. One night, too, we had an orchestral potpourri from "Don Juan," opening with the sublime and freezing harmonies of the ghost scene, in which those ponderous marble tones of Hughes's ophicleid spoke grandly for the statue. Would that that entire finale, (or the first finale) had been thus played through in its order! for it was a treat indeed to hear it from that orchestra. Instead of that, there were Donizetti-ish transitions from this sublime to lighter passages, like *La ci darem*, or the serenade; there was much emphatic rendering of what was never in "Don Juan," and the said solid ophicleid tones soon left their superhuman rôle, to thunder out with equal force the ordinary recitative of mere mortals. We cannot say that Jullien's operatic fantasias have been among his peculiarly effective productions; such potpourris cannot have the interest that an entire scene or portion of an opera has, when arranged in its dramatic sequence.

In the way of symphonies, we have had two of American production, namely by WILLIAM HENRY FRY; one called "A Day in the Country," which seemed very clearly and skilfully instrumented, but not to translate the sense of summer and the fields into unmistakable music, like Beethoven's "*Pastorale*." The second suffered from a sentimental name and programme: "The Breaking Heart," but seemed to have more to say, and said it in a manner that commanded consideration, with more unity of development and some fine management of accompaniment. Both are departures from the so-called symphonic, or sonata form. Perhaps we should hear them more; as yet they do not haunt us with those after vibrations that have always remained when we have heard a symphony of Beethoven or Mendelssohn or Schubert.

It was an extraordinary programme which drew out and raised to the highest pitch of enthusiasm the crowded audience of Wednesday night. Jullien's benefit was his greatest triumph. Many

of the orchestral selections and arrangements were from his own opera of "Peter the Great," brought out last year in London. Much of this was striking, rather Meyerbeer-ish and sometimes Verdi-like in its suggestions. But there was one piece, an Introduction, to the fourth act, commencing with a solemn *canto fermo*, and followed by a *fugato* movement played in soft, *staccato* manner, somewhat reminding one of that sombre, church-like andante in Mendelssohn's A major or Italian symphony, which certainly was very impressive. Such learned, and at the same time expressive, counterpoint is worthy of a pupil of Cherubini. The critical musician must either doubt the authenticity, or own that Jullien by this piece proved himself a composer in a far higher sense than that of a mere arranger of quadrilles and polkas. But traces of this same art lie hidden also underneath the glitter, if we mistake not, of those same *ad captandum* quadrilles, even if "the aim be trivial." For *fugue*, uttered or implied, is still the principle of all true, vital form in Art.

As for the dance music, where Jullien is himself *par excellence*, we find the "Katydid Polka" returns to us with more certainty of an inward welcome than any of the other pieces. It is more of a poem; is more redolent of summer nights, and trees and limpid waters, and takes the thoughts back verily to Castle Garden. Then it presents a *quiet* picture; it does not stun you and fatigue you, like the "American Quadrille." It is a fresh, wholesome bit of nature, and has not the stereotyped sentimentality of the "Prima Donna Waltz," in which Koenig's cornet repeats every night the same long-drawn, pathetic and unvarying cadenza. But then those things are not made to be heard every night, but for fresh audiences. We cannot recall all the sparkling novelties of this sort which Jullien has given in the week past; for in truth all dance music sounds so much alike, that it is easier to let it extemporize itself *ad libitum* in one's own head, through the whole idle day, than to remember one strain from another. The thundering monotony of the "Atlantic" *galop* made one hope that the next voyage might be more "Pacific."

At Jullien's benefit, he brought out the great gun, which (we are told) saved him once in London, when a rival company seduced all his orchestra away, except the faithful Koenig—(who does not see in every movement that the cornet hero is the Little John to our brave Robin Hood), and Jullien flew over to the continent, recruited a new orchestra, and composed the "Great Exhibition Quadrille," with which he rose phoenix-like again, to the entire discomfiture of his enemies. It is certainly a stirring affair, this Great Exhibition Quadrille. Making so much of *our* so-called national melodies, one can imagine how he would work up, and contrast, and illuminate in all sorts of colors the national airs, hymns, dances, of all the world. There is great stir of preparation first. Out steps from the second violins young Jullien, junior, commander of the Janizaries, and satrap over all the sheepskins, to take his central place high back among the drums and guns and gongs and bells, ready now to head the general *fanfara*, and now to manipulate at "London Chimes," or any other curious and exotic effects. And verily the whole thing works itself up to quite a grand excitement, along with the animating master spirit. "God save the Queen" rings out sublimely at the end.

This piece is richer in themes, and full as brilliant as the "American;" but it has not the same artistic unity and progress, and does not take audiences captive by quite so fatal a *crescendo* of excitement. He has done wisely of late to put the "American" at the end of the programme; for, if it must figure *every* night, it is better to place it where those who have had enough of its noise, and have exhausted the joke of rising up to "Yankee Doodle," may hear the other things without having to endure that cannonading first. "D" is right in thinking that such concerts are for the masses, rather than deep music-lovers; since that love is oftenest coupled with a quiet disposition, and shuns this great noise and brilliancy, as a general *habit*, just as the thoughtful philosophic or poetic nature shuns great balls and fêtes. More quiet music, where the soul and thought of the composer, rather than a brilliant and extraordinary performance, is the point of interest, is far more "fit for human nature's daily food." This is not retracting what we have before said of the value of these orchestral performances in the way of educating the ear and gaining a knowledge of instrumental effects. It is a privilege which we ought to cultivate while it lasts.

In his solo department, Jullien keeps bringing out "treasures new and old." Faithful, sentimental KOENIG, BOTTESINI, (grave and scholastic-looking as some Middle Age academician), Pandean LAVIGNE, and REICHAUT, and WULLE, have continued to repeat their solos almost nightly, and never was there such a chance to make acquaintance with the very inmost nature and utmost capabilities of instruments. The "Carnival of Venice" has been the obedient, graceful slave of very many masters and magicians. Among the new appearances, the brothers MOLLENHAUER have been most note-worthy; in their violin duets the tones were as pure and truly blended as two souls perfectly in unison; of course only in such purity is such unity possible. Mr. HUGAES, with his great ophicleid, has also stepped down to the foot-lights, but musically he could not make himself more prominent or admirable than he is always in the ranks. The flageolet solo of M. COLLINET, was enough to make one not despair of hearing fine concert music evoked from a penny whistle; it was as artistically fine as it was funny. But this and all the other solo instruments are far more interesting *in* the orchestra, than outside and in front of it; for there they contribute their individualities to the illustration of a collective thought, emerging each into expressive prominence from time to time; there the instrument serves the music; whereas in the solo exhibition, Music, the mistress, is tortured (no matter how gracefully or skilfully) into the service of the instrument, her slave.

JULLIEN gives his last secular concert this afternoon; and on Sunday evening we shall hear this orchestra, for the last time, in arrangements of great sacred music, and in accompaniments of sacred choruses sung by the new "Mendelssohn Choral Society."

P. S. Not *quite* alone has Jullien had the field! The GERMANIA REHEARSAL filled the Music Hall on Wednesday afternoon, when the D major symphony was admirably played, making three Beethoven symphonies which the Germanians have already given us this season. The charm of the music and the beauty of the scene, were quite up to the reminiscences of

last year, in spite of the greater brilliancy of the Julien orchestra.

To-night they give their second concert, when we shall hear that Ossianic, sea-shore sounding symphony of GADE, a repetition of the *Tannhäuser* overture, songs by Miss PINTARD, and other good things. The hall will certainly be crowded.

Musical Intelligence.

Local.

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.—The true music-lovers will rejoice at the quiet "good time coming," when they read the announcement of our old friends. The intimate communion with Beethoven and Mozart and Mendelssohn and Schubert and Schumann is to be renewed, and doubtless we shall find it deeper and purer than before. The Club have changed their night to Tuesday, which we think will accommodate the greatest number; and on Tuesday evening, Nov. 22d, we expect to meet all the well known faces, and many more, in the Tremont lesser Temple, which barbarous Greeks call "Meionaou."

OTTO DRESEL'S Soirees are remembered among the very choicest of the musical reunions of last winter, or of our whole lives. The same opportunity is offered us again; and if we would not forget the charm of sonatas and trios of Beethoven, exquisite reveries of Chopin, and *Lieder* of Mendelssohn, purely, spiritually discoursed, without any mixture of clap-trap or commonplace, and sitting in a sphere of sympathetic listeners, we shall make haste to bespeak our tickets for the season.

NEW YORK.—The Marcetzk opera troupe, at Niblo's, has made a great hit with *Masaniello*. The *Prophète*, and Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro*, are among the pieces promised.

PHILADELPHIA.—Mme. SONTAG is giving concerts without orchestra, with JAELL and PAUL JULLIEN. Her gratuitous day concerts for the public school children have created most interesting scenes. CARL ECKERT, her conductor, has sailed for Europe, having been appointed conductor of the court opera at Munich. The MUSICAL FUND SOCIETY announce their first instrumental and vocal concert. Mile. CAROLINE LEHMANN sings for them; we hear that this lady has been studying Italian in Philadelphia, preparatory to an engagement with Marcetzk's troupe. —OLE BULL is giving concerts for the sufferers at Oleana.

A NEW AMERICAN VOCALIST.—Private letters from Europe speak most highly of the great progress made by Miss May, of Washington City, who has been for two years pursuing a severe course of study with a view to becoming an operatic singer. For several years she received instruction from the best masters in this country, and in Italy she has had the advantage of the best to be found in Naples and Florence. In the latter city she has been taught by Romani, and has enlisted the warm interest of Rossini, the composer, who has frequently given her his valuable counsel in her studies. Having acquired a perfect knowledge of the Italian language, as well as all that her masters can teach her of their art, (as they themselves acknowledge,) she will probably make her debut in one of the European capitals at the next musical season. She has visited Paris, where Meyerbeer, Halévy and other musical celebrities have expressed the highest admiration of her acquirements and her remarkable powers of voice. —*Phil. Bulletin.*

Foreign.

A letter from the Hague states that the King of Holland intends establishing a theatre devoted to the production of Dutch opera, of which the text and music are to be exclusively written and composed by natives of Holland. King William III. as is well known, is a good patron of the musical art, and is himself a composer of more than ordinary merit. An opera brought out at the Hague some short time since, entitled "Lambert Simmel," attributed in the bills to M. Van der Does, his Majesty's *maître de piano*, is now well known to have been nearly wholly composed by the King, and the opera was much applauded.

One of the operas of the celebrated French composer, Lesueur, entitled "*Alexandre a Babylon*," is in preparation at the Imperial Academy.

Among Italian operas forthcoming during the winter season, in Italy, the *Gazette Musicale* announces, on Italian authority, "Ida di Benevento," by Di Gioia; "Matilda di Ostan," by Pistilli; "Valenza Contadino," by Moscenza; "Margherita di Ostrogogna," by Petronini; "Cesare di Bazan," by Traversari; "Angiola di Ghemme," by Nicotia; "I tre Peccati di Diavolo," by Cortesi; and "L'Alchimista," by Rosi.

Johanna Wagner made her *debut* at Vienna in Bellini's *Romeo*. Her success was not over great. Madame Mar-

low, on the contrary, who played the part of Juliet, was called four times—after her death.

The prizes for musical composition have just been distributed at the Conservatoire; the first grand prize was awarded to M. Galibert, and the second to M. Durand.

Advertisements.

AUGUST FRIES,
TEACHER OF MUSIC,
Nov. 5, 3m. 17 FRANKLIN PLACE.

ADOLPH KIELBLOCK,
TEACHER OF MUSIC.
MR. K. may be addressed at his residence, UNITED STATES HOTEL, or at the Music Store of Oliver Ditson, 115 Washington St., Geo. P. Reed, & Co., 17 Tremont Row, or Nathan Richardson, 282 Washington Street. 3 mos oct 29

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All Foreign and American Musical Publications received as soon as published. H23 tf

CLASSICAL MATINÉES.
THE undersigned, resident artists of Boston, intend to give a Series of Classical Concerts during next winter, in which the best works of the great composers will be performed; such as Quartets, Quintets, Trios, Duos and Solos, by Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Hummel, Weber, Cherubini, etc. The programme will be made more attractive by Vocal performances between the different pieces, as also Solos for Flute, Violoncello, Piano, Violin, etc., occasionally. Many greater compositions, as, Quartets, Quintets, and Septets for Piano with String and Wind instruments, will be produced, which have never been publicly performed in Boston. To accommodate Ladies and others out of town, we propose to give our Concerts in the afternoon. The time and place will be announced hereafter. The subscription is \$3 for the Series of Eight Concerts. Single tickets 50 cents each.
Subscription lists will be found at the different Music Stores.

H. ECKHARDT, } VIOLINS. CH. EICHLER, ALTO.
WM. KEYZER, } SEPT. 3. TH. MAASS, VIOLONCELLO.
H. PERABEAU, PIANIST.

BOSTON MUSIC HALL. JULLIEN'S CONCERTS!

In consequence of numerous applications from parties residing at a distance, who are unable to attend the Evening Concerts, M. JULLIEN has the honor to announce that his

LAST GRAND MISCELLANEOUS CONCERT

Will take place
THIS (SATURDAY) AFTERNOON,
Being for the
BENEFIT OF HERR KOENIG,
When the following most attractive Programme will be presented, embracing several MUSICAL NOVELTIES.
To commence at $\frac{1}{4}$ to 3 o'clock.

Part I.
Overture: "Masaniello," (by request,).....Auber.
Quadrille: "The Minuet," (first time,).....Jullien.
Symphony: "The Breaking Heart,".....Fry.
Air, with Grand Variations,.....Proch.
Mlle ANNA ZERR.
Valse: "The Hyacinth," (first time,).....Koenig.
Solo, Cornet & Piston: "Solitude,".....Angelina.
HERR KOENIG.
Quadrille: "THE GREAT EXHIBITION,".....Jullien.
Composed for the World's Fair in London, 1851, with Music of All Nations: MARCH OF ALL NATIONS—Russian, Austrian, French, Italian, Spanish, Chinese, and Indian National Airs: THE MARSEILLAISE and HAIL COLUMBIA: concluding with the English Anthem, GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

Part II.
Grand Operatic Selection from "Les Huguenots,".....Meyerbeer.
Aria: "Batti, Batti,".....Mozart.
Mlle ANNA ZERR.
Valse: "La Prima Donna,".....Jullien.
Solo, Contra Basso,.....Bottesini.
SIGNOR BOTTESINI.
Polka: "The Eclipse," (first time,).....Koenig.
Solo, Flute,.....Reichert.
M. REICHERT.
Quadrille: "THE AMERICAN,".....Jullien.

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In reply to many inquiries, M. JULLIEN begs to state, that any continuation of his present Series of Concerts is impossible, as he leaves Boston on Monday, Nov. 7th, to appear in New York on Tuesday, the 8th, (for one night only,) and in Philadelphia on Wednesday, the 9th.

CHAMBER CONCERTS.
The Mendelssohn Quintette Club
Respectfully inform the Musical Public of Boston that their
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Of the Series of Eight, will take place
On Tuesday Evening, Nov. 22nd,
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OTTO DRESEL, encouraged by the reception of his
Concerts last winter, proposes soon to commence a SECOND ANNUAL SERIES OF
SIX SOIRÉES,
at a time and place to be hereafter specified. The programmes will be made up with the same care and selectness as the former series, and in the rendering of Duos, Trios, Quartets, etc., etc., he will be assisted by members of the GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY. Subscription for the Series, \$5 00. oct 29

PUBLIC REHEARSALS.
THE GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY will give PUBLIC REHEARSALS at the Boston Music Hall every WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, at 3 o'clock, commencing Oct. 26. The full Orchestra will perform at the Rehearsals. Admission:—Packages containing eight tickets \$1, to be had at the Music Stores, and at the door. Single tickets 25 cents. oct 29

OTTO DRESEL,
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Oct. 15,

tf

BOSTON MUSIC HALL.

The Germania Musical Society

WILL GIVE THEIR

Second Grand Subscription Concert,

On Saturday Evening, Nov. 5th,

ASSISTED BY

Mlle CAROLINE PINTARD.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

1. Grand Sinfonie, No. 1, in C minor, op. 5, dedicated to Mendelssohn,.....N. W. Gade.
i. Moderato con moto, and Allegro Energico.
ii. Scherzo.
iii. Andantino Grazioso.
iv. Finale, Molto Allegro ma con Fuoco.
2. Aria, "Sonnambula,".....Bellini.
Sung by Mlle CAROLINE PINTARD.
3. Nocturne, from Shakspeare's Melodrama, "Midsummer Night's Dream,".....Mendelssohn.

PART II.

4. Overture to the Grand Romantic Drama "Tauphäuser und der Sängerkrieg auf Wartburg," (Second time in America),.....Richard Wagner.
5. Les Adieux,.....Franz Schubert.
Sung by Mlle CAROLINE PINTARD.
6. Fantasie and Variations, for Violin,.....Bazzini.
Performed by Wm. SCHULTZ.
7. Overture to "Die Felsenmühle," op. 81,.....Reissiger.

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Boston, September 24, 1853.

SIGNOR CORELLI begs leave to announce to his friends and pupils that he has returned to the city, and may be found at his rooms, No. 29 Temple Place, or at the Tremont House. Sept. 17.

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3m

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A Paper of Art and Literature.

NO. 6.

The Adagio must transport the two players into the higher regions of joy, for such harmonious fulness, with such manifold intertwining of melodic motives, must be doubly charming, when the arrangement is so perfect in regard to practicability as it is here. The closing movement may perhaps be called the *ne plus ultra* of all existing arrangements, but at the same time the most

difficult task as it regards execution; the reason of this lies in the work itself, which here presents contrapuntal combinations of too essential a sort to be left out or in any way transformed. Properly studied, even this part (so significant in the history of Art) will produce an effect, such as scarcely any other arrangement in the world can.

And now all pianists of the genuine stamp are challenged to form themselves into brotherhoods of two, and set before them this Liszt arrangement as the goal of their activity. Two firm, well-tuned grand pianos; two of those nimble masters of the keys, with ever-whetted fingers; and a few sterling friends in Apollo for an audience,—so may there be right frequent meetings for the glory of the ninth Symphony and of its immortal arranger! LOUIS KÖHLER.

The Fairy Wife.

AN APOLOGUE, BY VIVIAN.

A merchant married a Fairy. He was so manly, so earnest, so energetic, and so loving, that her heart was constrained towards him, and she gave up her heritage in Fairyland to accept the lot of woman.

They were married; they were happy; and the early months glided away like the vanishing pageantry of a dream.

Before the year was over he had returned to his affairs; they were important and pressing, and occupied more and more of his time. But every evening, as he hastened back to her side, she felt the weariness of absence more than repaid by the delight of his presence. She sat at his feet and sang to him, and prattled away the remnant of care that lingered in his mind.

But his cares multiplied. The happiness of many families depended on him. His affairs were vast and complicated, and they kept him longer away from her. All the day, while he was amidst his bales of merchandise, she roamed along the banks of a sequestered stream, weaving bright fancy pageantries, or devising any gaieties with which to charm his troubled spirit. A bright and sunny being, she comprehended nothing of Care. Life was abounding in her. She knew not the disease of reflection; she felt not the perplexities of life. To sing and to laugh—to leap the stream and beckon him to leap after her, as he used in the old lover days, when she would conceal herself from him in the folds of a water lily—to tantalize and enchant him with a thousand capricious coquetries—this was her idea of how they should live; and when he gently refused to join her in these childlike gambols, and told her of the serious work that awaited him, she raised her soft blue eyes to him in baby wonderment, not comprehending what he meant, but acquiescing, with a sigh, because he said it.

She acquiesced, but a soft sadness fell upon her. Life to her was Love, and nothing more. A soft sadness also fell upon him. Life to him was Love, and something more; and he saw with regret that she did not comprehend it. The wall of Care, raised by busy hands, was gradually shutting him out from her. If she visited him through the day, she found herself a hindrance and retired. When he came to her at sunset, he came pre-occupied. She sat at his feet, loving his anxious face. He raised tenderly the golden ripples of loveliness that fell in ringlets on her neck, and kissed her soft beseeching eyes; but there was a something in his eyes, a remote look, as if his soul were afar, busy with other things, which made her little heart almost burst with uncomprehended jealousy.

She would steal up to him at times when he was absorbed in calculations, and, throwing her arms round his neck, woo him from his thought. A smile, revealing love in its very depths, would brighten his anxious face, as for a moment he pushed aside the world, and concentrated all his being in one happy feeling.

She could win moments from him, she could not win his life; she could charm, she could not

occupy him! The painful truth came slowly over her, as the deepening shadows fall upon a sunny Day until at last it is Night: Night with her stars of infinite beauty, but without the lustre and warmth of Day.

She drooped; and on her couch of sickness her keen-sighted love perceived, through all his ineffable tenderness, that same remoteness in his eyes, which proved that, even as he sat there grieving and apparently absorbed in her, there still came dim remembrances of Care to vex and occupy his soul.

"It were better I were dead," she thought; "I am not good enough for him." Poor child! Not good enough, because her simple nature knew not the manifold perplexities, the hindrances of *incomplete* life! Not good enough, because her whole life was centred in one whose life was scattered!

And so she breathed herself away, and left her husband to all his gloom of Care, made tenfold darker by the absence of those gleams of tenderness which before had fitfully irradiated life. The night was starless, and he alone.—*London Leader.*

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

A Pilgrimage to Salisbury Cathedral.

BY A BOSTON ARCHITECT.

"Firm was their faith, the ancient bands,
The wise of heart, in wood and stone,
Who reared with stern yet trusting hands
The dark gray towers of days unknown:
Huge, mighty, massive, hard and strong
Were the choice stones they lifted then,
The vision of their hope was long,
They knew their God, those faithful men."

I had already passed nearly three weeks in England without seeing a cathedral. Perhaps this may seem a sufficiently curious omission in a travelling architect, and yet it was not altogether without a plausible show of reason. The extreme beauty of the landscape, so new in its richness to the eye of an American,—the variety and interest of the different castles, parish churches, and even of the still less ambitious remains of mediæval taste which had happened to lie more immediately in my way,—joined too to the hearty and most truly English hospitality of numerous friends, had occupied one day after another with a constant change of pleasures, and filled up each hour with some delightful novelty of sensation, from which it required no inconsiderable amount of self-denial to make any serious attempt to escape. In such pursuits it may well be imagined that my time slipped easily and almost imperceptibly away. But now that the first flush of this new excitement was over, and I had leisure to deliberate upon the choice of fresh delights,—to become an epicure even, if I may call it so, in antiquarian and artistic enjoyments, I resolved that my first impressions of the full force of Gothic Architecture should be taken from the great Minister of Salisbury. To accomplish this, however, I found that I must pass, without stopping, through the interesting old city of Winchester, and when there must resolutely turn my back and shut my eyes to the fascinating remains of rare old Wykeham's imperishable skill. This might at first sight seem a very hard thing to undertake. But contrary to my expectation,—and I set down this mental experience for the benefit of future travellers who may find themselves similarly perplexed,—I found it much harder to come to this resolution in the first place, than to keep it with unflinching firmness, when once it had been fully taken up.

It was not however without a hearty feeling of regret, accompanied by many lingering looks be-

hind, that I at length left Oxford, by the railway train for Salisbury. It happened to be on a mild and pleasant though occasionally showery day in the middle of July. As the gardens and groves, the towers, domes and graceful spires of that fine old seat of learning faded from the sight and were lost in the blue distance, I felt indeed most forcibly that the three days I had passed there had been far too short a period of time to convey any very distinct picture of their individual beauties to the mind. A momentary pang could not but steal across me, then, as I bid them farewell. But I endeavored to console myself with the reflection, perhaps not an uncommon one in such cases, that I had even a still higher pleasure before me, and that a ride of a few hours only would bring me under the shadow of one of the most beautiful, majestic and interesting structures in the kingdom. From a child, indeed, I had always felt an intense desire to visit the Cathedral of Salisbury. Well do I remember a nice old colored print of it, with some placid water and plump ducks in the foreground and in the middle distance a group of equally plump and placid clergymen in full canonicals, which had come into my possession as a Christmas present when at school, and made a deep and lasting impression on my youthful imagination. In maturer years, too, I had learned that more perhaps than any other ecclesiastical edifice in England it might claim to be harmonious in design, excellent in workmanship, and unsurpassed in the bold and daring flight of its constructive skill: in fine, that it might fairly be considered "the Parthenon of English Architecture." It was with no irreverent footstep then, nor for the gratification of a merely idle and shallow curiosity, that I was about to approach this glorious relic of a devout and earnest age of Art. Nor did I, with these impressions, feel wholly unworthy to add another to the crowd of pilgrims, who for centuries had gazed in wonder over its picturesque and varied outline, or stood before its sculptured portals in silent admiration.

The ride itself formed no unfit accompaniment to the full enjoyment of these more pleasurable feelings. As we flew rapidly along the line of the railway, it was impossible not to admire the delicious cultivation of the landscape, which everywhere presented itself like a succession of lovely pictures, to the eye. The hedgerows of hawthorn, holly and privet, here and there interspersed with taller trees, rising up from among them and thus breaking up what would otherwise become a tame uniformity of lines,—the broad, smiling fields, fresh with the glistening raindrops, and occasionally dotted with the whitest possible sheep, or tenanted by placid looking cows, so intent upon their grazing as rarely to lift their heads for a glance at the passing train,—the groups of quiet horses, gravely standing in circles and putting their heads together under a tree, perhaps discussing the corn question, or taking wise counsel upon the grievances of their overworked brethren in the cabs of London,—the delicate gray-green of the new mown hay, relieved by the golden color of the plentiful ricks which had been already gathered in,—the long, low, rambling farm houses, with their tiled or thatched roofs, occasionally gathered into hamlets around the humble gray tower or the more conspicuous spire of some old yet not neglected village church,—all these, together with the distant windmills, rolling their white sails lazily round in the sunlight, combined to form a panorama which

must, however familiar to the Englishman of taste, be to his eye even, always new; and is enchanting, indeed, beyond any power of expression, to a stranger who comes to it fresh from the newer and more prosaic life of the western world. The language of description may, at least, be owned inadequate to convey anything more than a faint outline of the constant variety of loveliness, and the almost inexhaustible combinations of beauty.

Leaving Strathfieldsaye, the seat of the great Duke, on the right, and to the left, a little farther on, the ruins of Basing House, so famous in history for its defence, when besieged by Cromwell in 1645, we shot with the speed of lightning through the environs of Winchester and stopped seven miles beyond it for a change of carriages at Bishopstoke. Here the branch road to Salisbury intersects the main line,—and on the latter we beheld our late fellow travellers speed away for Portsmouth and Chichester. Twelve miles more through the same scenes of rural beauty, and the easy train rolled quietly into the Station House, with a succession of determined coughs from the engine, already on a side track of its own, which clearly intimated to the practised ear that we were to go no farther in that direction.

I do not confess to being, in general, of a very nervous or impressible disposition. But I must frankly own to feeling my heart beat pretty forcibly with expectation as the trim guard opened the door of the carriage, jerking from him, at the same time, with that dry, hard manner which only the repetition of the same thing a hundred times a day can teach, the curt information, 'Salsbry: stop.' Without waiting to look after my luggage—since my previous experience on English railways had taught me that short of a miracle it could not go wrong—I rushed to the opposite door of the booking-office, which I judged, and not incorrectly, might afford an uninterrupted view of the town. The scene which broke at once upon the eye it is not easy to forget. There it stood! at a little distance only, before me,—the grand, gray old spire, as yet unharmed by the ruthless hand of time, shooting heavenward from amidst rich masses of ancestral elms, to a height of more than four hundred feet; its fretted and lace-worked outline relieved against gorgeous piles of clouds in the reddening western sky. Beneath it, stretched out the huge, antique pile of nave, choir, and transepts, rising high above the surrounding houses, with a broad, mellow light thrown across the walls, and their steep roofs and airy pinnacles, beautifully grouped, yet each sharply defined, in the clear, warm light of the summer evening. So fresh, so sound, so perfect, after the lapse of six hundred years, that it seemed as if the common destroyer had been awed by their mysterious beauty, and while touching the majestic old pile, here and there, with those indescribable tints of mossy gray which his finger alone can produce, had forborne to displace one fragment from its buttresses, or to throw down one stone from its venerable towers.

After seeing my travelling equipments duly cared for by the pretty bar-maid of the famous White Hart Hotel, I repaired at once to the street. Passing under an arched gateway, at no great distance from the inn, I found myself in the close, or cathedral precinct, immediately surrounding the church. The houses in this spacious enclosure,—in one of which lived for many years the amiable and well known Canon Bowles,—wear that quiet and picturesque look peculiar to

such haunts of learned ease, and comfortable seclusion. In the centre of the whole, surrounded by lofty trees, velvet lawns and nicely kept gravel walks, stood the venerable and impressive pile, in all its solemn majesty,—open on the east, north, and west sides, but hidden from public view on the south by the cloisters, the Bishop's palace and the private gardens. From the open grounds which thus surround the building, its appearance is indeed unequalled by anything of the kind which I have since beheld. Erected in the brightest and purest period of the early Gothic, all its various parts are grouped together in the most masterly pyramidal outline,—the long succession of buttresses and pinnacles, the sharp roofs and lofty turrets, all leading the eye to the central point, the spire, with a peculiar lightness and elegance, yet grandeur of effect that can scarcely fail to call forth an involuntary exclamation of wonder and delight. The vertical line, so expressive of the hopes and aspirations of Christianity, thus becomes the controlling feature of the composition, and the mind at once recognizes the idea that religious awe and profound solemnity of impression was the first and most earnest aim of its builders. It is a temple in which man feels it almost profanation to remain upright,—a temple in which he is instinctively led to "worship and fall down, and kneel before the Lord, our maker."

Every structure raised by the hand of man derives, indeed, much of its value as a work of art from the feelings of the human soul. We cannot separate the idea of the orator from the forum, of the senate from the capitol, nor of the monastic procession from the cathedral aisle. But apart from its historical interest, and from those charms of association which are derived from the visible stamp of sanctity, the Gothic style, as exemplified in such a building as this, is yet rich in all the elements of a great, original, and peculiar manifestation of art. Above all other styles, it must be admitted to abound in those grand physical effects which never fail to call forth mingled sensations of sublimity and beauty in the mind of the spectator. As the work of Pagans, or intended for Pagan purposes, it would lose nothing in this point of view. It would still impress us, as the result of the most powerful energy, tempered by the most refined and poetical conception. Its peculiar modes of form and distribution,—rendering it impossible for the whole structure to be seen at once, from any particular spot,—its long lines of vertical or pyramidal composition,—its constant succession of receding shadows, its daring flight of arches and vaulted roofs,—and above all its graceful spires, shooting aloft with a grand and feeling simplicity,—create a degree of pleasing amazement, and awaken an impression of power, and self-dependent skill on the part of its inventors, that belongs in an equal degree to no other monuments of ancient architecture.

A. G.

(To be continued.)

The Opera of Masaniello at Niblo's.

The operatic hit of the season is indisputably *Masaniello*. The plot is good; it is not supernatural; and while it involves the treatment of the tenderest of relations in domestic life, it discourses largely and eloquently on national life, and the popular fire curling and roaring round the edifice of privilege and prescription. Added to this, there is, under the masterly treatment of the dramatist, a constant progression and in-

crement of interest from the first to the last scene. The mute eloquence of Fenella, betrayed and ruined in the dawn of her career, represented by pantomimic action and seconded by the model music of the illustrious composer, form a curious piquant novelty in the staple of dramatic picture, or musico-dramatic illustration. Without the flexible action of the professed pantomimist, and the equally flexible, elegant, eloquent and academically correct music of the author, this character would not be practicable; but, as these are both compassed, the success is complete.

The Overture to *Masaniello* is so fine a production—so thoroughly consistent in its parts, and indicative of the locality, persons and incidents represented, that it forms a splendid introduction to the whole. The strong and bold opening—the crashing diminished sevenths with the hurly-burly chromatics—expressive of the roar and laughter of multitudes; this followed by a peasant-like dash of a slow movement—interrupted suddenly by the recurrence of the first crash; this followed by a minor agitated movement, where Italian forms and tarantella-hints lead us to the minor sternness of the furious cry for vengeance; this interwoven with the solo painting the despairing Fenella, running into the famous triumphal chorus; and after the repetitions of these materials, the whole crowned with a vigorous military coda, is certainly a work of genius, and prophecies the characters and action to come.

The choruses of this Opera are drawn with a master hand. Sometimes, as in the barcaroles, the market cries, and the simple prayers, they are accessible to the popular ear; in other places, where the rhythm and transparency of the idea are not aimed at, we have tremendous effect, harmonies of the largest, boldest character, and a frenzy of earnest accentuation not second to *Der Freischütz*. Indeed, between the heroic parts of this opera and that of Weber, many parallels can be found. The groupings and accents are of the same spirit.

It is hardly necessary to say that Auber's barcaroles are unequalled. After he produced the two, that of *Masaniello* and that of *Pietro*, as well as that worked into the finale of the second act—other composers set about writing barcaroles, but only to show their inferiority.

Compositions which we would indicate as of the highest order of merit in this work, are the entire pantomime; the bass and tenor duet, which is heroism and patriotism personified; the various choruses of the fishermen which are written as a man of genius should write such things—actualities, familiarities—not reveries or transcendentalisms; the simple religious music of the crowd; the masterly transitions due to the dramatic exigencies of a plot describing violent personal and political changes; the crazy scene of *Masaniello*, from which Bellini has largely copied in his *Sonambula* reveries—a scene as well treated in music as Shakspeare has drawn Ophelia or Poor Tom. There are certain parts of the Opera, however, of unequal merit; the solo of the heroine is cold; the concerted piece at the end of the first act is not effective in thought, though bold to the last degree in modulation. The fault too, of the instrumentation, at least for the orchestra in question, is an excessive use of the bass instruments and the percussion instruments.

The applause on Saturday night was great; there were some pointed encores; and after the ensemble fracas of the rebellion scene, the whole company was demanded by the audience and the curtain was again raised. It showed, by the way, good sense and feeling on the part of the principal singers, such as Marini, Rosi, etc., when not engaged in leading parts, to act occasionally in the choruses; their force on such occasions is indispensable.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

C. M. VON WEBER.—A grand solemnity in honor of Weber has just taken place at Eutin, in Germany, where he was born. The object was the inauguration of a tablet of black marble over the door of the house where he first saw the light. A procession, consisting of the municipalities of Eutin and Lubeck, the civil, military, and eccle-

siastic authorities, deputations of the corporations of arts and trade, three philharmonic societies, the pupils of the public schools, the students of the Universities of Copenhagen, Kiel, and Göttingen, and a large number of German and foreign men of letters, crossed the lake in seventy-six boats, bearing the flag of the Germanic Confederation, and the National Republican flag, red, black, and gold. A salvo of cannon welcomed them at Eutin, and all the houses were dressed in flags and streamers. The marble bore the following inscription:

CHARLES MARIE DE WEBER,

Baptized at Eutin, 20th November, 1785,
Died at London, 5th of June, 1826.

The date of his birth being unknown, it could not be engraved upon the stone. The President of the Supreme Court made a speech, when the procession adjourned to a banquet. An illumination took place in the evening; the theatre performed Weber's "Robin des Bois," (*Der Freyschütz*) and the town gave a grand ball. The festivities concluded with a display of fireworks, the principal piece representing Weber's apotheosis.—*Paris Correspondent New York Times.*

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

SONNETS.

BY MARIA WHITE LOWELL.

The following sonnets, originally published in the *Pioneer*, will have a melancholy interest now for those (and they are not few) who can recognize in their earnest beauty of thought and delicate grace of expression the image of a fine intellect and a true womanly heart, now past from earth to bloom more divinely "in the groves of Paradise." II.

To ———.

I love thee—not because thy love for me
Like a great sunrise did o'ervault my day
With purple light, and wrought upon my way
The morning dew in fresh emblazonry;
Nor that thou seest all I fain would be
And thus dost call me by mine angel's name,
While still my woman's heart beats free of blame
Beneath the shelter of thy charity—
Oh! no, for wearily upon my soul
Would weigh thy golden crown of unbought praise,
Did I not look beyond the hour's control
To where those fruits of perfect virtue raise
Their bloom—that thou erewhile with prophet eyes
Didst name mine own, in groves of Paradise!

II.

I love thee for thyself—thyself alone;
For that great soul, whose breath, most full and rare,
Shall to Humanity a message bear,
Flooding its dreary waste with organ tone;
The Truth that in thine eyes holds starry throne
And coins the words that issue from thy lips;
Heroic courage that meets no eclipse,
And humbler virtues on thy pathway strow;
These love I so, that if they swift uprise
To sure fulfilment in more perfect spheres,
Still will I listen underneath the skies
For thy new song,—with seldom dropping tears,
And midst my daily tasks of love will wait
The angel Death—guardian of Heaven's gate.

A Programme with Interludes.

[We find the following clever hit at modern virtuosity, (for so we would prefer to take it, rather than as a criticism upon Gottschalk individually,) in a late number of the *Worcester Palladium*.]

SEACAMORE HOUSE, OCT. 23. 1853.

Happening to take up a paper other than the *Palladium*, I saw that Gottschalk was coming, and that he would be assisted by Mlle Behrend, and by Mr. Aptommas on the harp. I had watched the reports of his progress, and had always wondered at the never-failing favor with which he had been received. Success in the outset is not always a sure sign of genius or of talent, and unbounded first praise is apt to prove fatal in the end. His reception in this city was not very

flattering, if a large audience constitutes an important element, but those who attended departed with a sense of having been electrified, surprised and astonished. They were certainly not musically wiser. Here is the programme, with interludes "not in the hills."

"When the swallows homeward fly,".....Mlle Behrend.

"I thank thee, this shall be our daily song,
It cheers my heart, although these foolish tears
Seem to disgrace its sweetness." Joanna Baillie.

"Jerusalem,".....Gottschalk.

"Due entrance he disdained, and in contempt
At one slight bound high overleap'd all bound
Of hills or highest wall, and sheer within
Lights on his feet." Paradise Lost.

"Doctor, do you not think that I write too much for my constitution?"

"No, but you do for your reputation."

Fantasia from "Moses in Egypt," for the harp,... Aptommas.

"Ah me! what hand can touch the string so fine?
Now up the lofty diapason roll
Such sweet, such sad, such solemn airs divine,
Then let them down again into the soul." Thompson.

"Swiss Song,".....Mlle Behrend.

"Come, play me that simple air again." Moore.

Fantasia from "Lucia,".....Gottschalk.

"The music stirs in him like wind through the tree."
Wordsworth.

"La Danse," for the harp,.....Aptommas.

"There's something in
The shape of harps as though they had been made
By music." Fictus.

"Came with all his youth and unblown hopes
On the world's heart, and touched it into tears."
Alexander Smith.

"American Reminiscences,".....Gottschalk.

"I content myself with putting your worship in the way of becoming a famous composer; and that is, by following the opinion and judgment of men rather than your own; for no fathers or mothers think their own children ugly; and this self-deceit is yet stronger with respect to the off-spring of the mind." Don Quixote.

"I like his music best, because I don't like any music, and his comes nearest to nothing of any I ever heard."

"How pitifully the virtuoso's art lies more in astonishing and making the idler portion of his audience clap their hands, than in expressing aught that music should express."

German Song: "Trab, trab,".....Mlle Behrend.

"Where 'tis smooth and where 'tis stony
Trudge along, my pretty pony."

"Carnival of Venice,".....Gottschalk.

"And there are songs and quavers, roaring, humming,
Guitars, and every other sort of strumming."
Byron's *Beppo*.

"Wanted. A heavy premium will be paid for a new *tema* of eight to sixteen bars, upon which to exhibit instrumental 'ground and lofty tumbling.' 'The Carnival of Venice' having been in constant use from Paganini down to the present day, has become threadbare, and the critics and the public will endure it no longer."

On the occasion I certainly received half a dollar's worth of brilliancy, dexterity, splendid magic, such as doubtless has never before been seen or heard of. It was an unequalled musical entertainment, minus the music; that is, as far as the piano-forte was concerned. We Yankees are said to be the most go-aheaditive, curious, ingenious people on earth, and so we must needs produce a pianist that can play the fastest, the most ingeniously, the most wonderfully of any that ever lived; who leaves a world of beauty and sublimity in the background, while he pinches, torments, and pulls the hair of the "Old Folks at Home," and plays "puss in the corner" with "Oh! Susanna." Perhaps I am wrong; the fault may have been in the programme for the evening.

STELLA.

THE ECHO DUET.—Cardan relates, that a certain man having set out on a journey, had a river to cross, and not knowing the ford, cried out, "Oh!" to which an echo answered in the octave, "Oh!" He imagining it to be a man, called out in Italian, "Onde devo passar?" It answered "Passa!" and, when he asked "Qui?" it replied "Qui?" But as the waters formed a deep whirlpool there, and made a great noise, he was terrified, and again asked, "Devo passar qui?" The echo returned, "Passar qui?" He repeated the same question often, and still had the same answer. Terrified with the idea of being obliged to swim in case he attempted to pass there, and it being a dark and tempestuous night, he concluded that his respondent was some evil spirit that wanted to entice him into the torrent; wherefore he returned, and relating the story to Cardan, was convinced by him that it was no demon, but merely the sport of nature.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Letter from Mr. Keyzer.

JULLIEN—the great Jullien—the "humbag" Jullien, the quadrille composer, who "does not understand how to lead classical music," who "mistakes the tempos," &c. &c. Fudge! Opinions given at random—some by design, some through ignorance. Now that the excitement *pro* and *con* is cooled down and Jullien gone, let me say a few words on the subject, in the way of "render unto Cæsar" &c. The concert of sacred music, given Sunday night last, shows not only that Jullien understands how to lead classical music, but also that he is more than a Quadrille composer.

Though during the past two weeks the classical pieces were admirably given, yet the display of his peculiar talent was shown in the performance of the lighter pieces, viz: his arrangements from other as well as his own compositions. For this he had the great advantage of having in his band many as accomplished artists, as Europe has hitherto known. For instance, I have heard Drouet, Toulou, Fürstenau, father and son, and Nicholson, on the flute; Hermsstadt, Degroot, Iwan Müller, and Beerman on the clarinet; Voight, and Turner on the oboe; but none of these celebrated artists could be compared to Reichert, Wuille or Lavigne. Bottesini and Koenig are beyond any comparison. Even such a trifling instrument as the flageolet is made to tell charmingly by the artistlike treatment of Collinet. Consider also that such talented violinists as the brothers Mollenhauer are among the *ripienti*.

Jullien arranges his music, even waltz, quadrille, and polka, by giving bits of solo to the different instruments, each of which is listened to with delight and admiration, yet not long enough to satiate. A *tutti* from that excellent and well drilled orchestra breaks in upon it—a solo from another instrument is heard, and so on by a variety of changes from one to the other; all the while, the hearers wish for more from the last one, yet are newly delighted and their attention riveted to the present one, and so on to the end. There in fact lies Jullien's superiority, in having first the good taste to secure (regardless of cost) the best artists, and secondly the *tact* to use the means at command to the greatest advantage and to the delight of his audiences.

In classical music, where it is not intended to show off any individual instrument, the silvery bell-like tones from Reichert's flute, the rich and mellow sounds from Wuille's clarinet, the legitimate, reedy, subdued tones from Lavigne's oboe, are heard in the ensemble, to be sure, with finer effect than any other flute, clarinet, or oboe; but beyond this, Jullien's orchestra is only on a level with any other well drilled orchestra of the same strength, and Jullien himself stands also only equal to any other efficient leader. That he is an able contrapuntist as well as conductor, appeared in his last performance:—his Canto Fermo and Fugue, though as a composition rather light, is as a whole faultless and pleasing throughout. The "Chaos" from the "Creation," and the overture to the "Messiah" were led and performed by that orchestra more effectively (at least within my recollection) than anything of the kind ever heard in Boston. The Prayer from *Mose in Egitto*, and the two chorusses from the "Messiah" were equally fine, and the members of the "Mendelssohn Choral Society" seemed to be inspired as well as admirably sustained by such an excellent band and efficient leader. I heard the remark made that the orchestra was too powerful, but this is quite an erroneous idea, founded upon the hearing of our usually insufficient orchestras, which are generally, I may say always, too weak in stringed instruments, and consequently not only *not balanced*, but in the forte passages *not heard*. What proportion is there in four first violins, two basses, &c., against two hundred voices or more? Consequently it follows that the singers, not being

sufficiently sustained, are likely to go astray from perfect intonation.

A word more for the future. Those who have listened to Jullien's concerts will of course form their own opinion—but to those who on account of the price of admission (one dollar, which is after all no more than fifty cents each for two ordinary and often bad concerts)—to those I say, lay aside a ninepence a week, and when Jullien returns (as promised) in January next, go once and judge for yourselves.

WM. KEYZER.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

From my Diary. No. XXX.

NEW YORK, Oct. 31.—The *Herald* states this morning that the Italian Opera has fairly got a foothold among us, and follows up the statement by an account of Masaniello at Niblo's—an opera written in French style by a Frenchman and to a French Text!

Nov. 1.—One evening last week—moved thereto by what the venerable Doctor—(he that paid for the oysters that night) calls "a high old specimen of a criticism," in one of the Dailies, I stopped in at the Tabernacle to hear the Hutchinsons—Oh, Lordy!

I finally left one of them sinjin a song about "Bin-jin on the Rhine," and went in to hear Wood's Ethiopians—to take the taste out of my mouth. Made money by the operation, for I could laugh at their comicalities.

Nov. 3.—Joined a small party last evening to visit Frankenstein's Panorama of Niagara. We were all familiar with the faces, and unanimously pronounced this representation of them *excellent*. In some of the views the water is better painted than I ever saw in a transparency. What added to our pleasure was, that Frankenstein does *not* employ a half-fledged pianist to drum out Yankee Doodle on a tuneless pianoforte, during the exhibition.

Nov. 5.—F. has been telling me a couple of anecdotes of Rossini—authentic ones:

Jullien had already to some extent become the rage in Paris, but the dictum of some musical demigod was necessary to fix him firmly in his position as the great conductor. This he received from Rossini, who happened to be present one evening when the "Tell" overture was on the programme. After the performance he said to Jullien, "You alone have played my overture as I conceived it."

Berlioz is a man of great talent, very little genius, and a tremendous critic. One object of attack was Rossini's "Barber of Seville," which he did his best to write down, in the *Journal des Debats*. The fine finale to the 1st Act he characterized as *tapage*—noise, racket. Rossini took it all good naturedly, and his only revenge was, on one occasion, after listening to a piece of Berlioz, to say with a shrug, "Mon Dieu! What bad music this man might produce—if he only knew how to compose!"

Nov. 6.—Looking over a volume of an old German musical periodical I came across a notice by Tobias Haslinger, the Music publisher of Vienna, which relates to the matter of Beethoven's musical relics. This is part of it. The date, by the way, is December 1827.

"In the auction of Beethoven's effects which took place on the 5th, 6th, and 7th of November, I purchased, together with many manuscripts of this Master's known and printed works—such as Symphonies, Concertos, Quartets, Sonatas, Songs—also the original manuscript of his well known Septet,—and many as yet unknown original compositions of this distinguished Master, some of less, some of greater, some of extraordinary importance. Among them, especially worthy of note, are five packages of Studies, in composition and counterpoint, written in Beethoven's own hand, when studying with his master Albrechtsberger. Farther: a pianoforte Trio, which he composed when organist at Cologne*—a Sonatina for four hands—several Marches for military bands—several vocal pieces of importance, many songs, &c."

The rest of the notice is devoted to the "Characteristic Overture," which was afterward published as Opus

138, the "Glorious Moment," published with a new text, "Praise of Music," and the edition of Handel which Stumpf sent to Beethoven as a present, and which reached him on his death bed. This copy of Handel, in 40 vols., I recollect seeing in the Library of the "Society of Friends of Music," at Vienna, whither it was finally transferred.

Nov. 7.—"Is not our good friend the Diarist mistaken in speaking of the Dead March in "Samson" being played in Boston?"

The "Diarist," dear H. T., made merely a casual reference to the March which *was* played in *Samson* in Boston. In the only edition of that Oratorio with which I am familiar, "The March in Samson" is followed by the March in "Saul,"—both being printed. I have a strong impression of having read somewhere that Handel himself transferred the March from *Saul* to *Samson*, and had it so performed—am not sure of this. The oldest edition of the Oratorio which has come under my notice has them both. The Berlin Sing-Academie (which *left out* the part of Harapha) played the *Saul* March. I remember they took it up at a speed which changed its character almost to that of a quickstep; and I think that on turning to notices of the performance of *Samson* in England it will be found that there *Saul* has beaten *Samson* in the matter of the March.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOV. 12, 1853.

Germania Musical Society.

The second subscription concert, coming as it did between the secular and the sacred farewell of Jullien, might naturally have suffered both in audience and in interest, without surprising anybody. It was like a quiet, choice old picture placed between two very much larger, brighter, freshly colored specimens of modern French art. But the result was, that we were agreeably disappointed,—not with the concert, but with the public. The hall was seldom fuller, the interest never greater,—of course excepting some great extra occasions, when there is a "Choral Symphony," or something of that sort. And yet the programme, for a *Germania* programme, was hardly more than second-rate, containing for the classical amateur nothing new and nothing of positive interest besides the Gade symphony, the *Tannhäuser* overture, and the "Midsummer Night" *Nocturno*; and for the general public no such tempting baits as they kept dangling on their sunny waters all last season in the shapes of Alfred Jaell and Camille Urso.

But the pieces we have named would redeem any programme. It was truly a pleasure to recall once more the wild, dreamy, pensive, Northern, sea-shore mood and fancies of the C minor symphony of GADE. If it be true, what we have heard, that this first symphony, the Opus 5, of the young Danish composer, is better than its successors; that this Ossianic vein of his exhausts itself so soon, and grows monotonous, as do the poems called of "Ossian," then we would return and cling to this tantalizing first promise, and "suck melancholy" music "out of this song," as long as the charm will last. The spirit of Mendelssohn is felt in it, as has been always said of Gade's music; yet it is a fresh, original, true tone-poem. The impression this time of its several movements corresponded to the hasty notes in which we very briefly characterized them last year; to-wit:

The first movement, both in the contemplative, sea-shore mood of the slow introduction, and in the energy of the Allegro, reminded one repeatedly of Mendelssohn, and yet indicated plenty of

a certain strong, rugged individuality besides. The *Seherzo* is altogether original, with the wild, tempestuous, mad glee with which it sets out, then the lull broken by the mysterious sobs and gusts of reeds, and then that quaintest little dream of fairy revelries, in running triplets (*sextoles* we should have said), with the strings muted. The slow movement (*Andantino Grazioso*) is sweetly, solemnly, religiously composing, and absorbs all distracted thoughts in the "feeling" which is "deeper than all thought;" and the finale, which perhaps is the least remarkable of the four movements, with an old Danish melody for subject, has a wild Vikingir fire and emphasis, which fifty terminates this strange musical poem of the North.

And next it is set down in the same record, how "the performers, severally and collectively, seemed perfectly to realize the beautiful and strange spell of the music, and rendered it in all its energy and all its beauty." And if we could say this *then*, when the Germanians were only twenty-five, what should we say now that they are nearly fifty! In power and fulness it came out much better, while the fifty seemed as sympathetically imbued with the spirit of the music as the twenty last year. Indeed we have never listened to any performance of the Germanians with more satisfaction in the rendering. It took a little while at first, of course, to acclimate one's sense of hearing to the less salient, less brilliant, less voluminous sonority of such an orchestra, after the noonday blazing brightness of Jullien's tone-masses; but soon we were altogether at home in it again, so that it seemed as rich an element as ever, and filled the ear and mind quite satisfactorily. Spiced dishes cannot permanently persuade us that there is no flavor in the corn and fruits we liked in days of simpler habits.

Wagner's overture improves on acquaintance, and this time was both admirably played and received with general and deep attention and delight. Another opportunity was given to enter into deeper acquaintance with its beauties, as well as with those of the Gade symphony, at the last Wednesday afternoon rehearsal. The *Nocturno* of Mendelssohn was played in a more sympathetic tempo and with far more delicacy and purity of style, than it was at Jullien's "Mendelssohn night."

The remainder of the selections, as we have said, were rather ordinary. The overture to *Die Felsenmühle* belongs rather to the noisily weak melodramatic school of German overtures, which bear about the same relation to the *Fidelio's* and *Zauberflöten's*, that the Kotzebue dramas bear to "Tasso," "Egmont," or "Don Carlos." In its loud Janissary beginning we could hear nothing but the drum; whether the fault lay in the instrumentation of the piece itself, or in the quality of the drum, (of course not in the drummer,) which seemed to us not quite so musical and true as sometimes, we know not. Of Jullien's whole army of drums, even in his loudest cannonadings, we never noticed that they covered up the other instruments.

Mr. SCHULTZE executed a very difficult, but not very interesting violin show-piece, composed by Bazzini, in a skilful and artist-like manner; but the imperative *encore* that followed plainly asked for something which that was not; namely, for some simple, genuine music like the "Sounds of Home," which was applauded for its own sake, because it was enjoyed and actually did make music in the hearers' souls.

Miss PINTARD's principal selection was again

* It should be "when organist to the Elector of Cologne." The Electoral Court was at Bonn.

unfortunate. *Ah non giunge* not only overtaken her powers of execution, but was another instance of the bad effect of transposing a melody, which has its home among the sunny, bright, soprano tones, down to the contralto register. Alboni did it, but Alboni is more than a contralto. The simple melody of Schubert, *Les Adieux*, or the "Last Greeting," was much more within her scope; but it was a great mistake to omit striking up to that single high note (high only relatively) by which alone the composer saves the song from monotony, making all the difference between a dull tune, as it was sung, and a most expressive and beautiful melody, as it is written. Why will not Miss Pintard, for her operatic selections, give us some of those beautiful arias and romanzas actually written for the contralto part?

Jullien's Sacred Concert.

On Sunday evening we had the last and the best of this remarkable series of orchestral performances. It was a solid, satisfying programme, exceptional as it must ever appear to represent oratorio music by an orchestra alone. The Hall was crowded, and all seemed to listen with peculiar relish to a more serious and quiet kind of music than the quadrilles and show-pieces of the week-day evenings.

The selections from "Elijah" were sung or recited by the instruments with a delightful force and positiveness of outline, and richness of contrasted color, to say nothing of the greater purity of intonation, which we so seldom hear in difficult vocal performances; yet of course there was wanting the breadth and massiveness of a great multitude of singers. These selections, short and taken at wide intervals in the oratorio, were dovetailed together into almost one continued piece, sometimes just touching a thing and leaving it in a tantalizing way to one who knows and loves the "Elijah." It began with the opening recitative of the prophet, which precedes the overture: "*Thus saith the Lord: there shall not be dew nor rain these years,*" &c., quite imposingly rendered in those large and solid tones of the ophicleid. The overture itself we were denied, and there immediately followed the tenor recitative and air: "*If with all your hearts.*" This seemed not very happily assigned to the dry and hawking tones of the bassoon, though it was beautifully played. Of course there were all the means and instrumentalities in this orchestra for the wild "Baal" chorus. Again the mighty ophicleid, an exceptional or monster instrument for the most part, found its legitimate place in that exceptional cast iron song: "*Is not his word like a fire and like a hammer that breaketh,*" &c.; a song for which no human bass is ponderous and hard enough. Another beautiful tenor song: "*Then shall the righteous shine,*" expressively sung by KOENIG's cornet, was borrowed from the close of the oratorio, and made to lead into the finale of the first part, the great chorus of thanks for the coming of rain after drought. It was a capital study on this splendid composition to hear all its intermingling parts so boldly and distinctly brought out, and with such striking contrasts of coloring, by those instruments. How sublimely those strange chords and modulations, which seem like the cooling of the air, were brought out by the brass instruments!—Mlle. ANNA ZERR sang the lovely soprano melody, "*Hear ye, Israel,*" with

great purity and sweetness of voice, reminding one in the first phrases, by a certain color of her tones, of Mme. Goldschmidt; but for the bold, assuring, trumpet-like declamation of the following strain: "*I, I am he that comforteth*" she was as inadequate as the LIND was gloriously all-sufficient.

Jullien's "*Canto Fermo* and Fugue," from his *Pietro il Grande*, came next and made a much deeper impression on the audience, now in a more serious listening mood, than it did amid the noisier medley of his benefit night.

The pieces from Rossini's "Stabat Mater," including the introductory chorus, the *Pro Peccatis* (sung by the ophicleid), and the *Cujus Animam* (by the cornet), were as effective as mere instruments could make them;—the last piece more effective than most tenor voices make it. Herr Koenig threw a deal of expression into it, though he rather held back the movement in giving sentimental importance to each note.

Haydn's instrumental description of "Chaos" we have never heard made so graphic and so interesting. In the overture to the "Messiah," the violins took up the long figurative fugue theme with great power and *gusto*. The first chorus; "*Glory to God,*" we should have been better pleased to have heard sung, inasmuch as the whole "Mendelssohn Choral Society" were there, who did sing, with much effectiveness, the "Wonderful" and "Hallelujah" choruses. The grand bursts on the words "Wonderful," "Counsellor," &c., would have been grander had both instruments and voices been subdued to something near a *pianissimo* in the preceding phrases. "*Comfort ye, my people*" was delivered in Herr KOENIG's tasteful style.

The new choral society also performed, earlier in the evening, the prayer from "Moses in Egypt." There were some 250 voices, apparently well balanced, which flowed in with a satisfying breadth and fulness in the subdued and sombre harmonies with which the prayer opens. The tenor voices sounded rich and true, and there was such a body of contralto as we have missed in almost all our choral societies. This society will let us hear the entire "Messiah" on Christmas evening.

NATIVE CLASSICAL COMPOSERS.—There is both sweet and bitter in the following, from the London *Athenæum*:

Having been led away from American essays on and at music, to notice a curiosity belonging to a different world and epoch, we must take a fresh paragraph to announce the publication at Leipsic of a Quartet by Mr. C. C. Perkins, the gentleman of whom the *Athenæum* has already spoken as the first American who has devoted himself to classical instrumental composition. So far as we can judge of this Quartet by examining its single parts, the themes appear pleasing—the working of them neat—and the taste of the whole laudable, as eschewing the modern defects calling themselves romanticisms, against which there is reason to warn American musical imagination. We fancy that this may be to apt to begin where other worlds have ended. The minor German composers and *Kapellmeisters*—who have emigrated in such profusion to the Land of Promise—are not (as the race now goes) calculated to exercise a favorable influence on Transatlantic invention. The executive means and modes brought into the country by the *exodus* of German instrumentalists will be purchased dearly, if they be conveyed thither by a class of enthusiasts who begin to teach their new pupils and publics from the last Quartets and Symphony of Beethoven, before his

first are thoroughly comprehended.—On this ground, we shall look for further appearances of Mr. Perkins with more than common interest.

It is gratifying to find the labors of our townsman, in so high and classical a sphere of Art, appreciated in so high a quarter. But we suspect that Mr. Perkins is wholly innocent of any such intentional conservative propagandism as Mr. Chorley would attribute to him. When he had the good sense to follow older and maturer models in the composition of his first Quartet, we doubt if he did it to divert his countrymen away from, or to close their ears against, good new things different from said models. This critic's fling at the German enthusiasts who come here to teach us the beauties of the "Choral Symphony," &c., is uncalled for. Beethoven's eight first symphonies (every one of them) had been known and loved for years in Boston, before the ninth was offered us; and if we have begun to love that also, nay, and to find some charm in Robert Schumann and in the overture to *Tannhäuser*, why should the London critic feel unhappy?

But every one to his own taste. We are glad of a plea for drawing attention to the earnest ambition which begins to be evinced by quite a number of our young American students of music. Besides this Quartet of Mr. Perkins, we also hear of one by Mr. J. C. D. Parker, at Leipsic, and of still a third, by Mr. Francis Boott, who has for several years been studying under a learned Italian master at Rome,—all three Bostonians. It is but fair that these firstlings should meet some sort of recognition, at least have a hearing, here at home. Would not our "Mendelssohn Quintet Club" do well, in addition to their representations of the classical models, to devote an hour now and then, say at public afternoon rehearsals, to trials or readings of such new essays?

Music and Manners.

It is high time that some standard of good manners and good breeding should be recognized in concert rooms, as well as in parlors, legislative halls and churches; that some inward law of mutual respect and courtesy should manifest itself at feasts of artistic harmony no less than at dinner tables. But one with shame and sorrow must confess that many an one who prides himself on gentlemanly deportment elsewhere, displays the most ungentlemanly, boorish insolence and disregard of others' rights and of all obvious proprieties in musical assemblies. Propriety, with real gentlemen and ladies, is an ever present instinct, not a sheepish imitation, practiced only in those spheres where fashion takes their actions out of their own hands, and ceasing when they stray out of their wonted element into the sphere of a concert room or picture gallery. What instinct of propriety shines in the actions or the faces of many of the prominent young would-be "gentlemen" and "ladies," who go to concerts and rehearsals. Our "fast" young men must look to their dignity, and take care that they fling not too openly away the thing on which they most do pride themselves. "Young America" here sends us a confession; may it bear fruits of true repentance.

To the Editor:

Dear Sir,—I have experienced so much delight in attending the Germanians' rehearsals, that I am very anxious indeed to express it; I really am inclined to think that Wednesday afternoon is, to me, the pleasantest of the week—to go to the Music Hall, pay only twelve-and-a-half cents, and enjoy myself, I am confident to at least the amount of a dollar. In the first place they say the music is very fine.—I have no doubt of it; in fact I think it must be, but I fear I have very little taste for the art—

I never listen. Still, I always enjoy myself sufficiently. There are innumerable sources of pleasure, and, I assure you, I never fail to avail myself of them.—For instance—I like to discover a few vacant seats in the middle of the first balcony, and, accompanied by some friends, to rush noisily for them during the performance of some delicate pianissimo, thereby disturbing and incommoding every one. I seat myself, and gaze innocently round, apparently wondering why so many indignant glances are cast upon me. Then after remaining perhaps half-a-minute in the seat which I have gained by such incredible exertion, I spring up suddenly, and, followed by my friends, plunge towards the door, not forgetting to slam it violently after me, and make my exit. Oh! Sir, I assure you that all this is very exhilarating.

Again—I admire to get seated behind some middle-aged ladies who nonsensically profess a liking for the performance, and to make such a noise as to cause them to exclaim ironically—"Wonder what some people come here for!"—then to remark, casually, "Don't you think, Fred, that some of these old girls come here to show their fancy new bonnets?"—thereby causing Fred to explode, while I remain perfectly impassible. This also is decidedly rich.

Then again, it delights me beyond measure to wantonly keep a door open, and allow the cold air to rush in; I appear perfectly unconscious, while every body turns and twists as if they were on pins. And it is so charming to gaze at the pretty girls pertinaciously, through my eye-glass, (I carry an eye-glass, though Fred says, impudently, that there is no occasion for it.) If they turn up their noses, it is very funny; if they smile, it is delightful; I am only annoyed when a young lady appears not to notice me at all. However, that seldom happens.

Let no one dispute the attractions to a young man about town, of the rehearsals. Let any of your readers visit the Music Hall next Wednesday afternoon, and they may see for themselves how we enjoy ourselves.

Respectfully yours,
YOUNG AMERICA.

Musical Intelligence.

Local.

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.—There is no time to be lost in securing tickets for the eight classical evenings, which lie before us in inviting prospect. The subscription lists are filling up well at the music stores.

OTTO DRESEL, it will be seen, has modified somewhat the announcement of his Musical Soirées. All particulars, as to place, times, &c., may be learned at the music stores, where subscription lists will be found. Among the good things which he has in store for us are: the Concerto of Bach, for three pianos, the Septor of Hummel, the Quintet of Schumann, Trios by Mendelssohn and Beethoven, Sonatas of Beethoven, for piano alone, or with violoncello, many compositions of Chopin, &c., &c. Those who got the taste of it last year, must certainly respond promptly to all this.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—The concert generously given by Gottschalk, for the benefit of Mr. A. M. Leland, music-dealer (our excellent agent), and one of the most serious losers by the recent fire, was very successful and yielded a large sum.

PORTLAND, ME.—Our music season promises to open grandly. We are to be treated first to a concert from those unsurpassed musicians, the Germanians,—for we cannot doubt that our citizens will respond heartily to the call for subscriptions to their proposed series of concerts. Next comes Miss ANNA STONE, a vocalist of brilliant gifts, who with her assistants, Müller, Jungnickel, and Arthurson, cannot fail to call out a large audience, and to delight them all. Then we shall undoubtedly hear from Jungnickel's Band, the Sacred Music Society, Prof. Crouch, the Wheelocks, and others of our own musicians and vocalists, whose powers of pleasing are not behind any. Altogether, we think our people will be cared for, as respects musical matters.

Portland Transcript.

Foreign.

Mr. BENEDICT has returned to London, from a tour in Germany. At Dresden he had the honor of standing godfather to Jenny Lind's first-born, who has been named Otto Walter Goldschmidt.

FRANZ LISZT.—This celebrated artist is now in Paris. To-day, October 22nd, is the anniversary of his birth. He was born at Rading, in Hungary, October 22nd, 1811; and consequently numbers this day 42 years.

FREDERIC FRANCOIS CHOPIN, the celebrated composer and pianist, was born near Varsovie, in 1810, and died on October 17th, 1849, aged 36 years.

MARIA MILANOLLO.—Yesterday was the anniversary of the death of this extraordinary violiniste. She died in Paris on the 21st of October, 1848, aged only 16 years.

Advertisements.

CHAMBER CONCERTS.

The Mendelssohn Quintette Club

Respectfully inform the Musical Public of Boston that their

FIRST CONCERT

Of the Series of Eight, will take place

On Tuesday Evening, Nov. 22nd,

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Tickets for the Series of Eight, Three Dollars. Subscription lists may be found at the Music Stores.

Subscribers will have their Tickets delivered to them immediately.

PUBLIC REHEARSALS.

THE GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY will give PUBLIC REHEARSALS at the Boston Music Hall every WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, at 3 o'clock, commencing Oct. 26.

The full Orchestra will perform at the Rehearsals. Admission:—Packages containing eight tickets \$1, to be had at the Music Stores, and at the door. Single tickets 25 cents. oct 29

MUSICAL SOIRÉES.

OTTO DRESEL, encouraged by the reception of his Concerts last winter, proposes soon to commence a SECOND ANNUAL SERIES OF

FOUR SOIRÉES,

at a time and place to be hereafter specified. The programmes will be made up with the same care and selectness as the former series, and in the rendering of Duos, Trios, Quartets, etc., etc., he will be assisted by members of the GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY. Subscription for the Series, \$3 00. oct 29

ORATORIO.

The Mendelssohn Choral Society,

CARL BERGMANN, Conductor,

WILL PERFORM

"THE MESSIAH,"

On Christmas Evening, Sunday, Dec. 25th,

AT TREMONT TEMPLE,

ASSISTED BY

The Germania Musical Society.

Particulars to be given in future. Nov. 12.

CLASSICAL MATINÉES.

THE undersigned, resident artists of Boston, intend to give a Series of Classical Concerts during next winter, in which the best works of the great composers will be performed; such as Quartets, Quintets, Septets, Trios, Duos and Solos; by Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Hummel, Weber, Cherubini, etc. The programme will be made more attractive by Vocal performances between the different pieces, as also Solos for Horn, Violoncello, Piano, Violin, etc., occasionally. Many greater compositions, as, Quartets, Quintets, and Septets for Piano with String and Wind instruments, will be produced, which have never been publicly performed in Boston. To accommodate Ladies and others out of town, we propose to give our Concerts in the afternoon. The time and place will be announced hereafter. The subscription is \$3 for the Series of Eight Concerts. Single tickets 50 cents each.

Subscription lists will be found at the different Music Stores.

H. ECKHARDT, } VIOLINS. CH. EICHLER, ALTO.
WM. KEYZER, } Sept. 3. TH. MAASS, VIOLONCELLO.
H. PERABEAU, PIANIST.

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MISS MARIA FRIES, lately arrived from Germany, respectfully announces her intention of giving instruction in the GERMAN LANGUAGE, either in private lessons or in classes. Communications addressed to her, or to her brothers, August or Wulf Fries, No 17 Franklin place, will receive immediate attention.

References—Professor Henry W. Longfellow, of Cambridge; Doct. Wesselhoeft, Bernard Roelker, Esq. John S. Dwight, Esq. Nov. 12.

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N. B.—As it is understood by some that this and the manufactory of George Stevens are one and the same, we wish to state distinctly that it is not connected in any way whatever.

Wm. Stevens, Horatio Davies, Jas. Jewett.
Nov. 12, 6t.

EUPHONIA,

THE GREAT GLEE BOOK, is now ready. Euphonia, a Collection of Glee and part Songs, selected and composed for the use of Musical Conventions, Teachers, Institutes and Singing Clubs. By Professors Chas. F. Heubner and H. Perabeau. It is literally a book of musical gems, and we believe will be so considered by the musical world.

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Nov. 12. 4t

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Oct. 22, 6t

MME. L. ZIMMERMANN,

PIANIST TO HER IMPERIAL MAJESTY, MARIA PAULOWNA, PRINCESS OF RUSSIA, late GRAND DUCHESS OF SAXE WEIMAR, respectfully informs the citizens of Boston that she is prepared to give lessons on the Piano-Forte. Having enjoyed for two years the superior instruction of J. N. HONNELL, the well known Pianist and Composer, and being in possession of a recommendation from this great master, she feels confident of giving general satisfaction.

She will be present from 11 A. M. to 1 P. M. at Mr. N. Richardson's new Music Store, No. 282 Washington Street, to receive applications for lessons.

2t

nov 5

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TEACHER OF MUSIC,

Nov. 5, 3m.

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nov 5

JONAS CHICKERING,

PIANO-FORTE MANUFACTURER,

MASONIC TEMPLE, Tremont Street,

HAVING removed from his former location in Washington Street, and fitted up Warerooms in the above named beautiful building, is now prepared to attend upon such of his friends and the public as may honor him with a call. His time for the past six months having been exclusively devoted to endeavors to render his manufacture more perfect than ever, he is confident of being able to fully satisfy all who are desirous of possessing a good instrument.

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Mr. C. flatters himself that his experience and reputation of thirty years, must convince all who anticipate purchasing, that this is the best testimonial that he can offer of the excellence of his Pianos, and of the satisfaction which has invariably been manifested with regard to all the qualities which constitute an unexceptionable instrument.

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Masonic Temple, Tremont Street,

Oct. 8. 1t

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THE Musical Public is respectfully informed that a New Edition of Bertini's celebrated Method of Piano-Forte Instruction is in course of preparation, which will contain the New and Important Revisions of the Author, (not contained in any present American edition), embracing very important studies, rendering this work the most attractive and thorough to teachers and scholars of any ever published. It will be issued in a style surpassing in beauty, durability and convenience all previous works of the kind.

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MR. RICHARDSON has resided in Europe for the last five years, during which time he availed himself of the instruction of the most distinguished Teachers of Composition and the Piano-Forte, for the purpose of acquiring a thorough practical knowledge of MUSIC. While there, he became personally acquainted with all of the most celebrated publishers, and dealers in Music, and learned their peculiar methods of transacting business, with a view of establishing a Music Store in this city. Profiting by the knowledge acquired by visiting the Music Stores on the continent of Europe, as well as those in England, Mr. RICHARDSON formed a plan, differing from that of every other, and which he flatters himself possesses decided improvements over all.

In fitting up his Store, his object has been to make it an attractive resort for the Ladies, and the musical profession generally, and no expense has been spared towards rendering it every way worthy the patronage of the public,—and he trusts it will be the means of encouraging and improving the taste for Music among all classes.

The stock of Music comprises the most complete collection, of both Foreign and American, ever offered to the public. It was selected by the proprietor himself, and he has endeavored to avoid that which is not of an instructive character,—seeking rather to elevate the taste to the highest standard of Musical excellence. A Catalogue of the Music is being prepared, and will soon be issued.

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The above Music Store comprises two departments—American and Foreign. Mr. J. M. FOYE, who has had many years' experience in the business, in this city, will take charge of the American department; and Mons. A. HILL, from the celebrated publishing house of Brandus & Co., of Paris, will have charge of the Foreign department. And the Proprietor trusts, by devoting his whole attention to business, to receive a liberal share of patronage. Being in constant correspondence with many eminent Professors and Publishers of Music abroad, he will at all times be happy to give any information with regard to musical matters that may be in his power.

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PIANO-FORTES, of the best German, French, and American manufacture, selected and sent to any part of the United States, at the lowest Cash prices. Mr. R. will WARRANT every instrument he recommends, and will assume the whole responsibility of a safe arrival at the residence of the purchaser.

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Mr. R. is a subscriber for all the Musical Journals published in England, France, Germany, Italy, and America, and they may always be found in the Saloon connected with his Store.

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Tickets for the first class concerts may always be found at the Musical Exchange. Also subscriptions taken for the leading Musical papers published in Europe and America.

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Composed and compiled from the works of the most eminent modern and classical authors and teachers, comprising a complete course of instruction, based upon a new principle,

PROGRESSIVE IN ITS CHARACTER,

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oct 29

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Apr. 10.

1t

J. TRENKLE,

TEACHER OF THE PIANO-FORTE.

Residence No. 56 Kneeland Street.

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Concert Programmes, Tickets, &c.

PRINTED NEATLY & PROMPTLY
AT THIS OFFICE.

PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION.

G. A. SCHMITT, (From Germany),

TEACHER OF THE PIANO-FORTE.

IS now prepared to give lessons at the residence of pupils or at his own residence, rear of No. 411 Washington Street.

Refers to the following gentlemen: JOHN S. DWIGHT, JONAS CHICKERING, Esq., HALLETT, DAVIS & Co., OLIVER DITSON. Oct. 8.

THOMAS RYAN respectfully informs his pupils that he has returned to town for the season, and will resume his instructions in Harmony and Thorough Bass, Piano-Forte, Flute, Clarinet, Violin, etc. Ladies desirous of studying Thorough Bass in small private classes, will please leave communications at his residence, No. 5 Franklin St., or at G. P. Reed & Co.'s music store.

Boston, September 24, 1853.

SIGNOR CORELLI begs leave to announce to his friends and pupils that he has returned to the city, and may be found at his rooms, No. 20 Temple Place, or at the Tremont House. Sept. 17.

L. H. SOUTHARD,

TEACHER OF MUSIC,

265 Washington Street, Boston.

Oct. 16.

3m

MRS. ROSA GARCIA DE RIBAS,

TEACHER OF THE

PIANOFORTE, SINGING & GUITAR,

2 Seneca St., corner Harrison Avenue.

MR. De RIBAS will give instruction on the Oboe and Flute. Also MUSIC ARRANGED, TRANSPOSED, &c. Boston, April 23.

3m

L. O. EMERSON,

Teacher of the Piano-Forte and Singing.

ACTUALLY AT HIS RESIDENCE,

No. 12 INDIANA PLACE, BOSTON.

iii 13 3m.

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Instruction on the Piano, Violin & Cultivation of the Voice.

MUSIC-ROOM, No. 17 GRAY'S BLOCK, corner Washington

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RESIDENCE, at the WINTHROP HOUSE, BOSTON.

References.

J. CHICKERING, J. P. JEWETT, GEO. PUNCHARD, Esqs., Boston.

GEORGE PRADY, B. H. SILSBEE, Esqs., Salem.

Oct. 1, 3m.

ANDREAS T. THORUP,

TEACHER OF THE PIANO-FORTE,

No. 84 Pinckney Street.

Lessons given either at Mr. T.'s house, or at the residence of the pupil. Application may be made at the music-stores of Geo. P. Reed & Co. or T. T. Barker. Sept. 17, 3m.

T. BRICHER,

Organist and Conductor of Music

At the Bowdoin Square Church.

OFFICE UNDER THE CHURCH. . . . ENTRANCE ON CHARDON ST

Jan. 22. 3m.

F. F. MÜLLER,

DIRECTOR OF MUSIC AND ORGANIST at the Old South Church; ORGANIST of the Handel and Haydn Society; ORGANIST of the Musical Education Society, &c. &c. &c. Residence, No. 3 Winter Place, Boston.

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Germania Serenade Band.

THE SERVICES OF THIS ASSOCIATION can be secured by applying to

G. SCHNAPP, Leader,

364 Tremont Street.

ii 14 1t

A. W. FRENZEL

RESPECTFULLY gives notice that he is commencing a new term with Scholars on the PIANO-FORTE. Orders may be left at G. P. Reed's or T. T. Barker's Music Stores, or at his residence,

Oct. 15.

No. 4 Pine St., Boston.

F. SUCK,

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and pupils that he has removed to

No. 352 TREMONT STREET.

No. 21 School St.

NO. 7.

Alas! when thou so proudly left us,
Her heart was closed to all our strains:

O turn thee back, thou valiant singer,
Keep not thy song from ours afar,—
Back to our tuneful banquets bring her,
Still o'er us shine her virgin star!

Tannhäuser repeats that name with the accent of unexpected joy, and finally, overcome in his strange resistance, he exclaims: "To her! to her! O lead me back to her!"

At Tannhäuser's unlooked for return the princess revives. In his tender love for his daughter, the landgrave conceives the idea of a new minstrels' contest, of which he proclaims her queen. Persuaded that Tannhäuser will again bear off the victory, he promises to refuse no prize to the victor of that day, and he chooses Love as the theme of their songs. Wolfram begins, himself an enthusiast for Elizabeth, but with that spiritual love that rejoices in self-sacrifice and seeks only the happiness of the beloved object, even at the expense of its own:—Wolfram, who leads the easily forgetting loved one back to her, from whom he can himself expect no other confession than the verse in Schiller's ballad:

Ritter, treue Schwesterliebe
Widmet euch dies Herz,
Fordert keine andre Liebe, &c.

But like the Ritter Toggenburg, while he knows himself not loved, he still loves on; and this self-renunciation, which bows the soul down in its excess of hidden energy, betrays itself in his song, full of mute adoration for the feeling, which finds its only satisfaction in its own self-mortifying persistency.

Tannhäuser rises and sings how he too, better than any one, knows that fountain of bliss and inspiration, of which Wolfram sang:

O evermore with feverish yearning
The sparkling spring I see, and fain
Must cool this thirst within me burning,
Nor will the eager lips refrain.

Walther von der Vogelweide sings:

I tell thee this, O Henry, hear it:
The fountain, it is Virtue, sure,
And thou must fervently revere it,
And bow thee at a shrine so pure.
But if thy lips thereto thou touchest,
Thy wanton passion heat to quell;
Or but too near the brink approachest,
Thou dost dissolve the wondrous spell.

Tannhäuser resumes the strain more vehemently, of which the burthen is: All creatures are created for enjoyment, and only in enjoyment can true love be known. The unworthy strain excites the virtuous ire of Biterolf, who with a warlike impetuosity and in a contemptuous, perhaps jealous tone, challenges him to another contest:

For woman's honor, stainless treasure,
As knight I ever wield a sword,
But naught see I in aimless pleasure,
That's worth a blow, or worth a word.

A storm of applause interrupts Biterolf, as well as all the adversaries of Tannhäuser, who replies with bitterness:

Ha! foolish prattler, Biderolf!
Sing'st thou of love, thou angry wolf?
What joys well worth enjoying seem
To me, thou truly dost not dream.
What bliss hath wretch like thee e'er tasted?
Thy life is poor in love, I trow.
What golden joys on thee are wasted,
In sooth were hardly worth a blow!

Tumult ensues; the rattling of swords follows the accords of harps. Wolfram tries to restore the peace, to banish all disturbance from the hall, and from that hallowed presence; he apostrophizes

Love in a strain of the highest inspiration, striving to sing its praises worthily and purely; he prays that his song may win the prize of heavenly sanctification and that all sin may be banished out of that pure and noble circle. Tannhäuser, beside himself through the taunts and rage and malice of which he is the mark, scarcely hears him and attunes a song to the praise of the heaven goddess:

To thee, Love's Queen, be all my songs resounding!
Now shall thy praise be sung aloud by me!
Thy charm's the spring of beauty all abounding,
And all sweet miracles do spring from thee.
In eager arms who'er hath clasped thee glowing,
What Love is, *he*, he only may recount:—
Tame, shivering souls, such ecstasy ne'er knowing,
Away! and seek the mystic Venus mount!

A cry of horror escapes every breast. The noble ladies fly, affrighted by the name that so offends their chastity. The men all draw their swords at once and rush upon the desperate sinner, whose long absence is now at last explained. But Elizabeth, who at first had felt crushed down by this fearful revelation, throws herself instantly between their swords, and covers him with her virgin body, as with a shining shield:

Back! I care not for death!
What is the wound your swords can make, compared
With the death-thrust I have received from him?

While all are astounded that she has the courage to defend the knight, who has betrayed her, she exclaims:

"Why think of me? But he,—his weal!
His hope of heaven will ye rob from him?"

She claims for him the right of repentance, the benefit of Christ's blood, the appeal to divine mercy, which can forgive more than man can sin:

"See me, the virgin; he hath blasted
All my young bloom by one fell stroke,—
In secret love my whole soul fasted
For him whose glee my heart-strings broke:—
I pray for him, his life, his hope of heaven;
His mournful steps to sure repentance guide!
The power of faith to him be newly given,
Whereas for him the dear Redeemer died!"

And the heroic virgin gains the life of her beloved. What divine or human sternness could have resisted virtue so persuasive and so eloquent in love? Touched and confounded, all draw back, and Tannhäuser, crushed to earth by such a love, whose pure glow bids hope spring again upon the very brink of sheer despair, rushes forth, to join the procession of pilgrims on their way to Rome, there to seek pardon for his fearful sins.

[To be continued.]

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

A Pilgrimage to Salisbury Cathedral.

BY A BOSTON ARCHITECT.

(Concluded from p. 43.)

"Still points the tower, and pleads the bell,
The solemn arches breathe in stone,
Window and wall have lips to tell
The mighty faith of days unknown:—
They filled these aisles with many a thought,
They bade each nook some truth recall,
The pillar'd arch its legend brought,
A doctrine came with roof and wall."

The vergers of the Cathedral, a respectful and intelligent, though somewhat corpulent official,—who informed me that he had once been the Bishop's head butler,—and who, I suppose, had been promoted to his present snug position in reward for his faithful services in that responsible

capacity,—received me with a grave bow at the door of the north-western porch, and conducted me without delay over the whole interior of the building. It is not my present purpose, nor would it be interesting to the general reader, to enter into any minute or technical description of this portion of the edifice. Suffice it to say that the very injudicious restorations perpetrated by the barbarous Wyatt, at the latter end of the last century, have much disfigured its general appearance, and what the lapse of years had failed to effect, has thus been in part accomplished by his ignorant and tasteless alterations. The spectator, however, cannot fail to be deeply impressed by the noble breadth and simplicity of the original pile. The vaulting is plainly and boldly executed, rising to the height of about eighty feet from the pavement, and the arches are adorned with an effective series of deep mouldings, beneath which the slender columns look still more airy and elegant, from their divisions into many separate shafts of dark Purbeck marble. The altar was removed by Wyatt from its proper situation to the farther end of the Lady Chapel, throwing down at the same time the screen which divided the latter from the choir,—and many of the tombs and other ornaments seem to have been re-arranged by him in the most arbitrary manner, and without the least regard to ancient principles of propriety or the commonest dictates of sense and taste. These lamentable arrangements are continued to the present day,—and, together with the bare, cold windows, stripped of all their richly painted glass by the hand of puritan fanaticism, and shorn of all their former glory, remain as mute though eloquent witnesses to the height of ancient excellence, and the depth of modern degeneracy.

It is, however, a matter of much congratulation to every liberal lover of art, that a better and more reverent spirit is now abroad. The restorations now going on at Ely,* and which I subsequently visited with a feeling of the highest pleasure, show how fully the style of the best ages is now understood,—leaving us little to regret in the way of mediæval execution, or even of the long neglected principles of pointed design.

The fading twilight of the interior and the deepening shadows of the old tombs, at length reminded my guide that it was time for us to retire. As we recrossed the footworn threshold, the heavy oak door closed behind us with a solemn reverberation, and the profound stillness of six centuries seemed to resume its rightful sway over the vast structure. The vergers went away, leaving me alone on the green. But with not a movement in the air, nor a living thing near, the spot had a charm for me which I was not willing to break. I felt that I was left alone there, with the spirit of hoar antiquity,—and face to face with the very ages of chivalry, and "the mighty faith of days unknown." I sat on a chain-rail in the close till it was quite dark, watching the shadows darken in the recesses, and the last tints of light fade away on the spire, till the whole of the majestic pile assumed a sombre and gloomy indistinctness of outline, far more impressive to the mind than the sharpness and certainty of daylight. Its huge dimensions acquired a still more imposing grandeur, while its mystic quietude seemed to enshrine a haven of

* Under the direction of the accomplished Mr. Scott, of Spring Gardens, London, to whom also has been confided the rebuilding of the fine church of St. George, at Doncaster.

sweet security from the turmoil, the anxiety and the busy fears of the outward world. And I thought, as I at length turned to leave the spot, that the mind which could not see the deepest poetry in every line of its lengthening vista, would listen with cold indifference to the inspired harmonies of Beethoven, or turn with apathy from the golden pages of *Paradise Lost*. For myself, I can truly say that I came away impressed

"Not only with the sense
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thought
That in this moment there was life and food
For future years."

The next morning found me early at the gate, and eager to ascend to the upper portions of the building. A bright-eyed lively boy of thirteen presented himself as my guide,—piloting me up a winding stone staircase scooped out of one of the corner turrets, to the battlements at the top of the Tower, two hundred and twelve feet from the ground. Standing here, behind and above me rose the great spire, profusely crocketed, and sculptured with ornamented bands of stone, to the fearful height of two hundred feet more. Access to the very top is practicable,—but is not generally permitted to visitors, and as the view was already so extensive and so beautiful, I felt no inclination to attempt any infringement of the usual rule. Beneath lay the Cathedral Close,—its lofty elms looking from this height like bushes of foliage close to the ground,—the Cloisters, where walked and prayed the studious monks of old, and which had fallen into a partial decay, now beautifully repaired, and restored from the ravages of time and neglect by the munificence of the present Bishop,—the episcopal palace with its trim gardens, neat walks and fantastic clipped hedges,—and beyond these the curious old city, looking like the toy-box towns which children delight to arrange,—all spreading out like a gay map at the spectator's feet. Three miles away lay the noble domain of Wilton House, the seat of the Earl of Pembroke,—standing in a richly wooded park, in whose broad walks, and under whose quiet shade walked and mused "the flower of chivalry," Sir Philip Sydney, and here wrote his *Arcadia*, amid its secluded and congenial scenes. Still nearer, one might recognize the little hamlet of Bemerton, where lived and ministered George Herbert, the author of *The Temple*,—"one of those spirits scattered along the track of ages," says Bishop Doane, "to show us how nearly the human may, by grace, attain to the angelic nature." The sunny slopes and waving wheat fields of the Wiltshire Hills hemmed in, at a distance, the exquisite panorama, through which flowed the silver Avon, on its way to the sea. The pretty river gleamed and sparkled in the sunshine, and marked its passage through the landscape with a line of fertility, but there is nothing particularly remarkable about it in this part of its course, except its name. Though an entirely different stream, it still bears, singularly enough, the same title with that of the placid river, so consecrated through all the world by its association with the birth-place, the home and the grave of the immortal Shakspeare.

The site of the ruined and abandoned city of Old Sarum lies a little distance away, to the north,—its precise locality marked only by a clump of flourishing trees. The moats of the ancient fortifications are said to be still quite perfect, but at this distance they are not discernible to the eye. The history of this once populous

and important place, the dead mother of the flourishing city which now overlooks its decay, presents a singular and interesting exception to the usual course of municipal chronicles. An important military post of the Romans, it was still further fortified and enlarged by the great king Alfred, and in the earlier part of the thirteenth century possessed a numerous, and for those days active population, with a Cathedral of considerable size and splendor. The local guide books assert that the extent of this now entirely demolished structure is still distinctly marked out, by the outline drawn by the sun in a dry summer day upon the rich cornfields which now occupy the site. The city indeed was of such importance as to retain in later days, and as a recognition of its ancient power, two members of Parliament, even down to the Reform Act of 1830. But quarrels continually arose between the military and the ecclesiastical magnates of the place,—there could not be two Cæsars in Rome,—and matters at last came to such a pass that the high-spirited Bishop resolved to remove the Cathedral. With the shrine went too, the worshippers,—the majority of the citizens followed the lead of the bold churchman and left the governor to lord it alone over their deserted homes. One generation thus witnessed the removal of the entire city, and the vast mound where Briton and Roman, Saxon, Dane, and Norman successively held their iron sway, now resounds only to the rustling leaves of trees that seem almost primeval in their growth,—to the bleating of sheep, or to the footfall of the tourist, as he explores the curious traces of its former glory.

It must not be supposed that my mercurial little guide left me entirely to the uninterrupted contemplation of the scene. As we were groping up the dark and narrow staircase together, he had confided to me that he combined this congenial branch of employment with the more arduous duty of tolling the great bell twice a day for service. In this double capacity, however, he appeared not unwilling to acknowledge that he acted only as subservient to the ex-butler, whose shortness of wind would, I fancy, prove an insuperable bar to his own frequent indulgence in these, or any similar exercises. But I cannot say that the substitution was in all respects an agreeable one to myself, since the staid gravity of the elder functionary certainly formed no part in the character or behavior of his youthful deputy. Among other eccentricities,—which in fairness I suppose must be set down only as the normal condition of his age and sex,—he had contracted an exciting though not particularly safe habit of lying horizontally across the parapet of the tower with his body projecting considerably beyond the line of the stone work, and his feet braced merely against one of the foliaged crockets of the spire,—and, while in this position, tilting with his cap at arm's length in an animated and somewhat dexterous manner at the swallows that were wheeling and darting in airy circles around the dizzy pinnacles above our heads. To my frequently expressed doubts as to the entire safety of these peculiar sports, I am sorry to say that he paid little attention, beyond the assurance, "Poh! sir, I aint a bit afraid,—I does it often,—I holds out my cap and they flies into it like bats. I've caught a' many this way, sir." Wearied at last with the amateur labor of humanity which I had felt it my duty to carry on, in holding him as fast as I could

by the seat of his trowsers,—particularly as these garments were not in any such high state of repair as gave assurance of furnishing the firmest description of hold upon his person in case of accident,—I unequivocally offered him the bribe of a sixpence to desist. To my great relief, I found that the proposal was instantly accepted, and I think it no more than justice to record that, while on my side of the steeple at least, Tommy acted up to the very letter of his bargain, though in the face of constant and accumulated temptation.

In the afternoon, I attended for the first time at the Cathedral service. The music, led by the powerful organ, was sung, as usual by a choir of ten surpliced boys and eight men,—one half ranged on either side of the choir. The solemnity, propriety and beauty of the music, and the decorum of its performance, were, to me at least, highly impressive. I had heard much, it is true, of the heartlessness and formality of this service, and indeed I believe that to speak of it slightly is generally the fashion among our practical and utilitarian countrymen, abroad. But I must say that my own impressions of it were of a widely different character. As the pealing organ swelled forth with a majestic volume that seemed full of the very spirit of devotion, the soft, high notes of the boys' voices, shaped into decision by the rapid chant of the tenor, and supported everywhere by the rich and vigorous harmony of the bass, ran through the antiphonal responses with such a plaintive earnestness and beauty of tone, that it seemed to me impossible to lift a higher and holier song to the ear of Heaven. Nor could I find any force in the objection, which I have often heard made to the smallness of the congregation,—but rather, on the other hand, I thought that the solemnity of this high service was perhaps all the more striking, from the comparative absence and indifference of the outward world.

The anthem was over, and the congregation rose quietly to depart,—while the last notes of the Amen faded away in the distant recesses of the building.

"Lingering and wandering on, as loth to die,
Like thoughts, whose very sweetness yieldeth proof
That they were born for immortality."

I had paused for a parting glance at the lofty arches of the choir, and the rich carving of the ancient woodwork, when a canted door opened, and two young girls came forth from a dark pew behind the prebendal stalls. One of them, it must be confessed, was not particularly noticeable either in feature or expression,—but seldom have I seen such an exquisite embodiment of youthful loveliness as was presented in the person of her taller companion. Erect, slender and graceful as a fawn, eighteen summers at most had tinged her cheek with their rosy blushes, and rounded her figure into the lithe symmetry of English country beauty. The delicate outline of her face was admirably set off by one of those picturesque and jaunty straw hats with which Sir Joshua so much delighted to invest the charming nymphs and high bred shepherdesses that, eighty years ago, inspired his glowing pencil. A profusion of rich, chestnut ringlets fell in a golden shower about her neck, and strayed in wanton luxuriance over her fair shoulders. She walked down the nave to the great, western door,—a coquettish scarf of black lace falling airily about her figure, and a jet cross at every step glancing and sparkling on her bosom.

As she stood for a moment in the doorway, with the sunlight falling full upon her, and bringing out her figure as a brilliant point against the sombre shadows, and time-stained columns of the antique portal, she seemed to me a not unfitting type of the living, breathing beauty of the present, contrasted with the dim incertitude and stony silence of the buried past. With a parting smile at her companion, and certainly not without some lingering remains of it in her face as she turned her head in a leisurely glance over her shoulder,—a kind of delicate acknowledgment, perhaps, of the evident admiration with which she had been regarded,—she tripped lightly down the gravel walk to an ivy covered gateway in the garden wall of one of the neighboring houses, and passing under its arch, disappeared from view. Beautiful vision!—little did you know, that among the listeners to that evening service there knelt one wanderer from a distant land, who had that day experienced so much of unwonted delight:—enough, at least, to leave him forever enamored of the charming scenes amid which your childhood had been reared,—of the velvet lawns which your pretty feet have trod,—of the grand old church in which your prayers have so often ascended,—and of yourself,—sweet pride of Salisbury!—an image whose impression, it may be, is not the least cherished and ineffaceable of all.

A. G.

Miss Bremer and Jenny Lind.

I ascertained that Jenny Lind was still at Havana, and would not yet leave for a couple of days. I wrote, therefore, a few lines to her, and despatched them by our young countryman, Horlin, who was glad to be the bearer of my letter. It was in the evening, and after that I took my light and went up stairs to my chamber to go to rest. But scarcely had I reached the top of the stairs when I heard a voice below mention my name. I looked round astonished, and there at the foot of the stairs, stood a lady holding by the balustrade and looking up to me with a kind and beaming countenance. It was Jenny Lind—Jenny Lind, and with that beaming fresh, joyous expression of countenance which, when once seen, can never be forgotten! There is the whole Swedish Spring in it. I was glad. All was forgotten in a moment, which had formerly come between her and me. I could not but instantly go down, bend over the balustrade, and kiss her. That agreeable young man, Max Hjortsberg, was with her. I shook hands with him, but I took Jenny Lind with me into my chamber. We had never met since that time at Stockholm, when I predicted for her an European reputation. She had now attained it in a higher degree than any other artist, because the praise and the laurels which she won everywhere, had not reference alone to her gifts as a singer.

I spent with her the greater part of the two days while she yet remained in Havana, partly with her in her own apartments, and partly in driving with her on the beautiful promenades around the city, and partly in my own room, where I sketched her portrait; and I could not help once more loving her intensely. Beneath the palm-trees of Cuba, we talked only of Sweden and our mutual friends there, and shed bitter tears together over the painful loss of others. We talked much about old friends and old connections in Sweden—nay, truly speaking, we talked of nothing else, because everything else—honor, reputation, wealth, all which she had obtained out of Sweden—did not seem to have struck the least root in her soul. I should have liked to have heard something about them, but she had neither inclination nor pleasure in speaking of them. Sweden alone, and those old friends, as well as religious subjects, lay uppermost in her soul, and of these merely, had she any wish to converse.

In certain respects I could not entirely agree with her; but she was always an unusual and superior character, and so fresh, so Swedish! Jenny Lind is kindred with Trollhatan and Niagara, and with every vigorous and decided power of nature, and the effects which she produces resemble theirs.

The Americans are enchanted with her beneficence. I cannot admire her for this; I can only congratulate her in being able to follow the impulse of her heart. But that Jenny Lind, with all the power she feels herself possessed of, with all the sway she exercises, amid all the praise and homage which is poured upon her, and the multitudes of people whom she sees at her feet, still looks up to something higher than all this, higher than herself and in comparison with which she esteems herself to be mean—that glance, that thirst after the holy and the highest which, during many changes, always again returns and shows itself to be dominant feature in Jenny Lind—this is, in my eyes, her most unusual and her noblest characteristic.

She was very amiable and affectionate to me; yes so much so that it affected me. Little did I expect, that beneath the palms of the tropics, we should come so near to each other!

I met at dinner at her house the whole of the travelling party—Belletti, Mademoiselle Aehstrom, Mr. Barnum and his daughter, and many others. The best understanding seems to prevail between her and them. She praised them all, and praised highly the behavior of Mr. Barnum to her. She was not now giving any concerts at Cuba, and was enjoying the repose, and the beautiful tropical scenery and air. She sang for me, unasked, (for I would not ask her to sing,) one of Lindblad's songs, and her voice seemed to me as fresh and youthful as ever.

One day she drove me to the bishop's Garden, which was "beautiful, beautiful!" she said; beautiful park-like grounds, near Havana, where she was anxious to show me the bread fruit tree, and many other tropical plants, which proves her fresh taste for nature. In the evening we drove along the magnificent promenade, *el Paseo de Isabella segunda*, which extends for certainly upward of three English miles, between broad avenues of palm and other tropical trees, beds of flowers, marble statues and fountains, and which is the finest promenade any one can imagine, to say nothing of its being under the clear heaven of Cuba. The moon was in her first quarter, and floated like a little boat above the western horizon. Jenny Lind made me observe its different position here to what it has with us, where the new moon is always upright or merely in a slanting direction to the earth. The entire circle of the moon appeared unusually clear.

The soft young moonlight above the verdant, billowy fields, with their groups of palm-trees, was indescribably beautiful.

I fancied that Jenny Lind was tired of her wandering life and her rôle of singer. She evidently wished for a life of quieter and profounder character. We talked of—marriage and domestic life.

Of a certainty, a change of this kind is approaching for Jenny Lind. But will it satisfy her soul, and be enough for her? I doubt.

She left that evening for New Orleans, out of spirits, and not happy in her own mind. The vessel by which she sailed was crowded with Californian adventurers, four hundred it was said, who were returning to New Orleans; and Jenny Lind had just heard a rumor that Captain West, who had brought her over from England to America, had perished in a disastrous voyage at sea. All this depressed her mind, and neither my encouragement—I went on board the vessel to take leave of her, to give her my good wishes and a bouquet of roses—nor the captain's offer of his cabin and saloon, where, above deck, she might have remained undisturbed by the Californians below, were able to cheer her.—She was pale, and said little. She scarcely looked at my poor roses, although they were the most beautiful I could get in Havana; when, however, I again was seated in my little gondola, and was already at some distance from the vessel, I saw Jenny Lind lean over the railing toward me.

And all the beautiful, regular countenances of the West paled below the beaming, living beauty of expression in the countenance which I then saw, bathed in tears, kissing the roses, kissing her hands to me, glancing, beaming, a whole summer of affluent, changing, enchanting, warm inward life.—She felt that she had been cold to me, and she would now make amends for it.

And if I should never again see Jenny Lind, I shall always henceforth see her thus as at this moment, always love her thus.—*Frederika Bremer's "Homes of the New World."*

How to Write an Overture.

Several years ago, a young composer had written an opera; nothing was wanting to complete it but the overture, which much embarrassed the youthful aspirant. His uncle, who was an excellent, but rather foolish old man, seeing the predicament in which he was placed, (for the rehearsals of the opera had already begun,) imagined a most extraordinary project. He secretly wrote to the illustrious Rossini the following letter:—

"MY DEAR SIR.—You have the reputation of being clever, obliging, and also of being an epicure. To the epicure then I send a *paté de foie gras*. I appeal to his goodness; and trust the clever composer will reply to my question, and come to the aid of one of his future rivals. My nephew does not know how to set about writing the overture to an opera he has composed. Would you be good enough, you who have written so many, to let me know your receipt for the same. When you had still some pretensions to renown, my demand might have appeared to you rather indiscreet, but since you have renounced all idea of glory, you cannot be now jealous of any one. Believe me, dear Sir, yours, &c."

Rossini hastened to write this highly amusing answer:—

"I am much flattered, Sir, at the preference that you have been kind enough to give my writings above those of my brother composers.

"First, I must tell you that I have never written anything except by the direst necessity. I could never understand what pleasure there could be in endgelling one's brains, tiring one's fingers, and getting into a fever, to amuse a public, whose only pleasure in return is to get tired of those who have amused them. I am not at all a true partizan of industry; and think the finest and the most precious of the rights of man is to do nothing. That is, at least, what I have been doing since I have acquired, not by my works, however, but by some lucky speculations, the rights of idleness. If, then, I have a counsel to give your nephew, it is to imitate me in that. If, however, he should persist in his fantastic and incomprehensible idea of working, the following are the principal receipts which I have made use of during the miserable epoch of my existence when I was obliged to do something. Let him choose whichever appears to him the most convenient.

"1st Rule, general and invariable. Always wait for the night before the first performance of an opera to write the overture. There is nothing so inspiring as necessity, and the delightful proximity of a copyist, who awaits your composition shred by shred; also the sinister appearance of a despairing manager, who is tearing his hair out by the roots. The real *chefs-d'œuvre* of overtures have never been composed otherwise. In Italy, in my time, all the managers were bald at thirty.

"2nd Receipt. I composed the overture to "Otello" in a small room at Barbaja's palace, where this most bald and ferocious of managers had locked me up, in company with some macaroni simply boiled in water, and a threat that I should never leave the room alive until I had composed the last note of the said overture.

"You could make use of this receipt very successfully with respect to your nephew; but mind, no *patés de foie gras*, they are only good for idlers like myself, and I thank you for the one you have honored me by sending.

"3d Receipt. I composed the overture to "La Gazza Ladra," not the night before, but on the same day of the performance of the opera, on the roof of the theatre of "La Scala," at Milan; where the manager—a counterpart of the ferocious Barbaja—had placed me under the guard of four machinists. The mission of these executioners, was to throw my work, page by page, to the copyists who were waiting below, who having copied it, sent it phrase by phrase to the conductor, who rehearsed it as it came. If I did not write, these barbarians had orders to throw me, instead of my music, to the copyists.

"If you should possess a loft in your house, Sir, you might make use of it in a similar way with your nephew.

"4th Receipt. I did much better for my overture to the "Barber of Seville." I didn't compose any at all; that is to say, that instead of the one I had written for this very comic opera, one was taken which I had written for "Elizabeth," a very serious one. The public was enchanted with the substitution.

"Your nephew, who has yet done nothing, might try this means, and borrow from himself another overture.

"5th Receipt. I composed the overture to "Comte Ory," one day, fishing at Petit-bourg, with my feet in the water, and in company with M. Agnada, who never ceased all the time talking to me of Spanish finances, which teased me to death.

"I doubt not, Sir, that in a parallel case, your conversation might be of a nature to produce the same invigorating effect on your nephew's nerves.

"6th Receipt. I composed the overture to "Guillaume Tell" in the middle of an apartment which I occupied on the Boulevard Montmartre, which was the resort, night and day, of all that Paris contained of the most absurd and noisy people, who came daily to smoke, drink, yell, stamp about, and humbug me, while I worked with fury, so as to hear them as little as possible.

"Perhaps, notwithstanding the progress of wit in France, you might find fools enough to procure this stimulant for your nephew. You might yourself powerfully aid in this result, and merit the largest share of your nephew's gratitude.

"7th Receipt. I never composed the shadow of an overture for "Mosè in Egitto," which is by far the easiest plan. I doubt not that your good nephew may use with success the last-named receipt. It is the same that my excellent friend Meyerbeer has employed for "Robert le Diable" and the "Huguenots," and he appears to have perfectly succeeded. I am told that he has used it also for the "Prophète."

"Accept, Sir, my best wishes for your nephew's renown, and many thanks for your excellent pic, and believe me,

"Yours very obediently,
"ROSSINI, Ex-composer.

through, than that a thousand Paganinis and De Meyers should come to dazzle and amuse us.

We are happy to know that the **QUINTETTE CLUB** open this their fifth season with a fuller subscription list than they have ever had before. Their programme is as admirably choice and inviting, as it is entirely new to this public. They justify their name by offering us for the first time a Quartet in E flat, of MENDELSSOHN, which we verily believe to be the most interesting of all his quartets. BEETHOVEN's violin Concerto is a great work. It will be played by Messrs. AUGUST FRIES and F. F. MÜLLER. (By the way, seeing the name of Mr. Müller in the bill, and remembering that there is a nice organ in that hall, we might make a suggestion.) MOZART, SCHUMANN, and a modern German amateur composer, VEIT, furnish the remainder of the feast.

"TANNHÄUSER."—We commence to-day a translation of LISZT's description and analysis of one of Richard Wagner's two most famous operas. It is from a little German volume of a hundred and fifty pages, translated from the French, in which Liszt usually writes. Half of it is devoted to the "Lohengrin," with an enthusiastic account of the Herder and Goethe festival at Weimar, on which occasion Liszt, as chapel-master to the Grand Duke, brought that opera out, in the presence of distinguished musical men from all parts of Germany. The second half is a reprint of an earlier article about the "Tannhäuser." The interest felt here in the overture, as played by the Germanians, naturally awakens a desire to know more of the plan and character of the opera itself; and no one can inform us so intelligently, and with such graphic force and fervor of style, as Wagner's best friend and expositor, LISZT.

The article includes, first an account of the plot and the old legend on which it is founded, with numerous citations from Wagner's poem, which we have only in part translated, and that hastily, with only enough truth to the original to keep the thread of the story unbroken: next a minute and glowing analysis of the overture,—much fuller than Wagner's own "programme" to it, which we have already published; next a vivid review of the music of the drama, scene by scene; and finally a critical appreciation of its significance and destined influence as the opening of a new era in musical dramatic Art. Certainly never had opera a more romantic, tunefully suggestive theme and plan, or a more beautiful poem.

Gottschalk.

Is it not surprising that a pianist like Gottschalk should arrive, harbingered by what seemed extravagant eulogium; should prove fully worthy of all that could be said or written, and yet meet with so little enthusiasm in Boston? We had hoped more from the public taste, which has not lacked opportunity of cultivation; much good music has been played the last few years and apparently enjoyed by crowds. But this want of appreciation in the public has surprised us far less than the criticisms in the newspapers, particularly the one in the Journal of Music. The editor of a paper devoted avowedly to music, would, we should think, feel inclined to welcome so wonderful a proficient in his favorite art, by well deserved praise, and not let his appreciation of his powers as a performer, be entirely subservient to his hypercriticism of his compositions.

All pianists of any celebrity, compose; not satisfied with rendering the thoughts of others, they seek to give a form to the inspiration stirring within them.

It is the same feeling which leads a musical critic to write upon music instead of satisfying himself by

reading what has been written; there is something agreeable in giving expression to our own individual thoughts, either in words or harmony.

We by no means intend placing Gottschalk in a high rank among composers, and think it would have been more judicious in him to have played more from the standard masters, at his first concert.

From his exquisite touch, the mere running of the scales becomes delightful, and his extremely modest manner, (for which we were not prepared) ought to disarm ill natured criticism.

It seems to us incumbent for an editor who claims to be the "explorer, observer and reporter of the eventful world of music," and who has conducted his journal with few exceptions, with great intelligence, independence and refinement, to be careful that his criticisms should be in good taste, and not use expressions which may be even more dangerously infectious to the young readers of his paper, than even the much objected to "Susanna!" "Meloditeitch" ought not to be heard by "cars polite." To use such terms is a much greater mistake than giving utterance to any Poetic Caprices or graceful, though (we confess) unmeaning "Dances Ossianiques."

The admirable concert on Friday was not listened to by a large audience; the sad announcement at the commencement inclined every one to the utmost leniency; a cold, listless performance would not have surprised us. But admiration and not mercy was called for. The fine duett by Onslow was charmingly played. Mr. Pychowsky, who is a pianist of great merit, appeared to much advantage, and it was evident that Gottschalk had no wish to place him in a subordinate situation, a rare instance of self renunciation in a public performer.

All his brilliant passages told, and the treble often seemed almost an accompaniment to the bass.

Mr. Aptommas' music was wonderful and delightful. In Mlle Behrend's voice quality and quantity are not properly balanced. The gem of the evening was the scena from Lucia.

It was a union of all that makes music delightful,—pathos and power, sun and storm: infinite variety of expression and almost orchestral effects. If the comparison be not too fanciful, the finale seemed to express the action of a war horse madly rushing to the battle, amidst the booming of artillery and the sobs of the dying. We sat near amateurs of acknowledged taste and wide experience in music, and we all agreed that as well in the old world as the new Gottschalk had claims to be considered at the head of his art, joint sovereign with Thalberg.

May we not fear that the American King of Music may feel no desire to occupy his throne in Boston and that his disloyal and unsympathising subjects may induce him to desert us for the more genial South?

A STRANGER TO GOTTSCHALK BUT A LOVER OF MUSIC AND JUSTICE.

The above appeared in the *Traveller* last week. We do not see but it admits all the gist of our criticism. In not placing Gottschalk "in a high rank among composers;" in regretting that his programme was chiefly made up of his own compositions; in applying the epithets "graceful though unmeaning" to his "Dances Ossianiques," the writer only sums up in brief the exceptions which we made more in full.

Wherein, then, has he found us so unjust, or, to use his own phrase, so "disloyal to the American King of Music"? Was it that we did not appreciate "his powers as a performer," his "exquisite touch," his "running scales," his "brilliant passages," in sentences as unqualified and hearty as his own? Certainly he has only to re-read our article to find that we gave the fullest credit for all that. None of the newspaper enlogists exceeded us on that theme, except it were in number and high-soundingness of words. So we are clear on that count; so far our "loyalty" stands unimpeachable.

What then? Why, we made our praise of the performer "subservient" to our "hypercriticism of the composer. By "subservient" is probably meant secondary. And yet there is a sense in which we are disposed to plead guilty to "subservient," and to own that we *did* make the acknowledged fact of Gottschalk's wonderful skill as a performer *subserve* the end of illustrating, for

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOV. 19, 1853.

Chamber Concerts.

With the concert of the MENDELSSOHN **QUINTETTE CLUB**, next Tuesday evening, the season of Classical Chamber Concerts will be fairly opened. Mr. DRESEL's choice little piano-forte Soirées will soon follow; and also for some time have stood announced a series of Matinées of string Quartet and Piano music, by Messrs. ECKHARDT, KEYZER, PERABEAU and confrères. Nothing so proves the growing, deepening taste for music, as the demand that has sprung up in our community for this most pure and genuine kind of music. It is of more consequence to the cause of pure taste, aye, and of pure musical enjoyment, that such concerts should be well supported, season after season, the whole season

the thousandth time, in his ease, the false direction into which this modern *virtuosity*, (or claim to admiration on the ground of brilliant mechanical execution), is misleading so many would-be composers. If we showed any lack of "welcome," it was not to Gottschalk individually, but to this virtuoso, or display school, in general, under which category the loud trumpetings beforehand, as well as that first concert, plainly seemed to place him. The question for us was, not whether Gottschalk was a great player, (which was granted),—but whether duty to the Art, duty to our readers, who would learn to love it, duty to our own sense of what appears true-taste, in a word, whether "loyalty" to MUSIC, would permit us to celebrate any amount of such wonderful virtuosity as a thing fit to go into ecstasies about, and rear "a throne" for, when artists of soul and sentiment and fine intellectual tone, who have not quite so great execution, but who earnestly dedicate such fine powers as they have to the interpretation of the true, the high, the genuine, in music, as found in the works of inspired masters, are to be thrown quite into the shade by this ephemeral brilliancy? Real, deep, soul-inspired music, the music which gives satisfaction in the long run, is a plant of that modest, delicate, refined nature, that it requires to be sheltered against the rough-shod, dashing, glittering gallop of the virtuoso knights, who have so overrun the world in these latter days. All the outward advantages are on the side of the virtuosos; they win the public all too easily, because *effect* can cover the ground faster than seeds of *Art* can take root. The weight of criticism therefore ought to be put into the *least loaded* end of the scales, that is to say, made to favor the side of real, serious Art rather than that of dazzling, *ad captandum* virtuosity. So we reasoned, so we acted:—was the spirit of the action unjust or ungenerous? was it not taking the part of the outwardly weakest against the outwardly strongest?

We made most account of Mr. Gottschalk's claims as a composer, because he gave us only his own compositions. For his improvement upon this proceeding in his second concert we have not withheld credit. We have found no fault with him for writing out "the inspirations stirring within him." Some of his little compositions we found pleasing, graceful and expressive. But we were challenged to measure him by very high standards. No concert-giver ever came more loudly heralded; he was declared a *great* artist, a peer with Thalberg, Liszt and even Chopin. Chopin wrote immortal tone-poems, too good, too true to be largely popular; what Gottschalk gave us we found showy, *ad captandum*, light and dazzling,—music to show off a player, rather than to task both soul and fingers of a fervent interpreter. Our critic seems to grant as much. We looked upon such a concert, therefore, however admirable in the performance, as not greatly tending to the elevation of musical taste; we thought it one of the proofs of "public taste" here, that such virtuoso music could not excite any great *furor*. For the very reason that "much good music has been enjoyed here," did the enjoyers thereof lack appetite for the brilliant pyrotechnics of a solo concert, perfect as that was in its kind. Such is the inevitable effect of musical cultivation. Solo-players, relying on the astonishing of the crowd by individual skill in execution, reap smaller and smaller harvests where such cultivation exists. It

is to orchestral and chamber concerts, to oratorios or operas, that cultivated music-lovers turn with zest and hope of satisfaction. They seek not the pleasure of astonishment, which they had in the infancy of their musical experience, but a deeper kind of pleasure which the deeper kinds of music give. So, we are told, it is in Germany, and more or less all Europe. For several years the Paganini, virtuoso tribe, by dint of dazzling, superficial novelty, were all the rage; but already the fashion thereof passeth away; the great pianist or great violinist, to be heard in Germany, must put good music in his programme. *Good music*, not *great playing*, is what the real music-lovers ask for. And this is a fact which Gottschalk and his friends should take more into consideration, in estimating the reception that he met in Boston. They should bear in mind that *no* solo concerts can have great success in these days; that the chance for such things has gone by; that we go more and more to concerts to make ourselves familiar with good music, and less and less to gratify our hero-worship in the person of whatever artist. Orchestras (who should not be thankful?) carry the day, and Beethoven and Mendelssohn and Mozart are more to us than those who find their music not difficult or wonderful enough to display *their* execrable powers.—We would remind these complainants, too, that Mr. Gottschalk's concerts were quite as fully attended as *any* piano-forte concerts ever were in Boston.

We thank the writer in the *Traveller* for his complimentary allusions to our Journal. But why instead of fastening upon any errors in our estimate of Gottschalk, does he resort to literary criticism of our style, repeating (and with aggravating comment) a phrase of ours not fit, he thinks, "for ears polite." What had that phrase to do with our criticism upon Gottschalk? It was thrown in parenthetically, in passing, to characterize in as few words as possible one of the hack-nied, popular tunes ("Old folks at home"). We wished to say that such tunes, although whistled and sung by everybody, are erroneously supposed to have taken a deep hold of the popular mind; that the charm is only *skin-deep*; that they are hummed and whistled *without musical emotion*, whistled "for lack of thought;" that they persecute and haunt the morbidly sensitive nerves of deeply musical persons, so that they too hum and whistle them involuntarily, hating them even while they hum them; that such melodies become catching, idle habits, and are not popular in the sense of musically inspiring, but that such and such a melody *breaks out* every now and then, like a morbid irritation of the skin. We preferred to say it in one word,—indeed there was not room for more. We might have talked technically and said "cutaneous disease;" but the homely Saxon monosyllable seemed the most expressive and the least bald and prosaic. *De gustibus*, &c.

Some things in our complainant's remarks make us suspect that his admiration for the player must have dazzled his sober musical perceptions. Thus in speaking of the Onslow duet, he ascribes it all to Gottschalk's modest self-renunciation, that the composer has in some places done a very common thing, given the theme or principal melody to the bass, and made the treble "an accompaniment to the bass!"—Again, when he will tell us by what right that "madly rushing war horse" and all that "booming artillery" played such a

part in the finale to *Lucia*, we will swallow our objection to Mr. Gottschalk's making Liszt's fantasia more difficult than Liszt had written it. Really it would seem, (to use the writer's own felicitous remark) as if "quality and quantity were not properly balanced" here!

Finally, we did have patriotism, or pride of country enough to wish to find Gottschalk all—no, not all he had been proclaimed to be—but something far better and higher. Great in his kind he may be; but we were disappointed that the kind should be no greater, seeing that it was the "American King of Music" who had come to honor Boston by erecting here his "throne."

The "HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION" have just received a most valuable addition to their library, in the shape of the first two volumes, (to be continued annually,) of the "Complete Works of JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH," now in course of publication by the *Bach-Gesellschaft* ("Bach Society") in Leipsic. It is a donation from our townsman, Mr. NATHAN RICHARDSON, and is a work fit to form the corner stone of any musical library.

Bach died on the 28th of July, 1750. Two years ago the hundredth anniversary of that event was celebrated, and it was thought a fit time for the German nation to erect some worthy monument to his memory. A committee of the first professors, artists and amateurs decided that the noblest monument would be a complete critical edition, for the first time, of all his works, in a style at once elegant, substantial and simple; and for this end the Bach Society was organized. Every member, who contributes annually *five thalers*, is entitled to the volume issued for each year. Two volumes of 300 pages each are now published, in the best style of Breitkopf and Härtel. They are the most splendid musical volumes ever published, and contain his Church Cantatas, with full score, prefaced by a fine portrait, fac-similes of his manuscript, a history of the Society, and a list of members or subscribers. This last is headed by a long list of crowned and titled names, and then by amateurs and artists in all the musical cities of Europe. Under the head of United States, there are five names, all from Boston.

Musical Intelligence.

NEW YORK. A newly arrived *pianiste*, Mlle. GABRIELLE DE LA MOTTE, gave her first concert at Niblo's Saloon, on Thursday evening. She is announced as "the only artist who can number among her teachers those distinguished masters, Mendelssohn, Liszt, Prudent and Thalberg." She played a Trio of Mendelssohn and a Trio of Beethoven, with BURKE for violin, and BOUCHER, violoncello; also fantasias of Liszt and Prudent. There was singing by Mlle. EMMA ESMONDE and Sig. QUINTO, with Mr. TIMM for accompanist.

MARETZEK's "Masaniello," and ANNA THILLON's "Crown Diamonds," &c., reign alternately at Niblo's.

Paris.

ACADEMIE IMPERIALE DE MUSIQUE.—The first representation of the new opera, in two acts, entitled *le Maître Chanteur*, took place on Monday last. The *libretto* is by M. Henry Trianon, and the music by M. Limnander. The *libretto* is anything but new. It is made up of patches from *la Juive*, *Ernani*, and *Luisa Miller*. M. Limnander is known as the composer of *Les Monténégrins* and *Le Chateau de la Barbe Bleue*, in which he showed himself possessed of some dramatic sentiment and the gift of expressive melody. In the music of *le Maître Chanteur*, these qualifications are found in the same degree as in his former productions, but they have not the advantage of being allied to such good *librettos*. The opera was followed, on Monday, by *La Fille mal Gardée*, in which Mlle. Besson played the principal part; and on Wednesday and Friday, it was repeated, with the new ballet, *Ella et Mysis*.—The rehearsals of *La Nonne Sanglante* commenced on Tuesday. *Le Barbier de Séville* and *Betty* are also in rehearsal, for the *reentrée* of Madame Bosio, as well as the ballet intended for the debut of Mlle. Rosati.—M. Bonnehée, the young

singer, who gained the first prize at the *ancours* of the Conservatoire, is we understand, engaged at the Académie. *Les Mosquetaires de la Reine* was played on Monday last, for the *rentrée* of Herman Léon and Mlle. Lemercier. On making his appearance, Herman Léon was greatly applauded. The part of Captain Roland is one in which he excels, and he never performed it with more distinguished success. Mlle. Lemercier, who has just recovered from a serious indisposition, was charming in the part of Mlle. de Simiane; and Mlle. Caroline Duprez was never in better voice, or acted with greater *naïveté* and *esprit*. MM. Mocker and Puget were as usual excellent in their respective parts. *Le Nabab* was played on Saturday, Monday, and Wednesday, with increased success.

By a decree of the 19th inst., M. le Colonel Ragani was nominated director of the Theatre Italien for nine years. The arrangements with the proprietors of the theatre being now terminated, it is certain that the reopening will take place at the epoch originally fixed, viz., the 15th November. The following is a list of the artists engaged by the new director:—Tenors,—MM. Mario, Maccacferri, Perez; Basses,—MM. Tamburini, Rossi, Ferrari, Florenza, Guglielmi; *Soprani*,—Mmes. Frezzolini, Walter, Albini, Cambardi, Grimaldi, Martini; *Contralti*,—Mmes. Alboni, De Luigi, Ernesta Grisi. For the opening night, *Cenerentola* has been chosen with Mario, Tamburini, and Alboni. M. Ragani intends to produce *Gli Arabi nelle Galle* of Pacini, and *Il Templaro* by Nicola, during the season.

The Theatre Français has produced a piece in three acts, entitled *Murillo* (originally named *La Corde de Pendu*). It was for this work that Meyerbeer wrote the new *morceau* which Brindeau sings with so much expression. It is a kind of serenade, quite original in idea and form, in which the hand of a great master is recognised. We must also mention the *entr'acte* and melodramatic music composed for the same work by Offenbach.—Mme. Cabal and *Le Bijou Perdu* continue to draw crowds to the Theatre Lyrique.

M. Vincent, *membre de l'Institut* (Academic des inscriptions et belles lettres), lately exhibited an instrument, divided into quarter tones, upon which he produces the "genre harmonique" of the Greeks, which made a great sensation among the audience.—A report has been spread abroad that the director of the Opera will discontinue the *bals masqués*, but there is no foundation for it. On the contrary Musard has already prepared a formidable repertoire, consisting of an immense number of the prettiest and most popular quadrilles and other dance music; the two quadrilles on *le Nabab* and *l'Epreuve Villageois*, which have obtained so deserved a success, are placed among the first on the list.

Advertisements.

MISS MARIA FRIES, lately arrived from Germany, respectfully announces her intention of giving instruction in the GERMAN LANGUAGE, either in private lessons or in classes. Communications addressed to her, or to her brothers, August or Wulf Fries, No 17 Franklin place, will receive immediate attention.

References.—Professor Henry W. Longfellow, of Cambridge; Doct. Wesselhoft, Bernard Roelker, Esq. John S. Dwight, Esq. Nov. 12. tf

ADOLPH KIELBLOCK, TEACHER OF MUSIC.

M. R. K. may be addressed at his residence, No. 5 Franklin Street, or at the Music Store of Oliver Ditson, 115 Washington St., Geo. P. Reed, & Co., 17 Tremont Row, or Nathan Richardson, 282 Washington Street. 3 mos oct 29

OTTO DRESEL

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The Germania Musical Society

WILL GIVE THEIR

Third Grand Subscription Concert,

On Saturday Evening, Nov. 19th,

ASSISTED BY

M^{lle} CAROLINE PINTARD.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

1. Symphony No. 4, in B flat major, op. 60,.....Beethoven.
i. Adagio and Allegro.
ii. Adagio.
iii. Minuetto and Allegro vivace.
iv. Finale, Allegro ma non troppo.

2. Grand Aria from the opera "Robert Devereux,"...Donizetti.
Sung by M^{lle} CAROLINE PINTARD.

3. Andantino, Second Part from the Symphony Cantata,
"Song of Praise,".....Mendelssohn.

PART II.

4. Grand Overture to the opera "Rienzi," (Manuscript,
first time in America,).....Richard Wagner.

5. Romance from the opera "L'Eclair," for Horn and
Flute,.....Halevy.
Performed by KOSTENMACHER and ZERRAHN.

6. Scherzo, op. 52,.....Robert Schumann.

7. Drinking Song, from "Lucrezia Borgia,".....Donizetti.
Sung by M^{lle} CAROLINE PINTARD.

8. Overture to "Semiramis,".....Rossini.

[Single tickets, 50 cents. For sale at the Music Stores, Hotels, and at the Door on the evening of the Concert.

Doors open at 6½. Concert to commence at 7½.
[Those Subscribers who have not yet obtained their tickets, will please call at E. H. Wade's Music Store, 187 Washington St.

CHAMBER CONCERTS.

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FIRST CONCERT

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On Tuesday Evening, Nov. 22nd,

At the MEHONAEON, Tremont Street,

On which occasion Mr. F. F. MÜLLER will assist.—Mozart's beautiful Piano Trio in E flat, a new Quintette by Veit, Quartette No. 4 in E flat by Mendelssohn, Romanza for Clarinet and Piano by Robert Schumann, and a Violin Solo by August Fries, will be presented, all for the first time.

[Tickets for the Series of Eight, Three Dollars. Single tickets 50 cents each. Subscription lists may be found at the Music Stores.

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Tickets for the series of Six Concerts, \$2 each, or single evening tickets, at 50 cents each, may be had at the Music Stores of Messrs. Wade, Ditson, Reed, and Richardson; also at No. 136 Washington street.

[Due notice of the first representation will be advertised. J. L. FAIRBANKS, SECRETARY.

Nov. 19.

ORATORIO.

The Mendelssohn Choral Society,

CARL BERGMANN, Conductor,

WILL PERFORM

"THE MESSIAH,"

On Christmas Evening, Sunday, Dec. 25th,

AT TREMONT TEMPLE,

ASSISTED BY

The Germania Musical Society.

[Particulars to be given in future.

Nov. 12.

PUBLIC REHEARSALS.

THE GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY will give PUBLIC REHEARSALS at the Boston Music Hall every WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, at 3 o'clock, commencing Oct. 26.

The full Orchestra will perform at the Rehearsals. Admission:—Packages containing eight tickets \$1, to be had at the Music Stores, and at the door. Single tickets 25 cents. oct 29

MUSICAL SOIRÉES.

OTTO DRESEL, encouraged by the reception of his Concerts last winter, proposes soon to commence a SECOND ANNUAL SERIES of

FOUR SOIRÉES,

at a time and place to be hereafter specified. The programmes will be made up with the same care and selectness as the former series, and in the rendering of Duos, Trios, Quartets, etc., etc., he will be assisted by members of the GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY. [Subscription for the Series, \$3.00. oct 29

CLASSICAL MATINÉES.

THE undersigned, resident artists of Boston, intend to give a Series of Classical Concerts during next winter, in which the best works of the great composers will be performed; such as Quartets, Quintets, Septets, Trios, Duos and Solos, by Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Hummel, Weber, Cherubini, etc. The programme will be made more attractive by Vocal performances from the different pieces, as also Solos for Horn, Violoncello, Piano, Violin, etc., occasionally. Many greater compositions, as, Quartets, Quintets, and Septets for Piano with String and Wind instruments, will be produced, which have never been publicly performed in Boston. To accommodate Ladies and others out of town, we propose to give our Concerts in the afternoon. The time and place will be announced hereafter. The subscription is \$3 for the Series of Eight Concerts. Single tickets 50 cents each.

Subscription lists will be found at the different Music Stores.

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THOMAS RYAN respectfully informs his pupils that he has returned to town for the season, and will resume his instructions in Harmony and Thorough Bass, Piano-Forte, Flute, Clarinet, Violin, etc. Ladies desirous of studying Thorough Bass in small private classes, will please leave communications at his residence, No. 5 Franklin St., or at G. P. Reed & Co.'s music store.

Boston, September 24, 1853.

SIGNOR CORELLI begs leave to announce to his friends and pupils that he has returned to the city, and may be found at his rooms, No. 20 Temple Place, or at the Tremont House.
Sept. 17.

L. H. SOUTHARD,
TEACHER OF MUSIC,

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Oct. 16.

3m

MRS. ROSA GARCIA DE RIBAS,
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References.

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GEORGE PEABODY, B. H. SILSBEE, Esqs., Salem.
Oct. 1, 3m.

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No. 21 School St.

DWIGHT'S Journal of Music.

A Paper of Art and Literature.

VOL. IV.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1853.

NO. 8.

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Payments required in advance: for yearly advertisements, quarterly in advance.

[Translated by the Editor.]

WAGNER'S "TANNHÄUSER."

BY FRANZ LIEZT.

I.

(Continued from p. 50.)

Through long days and still longer nights did the princess of Thuringia wait for his return, praying, weeping, hoping. One evening, as she was kneeling at the foot of an image of the Virgin, in the same valley where the landgrave had before recovered him, the pilgrims, with whom he had set out by the same road for Rome, came along

on their way home. Transported with joy, she stands up to see whether Tannhäuser is among them. She finds him not. . . . She sinks down again before the holy virgin, the comforter of the afflicted, and in one of those prayers, which lift the soul up with it, she proceeds:

O blessed Virgin, hear my anguish!
To thee, exalted one, I pray!
O let me here no longer languish,
But call me from this earth away!
Grant, that I angel-pure may rise
To thy blest realm above the skies!—

If ever idle dream were turning
My foolish heart away from thee,—
If any germ of sinful yearning
Or worldly passion stirred in me,—
With thousand pangs I still have wrestled
To crush the sins that in me nestled.

But, if some would not leave me wholly,
Yet may I still thy mercy feel,
That I with spirit meek and lowly,
A worthy maid, to thee may kneel,
Thy mercy's richest boon to pray
For him; O, wipe his guilt away!—

As she rises, to walk up the hill of the castle, Wolfram desires in vain to accompany her. Alone upon the earth, she loves only solitude, since for her there blooms no consolation more.

In the meantime the unhappy, the renowned guilty one returns. But who under the tattered garments of this pilgrim, with forlorn look and tottering step, would recognize the splendid vanquisher of so many rivals! It is with difficulty that even Wolfram discerns his features under this sallow paleness. Eager to learn his history, he questions him. Tannhäuser answers him only by ironically asking the way to the accursed grotto. Thrilled with horror, Wolfram, however, does not give up the man whom Elizabeth loves; he does not allow himself to be discouraged, but continues to question him, and the debilitated pilgrim gives him, in the bitter remorse of his heart, a description of his pilgrimage:

With heart-felt zeal, such as no penitent
Had ever felt, I sought the way to Rome.
An Angel in me, ah! had stoutly wrestled
With my poor pride of sin, and shook it off!—

The weary way of the most down-bent pilgrim
Walking beside me, I found far too easy:—
If his foot pressed the tender grass of meadows,
My naked sole would seek sharp thorn or stone;—
Or drank he at cool rills 'neath bushy shadows,
I sucked the noonday sun's hot glow alone;—
If he sent up his pious prayers to heaven,

My blood would I to God's high glory shed;—
Slept he in hospitable inn at even,
My weary limbs made snow and ice their bed:—
All Italy's fair fields around me spreading,
Blindfold I went, the miracle unheeding:—
Such pains I sought, such rugged ways unheaten,
That I my inward Angel's tears might sweeten!
At Rome, I sought the holy place straightway,
And on the threshold low in prayer I lay;—
The morning broke:—then all the bells were ringing.
And hymns celestial thro' the air descended;
O then new hopes within my soul were springing,
For grace to all the welcome sounds portended.
God's minister I saw; around him pressing
Great multitudes were kneeling in the dust;
Thousands dismissed he with his holy blessing,
Pardon'd they rose, all filled with joy and trust.—
I too approached; with drooping head and lowly
Accused myself of every thought unholy,
Of evil lusts, in which my soul did languish,
Lusts, that defied all penance and all pains!
I called on him, in tones of wildest anguish,
To grant deliverance from those fiery chains.—
And he, whom thus I prayed, began:
"Hast thou such sinful passion felt?
Hath hell's own fire set thee aglow?
Hast in the mount of Venus dwelt?
Then thou art damn'd to endless woe!
For as this staff within my hand
Its leafy bloom can ne'er regain,
So ne'er can'st thou, a burning brand
Pluck'd forth from hell, find grace again!"
I sank annihilated; reeling
My senses left me. When I roused me there,
Cold night lay brooding o'er the gloomy square;
Far off I heard glad hymns of mercy pealing:—
O how I loathed their sickening sound!
Wildly I hurried from the treach'rous ground;
* * * * *
Again I seek th' enchanted spot,
Thee, Venus, and thy fairy grot!
&c., &c.

The chronicles, which report the answer of the bishop, further add that, after the knight, rejected with such inexorable sternness, had returned to his fatherland, to give himself up again to the old dissipations, the unsympathizing priest one day found his staff of almond wood in bloom, proving, that even dead wood could, if need were, be re-animated, and that a repentant heart was not to be rejected.

Tannhäuser, by the inexorable sentence given over to desperation, since he could find no hearing in ears deaf to pity, seeks again the Venus grotto. He tries to discover the secret path. . . . and the song of the syrens, the voice of the goddess let themselves be heard again. With the despair of one burthened with the curse of ex-communication, he rushes towards them. Wolf-

ram with all his strength holds him back, but cannot break the accursed charm, until he pronounces the name of Elizabeth. Again this pure name exercises its magical and saving power. Instantly the impure vision vanishes. The melodies so full of a seductive grace die away, and Tannhäuser, with the same love, the same hope, utters that name once more. At this moment a funeral procession is seen approaching; it bears to her last resting place *her*, whose sole desire had been to live and die for him. He sinks down on the coffin, wherein rests a victim, that had borne every sorrow to expiate his sins. He sinks to the ground, he dies. He is saved. . . .

II. THE OVERTURE.

The overture to this extraordinary opera is in itself a no less wonderful production. It sums up the ideas of the opera in brief. The chant of the pilgrims and the song of the syrens are introduced, like two members, which find their equation in the finale. The religious *motive* appears at first quiet, deep, with slow pulsations, like the instinct of the finest, the sublimest of our feelings; but gradually it is overflowed by the insinuating modulations of the voices, full of enervating languor, full of soul-lulling, although feverish and excited pleasures: seductive mingling of pleasure and unrest! The voices of Tannhäuser and of Venus rise above this hissing, foaming yeast of waves, which swells continually higher. The voices of the syrens and bacchantes grow continually louder and more imperative. The enchantment reaches its climax; it leaves no chord within us silent, but sets every fibre of our being in vibration. The quivering, spasmodic tones now groan, now command in lawless alternation, until the resistless yearning for the infinite, the religious *thema*, gradually comes in again, subdues to itself all these sounds, melts them together into a sublime harmony and unfolds the wings of a triumphal hymn to their fullest breadth.

This great overture forms a symphonic whole by itself, so that we may consider it as an independent composition, separate from the opera which precedes it. The two leading thoughts, which are developed in it, ere they blend in their tremendous confluence, clearly express their entire character, the one with fury, the other with an irresistible influence, absorbing all into itself. These motives are so characteristic that they contain in themselves all the striking sense demanded by the musical thoughts, entrusted purely to the instrumentation. So vividly do they depict the emotions, which they express, that one needs no explanatory text to recognize their nature; not once is it necessary to know the words which are adapted to them afterwards. To maintain that these were necessary to the understanding of this symphony, would be to imitate those of whom Shakspeare says, they "paint the lily and adorn the rose," &c., or at least to imitate certain Chinese writers, who, to make the purport of their style clear to their readers, see fit to write in the margin of their books: "Deep Thought"—"Metaphor"—"Allusion," &c., whenever such occur in their writings. In Europe writers and composers may presume more on the understanding of their public, on the eloquence of their art and the clearness of their diction. It would be to torment oneself with scruples, like the learned scholars of the Celestial Empire, to be unwilling to separate the overture to "Tannhäuser" from its opera, out of the fear that it might not be understood or

might not prove interesting. Its glowing coloring depicts the passions, which animate it, too intelligibly, to give any room for such precaution.

Rhythmical and harmonic figures, distributed amongst violas, shrill violins (divided over several desks) and wind instruments (*pianissimo*), accented by slight drum beats, and cut off into broken periods; groups of notes, ascending in swift spirals, losing and finding themselves in inexplicable windings, detaching themselves from an almost unbroken web of *tremolo* and trills frequently and strikingly modulated, enable us, by an entirely novel effect of languishing and amorous euphony, to recognize the magic arts of the syrens. The rich repertory of the existing music of this kind offers, as it seems to us, no such bold image, no such striking reflex, no such exciting stimulus and *entraînement* of the senses, of their brain-whirling intoxication, their prismatic illusions. Now and then tones glide in, which pass before the ear, as certain phantoms glimmer before the eye . . . seductive, penetrating, unnerving—faithless! Under their artificial, silky softness one perceives despotic intonations, feels the quivering of rage. Here and there ring out sharp, cutting tones of the violins, like phosphorescent sparks. The entrance of the drums makes us tremble, like the far off echo of an insane orgy. Chords occur of a deafening intoxication, which remind us that the Messalinas found their festivities not unadorned with horrors; that they did not deny themselves the satisfaction of seeing the bloodiest spectacles combined with amorous dallies; that they knew how to unite barbarous pleasures with the dangerous emotions that are inspired by beauty. The presence of the Maenads and their tumultuous dances in the Venus-grotto soon confirm this impression; this distinguishes this most original development of the very acme of voluptuousness above all the musical compositions which have so frequently attempted to describe the same thing. Once borne away by these wildly exciting, ravishing effects, one oversteps the sphere of ordinary temptations. Wagner has by no means contented himself with the free and easy motives, used by most of those whose inspiration answers to the taste and tendencies expressed in the scenes of a Rubens, or a Teniers, when they wanted to portray the fascination and tyrannical seductions of the mother and the queen of love. His mental ear knew how to detect the indescribable subtlety of those graceful tones, which resound at the court of Cytherea, but to which only a small number consecrated by the Graces ever penetrate, ushered in by a smiling crew who offer them the cup of joy, in which a strange, mysterious, fateful, but by no means a coarse and brutal intoxication is to be found. A German genius needed something of a Shakspeare's universal intuition, to become so penetrated as it were with the blood of antiquity, and inspired with an effervescence so entirely foreign to the gloomy fermentations of the North.

Sensual passion is here represented with the tumultuous delights of a refined voluptuousness, which dull, cold, heavy natures cannot at all conceive of, but which energetic natures, that demand more than every day impressions, dream of and pursue exclusively: lofty and at the same time tender organizations, who give their superabundance of vitality a ready prey to every accident, and who let their stormy passions overflow without restraint, so long as they can find a channel broad

and deep enough to contain their roaring, raging, and ungovernable waves. One must marvel how, in Wagner's production, the power of treatment is never destructive of tenderness. It was not easy for him to secure both these characters. * *

In the midst of this harmony, which overflowing, sparkling, looms forth like a more and more dazzling mirage, we are suddenly awakened by a dramatic interest, when the feeling, vague as it may be, becomes individualized in two melodic phrases, one of which sounds to us like a cry of triumph and delight, mingled with a challenging expression, while the other hurls us with seductive invitation.

To scale majestically these dazzling precipices of voluptuousness and pleasure, the composer had to raise himself to an unwonted pitch of exaltation. The religious *thema*, once already drowned by this multitudinous hum of tones, that brushed past the ear with glowing breath, tingling at the fingers' ends, bewildering the brain, exciting the nerves, like fabled promises and mystical enchantments;—the religious *thema*, emerging again from this wild delirium, from this voluptuous languor, ran great risk of seeming cold, dreary, dry and barren, a mere soulless denial of contentment. . . . But it is by no means so. This holy *motive* rises before us not at all like a stern master, silencing the shameless whispering that rustles through those caves of hidden joys. In their presence it stands not gloomy and apart. It flows clearly and softly, creeping over all the strings, that vibrated with such sweet allurements; it holds them down, one by one, although they struggle against it with a bitter desperation. But ever clear and tranquil, in spite of this resistance, it extends its empire, transforming and assimilating all the friendly elements. The masses of glowing tones crumble into fragments, which form more and more painful discords, till they grow positively repulsive, like essences just turning into staleness; and joyfully we see it rising into a grand spiritual song, and overflowing with its radiance all the tempting illusions that preceded, as it spreads along, like liquid sunshine, brighter and brighter, till it swells into a mighty stream, that bears our whole soul and being on with it to an ocean of glory!

[To be continued.]

Music in England.

[The following is from an article, entitled "Music," in the London *Musical World*.]

In the nationalities of modern music—and by modern we mean the best, for the meridian of the great masters is but just past—we are aware that our own land does not take a distinguished part. But if, since the early death of Purcell, England has produced but few native composers of eminence, we may be satisfied in remembering that she has adopted more than any other country. It may be said without presumption that in no respect is the national pride and prejudice so utterly forgotten as in our taste for music: nowhere does the public ear embrace a wider range of musical enjoyment and knowledge; nowhere do the various professors of musical art find fairer hearing or better pay. We have been brought up, as Mr. Rogers says, "in the religion of Handel." Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven are household names among us. We have been learning to like the Italian Opera for the last 150 years at an insane cost. The English musical festivals have been the first in the world both in time and in excellence, and in them the finest achievements of Spohr and Mendelssohn have first found a hearing; while at the same time our solemn cathedral services have preserved the worship of the beautiful English anthem, and some faithful club in every provincial town has kept alive the practice

of our native glee and madrigal. The English, it must be remembered, do that homage to the fire of Italy and the thought of Germany which neither does to the other. An Italian cannot appreciate the intellectual depths of a German symphony: a German cannot follow the impetuous declamation of an Italian recitative. Handel, in the mouths of most Italian singers, is clothed in a false costume; and as for a thorough-paced German female singer interpreting a solo of Rossini's, we would as soon make it over to an English oyster-woman.

We look with most pride on our national appreciation of Handel. We pensioned him as soon as he appeared, and kept him. The French starved poor Mozart, and dismissed him. Why should not the latter have become the same musical benefactor to them as Handel has been to us? Such encouragements are repaid a hundred fold into our bosoms. What adopted stranger ever deserved the gratitude of a whole people more than Handel does ours? What genius ever gave pleasure of a higher and purer kind to a larger number of our countrymen than that of the mighty master has done, and is ever doing?—for here alone his music is played as he intended it to be—here alone the tradition of his teaching has never been lost sight of—here alone, therefore, his power really tells. He lived long enough among us to become acquainted with the religious depths of genuine English feeling, and gave it a rich endowment and true echo. We feel, on returning from hearing the *Messiah*, as if we had shaken off some of our dirt and dross—as if the world were not so much with us. Our hearts are elevated, and yet subdued, as if the glow of some good action or the grace of some noble principle had passed over them. We are conscious of having indulged in an enthusiasm which cannot lead us astray—of having tasted a pleasure which is not of the forbidden tree, for it is the only one which is distinctly promised to be translated with us from earth to heaven. Who is there of any sound musical taste, or fair musical opportunities, with whom one or more of Handel's solemn sentences of mixed musical and religious emphasis is not laid by among the sacred treasures of his memory, to refresh himself with when weary? Milton's verse in the 'Christmas Hymn' seems a prophecy Handel was sent to fulfil—

"For if such holy song
Enwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back and fetch the age of gold,
And speckled vanity
Will sicken soon and die,
And leprous sin will melt from earthly mould:
And hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day."

George III.'s enthusiastic love for Handel seems to us the second best example he set his people—his own righteous life being the first. We almost feel as if Handel's sacred music would have reprov'd the French of infidelity, and enticed the Scotch from Presbyterianism; though perhaps the French crusade would have proved the more successful of the two, for, of all the fancies of a fretful conscience which liberty of opinion has engendered, that which many excellent people entertain on the subject of sacred music seems to us the most perverse. It is useless arguing with those who mistake a total ignorance of the sacred things of art for a higher sense of the proprieties of religion, and who, if they consistently follow up their own line of argument, must class Handel, Haydn, Mozart, and indeed all those whose powers have been of that high order which only the highest themes could expand, as so many delegates of Satan mysteriously permitted to entrap man to his fall through his loftiest instincts of beauty and reverence—as if, alas! he had not enough to ruin him without that. For those who forge the temptation are the real foes. There is no reasoning with those who think it wrong to be edified except when in actual worship, and wicked to praise God in any music but such as is ordinary enough for the whole congregation to join in. Human nature is a strange thing—never a greater puzzle perhaps than when it conscientiously abjures one of the few pure pleasures with which the hands of virtue are strengthened here below.

Musical Sounds versus Noise.

It is a curious fact in the history of sound, that the loudest noises always perish on the spot where they are produced, whereas musical notes will be heard at a great distance. Thus, if we approach within a mile or two of a town or village, in which a fair is held, we may hear very faintly the clamor of the multitudes, but more distinctly the drums and other musical instruments which are played for their amusement. If a Cremona violin, a real Amati, be played by the side of a common fiddle, the latter will sound much the louder of the two; but the sweet, brilliant tone of the Amati will be heard at a distance the other cannot reach. Dr. Young, on the authority of Derham, states that at Gibraltar, the human voice may be heard at the distance of ten miles. It is a well known fact that the human voice can be heard at a greater distance than that of any other animal.

Thus, when the cottager in the woods, or in the open plain, wishes to call her husband, who is working at a distance, she does not shout, but pitches her voice to a musical key, and by that means reaches the ear. The roar of the largest lion could not penetrate so far. "This property of music in the human voice" says the author, "is strikingly shown in the cathedrals abroad. Here the mass is performed entirely by musical sounds, and becomes audible to every devotee, however placed in the remotest part of the church; whereas if the mass had been read, it would not have travelled beyond the precincts of the choir." Those orators who are heard in large assemblies, most distinctly, and at the greatest distance, are those who by moulding the voice, can render it most musical. Loud speakers are seldom heard to advantage.

Burke's voice is said to have been a lofty cry, which tended as much as the formality of his discourse, in the House of Commons, to send the members to their dinner. Chatham's lowest whisper was distinctly heard. His middle tones were sweet, rich, and beautifully varied. Says a writer describing the orator;—"when he raised his voice to a high pitch, the house was filled and the effect was awful, except when he wished to cheer or animate—and then he had spirit-stirring notes, which were perfectly irresistible."

St. George's Hall, Bradford.

The New Music Hall in Bradford has been inaugurated. It was commenced in September 1851, from the designs of Messrs. Lockwood and Mawson, and has cost, we understand, £13,000. The following official account of it has been forwarded to us. The external walls and columns are of Yorkshire stone:—

The front or western elevation is 75 feet in height from the ground to the apex of the pediment, and is composed of a rusticated basement, 27 feet high, surmounted with Corinthian columns and pilasters, which support the entablature. The principal entrance is by three arched doorways, with folding doors on the basement of this facade. On each side are niches containing bronze candelabra. The centres of the arches over the doorways are enriched with masks executed by Yorkshire artists. The lower parts of the intercolumniations are occupied by windows 14 feet high, and the upper with circular shields in stone, bordered with wreaths of oak leaves. The south side elevation consists of a rusticated basement story, with deeply recessed windows, between which are elaborately carved festoons of fruit and flowers. Above this story are Corinthian columns and pilasters, supporting an unbroken entablature the whole length of the building. The intercolumniations are filled with eight arched windows, 14 feet high. The entrance leads into a vestibule, 46 by 25 feet, and 22 feet in height. From the centre of the floor springs the grand staircase, branching off to the right and left, and terminating in the gallery on each side leading to the stalls and area. At the foot of the staircase on either side are bronzed candelabra, 12 feet high, with nine branches to each. The hall itself is 152 feet in length, 76 feet in breadth, and 54 feet high. It is divided into area, stalls, and gallery. The first is 96 by 45 feet, and will accom-

modate 1,000 persons with seats. The stalls are raised 12 feet above the area, and contain 550 seats. The front of the stalls is ornamented with foliated scroll work, executed in Carton Pierre: in the centre of each scroll are two emblematic figures in alto relievo. The gallery is carried round three sides of the building, and contains 1,800 seats. The hall is thus calculated to hold an audience of 3,350 persons. The eastern or orchestral end is semi-circular, with a diameter of 50 feet: on either side of the organ are Corinthian pilasters springing from the orchestra and supporting the entablature. A space of 6 feet from the cornice to the ceiling is coved and divided into panels enriched with a deep border of vine and ivy leaves, fruit, and flowers. Around the ceiling runs a border of the same character. The ceiling itself is divided into four compartments by an inner border of scroll work, with central ornaments of water leaves and flowers. The hall is lighted by sixteen arched windows, 14 feet high. The method of lighting it in the evening is by a continuous line of 1,800 gas-jets from pipes carried entirely round the hall on the upper surface of the cornice (as in the Liverpool-hall.) The ventilation is effected by circular apertures 7 inches in diameter, pierced through the exterior moulding of the outer border of the ceiling, continued entirely round the four sides of the latter, and giving a ventilating surface equal to a superficial area of 130 square feet. The heating is by the usual hot water apparatus. Separate entries are provided for each class of the audience. On a level with the stalls are refreshment and cloak-rooms—the former 45 by 25 feet, for the accommodation of the occupants of that portion of the hall; and a similar arrangement has been made for those of the area.—*The Builder, (London.)*

A LONDON EISTEDDVOD.—The Cambro-Londoners have been discussing the feasibility of holding a Grand National Eisteddvod in London, in the spring of 1855; such Eisteddvod to partake more of the character of a national exhibition than a mere bardic festival; its object being not only to cultivate the literature and music of the principality, but also to develop the energies of its inhabitants in improvements in agricultural husbandry, mechanical skill, and manufacturing productions, to foster a taste for artistic and scientific pursuits, and to encourage all efforts at mental and manual cultivation and progress, as well as to display before the public such specimens of ancient and modern sculpture carvings, paintings, implements, manufactures, and mineral productions as may be sent up for exhibition. Judges will decide on the merits of the different productions, and award prizes, &c., according to the plan adopted by the Council of the exhibition of 1851.

Mozart and Haydn.

The first representations of "*Don Giovanni*" were not very well received at Vienna. Its merits were one day discussed at a large assembly, where most of the connoisseurs of the capital were assembled, and amongst others, Haydn; Mozart not being himself present. Everybody agreed in considering it a work of great merit, brilliancy, and richness of imagination; but each found something to blame. All had given their opinion, with the exception of Haydn. At length they begged he would do so likewise. "I am not capable of judging in this dispute," he replied with his usual modesty; "all that I know is, that Mozart is certainly the greatest composer now in existence."

Mozart acted at all times with the same generosity towards Haydn. A composer of Vienna of some merit, but who could not in any way perceive or appreciate the beauties of Haydn, enjoyed a spiteful pleasure in discovering every trifling incorrectness which crept into the compositions of that great master. He perpetually came to Mozart with the greatest glee, to display any symphony or quatuor of Haydn, in which, after having put it into score, he had discovered some little negligence of style. Mozart always en-

deavored to change the subject of conversation; his patience at length being totally exhausted, "Sir," he replied one day in rather an abrupt manner, "if you and I were melted down together, we should not even then make one Haydn." Mozart also dedicated a work of quatuors to Haydn, which may be looked upon as the best he ever produced in this style. He observed, that this dedication was due to him, as it was from Haydn he first learnt this species of composition.

THE HEAVENLY SHEPHERD.

BY THE LATE MRS. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

When on my ear your loss was knelled,
And tender sympathy upburst,
A little rill from memory swelled,
Which once had soothed my bitter thirst.

And I was fain to bear to you
Some portion of its mild relief,
That it might be a healing dew
To steal some fever from your grief.

After our child's untroubled breath
Up to the Father took its way,
And on our house the shade of death,
Like a long twilight, haunting lay,

And friends came round with us to weep
Her little spirit's swift remove:
This story of the Alpine sheep
Was told to us by one we love.

They, in the valley's sheltered care,
Soon crop the meadow's tender prime,
And when the sod grows brown and bare,
The shepherd strives to make them climb

To airy shelves of pastures green,
That hang around the mountain's side,
Whose grass and flowers together lean,
And down through mists the sunbeams slide.

But naught can tempt the timid things
That steep and rugged path to try,
Though sweet the shepherd calls and sings,
And seared below the pastures lie.

Till in his arms their lambs he takes,
Along the dizzy verge to go;
Then, heedless of the rifts and breaks,
They follow on, o'er rock and snow.

And in those pastures lifted fair,
More dewy soft than lowland mead,
The shepherd drops his tender care,
And sheep and lambs together feed.

This parable, by nature breathed,
Blew on me, as the south-wind free,
O'er frozen brooks that float unheathed
From icy thralldom to the sea.

A blissful vision through the night
Would all my happy senses sway,
Of the good shepherd on the height,
Or climbing o'er the starry way,

Holding our little lamb asleep:
And like the burthen of the sea,
Sounded that voice along the deep,
Saying, "Arise and follow me!"

ROUSSEAU remarks, "How mortifying the reflection to a composer of genius, that all his skill in imparting animation to his work is useless, unless the fire that glows there be transmitted to the soul of the artist by whom it is executed. The singer, who sees nothing but the notes of his part, can be but ill prepared to catch the spirit of the composer, or impart a proper expression to what he sings, unless he is perfectly master of the sentiment and character of the piece he executes. We cannot convey to others the sense of what we read, unless we ourselves understand it; nor is it enough to have a general conception of the force of languages in which we speak; our feeling in this respect must be comprehensive, intelli-

gent, and active. The true singer will act in the same manner as if he were, at one and the same time, poet, composer, and performer.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

From "A Lover of Music and Justice."

MR. EDITOR:—Some hastily written remarks upon your criticism of Gottschalk, in the *Traveller*, having been reprinted in your paper, allow me to correct a verbal error in them. *Subordinate* was the word intended instead of "subservient." The writer was perfectly aware that in the fine duet played at the second concert, the composer had given the principal part in some places to the bass, but was rather surprised that a pianist of such celebrity should have chosen a piece of music not particularly calculated to show his great power over the instrument, and that having chosen it, he should have rendered his part so truly and modestly; our preconceived ideas of Gottschalk being of one belonging entirely to the "display school," a dashing, bravura player.

We have, according to your advice, re-read the criticism and find that you gave very full and discriminating praise to Gottschalk's touch and execution; but why, after the young and petted artist had bowed so meekly to the decision of the Boston public, expressed in the *Journal*, that his compositions were not admired, had given Beethoven, Onslow and Liszt, had proved that he possessed the true Promethean spark, with which he could not only light his dazzling "pyrotechnics," but could warm into life a brilliant, steady flame, why not give him unqualified praise?

"King" and "throne" may not be republican terms; let the editor choose any others, but let him give him the chief place, and allow that he is the first pianist who has been amongst us. If the editor think his feeling for music and true expression as great as his execution, he cannot refuse it to him. He must no longer speak of his being "great of his kind," he must without reservation he called a—the great pianist.

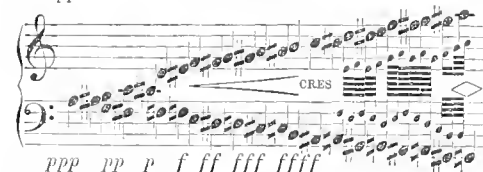
We do not regret this passage of arms.

Candid editors cannot wield the thunderbolts of criticism and hope always to stand so high that no lightning shall ever scorch them. We are proud of our Boston *Journal*, and therefore desirous that good taste and justice should never be wanting—we admire its independent tone, and take great pleasure in expressing our unqualified approbation of an article published a short time since, entitled—"The relation of the Press to Artists and their Agents;" a subject which required the fearless handling it met with. And so in all courtesy we take our leave.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

From my Diary. No. XXXI.

Nov. 17. [On board Steamer Connecticut.] Signal for supper!



Diarist *loquitur*.—Thauk Heaven, that there is a rebellion in China!—hope the race will be exterminated—in fact two races ought to be—the Chinese for inventing gongs, and the Americans for introducing the abomination into their hotels and steamboats. If the Israelites had had them, they would have saved three days' time, at least, at Jericho.—So, here's hoping the immediate destruction of the makers of, and bangers upon, gongs! May the fate of the Kilkenoy cats overtake Chinese manufacturers and Yankee landlords! [At this point of the soliloquy three good old ladies look shocked, and Diarist *tacet*.]

The only reasonable theory for the introduction of this

horrid combination of all that is inharmonious and excruciating in the domain of sound into our hotels and steamboats, that I could ever form, is one founded upon the supposed rapacity of Bonifaces, as upon its first introduction it must have saved something like 70 odd per centum of the substances, flesh, fowl and vegetable in the larder. For how *could*—in days when gongs were a new thing, and the nerves had not yet become habituated to the infliction—how could a house full of boarders at Saratoga or Newport, or the cabin company of a Sound or North River boat, possess the power of eating, with every fibre on a tremble, the drums of the ear cracking, the very depths of the stomach stirred up, by the awful crash which had disturbed their morning slumbers, and which had announced the arrival of "feeding time,"—as if the company were composed of emigrants from the bears' and lions' dens in Regent's Park? The more I reflect upon it, the more I am convinced, that the use of gongs came in about the time when Bonifaces became rapacious, and limited feeding time to twenty minutes. Familiarity breeds contempt, I have heard. It has already proved so in this matter. For the effect of gongs now is entirely different. They have lost their terrors, and only beget a wolfish wrath and general stirring up of all the combativeness of man's nature, until the dinner table is no longer a place for the harmless gratification of a healthy appetite and for the pleasures of social intercourse, but an arena for vengeance. Not being able to take personal revenge upon the landlord or captain, the wrathful traveller sweeps the table as with the besom of destruction. It is a gratification to know that the gong is now discarded in many of our best hotels. The best hotel by all odds I found in three months' travel, last summer, was the National at Detroit. One could sink to rest there with no fears of being waked in the morning by the crack of doom and the crash of worlds shot madly from their spheres: and at dinner hour, though the gong was heard, it roared you gently, like a sucking dove.—Nevertheless, better, no gong.

By a careful generalization from the minute observations made during some thousands of miles of travel, I come to this result, and would record it for the benefit of generations yet unborn—also for the present. The louder and more obstreperous the gong, the worse the table—the two are invariably in an inverse ratio—when x (the gong) = infinity, a, b, c , (flesh, fowl and vegetables) = 0.

Out of Uncle-Sam-dom these horrors are unknown. In the "Art Chambers," a suite of apartments away up in the North-east corner of the royal palace at Berlin, where priceless treasures of art are kept, there is quite a museum of American, Indian, African and other curiosities. Among them a chamber is devoted to Chinese matters. And here the servant when showing parties about, as a climax to the whole exhibition, used to give a specimen of gong music. To the Germans it was truly a climax, but what horror was depicted upon the countenances of American visitors, as awful recollections of hotels at home came rushing upon their memories!

It has struck me that in the case of certain preachers, whose fundamental principle of action is "knowing the terrors of the Law, we persuade men," the services should begin with a band of about four gongs—human nature could hardly bear more.

As a musical instrument for our military bands, as at present constituted, I think the gong stands preëminent. It would make probably about as much noise as seven and a half drums, and that too with an application of not more than three donkey power. A hint to try it is given gratis.

Joking apart, when *Samson* had such a run in Boston (I refer to the oratorio, not to the man) seven or eight years ago, I always thought the introduction of the gong into the chorus "Weep, Israel, weep," a master stroke; it imparted an awful sublimity to the music, which affected me more and more with each repetition. I can never forget how its unearthly tones used to rise and swell, until they seemed to pervade chorus and orchestra, imparting to that saddest of all sad music, a wild and wierd grandeur almost awful in degree. Query—How would it sound to me now?

The same instrument used also to impart a certain kind of terror, when the temple of the Philistines was supposed to be tumbling about their ears, as was plainly evident to any one who watched the audience.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOV. 26, 1853.

"Pupils of Liszt and Mendelssohn."

Formerly the virtuosos, who came over from Europe to astonish us and conjure the dollars out of our pockets and the souls out of our bodies, as we sat listening with open mouths, announced themselves with courtly titles. "Pianist to the Emperor of all the Russias;" "First Violinist to her Royal Highness, the Princess So-and-So;" "Flutist to the Grand Duke of Weiss-nicht-wo," &c., &c. That was the style of the flaming placards by which the magicians had it all their own way with us, before we knew such from artists. The latter naturally came after, as astronomers came after the astrologists. Now-a-days they try the virtue of artistic titles, and call themselves pupils of such and such great masters. We have many times felt moved to say a word in exposition of this sort of humbug, and we are glad at last to do it *with authority*, and in the words of one who personally *knows* the things whereof he here affirms. The following is sincere, well-meant and from a source perfectly well informed.

MR. EDITOR:—Many of the Piano-performers, recently arrived from Europe, and making their first appearance before the publics of New York and Boston, have announced themselves as "Pupils" of Liszt, Thalberg, or Mendelssohn. To prevent erroneous impressions in regard to such pupil-ship, we feel ourselves obliged to make some statements, which are based on personal knowledge.

Neither Mendelssohn nor Liszt ever gave private lessons on the piano, as professors generally do. Their time was too precious and their minds too much engrossed in their higher vocation in Art, to allow of their undertaking the common task of professors of the piano, who at certain hours, and during a fixed number of minutes, are condemned to undergo the pleasure of correcting wrong notes, bad fingering and unmusical phrasing; besides that their position in life spared them the necessity of this sort of business.

Mendelssohn, however, had taken charge of teaching the upper classes of the Leipzig Conservatoire. The institution contained in all about *sixty* pupils; and if everybody who received a share of his instruction, which was given only a few times a week, is entitled to call himself "pupil of Mendelssohn," we may have a chance of hearing some *very inferior* pupils of that great master. Mendelssohn was always ready to assist anybody in the development of his talent, by examining and correcting his compositions, as well as by listening to a piano-forte performance, provided that he took sufficient interest in the person, and that the latter proved himself industrious; but such advising and instructing never took place in the form of regular lessons.

If there *are* pupils of Mendelssohn, they are the following: STERDALE BENNETT, CHARLES HORSLEY, CARL ECKERT, and a less known one, KUFERATH. Their music bears (only too much!) the stamp of Mendelssohnian expression, and they worked under his immediate influence.

MR. GÖCKEL, who should properly announce himself a pupil of the Leipzig Conservatoire, instead of one of Mendelssohn, was, at the time referred to, one of the most promising scholars, who distinguished himself by his remarkable piano-forte execution, and a certain boldness at the instrument, which contrasted queerly with his juvenile form. Since then he surely has become not only a most clever, but a still more brilliant player. Yet we doubt very strongly whether

his teacher, Mendelssohn, would have been pleased with his *Polichinelle*, as much as a portion of our Boston Music Hall public, who are always ready to encore some trash, provided that it is *very* bad, or that the big drum makes plenty of noise. We doubt, too, very seriously whether such a manner as Mr. Gockel exhibited at the instrument would have gained the approbation of his teachers in Leipsic. Striking chords from a distance of several feet from the keyboard, and whipping the air by the most audacious evolutions of the hands, are some of the astonishing tricks of Leopold de Meyer, and of Gottschalk; and to cramp the hands in the most affected manner (representing sentiment or gracefulness), when lifting them, is a practice which the "pupil of Mendelssohn" never witnessed in his master.

In regard to Liszt, we think that among the many who choose to recommend themselves by proclaiming that they made their studies under him. (some of them having, perhaps, really played a piece or two to him,) there are not two whom Liszt would be particularly proud to claim as his pupils. Other "pupils" of his have never spoken, much less played, to him; yet as soon as they reach the American shore they become "pupils of Liszt." *Exempla sunt odiosa*. At this present moment there is another "pupil," giving concerts in New York, a lady, who announces herself as "the only artist who can number among her teachers those distinguished masters, Mendelssohn, Liszt, Prudent and Thalberg." That beats all previous self-recommendations of the kind.

If the public are imposed upon by such humbug, they are no less mistaken when they attach too much value to another favorite expression in musical advertisements. We mean: "Just arrived from Germany," and "Having studied in the high German School." As the good is always more scarce than the bad, Germany numbers also many more bad than good musicians; and, unfortunately, she likes to send the worst ones over to America and keep the best herself! Musical instruction in Germany is even cheaper than in Boston; everybody can obtain it in any quantity; but not everybody who has visited Germany, or been educated there, is for that reason an excellent musician. Beware of the "pupils," and do not wrong Germany and her "high school" by making them accountable, if those, recently arrived from there, should not prove worthy of her. o.

Third Germania Concert.

Saturday evening saw the Music Hall filled with the largest, and happiest audience of the season. And truly we may say, that never has any symphony performance more completely met our mood, and sunk into our soul so comfortingly, as that night's rendering of the fourth symphony (in B flat) of Beethoven. Allowing everything for subjective accident or predisposition, it was still clear that our pleasure was due, first to that lovely tone-creation itself, and secondly to the admirable manner in which the Germanians played it. The Adagio, introductory to the Allegro, so profoundly melancholy, so full of love-sick pensiveness and tenderness, was rendered with a delicacy and truth of expression that made one from the first note sure of a good symphony, and enlisted every feeling for a full appreciation of the whole. The promise was fully sustained in the impassioned outburst of the Allegro. What dreams of happiness! what eager clasping for them! crossed continually on the brightest verge of triumph by the cold shadow of Fate! But the same quenchless ardor of fidelity to a deep, ideal, spiritual sentiment, which pervades the song of "Adelaide," seems to inspire this whole Allegro. The glees and glooms, the heaven-

climbing hopes and the heart-sinkings of an immortal love, are the lights and shades that checker this exquisitely woven, warmly colored web of harmony. The uncontrollable fire and restlessness of the Allegro, is subdued in the Adagio to the sweetest, and most resigned and spiritually sustained mood of melancholy. Over a groundwork of accompaniment, in which a little sobbing phrase is continually kept up, flows the loveliest and most consoling melody; but when this melody ceases upon the ear, and lingers only in the mind, the little accompanying phrase still throbs in drum beats, like the heart palpitating a few times yet with the old habit of a sorrow that has already yielded to higher thoughts and influences. There is something so human and so heavenly in this Adagio that all audiences appear to feel it. This, as also the resolute, finely imaginative minuet and trio, and the rejoicing finale, were equally well played. Indeed we know not when we have ever heard the beauty of *any* symphony so fully and admirably brought out. To have heard the whole immediately repeated, would have made the richest and most satisfying concert for us, and we doubt not for many more.

The Andantino, which forms the second part of Mendelssohn's Symphony Cantata, "Song of Praise," has long been a favorite with our public. How different its charm, and yet how finely unique! How Hebrew, and Psalms-of-David-like, from the first phrase! Simply, sweetly trusting, devout, penetential; and what an invigorating mountain air of purity and moral strength one feels in that spirited and crackling episode from the brass instruments!

The Scherzo, by Robert Schumann, belongs to a piece in rather a singular form, entitled "Overture, Scherzo and Finale,"—something between an overture and a symphony. It would have been more effective at some time when it could have been given in its connection with the other movements and have occupied a more prominent place in a programme. As it was, it was interesting to those who lent their minds and ears to it.

The overture to "Rienzi," one of Wagner's early operas, would by no means have tended to remove any prepossessions against the bold innovator's style, if we had not first heard him under the more favorable and developed form of *Tannhäuser*. Opening with quiet, solemn beauty; starting some bold and interesting ideas, but soon leaving them; with now and then a fitful gleam of rare power and originality, and with much brilliant instrumentation, it degenerates in the last half into such mere common place, (the German word for *mere* is *lauter*, which means also *loud*!) that all the ear-splitting fortissimo of drums and trombones cannot save it. Jullien would certainly be delighted with it. Yet it is historically, or biographically interesting, (to one whose nerves are strong enough) as containing marks of power indicative of the Wagner that was to be. That noisy, firemen's parade sort of a finale, however, mightily stirred the *clapping* portion of the audience, as *clap-trap* usually does, and had to be repeated. It was strange, incredible, on recovering from the stunned state, to think that only an hour before, in that same place and company, we had been listening to the fourth Symphony! It was like remembering Keat's "Endymion" in the midst of a hoarse and savage political street shouting on the evening of an election.

The Romanza from Halevy's *L'Eclair* is a

pretty piece of sweetness, just fitted to be popular with the youthful flirtation and confecti-
onary age, and was nicely dialogized by the
horn and flute of Messrs. KUESTENMACHER and
ZERRAIN. Mlle. PINTARD sang the *Brindisi*
from *Lucrèce*, and a bravura air from *Roberto*
Devereux, with purity of tone and a style which
only lacked a little inspiration and magnetism to
save it from criticism. Rossini's overture to
Semiramide, finely performed, made a brilliant
and appetitive finale to the entertainment.

At the Germania Rehearsal last week, Mozart's
great symphony in C, with the heavenly Adagio,
and the quadruple-fugue finale, was so boldly and
clearly brought out as to rivet the attention even
of many of the lightest and youngest portion of
the audience. At the Rehearsal this week, in-
stead of a symphony, much of the "Midsummer
Night's Dream" music was given, with the over-
ture to *Leonore*, a fine march by Franz Schubert,
and a good assortment of those waltzes, polkas,
&c., which many are so fond of hearing.

Mendelssohn Quintette Club.

The fifth season of these earnest and laudable
attempts to create a permanent audience and sup-
ply of Classical Chamber music in our city,
opened with an unusually large assembly of lis-
teners on Tuesday evening, in the smaller hall,
or chapel, of the new Tremont Temple. The
programme, as a whole, we must confess, hardly
realized our expectations. Much of it was of a
very high order and deeply enjoyed; but some
of the pieces failed to awaken any very positive
sensation, which, considering their length, and the
fact that these pieces formed the *first* half of the
concert, and so left the mind weary and the
nerves not strained up to the liveliest pitch for
the really good things that came after, was unfor-
tunate.

It is well sometimes to hear what quartet and
quintet writers of the second or third rank, or
what those, who by any sort of peculiarity have
acquired fame abroad, have written, that by the
comparison we may the more fully appreciate the
standard works. With this view we could have
had no objection to the "Fifth Quintet, in A, op.
29," by Veit, an official, we believe, at Prague,
who has acquired some note by amateur attempts
at composition in this kind. The Andante and
Allegro seemed common-place, and feeble in
ideas, lacking point and inspiration. The Adagio
was interesting in passages, had more of contrast,
and showed more of romantic sensibility than of
real creative imagination; its thoughts did not
seem to develop by a vital process out of one first
germ, but rather to be added and pieced on. The
Allegretto, which is styled *Mährchen*, or Fairy
Tale, was captivating to most of the audience by
its touch of romance and of nationality, and in-
deed was verily gracefully and prettily conceived;
but after Mendelssohn, Schumann, and so many
others, (Old School and New School) in Ger-
many, who have cultivated that attractive vein, it
would not be called remarkable. Yet it would be
unjust to deny a pervading gracefulness of style,
and many occasional passages of beauty, in this
quintet; but the Quintette Club have taught us
to measure such things by the highest standards.

This was followed by a Trio for piano, violin
and cello, (in B flat, No. 3) of Mozart, played
by F. F. MÜLLER, RIHA and WULF FRIES. It

is one of the more light, simple and level efforts
of Mozart's always clear and graceful style; not
striking enough to make impression immediately
after that long Quintet. Mr. Müller gave an
honest, straight-forward, musician-like reading of
his part; but the habit of the organist was be-
trayed in his touch, which did not always give a
graceful finish to running passages, and failed to
bring out such tone as we have been wont to
hear from that Chickering grand piano, the hero
of last winter's concerts. Perhaps the instrument
itself had been exposed to tone-benumbing influ-
ences. The string parts were unexceptionably
rendered.

Part Second contained three pieces, all good.
The violin Concerto of Beethoven, one of the
splendid compositions of his second period, was
performed (the first movement) with merely a
quartet and piano accompaniment; but even this
was full of fire and grandeur, stamping itself, as
Beethoven's works always do, by the intrinsic
might of their ideas. Mr. AUGUST FRIES
achieved the very difficult task of the violinist
with heroic hardihood. The number of violinists
who could execute such a task with any sort of
success must be indeed quite limited. Mr. Fries
has gained greatly in the mastery of difficulties;
but we cannot say that it always amounts quite to
a graceful mastery: the hard places seem a little
too anxiously anticipated and then carried by
storm; and we are forced reluctantly to confess
that the energy and bravery of the onset, in the
forte passages, is sometimes at the expense of
smooth and musical quality of tone,—a little
"scratchy," as they say,—with now and then an
overstraining of the pitch in very high notes.
Habits of this sort seem to cling constitutionally,
or else mysteriously, to certain artists, in spite of
very great excellencies; and we are compelled to
mention them to prove our general praise sincere;
besides that it is our duty to the artist at all times
to offer him as nearly as we can a faithful test of
the present, by which he may calculate a future,
trial. As it was, we should be happy if every-
body enjoyed that Concerto as much as we did.

ROBERT SCHUMANN'S Romanza for clarinet
and piano, (op. 94.), by Messrs. RYAN and
MÜLLER, is a charming, characteristic little me-
lody, as clear and readily appreciable as anything
could be on the first hearing. It was expressive-
ly rendered by Mr. Ryan; and we thank him for
selecting a simple melody, that has character and
meaning, for his solo, instead of those elaborate
but empty variation pieces, which show the ambi-
tion more than the good sense, of solo-players.

The greatest and finest of all the novelties of an
evening, in which everything was new, was the
fifth Quartet of Mendelssohn (no. 3 of op. 44, in
E flat.) We shall not attempt to characterize it
until we shall have heard it more; which we trust
we shall do in a better relative position among
other pieces in a programme; for, beautiful, ori-
ginal, profound in thought and feeling, lovely, as
it was, it came to late too make the half of its true
impression on the audience at large. In general
it was well performed, with the exception of the
light and rapid triple movement of the Scherzo, in
which some of the parts hatched hard to keep a
common pace. Some nervousness in the perfor-
mers, at their first concert in a new place, in
new music, and before an audience larger and
more exacting, and perhaps more unreasonable in
its expectations, than ever, was visible and very

natural. By the next concert we shall have
established easy and familiar relations again all
round, and all, we doubt not, will go well and
satisfactorily. The Quintette Club have earned
the right to the largest sympathy and encourage-
ment, as well as to the most frank and friendly
plain speaking.

Camilla Urso.

The newspapers announce a second concert of
this charming little violinist, at the Boston Music
Hall, *this afternoon*. It is well timed, and if
there be any gratitude in audiences, especially in
the parents of thousands of children whom Ca-
milla's violin made happy last year, or any con-
stancy in sweet impressions, there will be a crowd
this afternoon to make up for the painfully empty
house at her evening concert last week. This
time she will have the assistance of the same
artists she had then.

We heard but the first half of that concert,
including one of Camilla's very difficult solos,
which she executed with all the largeness and
purity of tone, and finished style of an accom-
plished artist.

Mr. GÖCKEL, a German pianist, who has made
some mark during the past season in New York,
exhibited a remarkable power of bravura execu-
tion, with great brilliancy of touch and neatness
and clearness in all his passages, in the perfor-
mance of the latter half of Weber's *Concert-Stück*,
entirely unaccompanied. Of course the music
could not tell for its full worth, without orchestra,
but it displayed pianist and piano to great advan-
tage. Signora CAROLINA VERTIPRACH, known
in Havana Opera Company times as CAROLINA
VIETTI, sang some operatic selections with that
powerful contralto of hers, which seems almost
præternaturally strong in its lowest tones, with a
great deal of execution, but rather an over-
strained pathos.

Signor RODOLFO, (which we take to be the
Italian of *Herr Rudolf*), displayed a very rich
baritone voice and considerable style in *Vi ravviso*
from the "Sonnambula."

Musical Intelligence.

Local.

HANDEL and HAYDN SOCIETY.—Our time-honored
Oratorio Society commence their series of six perfor-
mances to-morrow evening, with "Samson." HANDEL's
music to MILTON's words! "Samson" has always been
a favorite with Boston audiences; and this time it will
have the advantage of our best local singers, with the
GERMANIANS for orchestra, BERGMANN for conductor,
and MÜLLER for organist. An oratorio of Handel in the
Boston Music Hall is a delight and edification worth
walking some miles for.

OTTO DRESEL'S First Soirée is fixed for next Wednes-
day evening. Musical enjoyment, more select and un-
alloyed is hardly to be found elsewhere. Mr. BERGMANN
is to play with him a piano and violoncello Sonata of
Beethoven. There will be a Trio of Mendelssohn, and
the Piano Quartet of Schumann; also smaller piano
pieces by Bach, Mendelssohn and Chopin. Mr. Dresel
proposes Tuesday for his regular evening; but this time
circumstances compelled a change.

The CLASSICAL MATINEES of Messrs. PERABEAU,
ECKHARDT, KEYZER, SCHLIMPER and MAASS, will com-
mence at 3½ P. M. The programme, it will be seen by
the advertisement, is very rich, including a Quartet and
a Horn Sonata by Beethoven, a Quintet by Hummel, a
Chorale on the organ, &c., &c.

THE MENDELSSOHN CHORAL SOCIETY have completed their arrangements for the Oratorio, "The Messiah," on Christmas night. The following combination of talent is secured:

Conductor, C. BERGMANN:—Organist, L. H. SOUTHARD:—Orchestra, The GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY:—Soli—*Soprano*, Miss ANNA STONE and Mrs. E. A. WENTWORTH:—*Contralto*—Miss SARAH HUMPHREY:—*Tenor*—Mr. S. B. BALL:—*Bass*—Mr. F. MEYER.

The novelties to be introduced are: the rendering of the Recitative, *Comfort ye my people*, and the Air, *Every valley shall be exalted*, by a Soprano voice (Miss STONE) instead of a tenor, as usual; and the first appearance here of Mr. F. MEYER, in the Bass rôle. The change from tenor to soprano is not without precedents of the highest authority in England. Mr. Meyer's standing as an artist gives promise that the exceedingly arduous bass rôle will be given in a style superior to any effort we have had in the part for many years in this city. *

We commend the attention of our readers to the card of Mr. ADOLPH KIELBLOCK, who offers his services as a teacher of music in our city. He has been a favorite pupil of the Berlin professor, MARX, and for the past two years has taught very successfully in New Bedford. A friend there, in whose judgment we have all confidence, writes us:

"In every respect he is a gentleman, of refined taste and manners—a polished musician and a good instructor. I can vouch for the excellence of his instruction in the case of a private musical club, to which he imparted the genuine German touch and flavor."

New York.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The first Concert of the twelfth season takes place this evening at Metropolitan Hall. Conductor of Orchestra, Mr. T. Eisfeld. The increasing patronage for the Classical Concerts of this Society has obliged them to secure a larger room; and in accordance with the request of many members, they will in future produce two Symphonies at each Concert. The Orchestra is augmented to eighty performers. The principal orchestra pieces to be performed are as follows: Symphony, "The Seasons" by Spohr, (first time;) Overture, "King Lear," Berlioz; and "Vampyre," Marschner. The following eminent artists have volunteered their services: Mrs. Emma Gillingham Bostwick, Mr. Aptommas, Harpist, (late from London,) and Mr. Hahn, Violinist, (his first appearance.) Terms: Subscribing members, \$10 per year, three tickets to each Concert; associate, \$5; and professional members, \$3 per year, one ticket to the public rehearsals and Concerts; members can procure extra tickets at \$1 each; tickets to non-subscribers \$1.50 each.

An arrangement has just been made between the New York Sacred Harmonic Society and M. Jullien and his company, by which Handel's *Messiah* will be performed by the entire vocal and instrumental force of both parties on Christmas night, December 26.

Madame Sontag will go immediately to Boston, and then come here to give a series of concerts with efficient coadjutors.

The *Prophète* is postponed until Friday, at Niblo's, to give extra rehearsals.

JULLIEN has succeeded at Philadelphia, and proceeded to Baltimore.

Advertisements.

MISS MARIA FRIES, lately arrived from Germany, respectfully announces her intention of giving instruction in the GERMAN LANGUAGE, either in private lessons or in classes. Communications addressed to her, or to her brothers, August or Wulf Fries, No 17 Franklin place, will receive immediate attention.

References—Professor Henry W. Longfellow, of Cambridge; Doct. Wesselhoeft, Bernard Koelker, Esq. John S. Dwight, Esq. Nov. 12. tf

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This is the most comprehensive, thorough and complete work of the kind ever issued, forming a very extensive collection of the choicest music, as well as a self-instructor for the instrument. Most of the Melodeon instructors heretofore published, have been mere compilations from Piano Books. This Work is emphatically a Melodeon book, every piece in it being arranged with special adaptation to that instrument. It contains 144 pages folio, and is gotten up in elegant style, with cuts representing positions of the body, hands, &c. Any one remitting us two dollars, can have a copy of the work sent him by mail, post-paid. It is better to order it through a dealer, however, as so large a book is liable to injury in going by mail. Published by MASON BROTHERS,
Nov. 26. 3t 23 Park Row, New York.

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By I. B. WOODBURY, Author of the Dulcimer, etc

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oct 29

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THOMAS RYAN respectfully informs his pupils that he has returned to town for the season, and will resume his instructions in Harmony and Thorough Bass, Piano-Forte, Flute, Clarinet, Violin, etc. Ladies desirous of studying Thorough Bass in small private classes, will please leave communications at his residence, No. 5 Franklin St., or at G. P. Reed & Co.'s music store.

Boston, September 24, 1853.

SIGNOR CORELLI begs leave to announce to his friends and pupils that he has returned to the city, and may be found at his rooms, No. 20 Temple Place, or at the Tremont House. Sept. 17.

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Oct. 16.

3m

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Oct. 1, 3m.

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Residence, No. 3 Winter Place, Boston.

iii tf

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No. 21 School St.

DWIGHT'S Journal of Music.

A Paper of Art and Literature.

VOL. IV.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1853.

NO. 9.

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[Translated by the Editor.]

WAGNER'S "TANNHÄUSER."

BY FRANZ LISZT.

(Continued from p. 58.)

II. THE OVERTURE, (concluded.)

* * * * If we express ourselves at great length about this new opera of Wagner, it is because we cherish the conviction that this work carries in itself a principle of vitality and of glory, which will one day be universally recognized. The innovations which it contains, are drawn from the true powers of Art, and will justify themselves as acquisitions of genius.

Accordingly, in speaking of the overture, we may remark that one could not desire of a symphonic poem that it should be written more consistently with the rules of classical form, or that it should have a more perfect logic in the exposition, development and solution of its premises. Its arrangement is just as precise, at the same time that it is richer, than that of the best models in this kind.

The first sixteen bars lay the first half of the religious *thema* in E major, (See No. 1.) in the lowest register of the clarinets, horns and bassoons, making a cadence on the dominant. The second part is wonderfully modulated through the violoncello, to which the violins add themselves in the ninth measure, (See No. 2). The whole *thema* is then repeated *fortissimo* by the brass instruments in the same key, to a much more lively rhythm in eighth-triplets, continually accompanied

No. 1. ANDANTE MAESTOSO. ♩ = 50.

No. 2.

by a descending diatonic figure in sixteenth-triplets. During the sixteen following bars the second half of the *thema* is modulated by the wind instruments to the same rhythm of triplets, *mezzo forte*, *diminuendo* and *piano*; but the figure in sixteenth-triplets, repeating itself only in every second measure, produces a decrease of the rhythm, corresponding to the decrease of power and fulness. The repetition of the whole, merely moderated in the first sixteen bars, forms the end of this introduction upon an inversion of the diminished seventh chord.

The Allegro begins with an indication of the alluring and voluptuous *motive* (a), immediately followed by a member of a rhythmical phrase (b) which

serves it for an appendix, then develops itself completely in the overture, and only disappears in the religious *thema* again resumed as the finale. The *motive*, indicated at first, fully develops itself only some thirty bars later, with the figures which we have already mentioned, when we spoke of the character which Wagner has given to the temptation scene of the syrens.

This *motive*, underneath a tremolo of violins, is divided between the violas and clarinets, and turns off, after it has fully developed itself, into a transitional passage, whose *crescendo* serves as an electrical conductor to a bold melody upon the dominant (B major) and given out *fortissimo* by the whole orchestra:



It lasts through more than twenty bars and is crowned by an outburst of the little appendix phrase (*b*) gradually swelling up through three ascending chords, whose bacchic dissonance stuns both ear and mind. The foregoing figures are again resumed *pianissimo* until the appearance of a lovely melody in G major (afterwards in the opera itself assigned to Venus):



which is first given to the clarinet, is continued by one violin in the register of the highest harmonic tones, carried still farther through a fantastic arabesque of the voluptuous *motive* (traced out by the violas and thrown into half shadow, as it were, by a tremolo of the violins,) and then dies away in F sharp. It gives place to the transition phrase, which had introduced the melody in B, a plaintive scream, which, this time on the ground tone of F sharp, ends, through a chromatic progression, with the return of the same melody upon the tonic.

The Coda recalls the leading features of the commencement of the Allegro, and swells to a furious climax by a chromatic descent upon the ground-tone of B, which brings out the last repetition of the appendix phrase (*b*). At this moment, on the same dissonant chord which we have had before on the first entrance of the livelier tempo in $\frac{4}{4}$ measure (E, G, A \sharp , C \sharp ; but this time on the ground-tone of B), returns the well-known figure in sixteenths, with the religious theme again, which now with accelerating speed mounts through various inversions of this chord, without pause or intermission, and again descends de-

crescendo through a chromatic scale, making a cadence on the tone of E. Thereupon the religious theme appears again in all its completeness through an accompanying figure (two $\frac{4}{4}$ measures against one $\frac{3}{4}$), and is borne along upon the tone-wave of this peculiarly impassioned figure, which rushes onward like a stream of fire. After sixty measures of this rhythm the theme begins again anew, anew increased (three $\frac{4}{4}$ measures against one $\frac{3}{4}$), with all the brass and other wind instruments setting in *fortissimo*. Thus the conclusion stands in perfect symmetrical relation with the introduction. This conclusion moreover centuples the effect of the introduction and reaches that sublime announcement of a thought and of the power of an art, by which masterpieces secure the admiration of centuries, by the rising of the theme in a form more gigantic than we have any example of in any analogous work, as well as by the altogether unusual hastening of the rhythm in the accompaniment.

Although we have already remarked that the composer of "Tannhäuser" has lent to the passions represented under the name of Venus a character in correspondence with that name so dear to the fair Grecian land, yet we repeat again that there is absolutely no necessity of knowing the opera, the adventures of the Ritter Tannhäuser and the myth of Dame Venus, so singularly transplanted into the Middle Age, in order to apprehend the musical drama in this overture. It is not merely a sort of gigantic prelude, to prepare the mind for the emotions of the play that is to follow; not a necessary introduction, a short and solemn prologue, limited to the office of enchainning the minds of the audience in the region of feelings, which are designed to occupy it. It is unlike those orchestral pieces, which, without containing a single motive of the opera, which they announce, or possibly repeating some few of them, always form a necessary complement to the whole, by transporting the feelings of the spectator into the scene and atmosphere of the play. . . . This overture is a poem upon the same subject with its opera, and quite as comprehensive as the opera. Out of the same thoughts Wagner has made two different works; and since each is intelligible, complete, and independent of the other, they may be taken separately without sacrificing any of the meaning of either. They are bound together by identity of feeling and expression, but for the very reason of this identity they do not need to be mutually explained. If we must quote fact and experience in confirmation of our assertion, we will only say, that we have had this overture brought out, and that it was received with the most enthusiastic admiration, without one of the musicians who performed, or of the public who applauded, having had the slightest knowledge either of the subject or the text of the opera. We cannot fear, therefore, that so much time will have to pass, as was necessary until Mozart's Quartets were no longer torn up by the musicians as unperformable, or until Beethoven's masterpieces were no longer treated as grotesque and absurd innovations, before this overture will belong to the repertoire of standard pieces, which will be long and repeatedly brought out by the great musical establishments.

We find a confirmation of our opinion that Wagner, in spite of his own theories, felt more impelled to create a symphonic work, than anxious to put a prologue to his drama, in his violation of

the rules of acoustical perspective (if we may be pardoned the expression) by such an extended development of the motive, which is to be immediately resumed as the curtain rolls up. The laws of climax, so indispensable to scenic effects, would be utterly violated, (for what *forzando* is there left to be added to the *crescendo* already reached by the song of the syrens long before the play begins?) if the spectacle, the dance and the human voice did not conceal the difficulty; did not by their magic, their coöperation and their art lend a new stimulus to curiosity; did not enhance the stormy impetuosity of the orchestra; did not rescue the public from that need of repose, which those who are most excited feel the most, and revive again the well nigh exhausted interest, seeing that the last word of the tragedy, that is about to be represented, has already been so powerfully uttered.

In the next number we come to an analysis of the opera itself.

[To be continued.]

Sophie Cruvelli.

[The following, which we abridge from the London *Musical World*, shows how grave journalism in Paris watches the diplomacy of Grand Opera managers and *prime donne*, with almost as much gravity as that of the Metternichs, Palmerstons and Nesselrodes.]

Sophie Cruvelli has signed an engagement with the director of the Grand Opera in Paris for two years, on highly advantageous terms.

Fiorentino, in his *feuilleton* of the 8th inst. (*Constitutionnel*), the whole of which is devoted to the subject—twelve columns headed, "APPROPOS DE L'ENGAGEMENT DE M^{lle}. CRUVELLI,"—thus announces the important event:—

"M^{lle}. Sophie Cruvelli signed an engagement with the Opera at 5 o'clock P. M., on Saturday.

"As, in our opinion, the conditions of this engagement are equally honorable and advantageous to the theatre and to the artist, we see no reason why it should be made a mystery.

"M^{lle}. Cruvelli is engaged for two years at a salary of 100,000 francs (£4,000) yearly. She has the choice of parts, and four months leave of absence. She is to sing twice a week; and if, on any occasion, her services are demanded three times in the same week, 1,500 francs (£60) extra are guaranteed to her for this supplementary representation. The two first months of her leave of absence in the year 1855 (June and July, at the epoch of the intended Universal Exhibition) are bought up in advance by the management for 25,000 francs (£1,000) a month, which will give M^{lle}. Cruvelli, for the second year of her engagement, 150,000 francs (£6,000) besides two months for repose."

Fiorentino then enters into a long, ingenious, and eloquent defence of the very large terms which are granted now-a-days to the most celebrated singers.

Passing over seven columns, we can find room for the following:—

"The Opera has engaged M^{lle}. Cruvelli at very high terms, doubtless; but nobody denies that M^{lle}. Cruvelli was exactly the woman the Opera wanted.

"The young and beautiful artist unites to a voice of the utmost power and energy, and with the most extensive range of any now upon the stage, a rare dramatic talent, breadth of action, and dignified presence, nobleness in her attitudes, in fact, many of the qualities of Rachel. M^{lle}. Cruvelli will have two months of study to prepare for her *début*. She is sufficiently a musician to read at first sight the most difficult scores. Although born in Germany, she was at a very early age in one of the best schools at Paris; change of language, therefore, will not prove an obstacle to her. She will make her *début* in the month of January, most probably in Valentine. She will then sing in the *Vestale*, which, with such aid,

can once more be put worthily on the stage. Alice, Rachel, Leonora, &c.—all the grand parts, in short, will follow, without prejudice to new ones which may be written for her. Imperishable masterpieces, which had worn out the admiration of the public, will thus be restored to youth; and at our first theatre we shall witness a series of brilliant *soirées*, and exceptional receipts.

"It is well known, that those who went last year to the Italian Theatre, went for Mdlle. Cruvelli only. In four months she sustained the whole burden of the *repertoire*, since Madame La Grange and M. Rossi only arrived at the end of the season. Surrounded by jealous mediocrities, who would hardly have been tolerated at a fair, exposed to annoyances, ill-temper, and extravagant pretensions of all kinds, she sang in rapid succession Desdemona, Norma, Semiramide, Louisa Miller, Linda, Elvira, Donna Anna, &c., &c., supporting to the best of her power the theatre which was going to its ruin, careless of warning and advice. This did not prevent some charitable people (there are more Basilios than Bartolos at the Italian Theatre,) to invent for poor Mdlle. Cruvelli—who never for one instant quitted the breach, or refused to carry on her own shoulders, unassisted, the whole weight of affairs—a reputation for wildness, eccentricity, and idleness.

"After the close of the Italian theatre, Mdlle. Cruvelli, broken down with fatigue, and satiated with the treatment she had received, returned to her native place. Bielefeld, for the sake of repose. Thence* she proceeded on a voyage of pleasure on the banks of the Rhine, stopping at Ems, Frankfort, and Baden, at each of which places she gave concerts. Subsequently she appeared at the theatre in Cologne as Norma and Amina, singing her part in Italian, while the rest of the company responded in German. It was here that she received at the same moment propositions on the part of the Opera and the Italian Theatre. M. Alarvy—all must be told, in order that the Italians may not be accused of allowing itself lightly to be deprived of such puissant aid—persuaded that Mdlle. Cruvelli had already signed an engagement in blank, which had been forwarded to her from Rome, and that consequently she had only another month at her disposal, offered her, in the name of M. Ragani, for the few representations which she might be enabled to give, a very considerable sum. Mdlle. Cruvelli, however, wrote an account of all that passed to a friend in Paris, and that friend advised her to come and arrange her affairs herself—the shortest way, and the most simple.

"While negotiations were pending, we were careful in preserving the strictest silence. The least thing that a manager and an artist have a right to expect is the privilege of discussing their mutual interests as they may think proper, without the interference of the papers; and it appeared to us nothing more than proper to refrain from comment until the engagement was decided. Others, we say it without reproach, did not think it necessary to emulate our silence, and the morning after the day on which everything was settled there were still several journals reproaching Mdlle. Cruvelli for slowness and hesitation, and loudly calling upon her to come at once to a conclusion, as if she had any reckoning to make with them.

"The engagement of Mdlle. Cruvelli is a master-stroke, and could not arrive more apropos."

We must pass over three more columns, and come to the conclusion with the last paragraph of our excellent cotemporary.

"To recapitulate—we shall have a good winter season; Mdlle. Cruvelli at the Opera, an excellent troupe at the Italiens, but now enriched with the name of Mdlle. Parodi; a new work of Meyerbeer at the Opera Comique, and Madame Cabel at the other end of Paris. It will be a pleasure now to speak of our theatres, and the occupation of a critic will, for the future, be less disagreeable than that of a convict."

Madame de Coigny has a very bad voice. She said once, "*Je n'ai qu'une voix contre moi; c'est la mienne.*" I have but one voice against me and that is my own.—*Russell's Life of Moore.*

[From the N. Y. Tribune of Nov. 26.]

Meyerbeer's "Prophet" in New York.

The first performance of *THE PROPHET* took place at Niblo's Theatre last night, and attracted, as might be expected, a very large and discriminating audience. The opera was an indisputable triumph.

To meet the taste of this public, which unlike that of Paris, could not probably be induced by any combination of poetry, music, painting and spectacle, to sit out an opera like *The Prophet*, requiring nearly five hours for performance in its integrity, many cuts had been made, and for the most part judiciously so. The opera thus condensed lasted three hours and a half.

Mr. Maretzek merits approbation for the style in which the work is produced. The cast is eminently strong, and in most details worthy of any theatre in Europe, including this array of artists: Steffanone, Bertucca-Maretzek, Salvi, Vietti, Quinto, Beneventano, Rosi and Marini. The orchestra is wanting in numbers, but has improved in quality. The choruses are good though not sufficiently powerful. The increased supernumeraries, the dancers, the military band on the stage, the singing boys, are all agreeable innovations on the stereotyped meagre mode of operatic representations. The costumes are new and generally appropriate and in some instances elegant. The scenery, too, is mostly new. Above all, the announcements in the advertisements were simple and truthful, not made up of lying appeals to public gullibility by statements of fabulous sums expended for costumes, scenery, &c. The manager who in these days does not practice this humbug is entitled to praise. The public will only respect and honor the dramatic profession when it shall cease to have a code of morals of its own, give over exaggeration and misrepresentation, and purge the theatre of all the incitements to vice which unhappily are still too frequently connected with it.

It is unfair to make comparisons between the mode of producing the Opera here and in Paris. There money is lavished really without stint, for every artistic and mechanical requirement.—Twenty thousand dollars are spent upon the dresses and properties of an opera, and the public mind is excited with the prospect of its production, in the same way that they are here with a coming election,—the opera house being considered a great national institution. The rehearsals are carried on for six months or more, with a view to the performance of the piece for an equal period—while here, three weeks are the extreme limit allowed for rehearsal, and three nights, or according to Madame Sontag's programme of her last season, "two nights" the extreme limit of the performance of any one opera. When *The Prophet* was in rehearsal and nearly ready for performance, it is said that Meyerbeer insisted on beginning the rehearsals *de novo*, to break in fourteen fresh additional violin-players, he having at that point discovered that the number of the orchestra was insufficient for his effects. Here, instead of fourteen additional violins, there are not fourteen in all. The orchestra is here thirty-five performers. In Paris it was a full hundred. The chorus here is thirty. There it was of equal force with the orchestra. For some effects, a great orchestra is absolutely needed, and a composer is sacrificed by the absence of numbers. While stating these facts, we have no wish to depreciate what is done at Niblo's Opera House, with regard to *The Prophet*, for M. Maretzek is entitled to great praise for the energy and skill which he has shown, and the risk which he has run.

The Prophet is the third of the three great works of Meyerbeer, the first being *Robert le Diable*, the second *Les Huguenots*. It was produced in Paris at the Grand French Opera in 1849. Instead of being the third, it might possibly have been the tenth of his great works, had the opportunity been afforded him in his youth of making himself known through the French Opera. But although previously to the production of *Robert* he was celebrated in Italy through the composition of *Jephtha's Daughter*, *The Two Califs*,

Romada and Costanza, *Emma de Resburg*, *The Gate of Brandenburg*, *Magaret of Anjou*, *The Exile of Grenada*, *Almanzor*, and *The Crusaders*, yet on coming to Paris to crown the object of his ambition by producing a work at the Grand French Opera, he found the obstacles so insuperable that, in disgust and despair, he gave up utterly musical composition, retired to Germany, and for six years did not put pen to paper. Then by chance a *prima donna*, who had achieved a success in one of his productions in Italy, happened to be engaged at the Italian opera in Paris and chose for her benefit that work. It pleased the public, and after immense efforts on the part of Meyerbeer's personal friends, procured for him a commission to write *Robert le Diable* for the French Opera. When the proposition came to him he declined at first to accept it, saying, I have ceased to write for so long a time, that I have no longer any ideas. After the work was completed and put into the manager's hands, the theatre changed masters. This new manager held the MSS. opera a year, refusing to produce it. Finally—as it is currently said, after Meyerbeer had guaranteed the expenses of the first ten representations—it was produced under the following circumstances. At the final rehearsal the manager was surrounded by friends who predicted a total failure, and he was then almost disposed to throw the work aside. It was produced, however, and its first run was 160 nights to nine thousand francs a night, and achieved the most brilliant success to the *Académie*. At that time Meyerbeer was thirty-seven years of age.

The Opera here, it will be remembered, is translated from the French, and thus subjected to certain technical drawbacks. The genius of each language moulds its vocal melody, which must be formed and accented according to the syllabification and versification proper to it. No matter how excellent the translation be, somewhat of the original force will be lost by the change. We were continually reminded of this last night. For example: The air of Fides, *Ah mon fils*,—is rendered *Figlio mio*—which is not strictly accurate, as we have a feminine rhyme for a masculine; and so throughout.

The cause of the past success of the works produced at the French Grand Opera is the alliance of sense and sound which they uniformly present. Before the music of an opera can be composed, the plot and situations must be accepted by the direction, and on these points there is a strict committee. Many Italian operas and the English operas, with hardly an exception, have plots which are stupid or uninteresting, and sufficient to spoil the work to public estimation. Hence the evanescent nature of so many Italian operas, which die with the season that produces them.

The libretto of *The Prophet* is the production of the great dramatist of the age—Scribe. It yields to the composer some splendid situations. The story is briefly this: It is founded on historical facts, additional dramatic incidents being given. The scene is laid in Holland and Germany. The time 1534. The characters are: Jean of Leyden, the pretended prophet, (Filius Dei,) SALVI; Bertha, his betrothed, BERTUCCA-MARETZEK; Fides, his mother, STEFFANONE; Count Oberthal, BENEVENTANO; the three Anabaptist leaders, Zacharias, MARINI; Jonas, VIETTI; Matthias, ROSI; principal soldier, QUINTO. The first scene is laid near Dordrecht, in the neighborhood of the chateau of Count Oberthal, lord of the manor. The peasants are engaged in a merry-making. Bertha and Fides enter. They are on their way to ask of the Count permission that Bertha's nuptials with John may take place—as there was a "peculiar institution" which prevented the girl leaving the estate—or in other words she was his born-thrall. The three Anabaptist leaders appear and preach their doctrines. The peasants are inclined toward such divine teaching of property divisions, and a political storm brews. At its height it is suddenly interrupted by the appearance of the Count well attended, and the peasants fall back into their accustomed servility—the Anabaptists being sent off. Fides and Bertha beg the Count to allow one of them—Bertha, of course—to marry Jean,

Struck by Bertha's appearance, the Count flatly refuses, and takes her for himself. The second scene is the beer-shop of Jean at Leyden. The three Anabaptists arrive, and marking the resemblance of Jean to a portrait of King David in the cathedral of Munster—and learning of his religious enthusiasm and from him that he has had ecstatic visions of his becoming prophet and leader, they affirm that it will all come true, but he remains a fond lover. Bertha enters, having escaped from the Count's chateau, to conceal herself. Count Oberthal follows with his soldiers, and threatens to destroy Fides, who is with him, if Bertha be not delivered up. John saves his mother and surrenders his sweetheart. The Anabaptist leaders then work on his spirit of revenge, and he becomes their instrument. The third act discloses a forest scene in Westphalia, a frozen lake with skaters, and Munster in the distance. Jean, as Anabaptist leader, is besieging Munster, and the peasants on skates fetch provisions, and rejoice over their successes. The Count is taken prisoner—is recognized. Jean saves his life and learns that Bertha lives, and the act concludes with a scene of religious and martial enthusiasm, preparatory to taking the city by storm. Act fourth shows Munster taken by the insurgents. Fides, almost dying of hunger, arrives, and she meets Bertha disguised as a pilgrim, likewise visiting Munster, believing the Prophet to be the cause of Jean's death. The scene next reveals the interior of the cathedral, and the coronation of the Prophet Jean as temporal and spiritual sovereign, takes place with great pomp. Fides entering the cathedral recognizes her son, and confronts him with her claim as his mother. The mother, to save his life, then says she is not his mother, and the intelligent people pronounce it a miracle. The last act is the prison vault of the palace, where the three Anabaptists determine to betray Jean to save themselves, as the Emperor is approaching Munster with a besieging array. A duet between Jean and Fides follows, where he acknowledges her maternal power over him. Bertha enters, determining to revenge herself on the Prophet, and finds out that Jean is the Prophet. The last scene reveals Jean, Sardanapalus-like, in the midst of bacchanalian orgies—he perishes in the flames he had caused to be lighted.

The operatic stage of modern times is the most vital link that we have with the esthetic spirit of ancient Greece.

The Opera, though we have lost the music of the Grecian lyrical drama, lives, because it has progressed. When the father of Galileo revived what he considered the Grecian drama in Florence, by bringing out the first opera, he simply took music as it stood then, and secularized it on the stage, and it has flourished as a true expression, because it does not servilely ape the past, but affords an artistic outworking of passion and emotion—things which can never die while the human heart beats.

The study of the Opera, from the time when the elder Galileo took it in hand up to the present moment, is one of the most generous and suggestive themes.

Through the Opera alone, much other music has been rendered truly grand. The Church first learned by it that the expressions of the human heart, such as the musical tongue utters without formality, are piously acceptable. Declamation took the place of long drawn platitudes. The genius of melody triumphed over hard inconsequential forms, and music became a divinity worthy of worship. The singing-voice, too—that last ray of celestial sound—was brought under discipline through the Opera, and a Porpora taught a Haydn how to sing on musical instruments. The divine art having been transmuted from the original instrument, the voice, to instruments of man's fabrication, great was the clash of rival ingenuities to make perfect forms. The Cremona—the Stradivarius violins—had already been attained as a corner-stone, and the last one hundred years have shown us the vast increase of orchestral means, from the perfection of the

clarinet to the saxtuba, and out of the orchestra to the grand piano-forte.

The man of genius, as a composer, avails himself of all these new instruments, and may even suggest additions and improvements. The author, in hand, does so eminently. He is never satisfied with what has been done in an orchestra. He knows that Haydn did much (more than any other man) to advance instrumentation; that Mozart did so too; so Rossini; so others less known to fame, but not less bold; but that only inspires him to work out fresh problems of instrumental combinations—each of his great works, *Robert le Diable*, *Les Huguenots* and *Le Prophète*, proving this assertion.

In regard to the style of the music in connection with the performance last night, a few words may be added, though we repeat that we cannot describe sounds with words.

There is no overture, but as substitute is a very short prelude with waving triplets on the violin, and time-marking on some of the wind instruments. After some twenty bars of this, in the key of D, we are led to the first piece, where the curtain is up, an Andante Pastorale in G. The symphony to this are some shepherd-like traits on a clarinet with an echo. Then commence the violoncellos in hurdy-gurdyish fifths—G D, the triangle and piccolo put in their quaint spokes, and the chorus commences. We give the French words, as our readers are more familiar with that language than with Italian. These words, then, are *La brise est muette, le jour est serein. D'écho sonne la clochette de nos grais troupeaux*. This work is written with mosaic-like care, but does not include a striking melody.

The whole effect of this introduction was tranquil; the peasants' dresses were picturesque, but the effect of the scene was sadly wanting in numbers and in the attention to the grouping and stage-business generally, which in so pungent a degree individuate the mode of putting operas on the French stage. Next follows a recitative, preceded by a symphony. This is between Bertha and Fides, the latter entering at the time. After this some sombre music in the orchestra between the horns, with pistons and the bassoons, introduces the three Anabaptist leaders, somberly clad, who begin to sing, from a neighboring hill, their politico-theological watchwords: *Ad nos, ad salutarem undam, iterum venite, miseri, ad nos*. These gentlemen in black—who, by the way, were made up to a charm—after their unison minor definition of their position, come down to the level of the peasants, who, believing in their divine mission, lend a willing ear. Zacharias, (Marini,) their chief spokesman, preaches to the crowd, his sermon set to music and ingeniously accompanied. The discourse is in C minor and has the merit of brevity. It suits admirably his heavy bass tones. He is assisted by his two friends, who throw in their *Ad nos, ad salutarem*, as above. In this orthodox sermon the peasants are informed of their low social status and the necessity of their dividing the spoils with their hereditary masters. In the Italian version, whose performance we are noticing, there are some pages cut, which paint musico-dramatically in an admirable manner the nascent and rising ideas of the crowd on the interesting subject—this, however, is a necessity of abbreviation, as we have stated beforehand in a general way. Having jumped into *medias res*, we have the Anabaptist hymn roared in unison, while a superior pedal note on the violins, and a varied bass, portray the agitation of the crowd, as they group round the footlights. Having armed themselves, the anabaptists first, and the people afterward with them, in an allegro moderato movement, in C major, declaim an enthusiastic hymn which was competently applauded. The introduction of old-fashioned flat sevenths is here a good touch of the composer's acumen; also the use of the side drum. The movement is quickened on a warlike cry coming from the multitude. Some bold, brief modulations here, which cannot be described in words, are notably good. In the midst of the revolutionary row, Count Frederic Oberthal, followed by several soldiers, appears through a portcullis, and the noisy crowd stop

short on C major, while the orchestra modulates to A, and recitative follows. The Count cannot awe the trio of Anabaptists, who let us have a snatch of their old canticle to new words not complimentary to him, who thereupon drives them away. Our nobleman, perceiving Bertha, finds her better game than our murky friends. She, along with Fides, recounts in a duet how Jean had saved her life; and there is a mutual request to the Count that he will permit her, his vassal, to marry the said Jean. When this duet—which we do not consider inspiration—though exquisitely instrumented and so nicely played on the wooden wind instruments, with the exception of the accompaniment to the final cadenza—is done—the Count bluntly refuses to let so much innocence and beauty quit his domain; and at this the chorus with an appropriate change of key cry out their alarm, and then mutter among themselves their indignation. The Count insists on his determination, in an Italian-like melody, and the peasants crest-fallen withdraw slowly. The hymn of the three Anabaptist professors is now heard within; these gentlemen then present themselves again, the people kneel to them and look daggers at the Count.

The second act opened with a view of the interior of John's beer-shop. A smart, dashing waltz movement is heard. A corps de ballet figured about, and we noted among it several women looking hideously dressed as men. Let them stick to their petticoats. The chorus of peasants was brisk. Mr. Quinto was considerably drunk in character, and did it well. The three Anabaptists—the Maine Law not being in force—were seated at a lager beer table. Jean (Salvi) was helping the guests. We cannot compliment Mr. Salvi upon the manner in which his head and face were made up. If it was after that "picture of King David in the Cathedral at Munster"—as described by Mr. Marini—it was painted by a shocking bad artist. The three gentlemen in black have had a nice bit of black music. By the way, Macbeth was played in Paris in French at the time Scribe wrote this libretto—and the three witches at the Odéon were better done than ever they were with us; it is barely probable that this murky business of the three fatal Anabaptists may have been suggested on that occasion to the author.

Jean's solo, describing his dream, is an inspiration. It wanted, however, the two harps which the composer has properly introduced to paint the celestial character of the scene, and which were not properly replaced by pizzicati. Mr. Salvi sang like a great artist. He has a portamento which only belongs to a few. His large declamation is so often like that of Dupréz, that it would almost seem that they studied in the same school. The melody of this piece is in the unbacknied time of 9-8, equivalent to three slow waltz bars grouped. It is delicious. Meyerbeer, though a man of great personal resources, has a sneaking kindness for the novelties of other people. In this he borrows the effect of Rossini, in the *Guillaume Tell* waltz, where the melody takes without modulation the major third above, and then back again. We were struck with several marked plagiarisms which we do not wish to condemn, except to say that, when we find any composer free from them, it will be time enough to select this or that new composer as sinning. For example: the air of the opera, the minor hymn, *Ad nos salutarem*, which is the back-bone of it, is an old hymn. The air *Re del Cielo*, Act III., finale, is nothing more than the standard old Stabat Hymn sung during the Tenebrae in Catholic Churches—and with hardly a note varied. We do not mean by this *Stabat* either that of Pergolese or Rossini. In the solo of Salvi we were mentioning just now, the instrumentation is remarkable—the low note of the flute especially, playing the air while the violins with mutes accompany it, two octaves above. There are diminished-seventh passages in the frightful part of this dream solo which are too closely modeled after the Wolf-glen horrors of *Der Freischütz*. We cannot dwell on the music of this act further than to mention the quartet, where the large declamatory, weeping-like notes of Salvi are

essentially great, and brought down the house with a tempest of applause.

The skating scene which, in Paris, through the mimicry of locality, and atmosphere, with the changes from day to night and night to day, with the haze of winter, and its snow flakes, was a complete artistic delusion, here, as our stage-arrangements are yet in their infancy, was poor, and the skating equally so. The ballet music of this scene, when given full and properly, is superlatively fine. Nothing Meyerbeer has composed exceeds it in novelty and the adaptation of means to ends.

We must push on to act IV. The fourth act was the best *mise-en scene* in the opera. The march was splendidly rendered; and the orchestra played better than ever we heard them. We would simply advise Mr. Maretzek to cause his trombones, out of the Coronation Scene, to play more softly, and to cut out the big drum part, except in this scene. The latter is too loud for his orchestra. The playing of the side drummer cannot be surpassed. The military band on the stage did well. The effect of the grand procession in this act—the number on the stage filling it up—the soldiers, priests, civic dignitaries, altar-boys, girls strewing flowers, peasant men and women, sombre devotees, cardinals, bishops, and so forth, was striking. The dresses seemed new and appropriate. The music of this act is magnificent. The organ-harmonies are worthy of Handel. The music sung by Steffanone is of the highest order, and her acting and singing of it were the best things she ever did. The scene where the Prophet causes his mother to disown him electrified the audience. At the curtain's falling the house resounded with cheers; it was again drawn up, but the people, not yet satisfied, called out before it Steffanone and Salvi, and then the same two artists afterwards with Maretzek, the manager.

Act V finished the Opera with complete success.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

From my Diary. No. XXXII.

Nov. 29.—Well, this is a treasure!

"MESSIAH, an Oratorio in Score. As it was Originally Performed. Composed by Mr. Handel. To which are added his additional Alterations. London. Printed by Messrs. Rendell and Abell, Successors to the late Mr. J. Walsh in Catherine Street in the Strand, of whom may be had the complete Scores of Samson, Alexander's Feast, and Acis and Galatea." [No Date.]

Such is the title of the original edition of the "Messiah," a large, handsome quarto, of 188 pages, finely engraved, on thick, excellent paper, with an Appendix of 35 pages of "additional alterations."

There is not a word of preface or introductory matter; the second and third leaves contain a list of subscribers and Index. Are there any familiar names on the list? The King (Old George II. of course), Queen, and a trio of Dukes, lead off. These titles were good in those days, even here, to make a book sell, but there are other subscribers' names of far more interest. Here are some names, which still live in our singing books, owing to the kindness of American editors in improving, arranging and adapting their anthems and tunes, so as to keep pace with the demands of an improved taste, and higher musical culture. (ahem!) Mr. Samuel Arnold, Mr. C. R. Burney, Mr. Cooke, "Organist of St. Peter's, Westminster, and Master of the Boys," Mr. Thomas Linley, of Bath, Dr. John Randall, Organist of King's College, and Professor of Music in the University of Cambridge (the author of the famous tune *Cambridge*), and finally John Smith, Esq.

Mr. William Cowper. What, the Poet? If so, as he was quite a young man then, he must have had a great taste for music.

Charles Jennens, Esq., 3 Books. Query.—Was this the man who prepared the text of the Messiah? It is now well established that Handel did not.

Mr. Samuel Johnson. The "Idler"? The "Rambler"? Who ever thought of music in connection with the author of the Dictionary!

"The Singers at Ossett" took a copy, and so did "the Madrigal Society, at the Queen's Arms, Newgate street." Mr. Wynne of Cambridge is down for "6 Books," and Mrs. Johnson of Cheapside for 12, and the Messrs.

Thompsons of St. Paul's churchyard for the same number. The whole number on the list amounts to 124 copies.

The overture is scored on four staves—first and second violins, violas, and violoncello, with a figured bass for the organ,—and looks curiously lean and hungry. The opening Recitative and Air is *soprano*, and the accompaniment is by the above instruments. The same score is continued through the chorus "And the Glory," with the addition of staves for "Canto," Alto and Tenor, with the old C clef, and for the Bass, with the usual F clef. The only changes in the score are in the Airs "O thou that tellest," which had apparently only first violins, 'cellos and organ, and "The people that walked in darkness," to which the violas are added, and in the Pastoral Symphony which has no organ,—no additional instrument even in the passage, "Wonderful, Counsellor," &c.,—until the chorus, "Glory to God," when two trumpets burst in with full power. At the close of this chorus they disappear, nor are they heard again until in the Hallelujah chorus, after the first occurrence of the phrase "For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth." Handel swells the jubilant Hallelujahs with them, and adds to the climax by the introduction of the tympani. "The Trumpet shall sound"; here is the great trumpet solo for the great player of that day. Trumpets and drums accompany the "Worthy is the Lamb," and the final "Amen."

The "Additional Alterations," or the "Songs . . . set after the original performance a second time," are interesting. They are:

1. "But who may abide." Air taken from a baritone and given to a mezzo-soprano. In its first form it is an *Andante Larghetto* throughout, 12-8 time, with an accompaniment, which borrows its form from the melody of the air; in the second form, a *Larghetto*, 3-8, alternates with a prestissimo in common time, the prestissimo having an accompaniment of chords in sixteenth notes.

2. A short soprano air, *Andante* "Lo, the Angel of the Lord," becomes the beautiful recitative, so well known.

3. "Rejoice greatly," changed into a still more florid bravura soprano air, and curtailed.

4. "Thou art gone up on high," mezzo-soprano. Two new forms, the first, not much changed, a little longer and more of the bravura, the second, set for a baritone or bass.

5. "How beautiful are the feet" loses its second part in the new setting, which is amplified into the chorus, "Their sound is gone out," and two hautbois added to the accompaniment.

6. Duet, "How beautiful are the feet," and chorus "Break forth into Joy," are entirely new.

7. Another setting of "Their Sound is gone out," soprano, *Andante Larghetto*.

8. Duet, "O Death where is thy sting," in which no very marked changes appear.

Interesting as I have found this volume, if it but had a date upon the title page it would be far more so, for it would possess a historical value, which all who have pursued historical researches will understand. When will our music publishers begin to put a date to whatever they publish? I fear it would be useless to urge our old houses to change their habits, but will not our friend Richardson set the example?

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 3, 1853.

Handel and Haydn Society.

The first oratorio of the season brought together a very large audience in the Music Hall last Sunday evening. Indeed the announcement of an oratorio of Handel is a signal always widely and eagerly responded to by Boston music-lovers; especially when it is to be performed by our most ancient society, whose name and fame have been for almost half a century identified with these things.

We had not the good fortune to hear the whole of "Samson,"—only the first half—and therefore

cannot report of some of the most imposing pieces, such as the chorus: *Weep, Israel*, and the Dead March; Anna Stone's trumpet-toned delivery of *Let the bright Seraphim*; and the final chorus (in a work where choruses are few and far between for Handel), on the grand Miltonic words:

Let their Celestial Concerts all unite,
Ever to sound his praise in endless blaze of light.

"Samson" contains much of Handel's finest music; yet we have to own that the general effect of the first part failed to overcome the dull mood of hearing into which we sank soon after the overture was finished, and which (in our dulness) we knew not whether to ascribe mostly to the thing we were listening to, or to the listener. But whenever a full chorus came, we were awake and on our feet (spiritually, not literally), only to relapse again. This proves to us that the secret of said dulness lay partly in the plan and structure of the oratorio itself. As we have said, it contains a smaller proportion of chorus to solo, than most of the peculiarly Handelian works; and after any chorus the long stretches of recitative and aria, well as many of them were sung, seemed tame. The more so, since these solos are all sung in character, suggesting a dramatic representation, while it in fact lacks so much of being one. Two persons singing at one another, in an oratorio, on a plain stage, without costume, or any background of illusion, can never satisfy any artistic ideal. It is neither one thing nor the other; neither purely lyric, nor so much as half way toward becoming dramatic. It is a mongrel product, what is called the "dramatic oratorio." True the original *oratorio*, historically speaking, was a rude, grotesque and threadbare sort of sacred drama; but it is also true that that movement followed its natural tendency and ended in the secular Opera. It began as an attempt to secularize somewhat the scientific sacred music, and render it amusing, so as to keep the people more on the *qui vive* in church. Shrewd priests, not artists, invented it. Of course it was an ambiguous, transition form, contained no distinct vital principle of form in itself, and kept on changing till it reached a real form, which was the Opera. The dramatic oratorio, then, as conformed to that historical first meaning of the term, is not a true form of Art. When you have dialogues between Samson and Delilah, or Samson and the warrior of Gath, when you come so near to opera, why tantalize us with such mischievous, unsatisfying little *soupcan* of something that is not, rather than go the whole length and give us musical drama, give us opera itself?

But oratorios (so called) have been written on a different plan, without the forced introduction of the dramatic element, and which occupy a distinct, sublime eminence, remote enough, in form as well as spirit, from other large species of musical combinations. Of these Handel has given to the ages the sublimest type in his "Messiah." There are songs enough there, and of the greatest of his songs; but they are not sung in character; there are no impersonations, no soprano, nor tenor, nor bass rôles, no dialogue and awkward singing at each other between plain, nineteenth century citizen singers, whom it is ludicrous to fancy the scriptural personages that we read of. The solos in the "Messiah" are all impersonal; if the words of an angel or a "voice crying in the wilderness," are sung, it is in the way of narrative of something supposed to be heard,—no angel ap-

pears and sings in *propria personâ*. Works like the "Messiah," and like the "Israel in Egypt" (Handel's) all great choruses, with connecting links of simple and impersonal recitative, are far more unique and positive in kind, and more sublime in their effect, than the more dramatic oratorios of the same and other great composers. Rossini was wise in making an opera of his "Moses"; and our Handel and Haydn Society, with all due deference, is *not* wise in fixing it over into an oratorio, as if scripture characters were all that is required for sacred music. Beethoven repented that he made his "Mount of Olives" so dramatic.

For this reason we suppose it was, that "Samson," what we heard of it, seemed dull to us (for a Handelian work) on Sunday night. Some twelve years ago, the intrinsic beauty of the music, taken in its separate pieces, (especially after seasons of such unsatisfying manna in the wilderness as Neukomm's "David"), and certain felicitous combinations of talent for the performance, gave it a run of popularity in Boston. But in the long run, in a community more and more musically cultivated, we doubt if "Samson," as a whole, can ever maintain its ground like the "Messiah," the "Creation," or even "Judas Maccabæus," which last is not so much dramatic as it is lyric.

Nevertheless, (why need we repeat it,) there is much admirable music in "Samson," and much of it was finely rendered. Yet there were drawbacks there too, incidental to a first performance, and the fatality of colds that afflicted several of the principal singers. The choruses were clearly, grandly given by at least two hundred and fifty voices, well balanced and distinct in the four parts. The overture, with its variety of quaint Handelian movements, was played with distinctness and point: but on the whole the accompaniment was by no means so creditable to the Germania orchestra as their accompaniment in the "Messiah" and "Creation"; somehow the spirit of the music seemed not to possess all the instruments in the same degree. The trumpet stammered; but Handel's trumpet passages demand a speciality of practice, as well as resumption of an (alas!) almost obsolete form of instrument, which lies out of the course of modern trumpet-playing. Mr. Low rendered the song parts in the character of Samson, especially where the song rises into the region of decided tenor, with purity and pleasing effect; but the recitative, much of the time in lower notes, was tame and lacked declamatory force. His *cantilena* is better than his *recitativo*. Mr. AIKEN's rich bass voice and clear, distinct delivery told well in *Honor and arms*, and in the strongly pronounced music of the part of Harapha generally. Miss ANNA STONE's pieces in the first part ranged in the lower and least favorable regions of her voice, so that the melody dragged heavily—partly the effect, possibly, of cold. Yet it was a pleasure to hear that song so full of the deep Handelian feeling: *Return, O God of Hosts*. Mrs. WENTWORTH had to ask indulgence on account of a cold; yet she sang the cooing turtle-dove strain of Delilah with a fine little bird-like purity of voice and style, omitting the duet with "Samson." There is certainly a rich list of most beautiful and deeply characteristic songs in "Samson," considered by themselves, apart from their dramatic connection; and one who learns this oratorio, lays up treasures of the best music.

Otto Dresel's First Soiree.

In the pleasantest of places for sweet, quiet, cozy musical communion, (the tastefully elegant saloon of our friend Chickering, in his new Masonic Temple ware-rooms); in a company (large for such an occasion) of the most select and appreciating that Boston could assemble; and with a programme of the best of music, endorsed by appetitive lingerings of last winter's taste of the same sort of fruit, we sank into our respective arm chair, Wednesday evening, with happiest assurance of one of the genuine "noctes." Nor were we disappointed. We felt the sympathetic pleasure of our friends all around us as distinctly as we felt the music. We could not sit there as a critic; the very sphere of the place and charmed circle naturally excluded such poor sinister *Philisterei*. Too willingly we let the music "lap us in Elysium," dismissing from the soul's doors those jealous satellites, the uncomfortable analytic faculties;—they could vanish to their own place, they belonged not here!—We were too full of music to have much to say about it. So it will sometimes happen: that when we have received most, we have the most beggarly account to render. Seldom have we owed more to Cecilia; but she tied our tongue as she bestowed the favor. In plain words, we have little power or room to specify, beyond saying that it was throughout a satisfying concert, even by the high standard which Otto Dresel had already set.

Yet as pleasant memoranda we jot down the full-filled order of the programme. Beethoven's Sonata for piano and cello (op. 69, in A), set the tone for the evening. It was wholly new to us, full of his bold peculiar thoughts, his fire and depth and genial mastery of form, and was finely interpreted by DRESEL and BERGMANN. Next came piano solos: a *Lied ohne Worte* (the "Duet") of Mendelssohn, the Valse in A flat (op. 42), with its flickering, aural play of soft light, and the sweetly lulling "Berceuse," of Chopin. No one plays the "Songs without Words," as Dresel plays them; he makes them speak straight to your soul as if without all intervention of keys and fingers; and Chopin, too, seems reborn in his touch. Mendelssohn's first Trio (D minor) the well-known, revealed new paths and springs of beauty in the happy rendering of DRESEL, SCHULTZE and BERGMANN. That delicate little flowery arabesque-themed Fugue of Bach (in C sharp major) with the Funeral March of Chopin, and another Mendelssohn Lied ("Spring Song"), all played by Mr. Dresel, ended the first part.

Part second was filled out by Robert Schumann's wonderful Quintet for piano and strings. This was at least the fourth time that it has been heard in Boston, but never to such advantage as now. It is a work that grows upon us immensely; as masterly in form and treatment, as it is crowded with well-contrasted ideas, and charged from the first burning note with the true electricity of genius. O, Mr. Athenæum Choerly, do you call this "ugly music!" If it were not that the whole spake so clearly, we might have wondered that these artists took the Allegro times so very fast.—One observation, made by those especially who sat in the back part of the room, we will mention: namely, that in the concerted music the sound of the piano sometimes dwarfed that of the other instruments. The room was carpeted. Could not the latter have been placed up or forward, so as to remedy that? But—forgive us, O Cecilia! We forgot our tongue was tied.

Concerts at Hand.

The GERMANIANS to-night make a bold stroke. The programme is all Richard Wagner, with inter-sprinklings of the common staple of concert song-pieces and a Paganini solo. Verily here is a deliberate attempt to Wagnerize us. Will not the London *Athenæum* and *Musical World* hold up their hands in holy horror, when they hear of it! But why shall we not test the new

sometimes, by the old? We have no fear that our friends will lay Beethoven and Mozart on the shelf. We give on our first page some of the themes of the *Tannhäuser* overture, which is to open the array of specimens. But why among the rest, not give that "finale to *Tannhäuser*," which went so well at Wednesday's rehearsal?

After the above bold prelude, SONTAG (Sunday) begins the week. The sweet singer returns to us, after a long absence, and joins our HANDEL and HAYDN friends in a miscellaneous concert of Oratorio music. Madame SONTAG is to sing "*I know that my Redeemer liveth*," "*Let the bright Seraphim*," and Rossini's "*Inflammatus est*"; also in a duet with Miss STONE. Mrs. WENTWORTH, too, takes part, and Sig. ROCCO. The GERMANIA Orchestra, of course.

Next Tuesday evening the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB offer their second programme. Mr. GOCKEL, the pianist, is a new attraction. He will play the "Kreutzer Sonata" with AUGUST FRIES; and his own *Hommage à Mendelssohn*. For novelty in the quartet line, we are to hear a composition (the op. 8) of our townsman, Mr. C. C. PERKINS. Mendelssohn's Second Quintet, and a violoncello solo with the suggestive title of *Himmelsdräne*, (tears from Heaven,) by WULF FRIES, complete the bill, which seems to us composed with more tact than the last one.

Wednesday afternoon a GERMANIA REHEARSAL again! and the Music Hall turned into a crowded flowery parterre of gaily bonneted women and children, with hanging plants too from the balconies. Would that we were not obliged also to mention a nondescript class, *between* children and grown-up gentlemen and ladies, of altogether too respectably dressed rowdies and hoydens of both sexes, who enact the "Champagne Gallop" bodily, in the most noisy and insolent manner in the corridors, and even carry their rude breeding inside of the hall. Where are the police? The influence of music we still hold to be refining; good music is sure to win more and more lovers; but really, we fear, "Champagne Gallops" have much that is not good to answer for.

Wednesday Evening. Still they come! signals of new forces and new movements echo across the already crowded musical field. Mme. SONTAG announces the first of her Farewell Concerts. It will be both sad and sweet; sad, because farewell, but sweet to anticipate some first-rate singing once more. Singing has been at a discount with us too long. Two other prime favorites, JAELE and PAUL JULIEN come with her. And Mme. Sontag knew our tastes too well, and had too much of the artist pride about her, not to secure an orchestra, and that orchestra the GERMANIA, in its fullest force, for these most promising entertainments. Read the manager's "Card." Seats will be reserved without extra charge. Welcome again to Sontag!

CHRISTMAS EVE.—The MUSICAL EDUCATION SOCIETY will perform the "Messiah," on Saturday, Dec. 24th, with Miss STONE and Miss DOANE among the solo singers, Mr. KREISSMANN for conductor, and the GERMANIA orchestra. The arrangements are not yet all completed. Thus, with the Mendelssohn Choral Society's announcement, we may look forward to the "Messiah" on two successive nights at Christmas time!

A Good Suggestion.

Editor of Dwight's Journal, of Music.

MR. EDITOR.—Allow me through the columns of your paper to express a wish which is probably felt by a great many of the lovers of music in Boston and its vicinity,—namely, that the Germania Society would give another set of concerts on the alternate Saturday Evenings unoccupied by their present series. To many of us these concerts have assumed an importance much greater than that of ordinary entertainments of the kind. We look forward to them, during the intervening two weeks, with pleasure and eagerness, not only as occasions of the keenest enjoyment, but as affording valuable opportunities for true and refined intellectual culture. As they are *orchestral* concerts, and deal with the larger and more elaborate works of the great composers, they fill a vacancy which the other concerts of the week,—the Quintette club,—the Piano-forte Soirées, &c.—excellent as they are,—do not supply. Besides, while Saturday evening is to almost every one a time of leisure, the remaining evenings of the week—on which these other concerts fall—are apt to be just the contrary.

There are then, I think, many who would be glad if the concerts of the Germanians came once a week. I have

also heard the wish expressed that we might have from them concerts more entirely of classical music, which should present, too, not only the best works of the best masters, but should produce them consecutively, and in some kind of system; a series of "Mozart nights" and "Beethoven nights" for instance, or something of the kind.

If any of your readers feel with me, I hope they will make their wishes known through the columns of this or other Journals; such an expression of opinion will be most likely to effect the object delivered. Whether the hour for such good things has yet come, I do not know,—but the MAN is assured by Mr. Carl Bergmann. Will not our friends, the Germanians, start a new subscription list,—they might at least make the attempt,—and if successful give us a series of concerts something after the plan I have mentioned, containing as large a proportion of the much abused "classical music" as the taste of the public—and consequently their pockets—will endure and remunerate? MUSOPHILUS.

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1. Grand Overture to "Tannhäuser,".....R. Wagner.
2. Air from the Barber of Seville, "Una voce poco fa," Rossini.
Sung by Mlle CAROLINE PINTARD.
3. Franenchor, Zug der Frauen, from the Opera of "Lohengrin,".....R. Wagner.
4. Fantasie on Bohemian Airs, for Violin,.....Paganini.
Performed by WM. SCHULTZE.
5. Empfang beim Kaiser, (Reception at the Emperor's,) from "Lohengrin,".....R. Wagner.

PART II.

6. Overture to "Rienzi,".....R. Wagner.
7. Air from Sonnambula, "Vi ravviso,".....Bellini.
Sung by F. RUDOLPH.
8. Ensemble and Chorus, from "Tannhäuser,".....R. Wagner.
9. Duetto from "Semiramide," for Contralto and Baritone, "Va superbo,".....Rossini.
Sung by Mlle PINTARD and F. RUDOLPH.
10. Grand Finale und Waffentanz, from "Rienzi," R. Wagner.

Single tickets, 50 cents. For sale at the Music Stores, Hotels, and at the Door on the evening of the Concert. Doors open at 6½. Concert to commence at 7½.

Those Subscribers who have not yet obtained their tickets, will please call at E. H. Wade's Music Store, 157 Washington St.

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On SUNDAY EVENING NEXT, Dec. 4th.

Selections from the principal Gems of the Oratorios will be given, with Orchestral accompaniments by the

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Organist,.....Mr. F. F. MULLER.

Dec. 3. J. L. FAIRBANKS, SECRETARY.

BOSTON MUSIC HALL.

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FAREWELL CONCERTS IN BOSTON.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 7.

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GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY,

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CARD. The Manager begs to allude to the brilliancy that has distinguished the Concerts given by Madame SONTAG in Boston last year, and confidently expects that the FAREWELL Series will meet with no less approbation. Great care has been bestowed on the composition of the Programme, and the "Scheme" of each Concert will be found to present a selection of unrivalled musical superiority. The part allotted to Madame SONTAG is one of unusual interest, as besides the standard pieces of the Italian and principally the Rossinian school, it embraces a number of Gems from the works of Meyerbeer, Mozart, Paer, Auber, &c., the "Lieder" of Schubert, and popular English, Scotch, and Irish Ballads, never sung by her in her Boston Concerts.

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The price of admission has been fixed at ONE DOLLAR to all parts of the Hall.

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AT TREMONT TEMPLE,

ASSISTED BY

The Germania Musical Society.

Particulars to be given in future.

Nov. 12.

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THE GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY will give PUBLIC REHEARSALS at the Boston Music Hall every WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, at 3 o'clock, commencing Oct. 26.

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Nov. 12. tf

THOMAS RYAN respectfully informs his pupils that he has returned to town for the season, and will resume his instructions in Harmony and Thorough Bass, Piano-Forte, Flute, Clarinet, Violin, etc. Ladies desirous of studying Thorough Bass in small private classes, will please leave communications at his residence, No. 5 Franklin St., or at G. P. Reed & Co.'s music store.

Boston, September 24, 1853.

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Sept. 17.

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TEACHER OF MUSIC,

265 Washington Street, Boston.

Oct. 16.

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Oct. 15.

F. SUCK,

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and pupils that he has removed to
No. 352 TREMONT STREET.

No. 21 School St.

A Paper of Art and Literature.

NO. 10.

Instead of the grotto, we see the outside of the mountain, in whose interior all this is located by tradition, and the rural scenery about the Wartburg. In an instant the knight is transported from the depths, where in the intoxicating mist of sweet perfumes the lamps with their colored sheen illumined a night of pleasures without end, into the freshness of a pure Spring morning. To the bewildering tumult of the last scene succeeds total silence of the orchestra, and the soft, dreamy tune of a shepherd, seated on a neighboring rock; the refrain of his reed pipe, happily imitated by the English horn, creates a beneficial contrast.

Presently you hear a chorus of pilgrims in the distance; during the pauses the voice of the shepherd, commending himself to their prayers, forms a new contrast; his pastoral melody winds like a flowering field vine about the stern outlines of the pious hymn, which rises like the arching of a Gothic vault.

The pilgrims approach, appear and pass before us, and their song, in which the second half of the religious theme of the overture is inwoven, wears a calm and serenely pious character. In this repose there vibrates, however, a certain exaltation and enthusiasm, and you can distinguish in it an enduring ecstasy, a secret uncontrollable delight. They stop before an image of the Madonna; Tannhäuser at their chant falls upon his knees. As much overwhelmed by the miracle of mercy, that has rescued him, as he is surprised to see his bold wish so suddenly heard, his deliverance so unexpectedly fulfilled, he repeats the words of the pilgrims:

Ah, heavy weigh my-sins on me,
No longer can I bear the trial;
All rest and comfort now I'll flee,
And choose hut pain and self-denial.

The bells of the distant churches summon the faithful to morning prayer, and at the same time hunting-horn signals, from different distances (alternating between F major and E flat minor), complete the impression of this hour of rural repose and woodland solitude. Presently the landgrave with his hunting party comes along, and perceiving a knight who takes no part in the chase, he approaches him and recognizes Tannhäuser. We have already said, that Wolfram von Eschenbach, his rival in minstrelsy as in love for the princess Elizabeth, who loves him, has finally persuaded him, in speaking of her, to resume his old rank among the minstrels, whom he has so often vanquished, and who nevertheless have mourned his absence. This *cantilena* of a lovely melodic motive, breathing a tender and inward emotion, is resumed again in its first eight measures and dialogued in the andante of a Sextet, composed of the five singers and the landgrave, who entreat Tannhäuser to return to them. At the name of Elizabeth his face lights up as with a quickening beam, and he exclaims:

Again I know thee, ah! and love thee,
O beauteous world, so long withdrawn!
Again the heavens smile sweet above me,
And flowers are fresh with dewy morn.
The Spring with thousand friendly greetings
Like music in my soul doth stir;
In tender and tumultuous beatings
My heart cries out: To her! to her!

As soon as his voice unites with the others, the Septuor sets into a joyful and rapturous Allegro, whose finale, interrupted by the fanfare of the chase, forms the conclusion of the first act. The different voices are grouped in such a masterly manner, and their parts in this ensemble piece are marked with such select and noble fineness, that there is no mistaking therein the calling of the minstrel, the challenge of noble rivals to a noble contest. This finale takes an irresistible hold upon the public, and universal admiration and applause resound through the hall.

Nothing can be more natural, more chaste and piously tender, than the cheerfulness, the joy, so frank and free from jealous feeling, with which Elizabeth receives her knight, whom Wolfram himself leads to her. With lightsome step, and

with the happy smile of first youth, which has not yet lost the demeanor of childhood, she hastens into the hall, where she had heard the songs so deeply buried in her heart, and whose threshold, since the disappearance of her minstrel, she had never crossed. With outspread arms, as if she would spread over all surrounding things the clear light of her happiness, the radiance of her sympathizing and high-hearted bliss, she trips in, already dressed for the approaching festival, not doubting that her knight and singer will bear off the victory and win her for the prize. A simple rim of gold, more like a halo than a diadem, encircles her blond head; her long tresses fall under a light veil down over the drapery of white satin, whose embroidery marks the picturesque boddice of the female costume of that epoch. A mantle of blue satin fastened on the shoulders seems, like heaven's azure, to float around this vision of embodied innocence.

If the goddess,—crowning with roses her dark hair, fastened by a Grecian net over her voluptuously curved neck, and crossing the purple ribands of her sandals over her alabaster feet,—exercising all her might, revealing all the charms concealed under her half-closed eyelids, and in her girdle, which now brightly gleams and now vanishes from sight, has presented to the pleasure-drunk minstrel Beauty itself, Beauty absolute and incomparable:—so on the other hand the princess Elizabeth must transport his soul by a lofty and surprising beauty, which descends to him as it were from the empyrean heights, to dispute the other, that came up out of the briny waves to the abode of mortals.

The duet between Tannhäuser and Elizabeth might, for feeling and musical beauty, be compared to that between Achilles and Iphigenia by Gluck. The same enthusiasm in the joy of the present, the same chaste *abandon*, the same simple and full confession of a deep passion, the same renewal of an always varied and yet always identical theme,—a theme, so full of pure and happy love, that one might believe it an echo of celestial bliss, never to be interrupted or disturbed. . . It ends with an Allegro, in which the loud jubilee of the joy-intoxicated soul breaks out, and which breathes an impassioned ecstasy, that rings like a high hosanna sung to Love.

The minstrel contest, although a little abstract and metaphysical, yet intimately involved in the knot of the drama, is an episode which controls it and whose musical part is treated with a great expenditure of power and thought. It is preceded by a march [the "Finale," played by the Germans], during which, with all the ceremonial etiquette of those times, the distinguished guests of the landgrave pass across the stage, to seat themselves according to their rank in seats arranged in semi-circles, the centre being reserved for the minstrels. The high barons appear, their mantles embroidered with their coats of arms. The noble ladies, dressed in the colors of their houses, let their trains be borne by pages. The march has a felicitous rhythm, neither too much accented, nor too characterless. It admirably indicates the composed, proud bearing of these noble gentlemen, for whom it is an equal glory to handle the harp or the sword. This march, in B major, is followed by a second in G, marking the entrance of the minstrels; in a more solemn measure, it has a more earnest, elegant and noble character than the first; this is one of those well

thought-out details, which make Wagner's compositions so rich and full of study.

When the numerous guests have arranged themselves in their places, and the minstrels have appeared one by one, a deep silence ensues. Wolfram is the first who rises, for Elizabeth has drawn his name from the urn. Like the rest, he bears his harp in his hand; this instrument accompanies all their songs, and plays, not only in this act, but throughout the whole score, a great part, which requires a skilful artist to execute the complicated passages, which are too prominent to admit of being shortened. Wolfram's recitative is executed in a rich style. It is the song of a contemplative soul, shaken by no inward passion, and prompted by no outward spur. As Tannhäuser prepares to answer him, the orchestra resumes the first notes of that voluptuous *motive* in the overture, which also formed the rhythm of the bacchantes' dance when he, begging of Venus his "Freedom!" still promised to continue to praise her charms. As if this slight band of a promise, which he flung behind at parting, were enough to draw him down into perdition, the spectator, the moment he is reminded of it, is seized with an instinctive terror, which increases moment by moment, like the awe preceding a catastrophe. As the strife grows more exciting, and more and more vehement rejoinders end with embittering the guilty knight, the tones become clearer and higher; every time that fatal reminiscence strikes the ear, till finally Tannhäuser, desperate and beside himself, takes up entire the strophe of the first act, and sings the same praises of the Goddess of Love, without reservation or disguise.

The amazement, terror and confusion of the tragic situation which now follows, are spontaneously checked by the gestures of Elizabeth, who throws herself between him and danger. She espouses and defends in the most touching manner the cause of her faithless knight. She does not hide the tears which swell her breast. Presently her voice dies out in long-drawn tones, as if her physical powers had forsaken her in this painful task; presently her spiritual strength re-animates her, and, with more and more touching and penetrating tones, she calls heaven and earth to witness that obstinacy here were sacrilege; she is inspired to disarm their wild fury and commands them, in the name of the Saviour himself, to refrain from hasty condemnation. At the first answer, which Tannhäuser had made to Wolfram, she had felt her heart beat with passionate sympathy; in confession of this, she had given him a sign, which he however had not noticed, since in all other quarters he had found no favor; she knew that, even if sin had seduced the bridegroom of her soul, it must have been through treachery, for she neither doubted of his inborn high-heartedness, nor of the means of his salvation. When they have sheathed their swords, Tannhäuser's bold bearing yields to helpless exhaustion, and he sinks down at her feet. Elizabeth concludes her prayer of highest love and sorrow with an exhausted, dying voice. Filled with wonder and amazement, all exclaim: "An angel came down from the ethereal light, to announce to us God's holy counsel!" and these words are conveyed by a melody which, cheerfully and mildly, rises and floats through several measures, during which this angelic being seems to become visible to our eyes. The compassionate, persuasive song of her, who has succeeded in inspiring

gentleness in the infuriated souls of the rude knights, is very long, and written in a manner which cannot be better characterized than by saying that it approximates to the church style. In it appears that extraordinary rhythm, which in the following ensemble pieces (when the by-standers, smitten by this sublime interposition, dare not resist so heavenly a manifestation of love), seems to return the beating of those agitated, inspired, awe-stricken hearts. This grand finale repeats also the principal theme of the aria of the princess and ends with a resumption of the melody: "An angel came down," &c. Wagner has seen fit here to carry the melodic development of this chaos to the extremest limits of musical effect. Composed merely of men's voices, borne along by a single soprano, like a silver censer, whence ascend dark clouds of smoky incense, this chorus expresses a deep-felt earnestness and spreads abroad that pious, devout feeling, which one is only wont to find in holy temples. The act closes with Tannhäuser's call to repentance. He joins the pilgrims, who are just then passing by the castle, and repeating the first fragment of their morning song, upon their way to Rome.

[To be continued.]

A NICE DISTINCTION.—A musician having occasion to pay a visit to a solicitor on business, was asked in the course of conversation, what was his trade or calling? A professor of music, was the reply. A what, sir?—A professor of music.—A professor of *fiddle-sticks*? I suppose you mean a *teacher* of music.—Sir, said the indignant dissector of semibreves, I *profess* to teach the art and mystery of music; and however contemptible such a vocation may appear in your eyes, let me tell you, that whereas *three* years are found sufficient to perfect any dull descendant of Adam in your *profession*,—it will require *three times three* to enable a bright genius to become a *teacher* of music.

CONSUELO.—The London Leader has a highly favorable review of Mr. Henry T. Tuckerman's "Mental Portraits," but corrects the author on a single point. "Mr. Tuckerman," says the Leader, "amid his rapture on Jenny Lind, reports that 'Consuelo' is said to have been founded on her character and history. Unfortunately 'Consuelo' was written before Jenny Lind was heard of; moreover the artist who *did* furnish George Sand with that exquisite type was Viardot, one of George Sand's dear friends. And the reader who follows 'Consuelo' with this clue will soon detect the original suggestions of Corilla and Azoletto, in Grisi and Mario; but we warn him that in all three instances, they are but suggestions, not portraits."

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Adolph Bernhard Marx.

MR. EDITOR:—Your Journal for Nov. 5 contains a sketch of the life of A. B. Marx. But methinks it does not at all suffice to give a just image of the genius and character of this eminent professor of music, as several of his best works are not mentioned, and nothing is said of the most important reforms which he has caused in the theory of music, nor anything of his success as a music teacher. Permit me, therefore, to add a few lines to that sketch, since even the biography of Marx in Schilling's musical lexicon (of which the sketch in question seems to be an extract) must be called imperfect now, considering that Marx is most remarkable for his never tiring industry, the products of which are works either in words or in tones, and considering again that a space of twelve and more years, since this

biography was written, must have produced considerable change in such an active life.

Marx is not yet so much known in America as he ought to be; but the American edition of the first volume of his Art of Musical Composition, leads us to hope that more of his valuable works will be published, accommodated to the wants of American students of music.

In speaking of some of Marx's compositions which the sketch does not mention, I shall begin with his "Evangelical Choral and Organ Book," expressly composed by command of the king of Prussia. This elaborate work proves the mastery which Marx possesses in the most difficult part of musical composition. It is very large, containing a great number of Chorals, introduced by organ voluntaries, the forms of which are Fugues, Canons, &c. They are partly written in the so called Greek or ecclesiastical modes. Although some of these pieces are made merely by the understanding and, accordingly, have not much music in them, yet the work altogether commands the highest respect for its author. They who know how difficult those forms of musical composition are, will certainly appreciate the skill, labor and perseverance which it must have required.

Another work, entirely different from the former, is "Omar and Nahid." It consist of a number of poems alluding to the fabulous Orient, so connected with each other as to form a whole, like a little opera. The composer has enveloped them in the most charming music of airs, duets, etc. The accompaniment being merely by the piano-forte, very successfully imitates the orchestra, so that one fancies he distinctly hears the violins, flutes, horns, etc. This work is well fitted for a parlor concert, and amateurs will be delighted in performing it.

Equally charming is "*Frühlingsspiel, in drei-mal drei Gedichten von Heine*," which comprises nine songs for a single voice, dedicated to the composer's wife, who, by the way, is a pretty good singer. If these beautiful little pieces are not so widely known as they deserve, we can only ascribe it to that indifference to simple and true songs altogether which prevails in Germany as well as everywhere else. Finally I will mention "Grand Sonata for the Piano-forte"; a characteristic and very difficult piece, both in its technical and spiritual part, fitted only for first-rate pianists.

As it was not my intention to give a list of all of Marx's published compositions, I have only mentioned these few; the more so because they were, besides the Oratorio, "Moses," communicated to me by the author himself. Long before he had obtained his present fame, Marx had written a great number of different pieces, both for singing and orchestra. It appears, however, that criticism found much fault with them, and that it is mainly since the publication of "Moses" that he is appreciated as a composer. The critics reproached him especially with his constant striving to write original or peculiar; the consequence of which was that his music sounded so "*gesucht*" (far-fetched) as the Germans say. I recollect however, that he once said: "I am frequently told my compositions contain much originality, but I declare I never aim at it, I write as it comes." And he constantly warns his pupils from nothing more than from striving to appear original in their style; of course striving after originality is the surest way to spoil it.

Although Marx holds an honorable position as a composer, still, his proper field is the theory of music, and here he has been more successful than any one before him. In alluding to the great services he has rendered to this branch of music, I am reminded first of his long struggle with G. Fink, editor of the "*Leipziger allgemeine musikalische Zeitung*." It proves that Marx is the man who understands how to defend his principles. Besides, the courteous manner in which the affair was conducted on his part, while his opponent treated him very impolitely, has won him the estimation of all who impartially witnessed this combat.

Fink, as is known, was a very learned musician, and his love for the old classics is manifested on every page of the *Zeitung*. But this love for the old made him indifferent to the new, and caused him to grow very angry when another learned musician, who had equally manifested his enthusiasm for the old, undertook to write a pamphlet with the title: "The Old School of Music in its struggle with Our Time." Fink, being really provoked, asked Marx what man he was that could venture to attack that very music school in which a Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven and others were taught; to which Marx politely replied he was the man that could prove at any time that those men owed their greatness not to the school in which they were taught; nay, they had attained it in spite of that school. The dispute between these erudite men was, as every body may imagine, highly interesting and profitable to the musical public. Which was right? If we may judge from the result it was Marx. His works, the products of the principles he defended against his opponent, appear in one edition after another, while Fink was more and more forgotten, notwithstanding every good musician duly appreciates the services he has done to music.

Before Marx wrote his "Art of Musical Composition," there was a vast number of works of that kind; yet what a sensation it made! Properly to show the difference between his teaching and the old, would require an essay; suffice it here to say that the old school constantly commands, "thou shalt," and "thou shalt not,"—"in the severe or sacred style, thou shalt do this; in the light or secular style, thou shalt not do it." As for these commandments, Marx says, he never found, in studying the compositions of the best masters, that they cared for them; they evidently wrote contrary to them. Consecutive fifths, octaves, and other things, which the old school so peremptorily forbids, are to be found everywhere, and sometimes how effectively they are employed, being exactly the right means in their place to express the composer's sentiment? To be sure, in another place they might be wrong, that is to say, they might not be the right terms for what the composer intends to express, and then, of course, they are forbidden. Music is not to tickle the ear; it should express sentiments, passions, and express them in truth. But truth knows of no regards; it speaks, if need be, in the bitterest language; and it is and remains the same truth everywhere, whether it be in the sacred or secular style.

It is characteristic with Marx's school, that when he gives a rule, he gives the reason why we must observe it, or rather, why it has become a rule in the very nature of the case. It is a supe-

riority in his method, and one which makes his personal instruction so attractive, that everything that is to be done or not to be done is so naturally presented, that one sees it cannot but be so.

Marx may surely be called the chief of the music teachers. Every virtue which this profession requires, he is possessed of in a high degree. His untiring industry is already mentioned. At the time when the undersigned enjoyed his instruction, he used to rise at 5 o'clock, beginning to pursue any literary object he was about. At ten, the first scholar came to call him from the writing-table into the music-room; at eleven, another stepped in; and so on till one o'clock. After dinner he went to the University, to lecture until four. Then he generally took a walk, from which he went home either to preside at a musical party, or to begin writing again till midnight. His recreation consisted mostly in reading novels, poems, newspapers, etc., as he takes a lively interest in all that happens in the literary, social, or political world. Thus he is acquainted with every book of importance, and with every important event; in short, he knows of everything. It is easy to conceive what a power such profound and universal knowing, connected with a fervent love for his profession, must give him over his pupils; the more so as he speaks in quite a flowery and pleasing language, frequently using illustrations taken from the sphere in which the scholar moves.

His long experience enables him quickly to find out what kind of character he has before him, and how it must be treated to make the lesson as useful and pleasant as possible. Besides, as he has risen to his present position only by his own exertions, he can give so many good hints, so many bits of valuable advice. Especially to those whose love for the divine art is as great as the means of satisfying it are small, as was actually the case with Marx himself, he is an inestimable model. Hence his scholars look on him with great reverence; and this is no small thing; for they are by no means children; his pupils generally consist of experienced musicians, music teachers, and even composers of reputation. (If I speak of Marx's scholars, I mean those who have enjoyed his private instruction; not those who have merely attended his lectures at the University or any other public institute.)

It is interesting and touching to hear him tell how, no longer able to resist his strong desire to devote himself entirely to music, he left an office with a good salary and went to Berlin, with only \$30 in his pocket. This small sum was soon spent for concerts and operas. So he commenced giving lessons. The recollection of his first scholar, who happened to be a rather old lady with stiff fingers and no talent at all, is after so many years still fresh in his mind. As he had had no experience in the profession of music teaching, he had only seen the sunny side of it; he had dreamed how delightful it would be to impart to an open, susceptible scholar the beauties of the great masters; but now he found his business was merely to direct the hands and fingers of his scholar. At first he sighed; but he soon found out that even the instruction in the mechanics could be elevated so as to become artistic; that one of the finest attainments of a music teacher must be, in order to make the lesson agreeable to himself as well as to the scholar, to infuse spirit into the mechanical part of his instruction. (I recollect with great

pleasure when he once showed me how he had taught the rudiments of pianoforte playing.) Thus his spirited instruction on the Pianoforte, in Singing and Thorough Bass could not long be concealed; in a short time he had as many scholars as he could attend to.

Besides, he felt the power within him to serve the art also with his pen. Giving lessons in the day-time, he composed at night, or wrote musical essays for the papers. It is the fate of every talented man, who with energy begins his course from below, that he is attacked by ill-tempered men, trying to stop him, or, at least to make his way as troublesome as possible. Marx's success as a music teacher and musical writer called forth the jealousy of many of the other professors, who, feeling his superiority to them, were bad enough to mortify him where they could. But in spite of this, he went right on, hoping that the final victory would be his. And so it came. Years ago the hatred of his opponents was converted into the highest respect, and his rank, honor and fortune are such that, in reference to himself, he can say with great satisfaction to his discouraged scholars: "You see what is to be obtained by perseverance."—

Marx has for many years been employed upon a work which treats of the Science of Music. It will be no doubt a very valuable contribution to the musical literature. Whether it is already published or not, I cannot say; it was expected more than a year ago.

It frequently occurs to me to associate the name of Marx with those of Richard Wagner and Franz Liszt. Like these men, he is of liberal principles, and a man of progress. Of the same energetic and enterprising character, he undertakes, like them, gigantic works, and has the power and perseverance to complete them.

Finally, I would allude to Marx's services with regard to Bach. His fervent efforts to make this master of all masters popular, seem sometimes to be forgotten; it is necessary therefore to remind the critics of "Young Germany" once to give honor to whom honor is due.—For those students of music who long to study Bach, I cite the following work as the best to commence with. "*Auswahl aus Johann Sebastian Bach's Werken, zur ersten Bekanntschaft mit dem Meister am Clavier, herausgegeben von Adolph Bernhard Marx.*"

ADOLPH KIELBLOCK.

BOSTON, NOVEMBER, 1853.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 10, 1853.

JONAS CHICKERING IS DEAD!—This sad news comes to us to darken this bright Friday morning, as we sit down to complete our weekly task. Sad news indeed to every musical circle here, or in our whole wide land. For no man was so much and so beneficently identified with music in America. So he was with all things kindly, harmonious and sweet! A man universally beloved! The most successful of his craft, and yet without an enemy! A mechanic of enterprising genius, a public-spirited citizen, a charitable, warm-hearted, open-handed neighbor,—his death is a blow not only to those nearest and dearest to him, but to this whole community. He was taken away suddenly at 11 o'clock last night, having been overtaken by a stroke of apoplexy at a friend's house,

where he was visiting, apparently in usual health. Yet his friends for some time have not been without apprehension, knowing that he has had a series of such attacks, which he has scarcely allowed to interfere for a day with his unwearied exercise of hand and brain.

Symphony Concerts—A New Plan.

With no ordinary pleasure we call attention to the new announcement, in another column, of the Germania Musical Society. We had almost said, with *pride*, that our city should be so far complimented on the score of musical taste, as to be selected for the first trial place in this country of a series of concerts entirely instrumental and ENTIRELY CLASSICAL, in the best sense of the word:—but we reserve the pride, until we see how nobly the lovers of such music will come forward to support an enterprise and grasp an opportunity so boldly and squarely levelled at their long-repeated high professions and demands.

The conflict of tastes; the rival show of hands for "popular" and for what, for want of a better name, is called "classical" music:—or rather, the conflict between taste and mere frivolous pursuit of amusement, through music, has always greatly embarrassed the work of programme-making in our larger kinds of concerts. Some go to concerts for inspiration, for satisfaction and nourishment of their deeper nature, of their inmost soul, and some for pleasant pastime. Some seek an intellectual and spiritual, others a physical and sensual excitement. To some music is a matter of earnest Art, to others but a rhythmical pretext and accompaniment for idle dalliance and superficial social gossip. Concert-going has as many motives as church-going:—according to the spirit of the goer, is it a serious or an idle occupation. Those who dance through life, wonder why an orchestra should bore them with anything less jolly than the waltzes and polkas of their darling Strauss and Jullien and Gungl. Those who suck soul's sustenance out of sentimental magazines, yellow-colored novels, and lackadaisical preaching, call for much singing of hacknied songs, or everlasting changes on the monotonous staple of modern Italian opera melody, nearly all cadenza, and stereotyped false pathos made to order for the tears and passion-feigning *prima donna* or *tenore*. Those whose little bodies almost burst with patriotism, and who love to strut in public streets with guns and plumes, go in for Yankee Doodle, with much brass and drums. While those to whom life is earnest, and yet generous and genial withal, and whose souls yearn for harmony and unity, and love all the types and prophecies thereof in Nature, Art, or Revelation, are of course more interested in a deep symphony or overture, and are distracted and *ennuyés* by the miscellaneous jumble of frivolous and feeble things in the same programme. For artistic contrast of light and shade, of grave and gay, is one thing: and a heterogeneous medley for all tastes, such as we more often get, is quite another.

Hitherto, in our years of musical infancy, mixed programmes have been the true policy. But have we not reached the point when a large audience exists among us for music in the purest and most earnest sense, who relish concerts most, when they are most free from clap-trap and mere "sops to Cerberus"? Are there not a good thousand among us who wish to enjoy music intelligently; to make acquaintance with the best mas-

ters through their best works as a matter of intellectual culture; and even who have curiosity enough to wish to understand the historical development of modern instrumental Art in its highest inspired forms? We cannot doubt it. Such should willingly and eagerly make some sacrifice, and find *their* economy in going to a little extra expense to render possible *such* concerts as they continually sigh for. The proposal of a distinct series by the Germanians precisely meets the case. Give them a subscription barely large enough to cover the required outlay; guaranty the enterprise against loss, and you shall secure to yourselves large orchestral concerts, where the programmes shall be as select and the audience as sympathetic as they have been at the pleasant evenings of Otto Dresel or the Quintette Club.

It is a perplexing task to cater to the many tastes of that many-headed monster, called the public. The Germanians have found it so. By pursuing in the main a high course, rather leading than descending to the taste of the majority, they have demonstrated that the best is in the long run the favorite with the largest number. Even now, and very naturally, they are beset and bored with letters and requests from all sorts of "fast" young men, and irresistible young misses, to the effect that they would play more polkas, or tell the singer to repeat *Vi rarriso*, or lay those solemn symphonies and "Leonoras" and "Egmonts" on the shelf, and take down "Zampa" and "Zanetta":—perhaps too from music-publishers, who look to the Germanians to shed new lustre on their more saleable than classical sort of copyrights. But they know well enough that should they give concert after concert with no symphony, the prestige of their concerts would be gone, and they would lose the appreciative, constant *few*, with a so much the more doubtful chance of retaining the irresponsible and fickle many. Hence a mixed programme, always with a large half of the classical and solid, has become their settled and best-working policy; while for every extra venture of faith in the popular power to recognize a good thing, as in the giving of the Ninth Symphony, the Wagner programme, &c., they have pretty uniformly found their reward,—if not in the one night's receipts, yet in the greater prestige and profitableness of the whole campaign.

We have made progress. Formerly the case stood thus with us: 1. A *large* audience for music of the lightest and most miscellaneous kind, relieved by plenty of clap-trap appeals to other senses than the purely musical; 2. A *considerable* audience for miscellaneous concerts, with *two* grains of symphony to *two* of Italian opera, *three* of light French overtures, and *three* of Yankee Doodle and flute solos; 3. A *very small* "close communion" circle for secret worship of the classics in an upper chamber.

Now how stands it? There is no great mass audience, such as fills the Boston Music Hall, for *merely* light music; what there is of it is absorbed out of sight by specialties like "Negro Minstrelsy" and "Ossian's Bards." The masses go for the mixed programme, with a plenty of the light, but a more and more solid nucleus of Beethoven, Mozart, and the like. While the second class, that was, has almost risen to the point of coalescing and making common cause with the close-communers, and is ready and crying out for feasts of genius pure and unalloyed in music.

There remain then two *large* classes of concert-

goers (for observe, we do not speak of opera or oratorio, which win their exclusive admirers by charms not purely musical.) The largest is for miscellaneous music, averaging high; and the next largest is for music purely high and intellectual; while of these last many will often feel in the mood to mingle with the other. By the proposed arrangement, the Germanians will provide most perfectly for both. Those who want the classical alone, will pay of course a little higher than mass prices, since they are fewer in number, and hear each night *two symphonies* and *two overtures* with nothing to disturb the charm. Mark too the instructively historical progression in their scheme of programmes. The series begins with Haydn and ends with Wagner, the first and the last word of all that can fairly be called great orchestral music. It gives us, successively, the old *classical*, of the Augustan age of Haydn and Mozart, with the shadow of Beethoven coming; then the *romantic*, developed in Beethoven and his followers, Weber, Schubert, Mendelssohn; and finally he purely *modern*, in a programme of Mendelssohn, Berlioz, Schumann and Wagner. Perhaps close criticism might improve it in a few details; perhaps it might make richer variety, without any lowering of tone, to add once or twice the piano-forte Concerto;—but here is probably as good a set of programmes as any large committee ever could agree upon. And shall we not make an earnest effort, friends, to have realized to our ears, what looks so captivating upon paper? The musical honor of Boston depends on it.

Meanwhile the miscellaneous cheap mass concerts of the Germanians will go on as usual; and few are there even of the most exacting classicists, who will not also yield to *their* attraction many a time. We have no fear that the two-fold and and separate provision will cause the miscellaneous programmes to sink down to the level of the merely frivolous. The mass of a Boston concert audience relish and demand a symphony, good overtures, &c., as truly as Lyceum publics put up only with the first-rate intellects for lecturers. There is frivolity about the outskirts of every audience, but the mass are serious and high in their requirements, and their silence carries with it a greater weight of consent than the hand-clappings and bravos of the others.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

From my Diary. No. XXXIII.

Boston, Nov. 28.—Was it not Beethoven who said of Handel, "He is the unequalled master of us all?"

I have seldom felt the justice of this more than last evening, all the way through the performance of "Samson" by the Handel and Haydn Society. The *old* Society, for save one association in Germany, I know of no voluntary amateur Choral Society in the world which numbers so many years as this Boston institution. It is certainly one of Boston's "peculiar institutions."

But, "Samson!" What a wealth of melody! What profound grief, sorrow, pathos! What majesty and grandeur! In nice discrimination of character I know hardly any work which surpasses it. Beethoven said, as he read the score of *Der Freyschütz*—he could never hear it—"That Max is the fellow—he stands out like a house!" So does the loud, boastful Harapha stand out prominent and clearly defined, as some huge building in a landscape. But this character is no better wrought out than the others. The dramatic force of the music is as visible in the manner in which the rousing of the hero from a state of hopeless despair first to a desire for vengeance, and finally to that strong religious feeling, which makes him do and dare all to "make Jehovah's glory known,"

—in the seductive strains of Delilah—in the majesty of Micah, who seems to fill the place of the old Greek chorus in carrying on the action—and in every note of the heart-broken Manosh,—as in the more easily comprehended tones of the vain-glorious boaster. I can recall no one song, the music of which could be transferred to another without shocking our feelings of propriety. From the first note to the last, Samson sustains our friend H. T.'s theory of the definiteness of music. The same nice discrimination marks the choruses. Those of the Philistines are pervaded by a spirit totally different from that which gives life to every bar sung by the Jews. The contrast in Milton's text in these choruses is no better marked than in Handel's music to them. No matter in what this difference consists, Handel felt it, expressed it, and it is enough for me that I can feel and enjoy it. What if the forms in which the ideas are expressed be antiquated? in substance they are as fresh and new, as perennial in their beauty, as the Madonnas of Raphael.

Why has nobody done justice to the overture? Laugh who will, I place it among the great overtures. With what imposing "pomp and circumstance" it opens—"all the lords of the Philistines," their priests and mighty men, and the multitudes of spectators of the festivity—who filled all the house and "three thousand of whom, men and women, were upon the roof"—are gathering together, marching in solemn procession, with great shoutings and rejoicings to the vast temple of Dagon, there "to offer a great sacrifice." Henry says that the second movement always transports him in imagination into the midst of the hurry, bustle and confusion—the booths, tents and shows—of some great fair in Europe, the descriptions of which used to excite his fancy powerfully when a boy. Had not the composer something of the kind in view; to this day "a solemn feast" on the Rhine or in South Germany is pretty sure to have all these accompaniments, and a fair in Frankfurt or Leipsic, though shorn of its glory, which it had in Handel's time, still furnishes material enough for musical description.

How gloriously came forth those choruses last night in that beautiful hall! Not all, for here and there was something to be desired—and the hall made no secret of it—when the gold is not pure that touchstone reveals it—but generally they came to the ear as clear and distinct as a quartet. I have nowhere heard anything like it—not in Exeter Hall, London, not in the Sing-Akademie of Berlin, in no old cathedral, nor modern church constructed with express reference to the music of the Mass. Heretofore wherever I have attended grand choral performances, it has been necessary to secure some particular seat in order to hear well. In the Melodeon, for instance, there were certain points where the heaviest chorus would sound as if a huge curtain intervened, while your neighbor a few feet off would be almost deafened. Here every whisper on the stage came distinctly on the ear; there echo on echo brought but a confused jargon of sounds—chaos came again. It is precisely so at Niblo's in New York—be careful where you sit if you would not lose your sense of hearing. From the nature and laws of sound there must be a difference in power according to the position and distance of the hearer. When a room is large it must be judged accordingly. If any gentleman know how to construct a hall with 3000 seats, which the chirp of a cricket shall fill as it fills our little sitting room, he had better build it with all speed—for then we could have chamber concerts cheap. If the Quintette Club could play to 3000 persons, 12½ cents admittance would be no bad speculation.

Some things I wanted last night. The Organ was one—sadly wanted—the music was written to be performed with that instrument, and nothing can supply its place. John Bartlett's trumpet accompaniment, to Anna Stone's magnificent tones—especially in the ad libitum passages in the Seraphim song, was another want. The quivering, unearthly sound of the gong, swelling by little and little as Israel "weeps a louder and louder strain," was a third. The "Glorious Hero" choros and air a fourth.

The Dead March was not quite so satisfactory as it used to be. Was there not a different selection of instruments? Was it not taken a particle too fast?

However, blessings on the old Handel and Haydn Society, and on the Germania Orchestra. May their shadows never be less!

Concerts of the Past Week.

THE "WAGNER NIGHT." We could not call the last Germania programme entirely a judicious one; although it had the charm of novelty, and much that was as excellent as new. Hearing *only* Wagner, and so much of it, was fatiguing and monotonous, considering the preponderance of brazen *fortissimo* in half of it. Had the concert both begun and ended with the overture to *Tannhäuser*, the one only complete and fair representation of Wagner; and (to make room for it) had the noisy *Rienzi* pieces, which only represent his early, undeveloped style, been omitted altogether, it would have answered two good ends. For the *Tannhäuser* overture is so admirable a whole in itself, and is so strikingly imaginative and beautiful, and so wonderfully popular withal, that the impression of one hearing would make every one eager to hear it more intelligently a second time; while the *Rienzi* overture, (which this time, as if on wiser second thought, was *not* applauded), not only added nothing to our appreciation of its author, but disturbed the charm of what preceded and what followed, and was oppressive by the noisy common-places of its latter half. The *Tannhäuser* was played with the utmost spirit, delicacy and precision; and the Germanians were more fully manned for it, having added to their number the long wanting second bassoon, and a new double bass. The "Ensemble and Chorus" (finale) from the same, was also very beautiful, and will receive new interest from the knowledge which Liszt gives us, in our translation to-day, of its position in the drama.

The selections from his last opera, *Lohengrin*, had a unique and spiritual beauty, which must, however, have been partly lost upon most hearers, since these were merely instrumental arrangements taken out of their dramatic connection. Thus who did not marvel at the solemn, mystical, contemplative, and almost sombre character of the "Procession of Bride and Bridesmaids?" Had we known, by reading the play, that the bride was a princess saint of the middle ages, that she was to wed a mysterious bridegroom, a knight of the Holy Graal, whom she had only known in a vision and in his sudden appearance to defend her in judicial combat from a frightful and malicious charge; that she was forbidden to inquire his name or history; and that the enemy, in this very marriage procession, was whispering into her ear the stimulants to anxious curiosity on the forbidden subject, we should have felt and understood the spirituality and mystery and sadness of the music. As it was we were without its motives.—The "Reception at the Emperor's," with its fine alternation of opposite parties of silvery trumpets, was full of chivalry and romance.

MME. SONTAG AND THE HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY.—The miscellaneous Sacred Concert last Sunday evening, was one of the most satisfactory ever listened to by a Boston audience. We were astonished by the power and freshness, as well as by the never-failing beauty, the ever more and more interesting and unique quality and color of Madame SONTAG'S voice. We were agreeably disappointed in her rendering of selections which we feared would overtask her strength. "I know that my Redeemer liveth" was given with much more vital emphasis and feeling, much more sustained loftiness of style, than as she sang it last year. There was, to be sure, too much of trilling and of ornament, but the exquisitely beautiful manner in which the last strain died away upon her lips we shall not soon forget. Rossini's *Infiammato* was superbly rendered, eliciting an imperative encore. "Let the bright Seraphim," from "Samson," saving some curtailment and much marring by the trumpet *obligato* (which quite imperfectly fulfilled said obligation), electrified and delighted the audience in her spirited,

bright, elegant delivery. Never before in Boston have we heard Sontag in such voice.

In the duet: *Quis est homo*, she was of course all that its fine, flowery divisions called for, and she was effectively seconded by Miss ANNA STONE, allowing for the too great contrast of the latter's low tones with the silvery soprano of the former. Miss Stone sang also, "There were *Shepherds*," and *Fac ut portem*, in her best manner. Also with Mrs. WENTWORTH, the Handel duet: "O lovely *Peace*," whose melody flowed very smoothly and sweetly from both voices. "Come unto me," was sung with feeling and great purity of intonation, but a little too slowly, by the latter lady. Sig. Rocco's bass was loud and vigorous in his *Romanza* and in *Pro Peccatis*; but the pathos thereof was not much unlike the pathos in his buffo parts.

The Handel and Haydn chorus was in great force and never told, to our ear, so effectively. The "Hallelujah" rang sublimely in that hall. So did the other choruses from the "Messiah," and the concluding one from "Samson": *Let their celestial concerts all unite.* The GERMANIA orchestra opened the concert with an overture, (Spohr's, to *Jessonda*)—one of Handel's had been better—and played the Pastoral Symphony from the "Messiah," and the accompaniments delightfully.

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.—The programme of the second Concert proved, as we anticipated, much more stimulating and digestible, than the first one. It is a bad plan to give all new pieces. The new Quartet (op. 8) of our friend and townsman, C. C. PERKINS, was followed through its four elaborate movements with eager interest, and on the whole with very general pleasure. It is certainly a great advance upon his earlier efforts, his two symphonies, for instance. It has much more unity and continuity of thought, and much more clear, persistent working through of themes. The allegro was less striking than the other movements, consisting of a rather common theme and counter theme, of a cheerful, simple character, worked up without much episode; yet clear, agreeable, and graceful. The Andante is much more elaborate and rich in treatment; revealing sometimes a depth of feeling and traces of a Mendelssohnian learning. The Scherzo is marked by a charming originality of rhythm, with long, flowing phrases; but excited an expectation which was not answered in the Trio. The Finale is an Allegro vivace of a good deal of spirit. But we dare not affirm much in detail after a single hearing. Graceful it was throughout, and clear, and seldom heavy, if its ideas, sometimes felicitous, were not inspired.

Beethoven's "Kreutzer" Sonata was admirably selected for the next piece. It was played with great spirit by Mr. GÖCKEL and AUGUST FRIES. The latter, especially, in one of those beautiful variations of the Andante, which was unanimously encored, showed that he could play with perfect purity of intonation and of style. Mr. Gockel showed a masterly execution, somewhat hard and from the wrist, and sometimes a little careless; but his playing won much applause, particularly in his own brilliant Concertini: *Hommage à Mendelssohn*. Mendelssohn's second Quintet (in B flat, op. 87), is full of spirit and imagination. Mr. WULF FRIES with his violoncello discoursed exquisitely upon a rather sentimental theme, by Stern, which did not seem to lead to much.

Of Mme. SONTAG'S Farewell Concerts we must speak next week.

Fruits of American Musical Studies in Europe.

With pleasure we give place to the two following communications. The earnest aspirations of our young countrymen in the higher fields of composition are certainly worthy of all praise and encouragement.

I.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

"QUARTET IN A, op. 8, (dedicated to Mr. James C. D. Parker,) first time, C. C. PERKINS."—*Programme of the Second Concert of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club.*

A new offering has been laid before our musical public. It comes from one of our own number, one whose earnest efforts not only to cultivate his gifts, but to make them serviceable to those around him, deserve an earnest recognition. Mr. Charles C. Perkins sends us from Leipsic a Quartet of his composition.

It is not the work of a mere beginner. The inscription, "Op. 8," proves that the powers producing it have been already tried. It needs not, therefore, to be received either with the overwrought enthusiasm or with the intensified coldness frequently attending the earliest productions of a composer. Not that this composition is to be taken as the limit of the development to which its author is to attain. He is still a young man. Even were he old, he would be striving onward. But here we have a work of his manhood, a work not only of promise, but of performance, not only of aspiration, but of experience.

Yet we cannot pretend to give a proper account of the Quartet. A single hearing entitles no one to praise or to blame without reservation. What struck us as the chief characteristic of the composition was the neatness with which it is worked up. There are few or no rough places over which the performers or the hearers are obliged to vault precipitately. All goes smoothly, almost uninterruptedly. The themes, however, though treated with equal carefulness, are of unequal force. Some are of a common character, while others rise to much more than ordinary tastefulness and originality. The Andante gave us, as it apparently gave the entire audience, the most general gratification. It contains passages of real solemnity. Next to this movement, we preferred the Finale, in which there is perhaps more of creative skill than in the Andante. We are not sure that a few bars of the Scherzo are not the most original of the whole composition. But after all, we revert to the Andante as to the movement in which the composer did himself the greatest credit. The Andante movements of all his compositions have always appeared to us the most successful. They bear a mark of their own. It is that of a spirit devoted to Art in its purest, loftiest forms.

Welcome, in fine, to this new production of our townsman! Thanks to him for his thoughts of home as he labors beyond the sea! Thanks, likewise, to his brother musicians who embrace his work and bring it to our knowledge! Theirs is an office of friendship and of honor.

II.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

We learn through a private letter from Florence, that at the annual meeting of the "Accademia delle Belle Arti" of that city, the last month, M. FÉLIS of Paris received the degree of Maestro di Capella; and that of "il Professore Onorario" was conferred on two others; one of whom is our townsman, Mr. F. BOOTH, in compliment to his Quartets for stringed instruments and other compositions. Of the former a writer from Italy remarks, "Although prepared for excellent music, I was both surprised and charmed by the originality, unity and finish of the harmony,—I wish it might be performed before an audience capable of appreciating it; and a German artist, himself a composer, pronounced it as ranking with the best style of Quartet Music." As the Academy has the reputation of being rather choice in its favors, this consideration is quite a gratification to us as Bostonians; and particularly as evincing readiness on the part of the Italians to recognize and admit American talent; *in contradistinction to the spirit shown just now in other quarters.*

We have been so long accustomed to hear American knowledge or taste in the Fine Arts decry, that it is with some surprise that we find that, besides the resident sculptors abroad, past and present, whose fame is a prominent feature in the national pride—Boston alone has sent forth in the last few years a dozen or more virtuosi and students, who are diligently pursuing their studies in France, Italy and Germany; and to whose successful future we look forward with certainty.

Gottschalk, with his unassuming and gentlemanly bearing, who, we consider by far the greatest pianist yet heard in this country, if we may judge by the electrical effect produced by his rendering of the great Sestette in Lucia, has proved himself a worthy pioneer for his musical and returning countrymen.

P.

Mr. RYAN'S advertisement deserves the attention of our lady amateurs. After so many Symphony and Chamber Concerts, there should be a curiosity to understand the technical structure not only of Sonatas, but of Symphonies, Quartets, Trios, &c., which are all written in the Sonata form. Few have had Mr. Ryan's advantages for the elucidation and analysis of such works.

He is esteemed an excellent harmonist, is familiar with all the best scores in this kind, and has himself produced some good Quartets and Quintets. We wish him success in a task as needed, as it is new.

Gleason's Pictorial.

THE NEW YEAR. 1854.

On the first of January next, "GLEASON'S PICTORIAL" will commence its *sixth volume*, and will appear vastly improved in all respects, with a superb new heading, new type and dress throughout, and will be printed upon the finest paper. As the proprietor of the "Pictorial" has purchased the entire good-will of Barnum's "New York Illustrated News," and has merged that journal in the "Pictorial," the public will reap the advantage of this concentration of the strength of the two papers upon one, both in the artistic and literary departments. The same brilliant host of contributors and artists will be engaged on "Gleason's Pictorial" as heretofore, and a large addition is also made to the corps, both in talent and number. The most liberal arrangements have been completed, and such as will enable the proprietor to produce by far the finest illustrated journal yet published, and much superior to the present issue of the paper. The columns of the "Pictorial" will constantly be beautified by all that can please and instruct in art and science, and its literary department will fully sustain the high reputation it has so long enjoyed.

The pages of "Gleason's Pictorial" will contain views of every populous city in the known world, of all buildings of note in the eastern or western hemisphere, of all the principal ships and steamers of the navy and merchant service, with fine and accurate portraits of every noted character in the world, both male and female. Sketches of beautiful scenery, taken from life, will also be given, with numerous specimens from the animal kingdom, the birds of the air, and the fish of the sea, and it will present in its mechanical execution an elegant specimen of art. It will contain fifteen hundred and sixty-four square inches, giving a great amount of reading matter and illustrations—and forming a mammoth weekly paper of sixteen octavo pages.

The terms of "GLEASON'S PICTORIAL" for the year 1854 will remain as heretofore, viz:—1 subscriber, one year, \$9.00; 2 subscribers, one year, \$5.00; 4 subscribers, one year, \$9.00; 8 subscribers, one year, \$16.

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Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts. Boston, Ms.

Advertisements.

BOSTON MUSIC HALL.

THIS (Saturday) EVENING, DECEMBER 10.

MADAME SONTAG'S

SECOND AND POSITIVELY LAST APPEARANCE (but one) in Boston—assisted by the same powerful talent as on Wednesday.

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- 1.—Let the Bright Seraphim.....Handel.
- 2.—Variations with Obligato Flute.....Adam.
- 3.—The celebrated Erlkönig.....Schubert.
- 4.—Home, Sweet Home.....Bishop.
- 5.—Whistle, and I'll Come to you, my lad.....Burns.
- 6.—The Music Lesson.....Pioravanti.

PAUL JULIEN WILL PLAY

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The Concerto, from Mendelssohn, with Orchestra.

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Including the additional performers of their Subscription Concerts, will play the following celebrated compositions:

- 1.—Overture, "Oberon".....Weber.
- 2.—Praise of Song.....Mendelssohn.
- 3.—Overture, "The Huguenots".....Meyerbeer.
- 4.—Festal March.....Bergmann.

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MADAME SONTAG AND THE HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY.

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BOSTON MUSIC HALL,

On SUNDAY EVENING NEXT, Dec. 11th.

The part of EVE by Mme. SONTAG, who will also sing the celebrated air, "On mighty pens."

GABRIEL, by.....MISS ANNA STONE.
ADAM, by.....MR. AIKEN.
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Doors open at 6½. Concert to commence at 7½.

J. L. FAIRBANKS, SECRETARY.

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THE MENDELSSOHN QUINETTE CLUB will give PUBLIC REHEARSALS every FRIDAY AFTERNOON till further notice, at the MELODEON, Tremont Temple, commencing at 3 P. M.

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GRAND ORATORIO ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

The Musical Education Society

WILL PERFORM HANDEL'S SUBLIME ORATORIO OF

THE MESSIAH,

ON SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 24,

IN THE TREMONT TEMPLE,

ASSISTED BY

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Miss Lucy A. Doane,
Mr. A. Arthurson,
Mr. Henry M. Aiken,
And the entire Germania Musical Society.

AUGUST KREISSMANN,.....Conductor.
GEO. L. BABCOCK,.....Organist.

Single tickets, 50 cents. For sale at the Music Stores, Hotels, and at the Door on the evening of the Concert.

Dec 10 3t JAMES D. KENT, SECRETARY.

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At the request of many lovers of Classical Music, propose, should sufficient encouragement be offered, to give in Boston a new and distinct series of FIVE SUBSCRIPTION CONCERTS, to consist exclusively of CLASSICAL MUSIC, according to the following scheme of historical programmes and prices.

PROGRAMMES.

First Soirée, January 14th, 1854.

PART I.

- 1.—Symphony in D.....Haydn.
- 2.—Overture "Iphigenia".....Gluck.
- 3.—Symphony in G minor.....Mozart.
- 4.—Overture "Coriolanus".....Beethoven.

Second Soirée, Jan. 28th.

PART I.

- 1.—Symphony in E flat major.....Haydn.
- 2.—Overture "Mazurka".....Mozart.
- 3.—Symphony No. 2, in D, op. 36.....Beethoven.
- 4.—Overture "Medea".....Cherubini.

Third Soirée, Feb. 11th.

PART I.

- 1.—Symphony in C (Jupiter).....Mozart.
- 2.—Overture "Leonora, No. 3".....Beethoven.
- 3.—Symphony No. 4, in F, op. 86.....Spohr.
- 4.—Overture "The Fair Melusina".....Mendelssohn.

Fourth Soirée, Feb. 25th.

PART I.

- 1.—Symphony No. 3, in E flat major, op. 55.....Beethoven.
- 2.—Overture "Oberon".....Weber.
- 3.—Symphony in C.....Schubert.
- 4.—Overture "Byron's Manfred".....Schumann.

Fifth Soirée, March 11th.

PART I.

- 1.—Symphony No. 3, in A major, op. 56.....Mendelssohn.
- 2.—Overture "King Lear".....Berlioz.
- 3.—Symphony in E flat major.....Schumann.
- 4.—Overture "Tannhäuser".....Wagner.

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Apr. 10. tf

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On Christmas Evening, Sunday, Dec. 25th,
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ASSISTED BY
The Germania Musical Society.

Particulars to be given in future.

Nov. 12.

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NOV 5

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CAUTION TO THE PUBLIC.

Owing to the great success of the Modern School for the Piano-Forte, a work, entitled the MODEL School for the Piano-Forte, is about to be presented by another publisher. Do not be deceived, but be sure to call for the MODERN School for the Piano-Forte by NATHAN RICHARDSON.

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References—Professor Henry W. Longfellow, of Cambridge; Doct. Wesselhoef, Bernard Roelker, Esq. John S. Dwight, Esq. Nov. 12. tf

J. TRENKLE,

TEACHER OF THE PIANO-FORTE.

Residence No. 56 Kneeland Street.

Oct. 8. 3m

SIGNOR CORELLI begs leave to announce to his friends and pupils that he has returned to the city, and may be found at his rooms, No. 20 Temple Place, or at the Tremont House. Sept. 17.

L. H. SOUTHARD,

TEACHER OF MUSIC,

265 Washington Street, Boston.

Oct. 16.

3m

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iii 13 3m.

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Oct. 1, 3m.

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ii 14 tf

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DWIGHT'S Journal of Music.

A Paper of Art and Literature.

VOL. IV.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1853.

NO. 11.

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[Translated by the Editor.]

WAGNER'S "TANNHÄUSER."

BY FRANZ LISZT.

III.

[Concluded.]

At the beginning of the third Act, after the return of the pilgrims, who this time, as they cross the stage, take up the entire religious *thema* of the overture, Elizabeth kneels before the image of the Madonna, which we saw in the first act, and offers up her last prayer, in which she seems to breathe forth her last sighs for him, whom she

has loved so patiently and so forgivingly. The long holding notes of the wind instruments, rendered sombre by the half stifled groaning of the *corno di bassetto*, help us to feel her deadly exhaustion. One might almost say that Wagner was unwilling to forget a single stage in this agony of hope, so careful is he to gather up each cry of anguish that escapes from every recollection hovering about her; reviving in the orchestra, as things that must come back in the consciousness of the dying maiden, fragmentary reminiscences of the past, of her intercourse with Tannhäuser, her duet with him in the second act, the prayer that saved his life, the song of Wolfram, when he tried to restore unity among the minstrels, and to rescue Tannhäuser from his illusions, &c. * *

Wolfram alone, after she has withdrawn, turns to the evening star and commissions it to pour out its balm of consolation upon the maiden who will not be comforted. This *romanza* for baritone is one of the most melancholy outbursts of love, and affords one of those moments of repose in which the attention, overstrained and distracted by the action of the drama, can surrender itself entirely to a purely lyrical emotion. But this resting point was indispensably necessary before the finale of the opera, which may be counted among the most astonishing of Wagner's creations. We allude to the scene in which Tannhäuser is recognized by Wolfram and tells him the story of his pilgrimage.

The verses of this narrative are exceedingly fine; but Wagner has found the secret of uniting them with song with such an admirable correspondence, of so completely blending words and music, that it is impossible on the one hand to let the words pass unobserved, so greatly is their clear and intelligible declamation brought out by the musical intonations, or on the other hand to err so far as to consider the music merely a subordinate matter, simply used to make the words more prominent. Wagner is very far from exposing himself to such a calumny, as that which accuses Gluck of a blasphemous speech; to-wit that the great master was heard to exclaim, before sitting down to compose: "Great God, grant me grace to forget that I am a musician!" Great musician as he is, Wagner still remains no less distinguished as a poet and prose writer; but however much he may be of a poet, he finds only in music the perfect expression of his feeling, and indeed so perfect, that he alone can tell us, whether he suits his words to his melodies, or

whether he seeks melodies for his words. The bitter and cutting narrative, which flows with painful sarcasms from the compressed lips of the desperate excommunicated man, is so heart-rending, that there were some persons who could not endure it to the close. In this multiform confession, wrenched from the most fearful anguish, there is a succession of recitative, speech, exclamation, shriek, sardonic laughter, all mingled with such pathetic truth and such variety of passionate, inconsolable and frantic emotions,—hopes realized or deceived, pity refused to gnawing wounds of conscience, pardon forever impossible to sin repented of in bitterest tears, the most pressing entreaties rejected, the most glowing remorse spurned, and finally extreme terror at the thought of unavoidable perdition,—that this moment seems itself to form a drama within a drama. By its sombre coloring, by its terrible death-anguish, it is sharply discriminated from what precedes and what follows.

The terrors of this fearful night, whose gloom continually deepens with Tannhäuser's narrative, reach their climax at the recollection of Dame Venus's habitation in the mountain, which opens, to swallow up its prey, while the Goddess shows herself and calls to her victim to draw him back to her. These suggestions of voluptuous pleasures, fanning an unextinguishable flame, while they add their thrilling vibrations to the convulsive aspects of the unhappy man, raise the awful aspect of this moment to the intensest pitch, and impress upon it the most preternatural torments, which the human imagination has embodied in its conception of hell. During this interlude, which offers to the senses only alluring forms, and yet excites our utter horror, since it lends a more poetic truth to the infernal *sabbath*, where mortals hold intercourse with demons, than the hideous, grotesque and repulsive representations thereof given with equally bad taste by the most different arts,—you hear the Allegro of the overture behind the scenes, as if it sounded from the bowels of the mountain. Tannhäuser, in the extremity of his despair, seeking Venus, with a mournful shriek takes up again the passage in the overture, which there led in the dominant melody, and which now prolongs itself in the orchestra by a shuddering tremolo of violins. This confounding and electric out-gush of voluptuousness is interrupted by deep silence, as Wolfram pronounces the name of Elizabeth, which Tannhäuser in a stupor of amazement repeats. The parti-colored twilight disappears.

The mountain closes, and the spectator says to himself: "The earth has him again!"

Just as the funeral procession appears, bearing Elizabeth upon a bier, and the wretched sinner sinks down by the side of her pale corpse with the words: "Holy Elizabeth, pray for me!" and dying there is finally united with the object of his love; just as the long funeral train, headed by the landgrave, and attended by a crowd of priests, knights and noble ladies, fills the whole scene with a dense mass, making it resound with dirges, accompanied by the muffled toll of bells,—just then the sun comes up over the sorrow-clouded valley. At this very instant all, as at a visible sign that the eternal light has glorified the two lovers, strike up a tremendous chorus to the first eight bars of the religious theme of the overture, a "Hallelujah! he is redeemed! Hallelujah!", with which a group of pilgrims, who have just come from Rome, bearing the news of the miracle of salvation, announced to the implacable bishop by the blooming of his staff, unite their voices. This Hallelujah, by its holy unction, by its glory-radiating splendor of joy, gives us confidence and hope again and lets us revel as it were in heavenly refreshment.

The two lovers, whose fate we have followed with such intense anxiety, have ceased to live. Excess of suffering has killed them both. Yet, no sooner has this great drama ended, passed before our eyes, and become an image in our memory, a shudder in our heart, than our soul is comforted and again cheered up; the wounds it gave us are healed, the pains it occasioned us are quieted. We believe that the noble and long-suffering bridal pair have arrived in a safe haven. We believe them happy. We believe them surrounded by an incorruptible, unfading and immortal bliss. He who has heard the last prayer of Elizabeth, so full of humility and love, could he not in this hearing find for her the triumph and beatitude? At the sight of this soiled destiny, trailed like a broken reed upon the earth, but blooming again, like a radiant lily, in the skies, we clearly feel how the erring may be saved, so mighty is the power of religious exaltation contained in the finale, which forms the epilogue to the opera. To lead the minds of a frivolous public thus, by means of the commanding power of Art, beyond its ordinary bounds of fancy;—to make it thus experience the feeling of true joy springing out of actual sorrow, through the transporting power of spirituality and of the highest longing of our nature:—is not this one of the most beautiful and glorious victories for which poets and artists are privileged to strive!

[NOTE.—We have now completed our imperfect translation of Liszt's description of the *Tannhäuser*. He adds still a fourth chapter, of general critical appreciation of the work; but as the article has already reached a greater length than we anticipated, and as so much has been said concerning Richard Wagner in these columns, we here suspend our task, at least for the present. We hope ere long to find room for some part of Liszt's account of *Lohengrin*.—ED.]

New Opera by Mr. Joseph Duggan.

Mr. Joseph Duggan, a former resident of Philadelphia, has written an operetta which was lately produced at the St. James Theatre, London. It contains only two characters, one of which was sustained by Mr. Drayton, also a Philadelphian.—The daily journals of London speak well of it, and it was highly applauded by the audience. The critic of the *Athenæum*, however, who is always hard to please, speaks of the work as follows:

"Mr. Duggan's first dramatic trial took place on Saturday last,—when "Pierre," a musical sketch by him, was brought forward. A more difficult task to musical aspirants can hardly be proposed than that of writing a serious one-act opera containing only two characters, and those *soprano* and *basso*, were the book ever so good. A more lugubrious look, however, than that of "Pierre" could hardly have been contrived; since it is the tale of a melancholy-mad youth cured by a village maiden who sings "the songs of happier days,"—which tale is told in prose and in rhyme not always moving the emotions intended by the author. To counterbalance such auspicious conditions as the visible affection with which the dreary part of the maniac is embraced by Mr. Drayton, and the nicely finished singing of Miss Lowe,—the orchestra in King Street is weak and ill-compounded—the brass instruments being all the evening predominant over the stringed quartet.

"The above are chances seriously hazarding for a composer untried on the stage; and it increases our opinion of the inherent power of Mr. Duggan that, despite of them all, his music contrived to succeed so well with his audience. The reason of such success is told in the facts,—that he commands a simple, easy, and elegant vein of melody,—and that though he is timid and hampered in construction, he evinces that true feeling for the stage which is a natural gift rather than an acquisition. He shows, however, far too ambitious notions of instrumentation in this little work: displaying an unwise love for trumpets, trombones, cornets, and all those other blatant orchestral creatures which fall fitly enough into the ranks when a Caesar enters Rome, but are tyrannically out of place in a tale where Frenzy plays with forget-me-nots and violets, where Constance warbles concerning heather-bells, and where the whole tone of color should be tender, delicate, and pastoral. More veteran caterers, however, than Mr. Duggan cannot present their draught of milk and honey without putting pepper and brandy into the mixture; and he is, therefore, hereby warned—rather than blamed for an offence which is not of his originating. With a book less exacting in form, less dismal in subject, and less unlucky in text, he might, with the experience which "Pierre" should give him, write a fresh, and pretty, and lasting comic opera.

It appears that the "run" which "Pierre" might have had was brought to an abrupt close.—The speculators who took the theatre had promised the band that they should get their pay, due for some time back, at the end of the piece. The promise was not kept and the performers refused to return to the orchestra. A scene of uproar ensued; Mr. Drayton as stage manager, appeared and made a speech about "an accident behind the scenes," which increased the fun and tumult. At length a dozen or so of performers were induced to go into the orchestra, and the last act of the *Sonnambula* was given. The theatre was not reopened.—*Phil. Bulletin*.

TAGLIONI AND PASTA.—These two celebrated *artistes*—the one long regarded as the Queen of the Dance, the other the Queen of Song—are now residing in romantic villas on the shores of the Lake of Como, surrounded by all the comforts and luxuries which taste can devise and wealth procure. A lady who lately travelled through that part of Italy gives the following interesting description of these two famous women:

"I know it will delight you to have a letter from me, written on the banks of Lake Como, surrounded by such scenery as the eye never beholds elsewhere. Fancy me seated at a small table of a window overlooking this lovely scene, more lovely far than all the descriptions of tourists, pictures of artists, or romances of the poets. To traverse the placid waters, we took a row boat, the most pleasant vehicle imaginable. I had a little table in the middle, on which I wrote impressions of the scenery in my journal. Our two oarsmen were as talkative as *Creoles*, and gave me copious descriptions of all the remarkable places.

We passed the villa of Taglioni, within a few yards of the window, at which was seated that

world-renowned danseuse herself. We glided so slowly and so closely that I could see her almost as plainly as if in the room. She looked faded, wrinkled, pallid and old. Oh! who could believe her so recently the graceful and lovely embodiment of *La Sylphide*? It is scarcely seven years since she retired. Taglioni is very rich, and owns quite a number of villas on the Lake, now rented out. By her side sat a fair and lovely young woman, her married daughter, the Princess Trabaskoe, and the flag of Russia floated over the pretty villa.

The next we came to was that of the renowned Pasta, the friend and preceptress of Parodi. Only think of two such celebrities—the fairy of the dance and the queen of song—side by side in early fame, and next door neighbors in their old age. We landed at Pasta's villa, and proceeded to pay a visit to its famous mistress. Unfortunately, she was on a visit in Genoa; unfortunate for us, but happily for her only child, a resident there. Still, her waiting maid (French) showed us all over the house, even to the bedroom of the great cantatrice; the floor of which is of pure marble, laid out in mosaic of the most exquisite workmanship. Busts and pictures of her, in all her great characters, were abundantly displayed.—*Boston Jour.*

A Monster Organ.

A gentleman writing from Hull, England, under date of Nov. 7, to a gentleman in Philadelphia, gives the following description of an organ about to be built in London for the new Crystal Palace, at Sydenham:—

I have just seen the scheme of the monster organ to be built for the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. Its contemplated erection has not, as yet, been made public. So that you will doubtless be apprized of its dimensions before any one in America at least. It will be a prodigious instrument—at least three times as large as any ever constructed. It is to occupy a position at the east end of the transept. It will contain, in all, *one hundred and thirty nine stops, and ten thousand one hundred and eighteen pipes*:—

The Great Organ	40 stops and 3132 pipes.
The Choir Organ	20 " 1682 "
The Swell Organ	22 " 1624 "
The Solo Organ	27 " 2030 "
The Pedal Organ	30 " 3650 "

It will be *one hundred and twenty feet high, fifty feet deep, with a breadth of ninety five feet, and will have four rows of keys.*

The cost of this mammoth instrument is to be £25,000, or \$125,000! The bellows will be worked by steam.

Mr. Hill, of London, has the contract for its construction, and three years are allowed him for its completion. The largest pipe will be sixty-four feet long, which is double the length of any now in use. It will be built in stories, like a house, with staircases, &c. The sides of the case to be of glass, and the 64 feet pipe to stand in front.

Our German Correspondence.

LEIPSIC, Nov. 11, 1853.

J. S. DWIGHT, Esq.—*Dear Sir*:—On my way from Frankfort to this city, I made a little trip into Bavaria, and perhaps a short account of it may not be without interest to you and your readers.

In Frankfort the concert season was just commencing when I left, so that I have nothing of especial interest to report. In July, Johanna Wagner favored us with several representations. I saw her in "Romeo and Juliet," "The Prophet," and "Fidelio." With her rendering of the "Fidelio" I was especially pleased. She has a contralto voice, to which she is now trying to add a mezzo soprano; I fear for the result of her experiment, for she runs the risk of ruining her voice entirely. Indeed I have heard that it already shows the effects of her efforts. With reference to her ability as a mere vocalist, I am inclined to think that she hardly comes up to the very first rank. Her execution is sometimes heavy, and the different registers

seem not to be so thoroughly united as is possible. But as the friends of Richard Wagner say that we must not criticise his music except in connection with the words, so perhaps we ought to hear the Wagner in her character as a dramatic vocalist. Here she shows herself indeed an artist of great powers. I have never seen anything in operatic representation to surpass the "prison scene" in *Fidelio* for dramatic effect.

Hector Berlioz has also recently given two concerts in Frankfort. I attended the first, in the Theatre, to "a most beggarly account of empty boxes." I hardly feel competent to pass any opinion upon the merits of his works. I can only say that he seemed to find but little favor with the musicians. Ferdinand Hiller invited the musical people to a soirée, in which the programme was entirely made of his own compositions. He seems to have great versatility of talent. He is, in the first place, a very fine pianist, an excellent conductor, and as a composer his various Symphonies, Concertos, &c., together with a great variety of smaller works, have established him among the best musicians in Germany. But I am quite forgetting about my journey. Passing the first night at Stuttgart, the capital of Wurtemberg, I was disappointed in not being able to hear an opera, for the company have a high reputation. The only thing in the shape of a concert was a performance by a men's singing society, in connection with poetical improvisations on a great variety of subjects. The performances of the men were only tolerable. But I was really interested in the improvisations. The affair was managed in this way: The improviser requested the audience to suggest a number of historical subjects. A large number were given, such as Chernubini, the Reformation, Cromwell, Washington (received with great applause by the American delegation), and without a moment's hesitation he commenced and with great fluency recited a poem, or at least a rhyme, which occupied perhaps ten minutes. Afterwards followed similar recitations, styled comic, didactic, &c. The performers certainly showed a wonderful familiarity with words, and seemed to be highly appreciated by the audience.

A day's journey from Stuttgart, just giving time to look into the great Cathedral at Ulm, brought me to Munich. My short stay here convinced me this is a very musical city. Probably nowhere in Europe can finer church music be heard than here. The churches have generally organs of the largest class. Masses can be heard in all varieties, with orchestral accompaniment, with organ accompaniment, and also without any accompaniment. The choir at the King's Chapel is one of the most celebrated in Germany. With the exception of a short introduction on the organ, the mass was sung entirely without accompaniment. Such a blending of voices I have never heard in a chorus; and such perfect intonation throughout. I am inclined to think that voices unaccompanied would be found to produce a fine effect in some of our church services. I was fortunate enough during my stay in Munich to have an opportunity of hearing the great Mass in D major, by Beethoven. This work, on account of its great difficulties, both orchestral and choral, has never been performed but a few times. Prof. Schindler, Beethoven's biographer, in speaking to me with reference to this Mass, expressed the opinion that it was one of his greatest works. The Mass was certainly in the highest degree effective. The "Sanctus" in particular seemed to me especially clear—not to intimate that it is not all so, for one must hear such a work many times to comprehend the design of the author. The orchestra was very large, directed by Franz Lachner. The choir was formed from the King's Chapel with some additions. The "Münicheners" seem to be very proud of their orchestra, and even claim for it the highest rank. Certainly the performance of this Mass indicated a high state of perfection.

Having been favored with an introduction to Franz Hauser, the Director of the Royal Conservatory, I was invited to attend one of the rehearsals of the pupils and also visited the entire establishment. As far as appliances are concerned, this institution is one of the best furnished in Europe. In the first place, the rooms are very conveniently located in a large building called the Royal Odeon. In the centre is the great Music Hall, which almost rivals our's in Boston in beauty and adaptation to its object. The rest of this building is occupied for the Conservatory. I passed through the various rooms and found a large musical library for study and reference, and in addition to a number of rooms appropriated to the different branches of instruction, quite a large hall for the public performances of the pupils, furnished with a fine organ. Those who have tried to study this instrument in Germany will appreciate the advantages of this arrangement. In many places it is almost impossible to have conveniences for practicing the organ at any price. And what think you is the expense of instruction in the Royal Conservatory at Munich for one year, in as many branches of the science as one wishes to take? Forty florins, or eighteen dollars in our currency! So that if we take two lessons a week in three different departments, each lesson will cost the enormous sum of six cents. This institution is in part supported by the government, which fact accounts for the low price of instruction. The Director also informed me that it was a special request of the king that particular attention should be paid to the department of singing. Although this is the case, yet I have no doubt that good instruction is afforded the pupils in every department. On the whole I should place the musical advantages of Munich next to those of Leipzig. For, as in Leipzig, there is an excellent series of classical concerts during the winter. I have been thus minute in my description of this institution, because I have supposed it was not as well known as some of the others. Munich as an Art-city in general has of course a great advantage over Leipzig, and as a place of residence is in some respects to be preferred. But with all the advantages afforded one for studying in Germany, both in reference to the superior facilities and the extremely low price of tuition, it seems to be quite questionable to the friends of the "American School of Music," whether young men had better not, after all, stay at home. I saw by one of the late numbers of your journal, that the editor of a "Musical Advertiser" had opened quite a warfare upon us poor "students in a foreign land." He thinks that it is quite possible that we "may learn something," but that we shall be quite unfit to teach the "masses" with our "imported systems." Now it is really very cruel in Mr. Bird, and withal almost discouraging to us, to hear such an opinion expressed from so high an authority. But I cannot quite make up my mind entirely to give up the "old fogies" yet, and am really expecting to derive some little benefit from studying the "worn out and dilapidated systems," worked out by the long labors and experiences of the great masters in the Art. And I, for one, shall persevere in trying to improve myself in general musical culture, hoping thereby to do something in an humble way toward helping on the good cause.

Let the editor of the "Singing School Companion" wrap himself up in the American flag and lie down waiting for the day-dawn of the "American School" of Music; but it becomes all who have a real love for the Art, for what is good and true in music, to be "up and doing."

During the few days that I have already spent in Leipzig there has been the usual rush of concerts. Last Thursday evening at the Gewandhaus we had, in the second part, Symphony No. 7 of Beethoven, and in the first part a variety of Songs and Piano Forte pieces, including a Concerto of Chopin played by Fraulein Marie Wieck, of Dresden. There are at

present a great number of persons studying music in Leipzig, several from America, from England, Holland, &c. Indeed it is almost impossible to get lessons from the best teachers. The Conservatory has at present more pupils than ever before. I think one hundred and twenty, in all.

G. W. P.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

From my Diary. No. XXXIV.

Nov. 29.—A friend has been describing to me a private concert at Northampton, Thanksgiving evening, at the Mansion House. The company numbered some sixty or seventy, and closed the evening after music with collation and social dance. The main attraction was Beethoven's C minor Symphony, performed, as it used to be in presence of the composer, at Czerny's house in Vienna, by four young ladies, amateurs, upon two pianos. My friend describes the effect as being far better than he had conceived possible. The music had been thoroughly rehearsed, and was given with great feeling. The rest of the programme consisted of a selection of fine old English Glees, a class of music worthy far more attention than it receives now-a-days. This is progress in the right direction.

Dec. 11. (At "the Den.") The conversation turned upon Dwight's Journal and its contents, among other matters upon the articles in the early numbers upon American voices. W. was kind enough to say, "I was much pleased at your defence of our people as being naturally behind none in natural musical gifts. The musical capabilities of our people are good enough in all respects, and as to the mere question of voices, I am willing to go to the extent of putting our New England people at the head. I agree heartily with what you said upon them."

D.—Thank you for the compliment. I could only compare our people with the Germans and English, except in so far as the choruses of Italian Operas would enable me to judge.

W.—As to Italy, I passed many months there, and of all unmusical, ear-splitting, nerve-destroying noises, a company of Italian peasants, singing the praises of the Madonna, with a *bagpipe* accompaniment, is the worst. They have no conception of harmony, apparently.

D.—I remember, in one of Mozart's letters from Italy, he speaks of hearing a pair of street singers *interpret* a piece of music, singing the same melody in perfect fifths from the first note to the last. I can imagine nothing worse. It is hard enough to hear a German drinking song, sung by a company of students, where bass, tenor, and the treble of boys, sing the same notes, only octaves apart.

W.—Valery says there seems to be no appreciation of music among the Neapolitans; that they hissed Haydn's "Creation" some years ago, and that the managers dare not produce Mozart in the theatres. I agree with Valery. I have heard the most boisterous applause bestowed there upon trash in which I could discern no spark of merit of any kind whatsoever. As to the voices of the choruses there, or even anywhere upon the Italian stages, or in their church choirs, they are, so far as my observation extends, bad—very bad. As to the spoken language, though in the mouths of the educated classes Italian is the most mellifluous of European tongues, there can hardly be anything more barbarous, harsh and discordant, than it is when spoken by the peasantry, especially in the neighborhood of Florence.

As to singing in the churches, my observation is that it improves as one goes North. The famous Sistine Chapel choir, when I heard it, had no very good voices, and its peculiarities were owing principally to an artificial voice now nowhere else heard—and perhaps no longer there. I heard no mass in Italy equal to those of St. Stephen's, or St. Mathew's in Vienna, of the Royal Chapel at Dresden, or at the Cologne Cathedral. The volume and quality of tone from the choir is as much better in these places than in Italy, as the music they sing—Mozart, Haydn, Cherubini, &c.—is better than the pot pourris from operas, which are now so often heard there. The finest voices I ever heard in church services were at the Imperial Chapel in St. Petersburg, and in the Monasteries about Moscow. At one of these, a few miles from the city, I went one evening to hear a choir of men sing the

Greek service—by all odds the most effective church music I ever heard—at all events, I did not go home till morning. The services consisted mostly of chants, generally sung *pianissimo*. I cannot recall the music, as some years have passed, but distinctly remember the effect—like enchantment—which it had upon me.

D.—Something, I suppose, like my recollections of vespers in the cathedral at Strasburg. I came up there from Basle one Sunday morning, expecting to be in season for high mass, but was delayed on the way. In the afternoon, however, I entered the great doors and made my way in the solemn twilight, caused by the uncommonly dark glass in the windows near to the grand altar, where a chorus of nuns and other women were chanting one of the old antiphonal chants of the eighth century. I have no remembrance of the tune—so to speak—but the delightful soothing effect of that music is not forgotten. The voices were delicious, but not more so than I hear at home.

By the way, what a curious effect is produced in some parts of Central Europe by the sing-like tone of the people in conversation.

W.—Yes, and this is so marked in Sweden, that they really seem to sing their language rather than speak it. They make little account there, however, of church music.

D.—I think the songs of a people—*Die Volkslieder*—are somewhat of a criterion of the general range and quality of voice among them, as well as of their musical taste.

W.—Yes. I have a collection of Italian popular songs, which seem almost wanting in expression—poor stuff enough. You know how much there is in the same class of compositions, farther north.

D.—Yes, I was at one time familiar with a set of Bohemian songs, which were very pleasing. Of all popular melodies—I mean such only as have actually grown up, as it were, in the cottages of the laboring classes—I place those of Scotland and Ireland decidedly at the head. The true German *Volkslieder*—not the works of great composers, which have become popular, as Rossini's airs have in Italy—seem to me more like rhythmical story-telling than music—while the Scotch songs are among the most delicious of melodies—melodies, too, which require voices of good quality and no small compass.

W.—Another passage in Valéry* occurs to me. He is speaking of the pseudo miracle of St. Januarius's blood at Naples, and of the old women, who place themselves at the altar, on the day of the ceremony, and go by the name of "St. Januarius' relations." "They pretend to be of his family, and when the Saint delays the liquefaction too long, they even think themselves privileged to wave all show of respect and to abuse him. They repeat in a hoarse voice Paternosters, Aves, and Credo; were it not in a chapel, no one would have imagined their horrid clamor to be prayers, and for a moment, I thought the scolding had begun; it was another *femineo ululatu* far less pathetic than Virgil's."

People who think Italy the place to hear music are most sadly mistaken. If you find an opera popular at Milan, you must expect to hear the same opera in every other city during that season. The wonder is, considering the enormous number of singers required for the stage in the peninsula, not that so many should finally establish an European reputation, but that the number is so small. Now that a market is growing up in this country for singers in our oratorios and churches, every day develops new voices of fine quality. What might not Anna Stone have been, with Sontag's musical education! How very fine, too, the Handel and Haydn chorus—especially the bass and alto!

D.—True, and the accounts of our countrywomen studying abroad, making due allowance for the partiality of those who write us about them, are very cheering. I have more indulgence for our amateur singers at the Handel and Haydn Society than formerly, since I now know by experience that they sing parts more than respectably, which are only taken by professional singers abroad. Ball's "Elijah" is still good after hearing Formes at Exeter Hall and the Primo Basso of the Berlin Royal Opera, in the part. I have no fear for the future in the matter of American singers.

W.—Nor I. The success of the Hutchinsons in Europe arose from the quality of their voices, voices which I by

no means consider remarkable in this country. Many wandering hands of singers of trash here, exhibit capabilities of something far higher and better.

D.—And that is one reason that it pains me to hear any new, high-flown name added to the list. Would they but learn to sing—learn to use the powers God has given them—how much they might do towards the elevation of public taste to a better standard! If these people would master Calcott's and Webb's Glees, and not confine themselves entirely to false sentiment and mimic pathos, I could forgive them.

W.—Come, let's go in and hear "Handel's grand Oratorio of the Creation," as the papers have it.

D.—Agreed.

THE GREGORIAN CHANTS.—Under the title of *Introduction to the Comparative Study of the Tones, and chiefly of the Gregorian Chants and Modern Music*, M. Joseph d'Ortigue has just published two of the fundamental articles of his "Liturgie, Historie, and Theoretic Dictionary of the Gregorian Chants and Church Music," which is shortly to appear. In "The Philosophy of Music," M. D'Ortigue explains the principles of the musical art, as well as the laws from whence they derive their affinity to the other arts; but in the article "Tonality," he makes a direct attack on the "Liturgie" question so much in dispute, viz., the return to the Roman chant. Whilst admitting the possibility of discovering the pure text of the Gregorian melodies, M. D'Ortigue, under the form of a pre-judicial question, starts an important query—whether the human ear, intoned these last two hundred years to the modern tonality, could again fashion itself to the condition of the ancient tonality?

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 17, 1853.

Jonas Chickering.

The grave has closed over what was mortal of that good man. The funeral was from Trinity Church, on Monday morning. Long before the appointed hour, the galleries, porches and pulpits of the church were thronged with persons of all classes, eager to join in this last sad tribute of respect, and many a tear told how sincere the general sorrow. All met on common ground, for all had lost a friend. For Jonas Chickering was a representative man; he stood for the general tie of friendship, so far as this entered as a living element into the multifarious life of this large community. The terms friend, neighbor, fellow citizen, meant more to us when we met his face and took his hand.

The funeral cortège was very large, consisting, besides the immediate family and friends of the deceased, of the members of the Handel and Haydn and Musical Education Societies, the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association, several Masonic bodies, the workmen of his factory, to the number of some two hundred, and other bodies of piano-forte manufacturers and their employées. These, with nearly all the resident musical professors and principal amateurs, and many of our most distinguished citizens, occupied the body of the church. There were crowds who could not find entrance. The solemnities consisted of the Episcopal service read by Bishop Eastburn and assistant, and of solemn music by the organist and choir of the church. The societies above-named escorted the procession to Cambridge bridge, where carriages were provided for the many who wished to follow his remains to their last resting-place at Mount Auburn.

Beautiful, as well as sad, has been this unanimous expression of feeling called forth by the sudden departure of a plain and unpretending good man. It is safe to say that no man's loss in this community would have been felt so universally. Yet he was not a public man nor one possessed of brilliant, outwardly commanding qualities. In person and in manner he was meekness and simplicity itself. Of humble origin, remembered without shame, he was humble always, humble in prosperity,—but in the true, Christian, positive sense of the word humble. He was emphatically one of the people, meeting all persons, his own workmen, and the objects of his thousand nameless acts of charity, as equals. By his own mechanical genius and industry, and by his integrity and social sincerity and kindness, which is the best part of social tact, he had risen to the place he occupied, as the head of the great business of piano-forte making in this country. Industry, sincerity and kindness were the only credentials that he asked in others. In matters of church and state he had taken his place, and with the more "conservative" so called; but always it seemed that friend, and neighbor, and fellow citizen, and fellow being, were of much more account to him than follower of the same creed or party. He had his opinions, and perhaps his prejudices, but a refreshing liberality told in his conversation and his conduct. He loved to talk—of music best, to be sure,—but heartily of all things interesting the attention of the community; and he judged thoughts and statements by the two tests of a sound intuitive common-sense and a good heart, rather than by traditions and prevailing ways of thinking. This, we believe, will be the universal testimony of the friends, old and young, who used to "drop in at Chickering's," of an afternoon, after the day's business was done, to have a little neighborly, refreshing chat with the mild and genial proprietor.

Mr. Chickering's superior intelligence and really great moral force of purpose, almost suffered, in the general impression, from the remarkable development of all the kind and generous and gentle traits in him. Yet those who knew him well know that, without what is called an education, and with no claim to extensive general information, he was really a most intelligent, if not precisely an intellectual man, and that with the most willing and habitual deference to other's thoughts and wishes, he through all his gentleness maintained a clear and steadfast purpose of his own. But it was his goodness of heart, his never-ceasing acts of charity, his uniform cordiality and sweetness, that endeared him to all who came within his reach. In the musical world, especially, he was the best and largest representative of all our hospitality. Every artist came to him, sure of hearty welcome and disinterested advice, and if need were, of active aid in time and money in the furtherance of his artistic success or the lightening of his failure. Many have been the cases of young and struggling talent, where he has furnished the means of education, and where he has since been looked up to almost as a father. To none that needed and deserved was his hand closed; and if his good nature was sometimes imposed upon, was not the loss a thousand times made good to him in such a sentiment as his death shows to have long existed towards him in this whole community?

The whole cause of music in this city owes

* Travels in Italy.

much to Mr. Chickering. Every worthy enterprise for the promotion of musical taste and culture has numbered him among its most efficient friends and patrons. He was for many years president of the Handel and Haydn Society, and always exercised an important voice in its affairs. He was one of the readiest and largest venturers in the Boston Music Hall enterprise. His pianos and his rooms for rehearsal have been freely at the service of all concert-giving societies or individuals, amateur clubs, &c. He was chairman of the music committee in Trinity Church, and sang himself there in the choir on the last Sunday of his life, volunteering to fill the vacancy occasioned by some difficulty among the regular singers. Our own little journalizing enterprise, too, owes some of its earliest and best encouragement to him.

This public spirited activity of his was by no means limited to musical matters. He contributed his part largely and in all ways to the industrial, moral and charitable prestige of our city. He had been three years president of the Mechanic Association, when he died: and it was his unwearied personal devotion to the business of its last autumnal Fair, which added, perhaps, the grain too much to the weight of care upon his brain, already overtaken by the large and complicated plans for re-arranging and improving his own business, after the destruction of his factory by fire, and brought on the first of the series of paralytic attacks that resulted in his death. He was a member of the Legislature one or two years. He was eminently a Society man, and an active member of many charitable and fraternal institutions. Death found him in the midst of these good works, too heartily and unselfishly engaged in them to heed his sudden coming, for which, however, he was at any time prepared. He was at the house of a neighbor, assisting in a meeting of the government or council of a new college for female medical education, and was expressing his views, when his head sank upon his breast, and earthly consciousness returned no more.

If we have been repeating facts and impressions which for the week past have been the fond themes of every newspaper and private circle, it is because we are not willing that this Journal of Music should be without some record of a life so purely spent and so affectionately esteemed throughout this whole community of music-lovers, —some monument, however humble, to his memory. We can say nothing that has not been better said, nothing that is not known to all in this vicinity, and certainly not the hundredth part of what is felt by all who knew him.

Were we to state what always impressed us most in Mr. Chickering, we should say it was the sweet, harmonious, gentle sphere he carried with him. It would seem as if Music, which he so dearly loved and so truly appreciated in its highest forms of Art, had so harmonized and tempered the whole inner man, as gradually to mould the naturally plain features of the outward man into a permanent expression of positive beauty. His face and presence in all pleasant companies contributed a certain ideal charm. The glow of heart and goodness made the air mild and genial about him. Such beautiful simplicity seldom meets us in mature years. Our friend was not a highly cultivated man; his education had been plain and practical; yet goodness of heart so shone through him with ever riper, milder, purer

light, and music, which he not only heard and loved, but re-enacted daily in good deeds, had wrought such genuine refinement in the whole man, that he was fit society for the best.

The life of Jonas Chickering was what is called an uneventful one. His father was a farmer and blacksmith in the village of New Ipswich, N. H., where he was born in April, 1797, and brought up with a good common school education. At the age of 17 he was apprenticed for three years to a cabinet-maker in his native town. He had a natural love for music, and spent much of his leisure in learning to sing by notes, and to play on such instruments as were most in use. There was one solitary piano in the village, and one maiden that could play; and we have heard how the bashful lad, eager to drink in the dulcet sounds, would go and linger by the gate, but could not be prevailed upon to enter the house of his musical fair school-mate. Was she not a sort of St. Cecilia to him? and was not that piano, discoursing simple and old-fashioned music, a rarer revelation and delight to that boy's wondering soul, than many a most artistic concert to the satiated ears of amateurs in cities? In course of time the piano got out of tune, and "out of kilter;" and the ingenious Jonas must be called upon to try his hand at putting it in order. He succeeded, after much experimenting, in restoring the wondrous machine to usefulness. He was then 19, and this was the germ of the great piano-making business which now bears his name. He came to Boston on the 15th of February, 1818, and sought and found employment that very day, where he continued at work for one year. He then entered the employment of Mr. Osborn, the only piano-forte manufacturer in Boston. In 1823 he commenced the business for himself in partnership with Mr. Stewart: he had introduced many improvements in the piano, and had acquired some fame. His old associates tell how the "green youth from the country" soon put himself *en rapport* with the musical doings of the town; how he has been seen playing a clarinet in the streets, to the accompaniment of bass-drum, &c., the old-fashioned military music of the day; and how he sang alto in the choirs of various churches. Such were the plain, New England beginnings of the man, who afterwards became the centre of musical art and artists in this city. On the twelfth anniversary of his arrival in Boston he became associated with the late Mr. Mackay, a thorough business man, and capitalist, with whom he continued ten years. The business has since rapidly and steadily expanded to its present magnitude, well known to all. It will still go on, together with the vast improvements which Mr. Chickering was completing, under his three sons, who have all had practical experience in the establishment.

The funeral of Mr. Chickering was a very solemn and imposing occasion, in itself a tribute of the whole community. But we believe it is a very general feeling among our music-loving citizens, that some public musical solemnity in the Music Hall ought soon to take place in token of our respect and sorrow. Not, as we have seen suggested, a *concert*, to raise money and erect a monument; but an artistic solemnity, an expression of the general feeling by music, and perhaps by fit words spoken. Let the oldest musical society, the Handel and Haydn, of which he had been president, take the initiative; let all the musical societies, resident professors and ar-

tists, music-dealers, and music-lovers generally, raise a committee and contribute their energies to make it all it should be. Some of Handel's solemn choruses and lofty songs of faith, one of the orchestral dirges of Beethoven, &c., readily suggest themselves as fit expressions. And why may not one of our choral societies master some portions of Mozart's "Requiem," the grandest funeral music ever written, which is performed once a year in every considerable town in Germany?

Concerts and Rehearsals.

[ERRATA. A portion of our paper last week was put in type at a late hour, and in great haste. Several misprints occurred. Among others, speaking of Mr. Perkins's Quartet, we were made to detect traces of Mendelssohnian learning." We wrote *leaning*.]

MME. HENRIETTA SONTAG's two "Farewell Concerts," on Wednesday and Saturday of last week, (which happily have not proved her last), were eminently successful. The Music Hall was not crowded, but well filled on both evenings. The programmes, or "schemes" (to use the manager's characteristic word) were concocted with great taste, so that while very miscellaneous, the concerts could not grow fatiguing. Mme. SONTAG was in fresher, stronger, richer voice than ever in her previous visits. In her rendering, the much abused *Robert, toi que j'aime* was refreshingly lifted up and restored to all the original charm of its musical beauty and dramatic force. Mozart's *Vedrai Carino* and Schubert's "Serenade" were sung with exquisite purity of tone and feeling. Handel's "Let the bright Seraphim" made a brilliant feature in the second concert, and this time escaped marring by the trumpet, which resigned to the violins the passages in which it was not certain. Quite a novelty in an American concert room was the famous ballad of the "Erl King," which first sealed the fame of Schubert as one of the most inspired of song composers. It was sung with thrilling effect, and the alternating voices, the cries of the alarmed child, the calm, assuring voice of the father, and the soft, insinuating whisper of the spirit, were beautifully contrasted. We cannot own to the same liking of Mme. Sontag's English ballads. They lacked the genuine sunshine and out-gush of fresh feeling which they had in Jenny Lind; there was something too much of stereotyped sentimentality in her "Sweet Home," and of finical over-niceness and over-action in her "Comin' thro' the Rye." We remember with much more pleasure her singing last year of "Within a mile of Edinboro'," which this time she has not given us. Her variation warblings in duets with violin or flute, had the same music-box precision and delicacy as ever; and her comic impersonations in two duets with Sig. Rocco, one the well known "Music Lesson" by Fioravanti, and the other a piece with similar subject, but new to us, "The Rehearsal," by Paër, were charmingly humorous and graceful.

Sig. Rocco failed to galvanize *Vi ravviso* into any new life, though he brought out the opera singer's whole armory of *espressivo* means and appliances. In Rossini's gay and whirling "Tarantella," in "Non piu andrai," &c., he was quite at home and musically funny. It was refreshing once more to hear the tones of the piano leap and sparkle at the touch of ALFRED JAEHL, who, though not particularly fortunate one

time in the selection of his instrument, proved by his brilliant fantasia on *La Fille du Regiment* that he had lost none of his wonderful execution, and by the latter half of Mendelssohn's G minor Concerto, that he is still one of the most clear and elegant interpreters of classic music.

Little PAUL JULIEN is a master with his violin. He plays with his whole heart, with an earnest thoughtfulness, and yet with a triumphant joy, as if his very soul resided in his instrument. There can be no question of musical genius there. He played Eckert's duet with Sontag; *Ma Celine*, a fantasia by Hauman; Alard's fantasia on *La Favorita*; and Paganini's "Witches' Dance." His tone is not quite so broad as Urso's, but of the most pure and fine quality, and faultless in intonation, and there is the most finished, chaste expression in his passages. The GERMANIA orchestra, besides their admirable accompaniments, contributed the overtures to *Semiramide*, to *Obéron*, to *Les Huguenots*, and Lütolf's *Robespierre*; that beautiful "Procession of Bride and Bridesmaids" from Wagner's *Lohengrin*, and a march at each conclusion.

SONTAG IN ORATORIO. Haydn's "Creation" was performed last Sunday evening by the HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY with this eminent assistance. In no music have we been so entirely pleased with Sontag as in that of the part of Eve, all of which was sung by her. Its sunny, sweet, and flowing melody lay in the best region of her voice, and required just her smooth and even finish, and command of all the little melodic graces, to render to the ear all the beauty that was in Haydn's mind. In the earlier parts of the oratorio, she only sang "On mighty pens," which she did with wonderful beauty, but hardly with that majestic soaring in the first figure, nor that gushing fulness of new life and gladness throughout, with which we *once* heard it!

Miss ANNA STONE achieved a rare success in "With verdure clad," rising with ease and beauty to the C in alt. In the trios, too, and on the top of the grand choruses, her clarion tones told gloriously as of old. Mr. AIKEN's bass recitatives and solos were tasteful, and correct, and true, sometimes needing a little more of life and elasticity, but often quite effective. Mr. FRAZER was not equal to the tenor, his voice flattening a good deal in the first part, and betraying too much effort; though it seemed to come out easier and truer as he went on, and there were evidences enough that he was no stranger to the music. Mr. HOWARD took several of the latter pieces for the tenor. The choruses were generally effective, though not given with such triumphant unity and clearness as those in the "Messiah;" and the descriptive, and exquisitely ornate accompaniments received all justice from the Germanians.

REHEARSALS. Under this head we can but enumerate the daylight performances of the past ten days. Mme. SONTAG, here as in Philadelphia and Baltimore, gave a free feast of melody one morning to the children of the public schools. Imagine the bright and beautiful scene, —over 3,000 of them assembled in the Music Hall! and how vigorously they clapped their hands at each new delight imparted by the tuneful countess, and by JAELL, and by the elfin virtuosity of master PAUL JULIEN! — Little

CAMILLE URSO had a benefit rehearsal Saturday afternoon, when, we are told, she played wonderfully well. OTTO DRESEL kindly played her piano accompaniments, and she had the aid also of the Germanians, who played Beethoven's first symphony. —At the last two GERMANIA REHEARSALS we had the *Pastorale*, and the *first* Symphony of Beethoven. One hearing the latter for the first time, would have taken it for a work of Haydn. Its ideas and themes, especially in the rondo finale, seemed like Haydn; the coloring was Mozart; but there were passages ever and anon, of which you said to yourself, that's Beethoven! For instance, those impatient, energetic reiterations, five or six times over, of some little attacking phrase, like the repeated short runs of a strong swimmer before plunging into the wave. —The MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB commenced its weekly afternoon rehearsals last week Friday, with a pretty numerous and deeply interested audience. A solemn, sad Adagio from a Quintet of Mendelssohn, which saluted us as we entered, touched the right cords after the melancholy news of that Friday. They played finely.

CONCERTS AT HAND. —MME. SONTAG sings "positively for the last time in Boston" this afternoon. —The fifth subscription concert of the GERMANIANS is to-night. The symphony is Mendelssohn's in A major (the "Italian Symphony.") They have secured a decided attraction in Mr. APTOMMAS, the harpist. —The next Chamber Concerts of the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB will be on Tuesday evening, and it will make us rich in Mozart and Beethoven (see advertisement.) Do not forget the Rehearsals of the Club Friday afternoons. —The next Classical Matinée of MESSRS. PERABEAU, ECKERT, &c., postponed last Thursday afternoon, on account of Mme. Sontag's concert, will be given next Thursday.

Mr. OTTO DRESEL's second Soirée, which was to have been given this week, was necessarily prevented by the death of Mr. Chickering. The continual engagements of the Germanians, some of whom are essential to his programmes, make it doubtful whether the concert can take place this month. But it will be given, and in the same place, on the very first available evening.

Germania Symphony Concerts.

A SUGGESTION.

MR. EDITOR: —I am glad, and sorry, to see your announcement of the "Classical Concerts" of the Germania Society. Glad, because this is just the music which I should like to hear, and which ought undoubtedly to be played in Boston, both to gratify the large number of persons qualified by nature and education to enjoy it, and to cultivate the taste of others to the same point. Sorry, because I am not able to pay the price, and with many others, whose poverty, but not their will, consents, must lose that very high gratification for want of means.

Far be it from me to say that the terms demanded are too high. Such music, performed in such a manner, is worth any money people have to pay for it. It gratifies my ear and soul more than even the highest order of vocal performances we have had here, saving only those of Jenny Lind. A dollar is by no means an exorbitant price for the concerts proposed; and it is perfectly reasonable for the members of the Germania Society to think and say that their concerts are worth as much as those of Sontag and Jullien.

It is also reasonable, however, for a friend to suggest, and for them to ponder the following consideration. They would get probably as much

money, possibly more, by putting the tickets at half a dollar to subscribers for the course, with the gratification and stimulus of large audiences instead of a mediocre, or a small one. I know not why, with the inducement of such a musical treat, at such a price, the noble Music Hall may not be as well filled for the proposed concerts as for the present ones.

If a large audience is obtained at the subscription price just advertised, I can rejoice with the Germanians, despite my individual loss of their best music; but if the result be otherwise, I protest against the inference on their part that the style of music in question forms the objection. To form a fair judgement of the relative attractiveness of symphonies and waltzes to a New England audience, both should be offered at the same price, or nearly so.

Finally, I would add to yours, Mr. Editor, my protest against the relative popularity of the pieces played by the Germanians, at concerts or rehearsals, being estimated by the amount of noise, with hands, feet, and canes, following them. It may be natural enough for the polka people to proclaim their pleasure by preposterous pounding; but Schubert's "Ave Maria," and "Praise of tears," and the finest passages of Beethoven and Mozart, do not incline those who most enjoy them to such boisterous demonstrations of applause. C. K. W.

[The above suggestions are reasonable. Owing to the hurry of many engagements, the Germanians have not yet had time fully and definitively to settle their announcement, except so far as the general plan and programme are concerned. As to price, they only ask subscriptions enough to cover the actual cost of such a series, which is estimated at \$1,500, at least. But we are happy to say that they will make the price conditional upon the number of subscribers. Subscription lists will be found at Wade's, and all the music stores. Will not the lovers of such music exert themselves individually to bring in subscribers enough to warrant the half-dollar price?]

Musical Intelligence.

Foreign.

The London season of serious music began Nov. 11 by the 298th performance of the *Sacred Harmonic Society*. The concert included Handel's "Coronation Anthem" and "Dettingen Te Deum," Mozart's Twelfth Mass. The next oratorio will be "Samson," in which Madame Viardot will sing. A printed document or programme which is in circulation promises for the ensuing season, Beethoven's Mass in D, —a revival of Handel's "Deborah," —and a performance of Anthems and Cathedral Music.

Foreign journals announce, without any hesitation, the death at Rome, on the 30th of October, of *Maestro* Pietro Raimondi, —the same whose triple Oratorio, executed at Rome in August, 1852, excited so much interest and curiosity. Signor Raimondi was in his 67th year; and to judge from a catalogue of his compositions, not many months ago laid before us, he seems to have devoted a considerable portion of his life and energy to grave, and intricate, and solemn musical tasks. Possibly the circumstances of his decease, in conjunction with the sensation last year excited, may lead to the disinterment of some of the little-known fruits of his studious leisure. Signor Raimondi was Chapel-Master at the Vatican; —the composer, too, of many operas in both styles. None of these appear to have been successful in Italy. —*Athenæum*.

PARIS. —To replace the musical vacancy left in the *Académie des Beaux Arts* by the death of Mr. Onslow, M. Réber has been elected.

M. Levasseur, the celebrated bass of the Grand Opera, the creator of Bertram, in *Robert*; of the Cardinal, in the *Juive*, of the chief of the Anabaptists, in the *Prophète* —after a professional career of forty-two years, bade adieu to public life a few nights ago; the receipts reached the unusual sum of 15,000 francs.

M. Döhler has written from Rome a pleasant note to the *Gazette Musicale*, denying the report of his death, which had recently been circulated in Paris. M. Döhler has been compelled to withdraw from professional life, for some years past, by a malady enjoining what he styles, with humorous sadness, the "*amaro far niente*;" but he adds, that hopes of restoration are held out to him by his physicians.

COLOGNE. —The London *Musical World* gives the following extract from a Cologne paper describing a concert given there last month under the direction of Ferdinand Hiller.

"SECOND SOCIETY'S" CONCERT. A new symphony (No. 4 in D minor), by Robert Schumann, opened the

concert. Of the high merits of this work, which, however, has been written about eight or ten years, we have already spoken in our notice of its production at the Lower Rhine Musical Festival in Dusseldorf last May. The performance of last evening, far more than the former one, served to place the work in its proper light; the orchestra was throughout the evening especially excellent. The symphony was received with loud applause.

"After the 98th Psalm, 'O sing unto the Lord a new song,' of Mendelssohn, the performance of which proved the certainty and power of our chorus in an imposing manner, followed Beethoven's concerto in E flat for piano-forte and orchestra, played by Madame Clara Schumann. Once again was plainly shown what an effect upon the multitude is made by a great, truly beautiful composition, when executed with mastery, in its true spirit, notwithstanding the length of the movements and the loftiness of the thoughts; because it stimulates that noble feeling, which is never wholly extinct in the human breast. The audience listened in solemn silence to the execution of the genial artist and the admirably accompanying orchestra, which especially in the *adagio*, blended so exquisitely with the piano-forte that we scarcely ever remember so perfect a performance of a piano-forte concerto as this was in every respect. At the termination, Mme. Schumann was recalled by the loud acclamations of the enraptured public. In the second part she played three of the *Lieder ohne Worte* of Mendelssohn, and a Romanza of R. Schumann. However distinguished was the masterly playing of these pieces, yet the rendering of Beethoven's concerto, which united every thing that could be exacted of a great artist, was the crown of the evening.

"The second part introduced an overture to the opera of *Don Quixote* by G. A. Macfarren. Macfarren is acknowledged in the English musical circles as the best national composer. He is a cultivated man, and a thoroughly cultivated musician. Several of his operas (for instance *Charles II.*) and a secular oratorio (*The Sleeper Awakened*) have had great success; his Symphony in C sharp minor, several songs and pieces of chamber music, are compositions that would be worth more extensive and more general acquaintance. He feels not only the spirit of German music, but also of the German language, evinced in his setting of Burger's *Lenore*, in the original text, for solo voices, chorus, and orchestra. He has also distinguished himself as a writer upon music. The overture to the opera of *Don Quixote*, performed here, is fresh and not without excitement; it betrays, however, here and there, too plainly, the Weherish model. It was played with fire and precision.

"Handel's hymn, or psalm for the coronation of George II, in 1727, is a glorious piece, and was brilliantly played. The Cologne Concert-Institute has the merit of having been first to perform in Germany this composition of Handel, on the 21st December, 1852. F. Hiller has added modern instruments to the score, and translated the text into German."

Advertisements.

BOSTON MUSIC HALL.

The Germania Musical Society

WILL GIVE THEIR

Fifth Grand Subscription Concert,

On Saturday Evening, Dec. 17th,

ASSISTED BY

Mr. APTOMMAS, the Welsh Harpist,

Mlle CAROLINE PINTARD,

(Who has delayed her departure until after this Concert,)

AND BY

Herr F. RUDOLPH.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

1. Symphony No. 4, in A major, op. 90, (Posthumous work,).....Mendelssohn.
1. Allegro vivace. 3. Menuetto Allegretto.
2. Andante. 4. Saltarella presto.

2. Fantasie for Harp, on themes from "Moses in Egypt," Alvars.

3. War March of the Priests, from "Athalie," op. 74, Mendelssohn.

Performed by Mr. APTOMMAS.

PART II.

4. Overture, "Leonora," No. 2,.....Beethoven.
5. German Lied - "Lebe wohl," (Good Bye,) with obligato Horn accompaniment,.....Proch.
- Sung by Mlle CAROLINE PINTARD.
6. Song without words, arranged for orchestra.....Mendelssohn.
7. Aria from "La Favorita,".....Donizetti.
- Sung by F. RUDOLPH.
8. Solo Harp,.....Alvars.
- Performed by Mr. APTOMMAS.
9. Chor from "Lohengrin," (first time,).....Wagner.

Doors open at 6½. Concert to commence at 7½.

Single tickets, 50 cents. For sale at the Music Stores, Hotels, and at the Door on the evening of the Concert.

CHRISTMAS ORATORIO,

ON

Sunday Evening, Dec. 25th, 1853,

AT TREMONT TEMPLE.

The Mendelssohn Choral Society

WILL GIVE

HANDEL'S "MESSIAH,"

Aided by the following professional talent:

- Conductor.....Herr Carl Bergmann.
Organist.....Herr Louis Hehl.
Orchestra.....Germania Musical Society.

The Solos will be sustained by

Miss Anna Stone, (who will render the opening Recitative and Air, "Comfort ye, my people," &c. as originally composed for a soprano voice,)

Mrs. E. A. Wentworth,

Miss Sarah Humphrey,

Mr. Stephen B. Ball,

Mr. F. Meyer,

(His first appearance in Oratorio in Boston.)

Doors open at 6: Performance to commence at 7 o'clock.

Tickets, at 50 cents each, may be obtained at the music stores of Messrs. Reed, Ditson, Richardson, Wade, Johnson, No. 90 Tremont St., at the Tremont and Revere Houses, and at the door on the evening of the performance.

MERRILL N. BOYDEN, Sec'y.

M. JULLIEN

Respectfully announces that he will give

SIX GRAND CONCERTS,

Commencing on THURSDAY, JAN. 5th, 1854,

—AT THE—

BOSTON MUSIC HALL.

Full particulars will be duly announced.

The engagement cannot by any possibility be prolonged, in consequence of M. Jullien's departure for New Orleans.

CHAMBER CONCERTS.

The Mendelssohn Quintette Club

Respectfully inform the Musical Public of Boston that their

THIRD CONCERT

WILL TAKE PLACE

On Tuesday Evening, Dec. 20th,

At the MEIENAEON, Tremont Street.

Beethoven's Grand Quartette in F; Quartette in B flat; and Quintette in D, Mozart, etc., will be presented.

Single Tickets, 50 cents each. Package of Eight tickets, which may be used at pleasure, Three Dollars.

Doors open at 7. Concert to commence at 7½ precisely.

PUBLIC REHEARSALS.

THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB will give PUBLIC REHEARSALS every FRIDAY AFTERNOON till further notice, at the MEIENAEON, Tremont Temple, commencing at 3 P. M.

Packages of Eight Tickets, ONE DOLLAR—to be obtained at the usual places. Single admission, 25 cents. Dec. 10.

CHURCH ORGANS.

STEVENS, DAVIES & JEWETT,

(Formerly Stevens & Co.)

Corner of Otis & Fifth Sts. East Cambridge, Ms.

CONTINUE to manufacture ORGANS of all sizes and prices at the shortest notice, built of the best materials, and warranted in every respect. Societies about contracting for Organs will do well to call and examine one at our Factory, now on exhibition for a short time. References can be had of the best organists in Boston, Charlestown or Cambridge, if required.

N. B.—As it is understood by some that this and the manufactory of George Stevens are one and the same, we wish to state distinctly that it is not connected in any way whatever.

Wm. Stevens, Horatio Davies, Jas. Jewett.
Nov. 12, 6t.

THEODORE T. BARKER,

MUSIC STORE,

No. 331 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

Chickering's Pianos to let.

All Foreign and American Musical Publications received as soon as published. 123 tf

PIANO FOR SALE CHEAP.

HALLET & CUMSTON'S make, seven octaves, new and of superior quality, at GEO. P. REED & CO'S, Dec. 3. No. 13 Tremont Street.

SYMPHONY SOIRÉES.

The Germania Musical Society,

At the request of many lovers of Classical Music, propose, should sufficient encouragement be offered, to give in Boston a new and distinct series of FIVE SUBSCRIPTION CONCERTS, to consist exclusively of Classical Music, according to the following scheme of historical programmes and prices.

PROGRAMMES.

First Soirée, January 14th, 1854.

PART I.

- 1.—Symphony in D.....Haydn.
- 2.—Overture "Iphigenia,".....Gluck.

PART II.

- 3.—Symphony in G minor.....Mozart.
- 4.—Overture "Coriolanus".....Beethoven.

Second Soirée, Jan. 28th.

PART I.

- 1.—Symphony in E flat major.....Haydn.
- 2.—Overture "Magic flute".....Mozart.

PART II.

- 3.—Symphony No. 2, in D, op. 36.....Beethoven.
- 4.—Overture "Medea".....Cherubini.

Third Soirée, Feb. 11th.

PART I.

- 1.—Symphony in C, (Jupiter),.....Mozart.
- 2.—Overture "Leonora, No. 3".....Beethoven.

PART II.

- 3.—Symphony No. 4, in F, op. 86.....Schubert.
- 4.—Overture "The Fair Melusina".....Mendelssohn.

Fourth Soirée, Feb. 25th.

PART I.

- 1.—Symphony No. 3, in E flat major, op. 55, "Eroica".....Beethoven.
- 2.—Overture "Oberon".....Weber.

PART II.

- 3.—Symphony in C.....Schubert.
- 4.—Overture "Byron's Manfred".....Schumann.

Fifth Soirée, March 11th.

PART I.

- 1.—Symphony No. 3, in A major, op. 56.....Mendelssohn.
- 2.—Overture "King Lear".....Berlioz.

PART II.

- 3.—Symphony in E flat major.....Schumann.
- 4.—Overture "Tannhäuser".....Wagner.

Further particulars, of prices, &c. will be announced next week. Meanwhile inquire at Wade's Music Store. Dec. 10.

GRAND ORATORIO ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

The Musical Education Society

WILL PERFORM HANDEL'S SUBLIME ORATORIO OF

THE MESSIAH,

ON SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 24,

IN THE TREMONT TEMPLE,

ASSISTED BY

Miss Anna Stone,
Miss Lucy A. Doane,
Mr. A. Arthurson,
Mr. Henry M. Aiken,
And the entire Germania Musical Society.

AUGUST KREISSMANN,.....Conductor.
WM R. BABCOCK,.....Organist.

Single tickets, 50 cents. For sale at the Music Stores, Hotels, and at the Door on the evening of the Concert.

Dec 10 3t JAMES D. KENT, SECRETARY.

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THOMAS RYAN, respectfully begs leave to inform those who are in the habit of hearing Symphonies, Quartets, Quintets, Sonatas, or any works of that class, that he is prepared to explain or analyze them, either in small classes or to single pupils. His long experience in the performance and in the composition of such works, added to his being in possession of the scores of almost every work of that class presented in Boston, gives him peculiar advantages. The knowledge of the form is almost indispensable towards the understanding in the slightest manner, and will infinitely enhance the pleasure derived in the hearing of them. It is a subject which amateurs of the slightest pretensions ought to feel interested in, as new and old compositions are brought forward daily. The subscriber would be happy to receive pupils for this alone, or in connection with Thorough Bass.

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Mendelssohn's Symphony in A Major.

BY G. A. MACFARREN.

This Symphony in A major, the second Symphony of the composer [commonly called the fourth], was written some twenty years ago as a commission to the Philharmonic Society in London, after Mendelssohn's visit to Italy, the impressions of which it embodies, as does the Symphony in A minor, the third Symphony, written some ten years later, embody those of his visit to Scotland, made a long time prior to the composition of the work. When the Symphony in A major was first produced, the copyright of it was refused by an eminent publishing house in Lon-

don, upon the plea that, from the precedent of Mendelssohn's music already published, it could not be expected to sell, and, the firm offering a smaller sum than the price which the composer had set upon his work, he broke off his connection with the house, and never published anything there afterwards.

Well, in consequence of this eminent publishing house refusing the copyright of the present pianoforte-duet-arrangement,* and of the Philharmonic Society retaining the only copy of the score, which they had duly and honorably and nobly purchased, and of what other causes even rumor has not ventured to suggest, the second Symphony in A major remained unprinted during the author's lifetime.

The year following the death of Mendelssohn, the Queen commanded a performance of the second Symphony, at a Philharmonic concert, when the work, then almost unknown, created an immense sensation, so great that the Symphony was repeated during the same series of performances, and has been given again, with, if possible, increased success every season since.

Finally, after the publication of eighteen posthumous works, none of them of more importance, none of them of greater interest, the committee or trustees for revising Mendelssohn's manuscripts issued the second Symphony in A major, and the whole world have since then shared with the subscribers to the Philharmonic concerts the enjoyment of its transcendent beauties. Why the committee or trustees, or the publishers, or whoever may be responsible, have thought proper to call this second Symphony by the title of "Symphony No. 4," it is impossible to conjecture; the matter is however worth mention for the sake of identifying the present work with the Symphony in A major, composed ten years before the third Symphony, and always spoken of and always longed for as the second Symphony. It is also valuable to define the correct order in which the important works of a great master have been composed, as thus only can we be enabled to trace the history of his mind in the development of his powers, the highest and by far the most interesting province of biography; the committee, &c., appear to have thought otherwise.

It is now to proceed from the history of this beautiful Symphony to the consideration of the work itself. In the scale of merit, this second Symphony, in A major, rises prodigiously above the first Symphony in C minor, which bears all the impress of the very early period of the composer's career when it was written. . . . The comparison of the Symphony in A major with the third Symphony in A minor, is more a matter of opinion than a matter of judgment. There are points in each that respectively find greater favor with individual hearers, but the general merits of the two must be felt by the mass to be, if not equal, certainly of a kindred character. The later work goes to posterity with the advantage of the author's final corrections, it having been published several years before his death; the

second Symphony can only be supposed to have been susceptible of modification from the known habit of Mendelssohn to consider the perfecting of his music up to the very moment of its passing through the press—candid judgment is unable to suppose the possibility of its improvement, and will not admit the desirability of its slightest alteration. In this respect the Symphony in A major has a most satisfactory advantage over all the other posthumous publications of the composer, namely, that however he may have subsequently reconsidered it, he certainly at one period considered it complete; having himself made the present pianoforte arrangement* with a view to its publication, when, had it passed out of the hands of the composer, it would have been beyond his control, and thus, insusceptible of improvement or modification.

As to the impressions of Italy, embodied in the Symphony in A major, speculation may be more or less presumptuous; but as every sensitive hearer will speculate upon the expression conveyed in music of so exciting a character as the work under consideration, interpreting the intentions of the composer by the index of his own emotions while hearing the performance, it cannot be arrogant to offer what speculations suggest themselves, as an indication rather of how much than of what may be found of secondary interest in this highly poetical work of art by such as willingly seek it.

To speak most succinctly of general impressions rather than of particular emotions, let us suppose that the first movement realizes the influence upon an ardent mind of the clear, translucent air, the genial climate, the deep, deep blue above, the endless green below, in which the golden gleam of the exhilarant sunshine is blent with the intense hue of the unfathomable heaven, the spontaneity of life around and the restlessness of emotion within that characterize the land formed by nature for the garden of poetry, whence the spoiled child has strayed in weariness of the too great luxuriance in which it has been indulged, to wander back, how rarely, from the distant home of its adoption, and find its powers and its perceptions quickened by its native associations.

Let us suppose that the earnest and most original Andante portrays the feelings awakened by the mighty ruins of Roman splendor, the statues, the palaces, the temples, and the colossal Colosseum, ghosts of a greatness that is gone, monuments of an immortal age, enduring witnesses in their mouldering decay of the lasting influence upon all time to come of the eternal power of mind through which at first they were, which now through them is perpetually regenerated in all who see in them and feel, who read in them and understand the sublime lesson for the sempiternal future of the never-dying past; and that the lovely episodic melody embodies the perhaps less awful but not less solemn sentiment that must

* Symphony No. 4 in A major for full orchestra, arranged for two performers on the pianoforte, composed by Mendelssohn Bartholdy, Op. 99; Posthumous Work, No. 19. Ewer & Co.

be awakened in witnessing the new life springing from the old decay, the perennial flowers and verdure, ever young, mocking while they decorate the falling ruins that have seen them bloom, and seen them fade, and seen them bloom and fade again through a long, long race of centuries, typifying the eternal identity of the spirit of good and beauty, the soul of poetry, amid the temporal variations of its manifestation which, while they seem to pass away, are born anew in the new forms they suggest by the new powers they stimulate in the mind of man.

Let us suppose that the ceaselessly flowing and exquisitely melodious Scherzo or Minuet may have been conceived upon the silent shore of a sunny sea, when the luxurious light of the still moon hung like a garment of glory on the boundless bosom of the deep, whose gentle heaving was so constant and so uniform that in watching the unbroken rhythm of its motion, one might cease to know it moved; and in the Trio, let us think of some vagrant sunbeam sporting in fairy dance upon the gently rippling undulation, and glancing like the sparkle of the eye you love when it looks the look that all surpasses speech, and in the language, than which but music can be more intense, it says, I love you.

The Saltarello tells its own tale. It is no stretch of the imagination to suppose the Carnival, with the vivacity that here is known but as a traveler's tale of the quick-hearted Italian, the ubiquitous life, the perpetual motion, the sunshine all through and through one's feelings, and one's thoughts and its reflection on our actions, and our influence on others; the romp, the rhapsody, the roistering revelry, the rattling riot, the rustling, rolling, ridiculous, restless, ranting roar of the rollicking holiday, when unrule and nonsense are the law and intelligence that will and direct what is utterly beyond control. The bustling, hustling, jostling of everlasting intricacies of the interminable labyrinth of the never-ending, never-beginning, universal and omniversal dance. Good spirits, indeed! Why, the whole world is above proof, and very far beyond probability; and Mother Nature is truly unmasked when her sons—yes, and her daughters too, the most modest, and the meekest—put the mask on that hides them from the restraint and the restrictions, the formalities and the rigidities of the imposing world and its impositions, yes, and its impostures, too; and nobody is ashamed to be themselves, because everybody may be supposed to be anybody else. Fortune favor us! what think you of the place where the seemingly ceaseless motion of the dance is broken by the accent of twoes that comes tumbling in upon us like one who is so utterly intoxicated with the mere sense of animal excitement, so perfectly delirious with the exuberance of his own delight, that the only account to be made of him or his doings is, that they are wholly unaccountable? Well, it is no stretch of the imagination to suppose all this, and to be assured of its existence by the Finale of the Symphony in A major.

Such may be called the secondary interest which this truly poetical work may excite in a sensitive hearer; of the primary interest, that which lies in the intrinsic technical beauty of the musical phrases, and of their admirable development, one can scarcely give an account because of the impossibility to define it. Let it here suffice to call attention to some of the most striking points in the several movements.

In the Allegro Vivace, who is not struck with the spontaneous freshness of the opening subject? What a remarkable and very reflective point is there (page 6 of the printed copy), when, after several responsive alternations of the choirs of wind and of string instruments, represented in the arrangement by the separate primo and secondo parts, the figure of the chief subject is given in the bass against the constantly changing harmony carried on in the continuation of the preceding passage. The lengthened dominant passage which introduces the second subject, is so prominent in its effect from the eminence of its beauty, that one is disappointed to find it turned to so little account as it is in the sequel of the movement, even though this disappointment arise

from the redundancy of ideas which spring up luxuriantly as life and thought in the sanguine climate by which we are told the composition was inspired. The second subject fulfils in its graceful phrases and transparent instrumentation, all that is requisite for this important feature of the movement. A lengthened crescendo upon the last inversion of a dominant seventh (commencing at the bottom of page 8), has an admirable effect, and gives the greatest brightness to the inverted tonic harmony upon which the full force of the orchestra is finally introduced. Next in order let us notice the digression into C sharp minor, with an augmentation of the principal subject, which has a truly magical effect, introduced as it is by a passage of long notes without harmony; and then the return to E major, with the brief recurrence to the subject in its original rhythm, which concludes the first part of the movement brilliantly and most effectively.

After some short development of the passage already cited that leads to the second subject, the Second Part is remarkable for the introduction of an entirely new idea in D minor, of a character wholly different from, and admirably opposed to every phrase that has preceded it, and upon it the elaborations of this portion of the movement are principally founded. It is treated at first as a free fugato, which is continued for some length at the extreme pianissimo of the orchestra, and the gradual climax of a long protracted crescendo from this brings in at the forte a fragment of the first subject, which is from hence worked together, or in close alternation with the new, episodic subject. There is a very remarkable passage of diminuendo, passing from the key of F sharp minor to D major, the repose of which most beautifully relieves the continual motion that has for long prevailed; and the passage that grows out of this, commencing with the semitonic ascent of the bass, which brings about the return to the subject in the original key of the movement, upon a second inversion of the tonic harmony, is most novel, and pre-eminently effective.

The Andante con moto is remarkable for the exceeding beauty of its principal melody, and the pure simplicity of the counterpoint of quavers with which it is accompanied. Next for the additional very great interest that is given to this same theme and counterpoint in the filling up of the harmony by wind instruments, the exquisite effect of which is new as it is admirable. Then comes the most lovely episodic melody in A major, in which is to be noticed a curious caprice in the rhythmical arrangement—namely, that the accent of the whole is against the measure; in explanation of this may be adduced the subsequent repetition of the same melody in the key of D major, when the barring is according to accepted rule, with the natural rhythmical division of the phrases. The introduction of some fragments of the original theme at the close of this episode, presents many points of eminent artistry, and the brief but beautiful Coda closes impressively one of the most exquisite slow movements in the whole range of orchestral music.

The next movement, Con Moto Moderato, may better be described as a Minuet than a Scherzo, but it scarcely fulfils the prevailing notion of this class of movement, for it is in the tempo and in the construction only, and by no means in the character, that it resembles the Minuets of the Symphonies of Mozart and Haydn. It has been said to be like the music of Mozart—in the greatness of its beauty it certainly is, but in its phraseology I can trace no similitude. Mozart has very often, and most successfully embodied the feeling which this movement conveys, but, to my appreciation, with wholly different expression. A beautiful melody is not subject to verbal description, so this movement, which is all melody, must be dismissed to the effect of its own impressions. One point alone may be separately cited in which the art and the genius of the composer are most happily blended; this is the return to the subject in the second part of the Minuet, where the partial anticipation of the phrase has an effect that can never fail.

The final Presto is certainly the most entirely individual portion of the work, albeit not one of

the movements has a prototype in the writings of any other master. It is an imitation of the Saltarello, a national dance of the South of Italy, which differs from its twin sister the Tarantella in having a crotchet at the beginning of each bar of six-eight measure (instead of six quavers in the bar, as in the dance more familiar in this country), the marked accent of which accommodates a jumping step in the dance itself, whence it derives its name. The ceaseless continuity of the motion, and with it the excitement of this movement, is beyond praise. The plan of the whole is somewhat singular, and admits of longer discussion than our present space will admit. Suffice it to state briefly that the first part is regular, like that of a first movement; that at the close of this the subject re-commences in the original key, after the manner of many of the last movements of Mozart and Beethoven, which very shortly diverges into the elaborations of the second part; that these are enriched, as in the first movement of the present work, by the introduction of a new episodic subject, which appears first in the key of G minor; and finally, that the composer is so carried away by the development of this idea, in conjunction with the chief subject of the movement, that he foregoes the formality of the recapitulation of the first part, and makes no recurrence to the many admirable points which, in the key of E minor, constitute the second subject, but instead, prolongs the working of the second part into a most exciting and highly wrought Coda.

Allusion has already been made to the prodigious effect produced by the breaking off from the long-continued accent of the Saltarello with the fortissimo passage of even quavers in twoes instead of threes (page 54). There is next to notice the quaint perversity of the opening phrase of the second subject (page 57), and the streaming beauty of the sustained notes that descend by semi-tones against the continued motion of the theme they accompany.

The brightness of the transient digression into C, heightened as it is by the brilliant tone of the horns and trumpets, cannot escape notice; and the immediate return to E minor is no less a point for admiration. The whole of this passage is well worthy to be repeated, but Mendelssohn, whose invention seems unlimited, is not satisfied to give it again without imparting to it a new interest, by adding to the instrumentation, and slightly modifying the harmony; and then he prolongs it with a skill peculiar to himself, and an effect equal to the means. The breaking away from the subject, in the key of A minor, by the semitonic descent of the bass, which is assigned to the violins against the wind instruments, which have the theme (page 60), is a comparatively unimportant point, but of striking prominence. The mazy winding character of the episode, here introduced in G minor, is eminently picturesque. A merely mechanical contrivance, namely, the repetition of the four-bar phrase of the second violins, in response from the opposite side of the orchestra by the first violins, gives wonderful life to the general effect. Perhaps the most striking point of the whole movement is the abrupt and decidedly irregular introduction of a chord of C, in the second repetition of a phrase that has twice before closed on the chord of E major, (page 66); the harmonic propriety of this progression is open to considerable discussion; but, the jesuitical principle, if anywhere, is decidedly applicable here, for such an effect surely justified any means that are employed to attain it. We have then a very lengthened crescendo upon a protracted dominant pedal, the climax of which leads to a chromatic seventh upon an A bass (page 68), which is brilliant as a shower of fireworks, and exciting as an unexpected joy. From hence to the end one's admiration is more and more stimulated, and we cannot rise from an adequate performance of the whole, but in a rapture of enthusiasm.

WILLIAM GARDINER, the well-known author of "Gardiner's Music of Nature," died at Leicester, England, on the 16th of November. Dr. R. W. BENFIELD, composer of the oratorio *Israel Restored*, is also just deceased.

Bertini—Ferdinand Hiller—Chopin—Liszt.

Modern Romantic School of Piano-forte Playing.—Bertini is no improvisatore on the piano-forte, who compresses the bold thoughts of his mind within narrow limits; he is a powerful and energetic artist, who develops an idea, and by degrees brings it out like a seriously and long considered work. It is not the surface but the inmost recesses of our hearts, which he affects; and while gracefulness is a characteristic feature, strength and energy are no less predominant. The ode is more peculiarly his forte than the elegy.

Hiller is the nursling of German harmony, jealous of his own originality, deep, reflecting, but with a conception brightened by a southern ray. His playing and composition may frequently be likened to a northern dream, related by a dramatic poet, with all the purity of attic elegance. He acquires celebrity by his chiaroscuro, like Rubens; he is thrifty to a fault; his lights are unbroken, and he introduces no false lights or forced contrasts. In the fanciful and mystic he cannot compete with Mendelssohn Bartholdy, but he may in matter of fact reality. He will be the little Beethoven, as the poet Heine has already designated him.

Chopin's expressive play, his harmony, ardent and often obscure, though invariably genuine, as if what should have preceded had been omitted,—how are these to be depicted? The causes of his joy and sorrow remain veiled; nothing but individual originality; superficial organizations only can be insensible to his magnetic influence. His talent is not a mere instinct without experience and tuition, but embraces at once the mysteries of music and of the heart. His style and his playing are equally great.

With Liszt, his play is all in all; he is the genius of performance. All expedients to put on a semblance of inspiration are spurned by him. His inspiration can proceed only from the innate existence of his own creative powers, which are equal to those of composition. The universal stirring of the age has with its other emancipations produced him. Even railery has in vain been directed against him; and envy he will overcome, even as he has overcome his instrument. Whence does this arise? He has turned his attention to all the arts and sciences, trodden their path for the benefit of his art, to load her with all the riches of the intellectual world. If he reflects Beethoven so admirably, it is because he no less thoroughly fathoms Shakspeare, Goethe, Schiller and Victor Hugo; because he comprehends the composer of "Fidelio" more even in his genius than in his works. Liszt is Beethoven's hands. The softest emotions of Beethoven's soul he expresses with his fingers. This he has only attained by the powerful wings of poetry, which elevate the arts, and which henceforth will be the line of distinction between the musical artisan and the real artist.

[From R. S. Willis's Musical World and Times.]

A True Story.

Many years since, a boy, who thought and dreamed of nothing but music, wandered into a certain large establishment in Boston, where his favorite instruments were manufactured. Passing into the extensive saloons where these instruments were displayed, he sought out a quiet corner, and seating himself at one of those magnificent pianos, he first looked around, to be sure that no one was listening, and then began to play some of those beautiful waltzes of Beethoven, which at that time so suited his capacity, and suited his heart. Borne away in a delicious musical reverie, he did not for some time observe, that a figure had stolen up to him and was listening as he played. A benevolent face was over him, and a kind voice addressed words of commendation and praise, which, being the first the boy had received, sent the blood tingling to his cheeks. The proprietor of the establishment, for it was he, then asked the boy if he would like to come and live among those pianos, discoursing just such music to purchasers: thus forming, in a word, a connection with his establishment. But

books and college were before the boy; and wondering at the proposition, he timidly thanked the proprietor and declined.

Years passed away. School and college were done with, and the books thrown aside. The boy had reached manhood; but still the spirit of music haunted him, and again he found himself in those spacious saloons. He had just ceased playing upon one of those magnificent instruments again, stood looking dreamily out of the window, and down upon the crowded "Washington street" below. Again a quiet figure stole up to him, and a most musical and pleasant voice began to speak. The person before him was of small stature, had the manners and garb of a gentleman, was dressed in black, with a single magnificent diamond pin in his bosom: the only contrast in his appearance was the clean white apron of a workman, which he wore. It was the proprietor of the establishment again: who, wealthy as he was, had his own little working cabinet, with an exquisite set of tools, and there put the finishing touch he entrusted to no one else. The proprietor enquired kindly of the young man as to his plans for life. These alas, were undetermined. The voice of music was more fascinating than ever: but a learned profession of some kind seemed to be the wishes and expectations of his friends. Music, however, was his first and strongest love, and he had sometimes thought, if he could but go abroad to study, he would decide for that. But he was poor. His father had given him his college education and his blessing as capital for life. A harsh struggle with the world was before him; music, therefore, was hardly to be thought of.

In the quietest tone of that low, pleasant voice, the proprietor, as though making an ordinary remark, rejoined, "*Well, but then, if the sum of five hundred dollars a year for a period of four years would suit your purpose, I could easily supply you with that.*"

The world grew dim before him, and the young man almost staggered with surprise; but when he recovered himself, there was the same quiet gentleman standing beside him, and looking pleasantly out of the window.

Two months afterward the young man sailed for Europe, where he passed the allotted time, and longer, from means with which his own compositions in the mean time furnished him. And whatever of knowledge, and whatever of artistic culture, and whatever of success in life, as connected with Art, have since been his, he ascribes entirely to that most generous and noble-hearted Mæcenas of Art. And to the latest day of his life will he never cease to cherish the memory of his first and best friend.

That noble friend was JONAS CHICKERING of Boston, now lying cold in death, and that boy is the present Editor of the *N. Y. Musical World*—the writer of this article:—and nothing would have prevented a grateful declaration of this noble deed, but the unwilling condition absolutely imposed—of silence: that the circumstance should be revealed to none but to parents. But such a condition is surely canceled by death: and a long-repressed gratitude must, at length, proclaim itself to the world.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

From my Diary. No. XXXV.

NEW YORK, Dec. 17.—I see by the *Boston Post* that Sontag was to sing last night an Aria by Ernani and another by Vedrai Carino. Where can I obtain biographical notices of these two composers?

Dec. 18.—Heard portions of Jullien's concerts last night and night before in the Metropolitan nuisance. On Friday evening I was reminded of the story of the nobleman in Handel's time, who left an Oratorio on the ground of an unwillingness to invade the king's privacy; and of Handel's remark about his empty houses, "No matter, de moosic will sound to petter." Jullien no longer being the rage, the reserved seats were at an awful discount. The select few scattered about in them had ample scope and verge. Yet, as ever, the performances were faultless. The exquisite tact of the leader and the marvellous powers of his soloists grow upon me, and to one of "old

fogy" notions, it is painful to see all this excellence expended without ample remuneration. I am convinced that no orchestra can live without there be an audience cultivated to the extent of enjoying music for music's sake. To hear Sontag or Jenny Lind sing—for the sake of knowing how they sing—I would willingly pay well two or three times. Beyond that I would not go. But to hear great vocal works in which they sang—to hear the songs in the Messiah, Samson, Creation, Mount of Olives, Don Juan, Magic Flute, &c., I would go regularly a whole season. It would be a cheap mode of musical education. So in the case of Jullien. Real lovers of music go a few times to see him and hear his orchestra; and so do those who go merely because it is fashionable. But the novelty wears off; the latter class desert him and the former see nothing worth their time and money in the programmes. So finally betwixt the two stools down he tumbles. I am sorry. I never heard such playing, and moreover do like his rendering of classical works; the themes are always brought out clearly, and if at times they seem to be given a little coldly, there are effects produced by such perfect mechanical execution, which are ordinarily lost. Whether "old foggy" programmes would call out the public, or so large a portion of it as to make it pay, is perhaps a matter of doubt. Why not try it? Repeat Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn nights. Give entire symphonies instead of single movements only. He could not lose by the operation, judging from Friday evening. On Saturday evening the house was well filled, the proceeds having been devoted to the fireman's charity.

On these two evenings there was opportunity to give a careful hearing to some of Fry's music. An Adagio pleased me much. There is certainly something very novel in his methods of instrumentation, and some new effects were striking—for instance, an oboe solo with a sort of obligato arpeggio (if that be a proper term) accompaniment by a flute running up and down through some three octaves. I do not, however, pay much attention to forms of music,—choose rather to sit and allow the masses of tones to effect me as they will. A deep, delicious melancholy seemed rather the character of the piece, than the powerful anguish and struggle indicated by its title, *The Breaking Heart*. If, however, Fry's Broken Heart be that of her, whom Viola describes,

—She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek. She pined in thought,
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like patience on a monument
Smiling at grief.

I am by no means certain that the movement is not finely descriptive. One hearing is not enough for a decision.

I liked the "Day in the Country." There is country air in it. The finale—the rattle-bang of a recruiting party—is hardly American, though. I wish Fry could go up to Lake Superior and spend a summer in those all glorious solitudes of woods and waters, often for hours together enlivened only by the cawing of a crow and that most solitary of all sounds, the cry of the loon. There would be something to sink into his quiet musings, and 'twould be pleasant to hear his transcript of it.

Many thanks to Jullien for a glimpse of Dr. Arne—the ugly man. His music is not ugly. "Where the bee sucks there suck I," was sung by the Zerr. What delicious music it is! Why do we never hear good old English music, and we, descendants of Englishmen? How refreshing the change from the threadbare pieces, which have been given us *ad nauseam*. But what outside barbarian changed "suck" to "lurk," and so destroyed the fine fancy of Shakspeare, in making the fairy feed with the honey-bee and then sink to rest in the bell of a cow-slip?

As God Pleases.

Under a portrait of Carl Maria von Weber, published at Weimar, is a fac simile of his hand writing, in these words.

"As God Pleases!"

CARL MARIA VON WEBER."

An enthusiastic admirer of Rossini, on noticing this inscription, wittily took occasion to remark, that "Weber composed as 'God pleases,' but that Rossini composed as pleased the public," thus unwittingly paying the highest possible compliment to Weber, and stating the true distinction as to the relative merits of the two composers.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

BY ALFRED DOMMETT.

It was the calm and silent night!

Seven hundred years and fifty-three
 Had Rome been growing up to might,
 And now was queen of land and sea!
 No sound was heard of clashing wars,—
 Peace brooded o'er the hushed domain;
 Apollo, Pallas, Jove, and Mars
 Held undisturbed their ancient reign,
 In the solemn midnight,
 Centuries ago.

'T was in the calm and silent night,
 The Senator of haughty Rome
 Impatient urged his chariot's flight,
 From lordly revel rolling home;
 Triumphal arches gleaming swell
 His breast with thoughts of boundless sway;
 What recked the Roman what befell
 A paltry province far away,
 In the solemn midnight,
 Centuries ago?

Within that province far away
 Went plodding home a weary boor;
 A streak of light before him lay,
 Fallen through a half-shut stable-door,
 Across his path. He passed,—for naught
 Told what was going on within;
 How keen the stars, his only thought,—
 The air how calm, and cold, and thin,
 In the solemn midnight,
 Centuries ago!

O strange indifference! low and high
 Drowns over common joys and cares;
 The earth was still,—but knew not why;
 The world was listening,—unawares.
 How calm a moment may precede
 One that shall thrill the world forever!
 To that still moment, none would heed,
 Man's doom was linked no more to sever,
 In the solemn midnight,
 Centuries ago!

It is the calm and solemn night!
 A thousand bells ring out, and throw
 Their joyous peals abroad, and smite
 The darkness,—charmed and holy now!
 The night that erst no shame had worn,
 To it a happy name is given;
 For in that stable lay, new-born,
 The peaceful Prince of earth and heaven,
 In the solemn midnight,
 Centuries ago!

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 24, 1853.

Christmas!—Handel's "Messiah."

The great festival of Christendom comes round once more. In its spirit, truly considered, it is no less than the great festival of Humanity. The morning of Christ's birth was ushered in with angel's songs, proclaiming unity and peace and good will among men. For the rejoicings of this anniversary can we conceive of any language more appropriate and true than Music! Music which gives voice to the spiritual part of us, that so refuses to be moulded into forms of thought and speech! Music, which is the natural language of the religious sentiment, a principle so human and yet so divine! Music which in all its diversity forever hints of Unity and seeks the One! and under whose influence we forget our differences and feel that in our inmost, deepest aspirations, we and all earnest souls are kindred!

It seems as if the man had providentially appeared, who could embody in one great master-

piece of musical Art, the sentiments and topics of this holy season. Handel, in his "Messiah," seems to have expressed the latent music of these texts. No fitter Christmas observance, no pleasanter and truer way of communing together in the feeling of our spiritual relationship and of Humanity's great destiny, can well be found, than that of listening together to this sublime oratorio.

Fortunately two opportunities of hearing it are offered us; so that those who may have home engagements for either "Christmas Eve" or for the "evening of Christmas," still have an evening left for "the Messiah." Many, too, will like to hear it twice, and fix a clearer impression of it in their memory, to say nothing of the curiosity which some will have to compare the renderings of the two Societies. In their rivalries we have no concern; and if the MUSICAL EDUCATION SOCIETY will only make us feel again the power of Handel's "Messiah" as they have made us feel it, and if the MENDELSSOHN CHORAL SOCIETY will only sing it as we have no doubt they can sing,—if either or both of them will only lift us to its lofty mood, we shall not be likely to care much whether it be old society or new, or whether the night be Saturday or Sunday;—for in the light of such sublime and holy thought the old is ever new, and the new is from eternity, while, as to times and seasons, all are sacred.

The choruses in both cases will be large and efficient. Both announce, upon another page, their solo singers, orchestra and leaders; all well-known names, and guarantee that Handel's music shall have justice done it.

Fifth Germania Concert.

Mendelssohn's Symphony in A major, (properly his second, though usually numbered fourth, and said to embody the composer's reminiscences of Italy), was followed with eager interest by one of the largest audiences of the season. Of the symphony itself we have placed on our first page an analysis by one of the most enthusiastic of the English Mendelssohnians, himself a composer of no mean celebrity. In spite of the somewhat involved and intricate structure of its sentences, and its rhapsodical exuberance in speaking of the Saltarello, it will be found quite an agreeable reminder and interpreter of musical charms too apt to prove evanescent to the general mind, however fascinated in the hearing. The Symphony was beautifully played, with a distinctness and purity of outline, and a warmth and vividness of coloring, that brought it home to every one of ordinary musical feeling and perception. Though not so elaborate or great a work, perhaps, as the Symphony in A minor, we are not sure that we do not enjoy it even more than that. Its several movements are admirably contrasted. After the fresh, sunshiny, buoyant Allegro, so full of green fields and blue sky, (only brought more vividly about us by the pensive Mendelssohnian subjectivity of that low running accompaniment of violins, which sets in soon after the announcement of the first theme), how impressive is the sombre, solemn, antique-sounding chant of reed instruments in the Andante, with the stately staccato of the figural bass beneath, and the soft, warm gush of mingling flute passages above! It is like passing from the genial Italian daylight, into the rich gloom of some old church, where the light of olden days is stealing through the twilight

of deeply stained Gothic windows, and the religious hymns of early Christian centuries haunt and hang about the place. The tranquil, happy melody of the Minuet flowed on in clear, undisturbed beauty, and the mellow horn Trio made a delicious episode. In the *Saltarello presto* you have, indeed, the rush and whirl of a Carnival; but not without a dash of Mendelssohnian melancholy, which Mr. Macfarren seems not to have noticed in his analysis. Feverish merriment, joy which tyrannically possesses every sense and nerve is apt to make the spirit sad in its own secret depths. The passage from the Saltarello into the yet wilder Tarantella is quite striking. The latter, with its whirling 6-8 triplet rhythm, indicates the perfect *abandon* and delirium of excitement; while the former by the hitch in every other triplet denotes a dance in which the dancer still keeps some control and check upon himself; its temperature is one degree lower, and very naturally, before the movement is through, it boils over into the ungovernable Tarantella. This symphony was repeated to the admiration of a still larger audience at last Wednesday's Rehearsal.

There were two other pieces by Mendelssohn. One, a "war march of priests" from "Athalia," is constructed very much after the model of his first happy suggestion in the "Wedding March," both being in the minor key, despite the difference of subject. The imitation cannot be called an improvement on the first thought. The other was an orchestral arrangement of one of the "Songs without Words," a very pleasing one, but not one of the most effective for orchestral purposes. Why will not Mr. Bergmann arrange one of those bolder themes, such as that entitled "*Volkslied*," or that brilliant six-eight movement, in A major, from the first set?

Beethoven's *Leonora* overture, No. 2, played now for the first time, seemed to unsuspecting hearers the same No. 3, which we have often heard; identical in its ideas, identical almost in treatment throughout the first half; and then they wondered that the trumpet passage sounded so inferior, and that the whole last half so feebly corresponded with their recollections. But we were listening to one of the master's first sketches of what afterwards came out so grand and perfect in the No. 3. The comparison is most interesting and instructive. It is well known that the overture finally adopted to go with the opera, and called overture to *Fidelio*, was a total abandonment of the ideas contained in the three first, and altogether a new work. We trust the Germanians will some time make the lesson complete by letting us hear the four in one concert.

The harp-playing of Mr. APTOMMAS proves a most refreshing novelty in these concerts. He was listened to with intense delight, applauded to the echo, and compelled to return and play a third time, after giving two long elaborate and difficult pieces by Parish Alvars, one of them a fantasia on *Mose in Egitto* (either the original or the copy of Thalberg's) with such masterly execution, grace and true expression as we have never yet heard from this poetic instrument. Its pure and mellow tones floated deliciously about the Music Hall. Mr. APTOMMAS commends himself by his look of youthful, fresh enthusiasm, and his simple, unaffected manner. But the sweet sounds of the harp must not tempt us to demand too much of it at once; else, like all

simple sweet, it will begin to pall upon the musical palate and unnerve the appetite for stronger meats.—Miss CAROLINE PINTARD sang a sweet little "Lebe wohl," with horn *obligato*, by Proch, a very popular German song composer, all in the homesick, Tyrolean style. It was sweetly and tastefully sung.—Herr RUDOLPH did not treat us to the air from *La Favorita*, nor even to the everlasting *Vi ravviso*, illness preventing his appearance.

New Publications.

The Modern School for the Piano-Forte. By NATHAN RICHARDSON. pp. 240, 4to. Boston: published by Nathan Richardson, 282 Washington Street.

Mr. Richardson has been among the most enterprising of our young American students of music in Germany, where for nearly two years he enjoyed the instruction of Alexander Dreyschock, one of the most brilliant pianists and successful teachers of our time. His book bears Dreyschock's stamp of approval, and it embodies the principal features of his method and his fingering of the scales. Mr. Richardson has also made himself familiar with the styles and teaching of all the foremost living European masters of the piano. Hence the fitness of his title, "*Modern School*"; for piano playing has received a great expansion in these days of Kalkbrenner, Thalberg, Chopin, Liszt, and Dreyschock; by the hundred-handed execution of these modern Briareuses the piano is made to speak from all its six or seven octaves like an orchestra, and the sphere of possibilities in execution is enlarged beyond all previous imaginings, although it must to any one seem no mean thing to do the half of what old Bach did in his day. For new requirements there must be new methods.

Doubtless the new school virtuoso players have often cultivated fingers at the expense of heart and brains; some of them seem to have run into fingers altogether, those digital extremities absorbing every other faculty. Mere execution dazzles us out of the true mood for music. But this is only the natural tendency to extremes which always to some extent accompanies and prejudices all good movements. This modern expansion of piano-playing came as a necessity of the age; it grew out of the inward necessity of expression; musical thoughts and feelings longed to utter themselves more largely, and the limits of the instrument and of the finger mechanism had to give way before the inspired, heroic ardor of the player. Many of these wonderful writers and players of hitherto unheard of difficulties for the piano are genuine tone-poets also, and not mere "finger-knights," as Bach expressed it. It is worth the incredible hours of finger exercise, to become able to play music such as Chopin's. And the facility so acquired by no means comes amiss when one would render the greater thoughts (albeit with fewer finger difficulties) of Beethoven, as they *should* be rendered, that is, with such abundance of *reserved* power as is always necessary to the *expressive*, graceful, eloquent exercise of the power actually put forth. The true idea of a modern pianist is of one who feels and has great music in his soul, and also feels and has it in his fingers. Mechanically, he wants the modern finger practice, and spiritually he wants the musical culture, the Art-truths of both old and new times. The Liszts and Chopins of our day have built their dazzling superstructures upon the good old solid foundations. Bach and Mozart and Beethoven have passed into them, and mingling with their native inspiration, have helped them to be what they are; and with true filial gratitude has Liszt lent his new power to the interpretation of those grander masters.

Mr. Richardson's method, therefore, is not

"modern" in the sense of excluding all that goes before. It is eclectic, and incorporates into itself all the well established points of other methods, new and old. In committing yourself to this new guide, you do not forsake the old landmarks, or learn to look for the pole star in a new place. You only take the right steps to qualify yourself to walk on the new heights to which the old Art has attained. You cannot hold back the *tempo* of the age, you must learn to go with it without giddiness.

But practically to come back to the book and note its contents.

It really seems to us to contain more that is useful in the formation of a good hand and a good style, than any piano-forte school we have ever seen. The first elementary matter about notes and keys is at least as simple and complete as any to be found. Then come important hints as to the true economy of practice, and the part which mind and muscles play, with cautions against blind beetle obstinacy of practice, after both mind and muscles are fatigued. This part is enriched with anatomical drawings of the bones and cartilages of the hand, giving us a peep inside of the curious, the reluctant and yet capable machine, which we would learn to regulate and make obedient to the lightning movements of the brain. This is one new feature.

Then come five-finger exercises, in the greatest possible variety, and in every order, for the loosening and equalizing of the fingers; and we cannot run them over, without sighing for old early days of leisure, wherein we might have the benefit of such uncompromising gymnastics. Equally rich in number and admirable in order are the scale exercises, in all the keys; especially the early introduction and continual renewal of scale exercise in *thirds* and *sixths*, fingered upon a uniform and very convenient method, and thus forcing the scholar to begin to overcome in the outset difficulties which turn so many back after a little progress. Here is another new and very useful feature. We may name, too, as a third improvement (on other American and English publications of the kind), the introduction of the German designations of the fingers, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, instead of 1, 2, 3, 4, X.

The left hand is as well cared for as the right, and the octave passages, for strengthening the wrists, are excellent and frequent. The various graces, extensions, arpeggios, &c., &c., are all carefully defined, and progressively incorporated into practice. The whole course of practice is admirably progressive, and sums itself up artistically and inspiringly at last in an entire Sonata of Beethoven (in F minor, dedicated to Haydn), which involves every point of mechanical method, while it is also a fitting finale to the choice ascending series of artistic pieces scattered through the book. Here is another feature which lends peculiar attraction to the book and speaks well for the taste of its author. The "pieces" are none of them hacknied or commonplace; they are all from the selectest, and many of them from the newest authors: for instance, little preludes and etudes of Stephen Heller, Henselt, Schumann, Dreyschock; a song without words of Mendelssohn, a waltz of Chopin, and other genuine little musical poems which refine and elevate the tuneful aspirations of the scholar, and lead towards the true shrine of Art.

Possibly some of the little paragraphs of verbal explanation and direction may provoke a smile by their simplicity, and repetition of the plainest cautions; and the solemn injunctions of reverence at the commencement of some of the finer pieces (such as: "This beautiful composition must not be attempted without a determination to accomplish it in a very finished and chaste style") may strike an artist as superfluous and droll. But it must be

"line upon line and precept upon precept" with young beginners; besides, these things do not touch the essential matter of the book, which resides in the exercises and their order.

We congratulate Mr. Richardson on the warmth with which this product of his five year's work is welcomed. In his advertisement will be found the testimonials of nearly all our resident piano teachers and artists, couched in characteristic terms; we doubt if two more interesting columns of reading matter can be found in our paper. These are the true judges of such a work, and the best evidence of their sincerity is that so many of them are making the "*Modern School*" the text book in their own teaching.

We had nearly forgotten to allude to the beautiful type and whole exterior of the book, and to the fact that it is published and for sale at Mr. Richardson's new "*Musical Exchange*," a favorite and beautiful resort of artists and art-lovers.

Three Waltzes, by CHOPIN. Op. 64. Boston: Geo. P. Reed & Co.

Here is a publication to be hailed with delight by players of the piano, who have souls in them. The waltzes of Chopin embody as much of his rare spiritual grace and tenderness, as any of his larger works. They are among his happiest inspirations, his most original and dainty fancies. They are not waltzes for the ball room. Music here is not a slave to ends and occupations lower than itself; not, like the Muse of Strauss, or Lanner, a nimble tiring-maid who merely adds a grace to the odaliskes and fairies of the dance. There is none of this drudging time-keeping, no humdrum about the music of these "waltzes." They have the waltz measure and the waltz grace; but only the dreamy and delicious wanderings of ideal thoughts and fancies, like circling and dissolving wreaths of mist, could waltz away to music of such fine and evanescent outline. They are tone poems and not dances, and they are as redolent of the fine aroma and the spiritual reveries of Chopin, as those so-called waltzes of Beethoven are surcharged with the electricity of his grand and massive genius.

Chopin (who would believe it) is really quite in vogue now among our young amateurs. If you ask an accomplished lady pianist to play to you, it is rather more than an equal chance that you shall hear something of Chopin. Two years ago, that would have been the rarest sort of God-send. It certainly shows that our musical aspirations are turned somewhat into a worthier direction than in the days when Herz and Thalberg were the all in all of the young amateur's ambition. Chopin's compositions, in the foreign editions, owing to monopoly of copyrights, are costly. We trust therefore that Messrs. Reed & Co., will go on in the good work of multiplying copies here.

Mendelssohn Quintette Club.

The third Chamber Concert, which took place on Tuesday evening, was the most satisfactory of the series thus far. Mr. AUGUST GÖCKEL, the pianist, had been wisely re-engaged. We were first put into a lively, cheerful, appetitive humor by one of the happy, sunny quartets of Haydn (No. 78, in B flat). We do not recall much to individualize it among the other eighty and odd quartets of the ever fertile and obliging master, who would jot down a fresh quartet at a moment's warning almost for a friend. Of course some among the eighty are of comparatively small account in themselves, except as they reflect the cheerful piety and equanimity of Haydn, or show us his benign features clearly mirrored always in his Addisonian elegance of style. Some one

wittily said of one of his feeble works, alluding to his pious habits in composing: "Father Haydn must have forgotten to say his prayers that time!" We should not say this of the Quartet played for us that evening; it seemed to us well worthy of "father Haydn," if not one of his finest specimens; it was played *con amore*, and gave a capital relish to the entire programme.

After this graceful prelude we were well prepared for the substance of Part First, which followed in the shape of Beethoven's "Kreutzer Sonata," repeated by Messrs. GÖCKEL and A. FRIES. Some of the Germans call this the *Teufels-Sonate*, pretending that its three movements typify the three worlds to which man is related; the first *Presto* the infernal, the Andante the celestial, and the Finale *Presto* the terrestrial actual. We certainly have no objection to the middle branch of the comparison. The heavenly theme of that Andante justifies all the fond variations with which Beethoven prolonged and followed out its dear inspiration. The Sonata was on the whole satisfactorily played by both artists, and one could not but exclaim with wonder, as if it were the first instead of the thousandth time, at the fire and depth and originality of Beethoven!

In Part Second, Mozart's Quintet in D, (No. 4) formed the *piece de resistance*, a lovely creation, which charmed our thoughts away with it beyond the possibility of reporting, even were we in the humor of analysis and detail. Mr. RYAN played again that charming, simple little Romanza for the clarinet, by Schumann, (op. 94) with Mr. GÖCKEL at the piano. It was rendered with the chaste expression it required, neither sentimentally nor coldly. For a concluding piece a Capriccio of Mendelssohn stood announced; but the non-arrival of some of the parts obliged Mr. GÖCKEL to substitute the march and finale from Weber's *Concert-Stück*, which he executed with mere quartet accompaniment, but with wonderful fire and precision.

Read "A True Story" on another page. It is as beautifully told, as it is true, and while it hangs another wreath, forever green, upon the monument of JONAS CHICKERING, is honorable to the author of the tribute. Mr. RICHARD STORRS WILLIS, we are happy to see, is now sole proprietor and editor of the *New York Musical World and Times*, a journal very widely circulated, and deservingly, so far as it has received or shall receive its tone from one of so much true musical and intellectual culture and refinement.

THE ORCHESTRAL PIANO.—We find in the Paris correspondence of the *National Intelligence* the following description of a new piano constructed for Liszt:

"The *orgue melodium* is attached to the body of Erard's grand piano, filling up the space between the body and the floor, but so adapted to the form as not to increase at all the space which that instrument alone would occupy. The instrument, however, which realizes this new and powerful combination, would seem to be destined for the use of robust men only. Performance upon it will require an amount and kind of physical exertion inconsistent with lady-like grace and dignity of deportment, if not actually beyond female muscular capacity. Feet, knees, hands, and voice of the performer are all employed to produce separately or simultaneously the effects of vocal music, of the piano and of the full orchestra. The bellows attached to this apparatus are so easily and perfectly managed as to produce the force, decision, and instantaneous distinctness of expression hitherto capable of being rendered only by first-rate artists with the bow on stringed instruments. With those advantages the new instrument combines the perfect *sostenuto* of the organ,

with the subdued effect of a number of muted violins, oboes, (hautbois,) &c., composing a full orchestra. Mme. Deyres will, it is said, dare to play in public upon this formidable instrument, which at present promises to open a new, large and attractive field, both to musical composition and performance."

GRACE CHURCH, NEW YORK.—We have received a programme of the music to be performed at this "first class" sanctuary, on Christmas Day, which we subjoin below. The music is undoubtedly the best that the great Metropolis can give, but we cannot but feel that these programmes of the music to be given by the choir of a church savor a little too much of the world, and seem in keeping only in such a church as the one described in a late number of the *Home Journal*, where, in answer to a stranger asking for a seat, a member of the Society replies, with a drawl, "Well, weally, I'm not the sexton," and where, when he finally found a place where he might kneel, the well-dressed occupant of the pew carefully withdrew from the stranger's vicinity the gilt-edged, velvet-bound prayer books, intended only for "private use." But we are glad to see that the congregation are to hear old Haydn and Hummel, and not the latest born anthem of the "American School of Music."

ORDER OF THE MUSIC

AT GRACE CHURCH, FOR CHRISTMAS DAY, 1853.

Venite exultemus Domino.
Gloria Patri, composed by.....Hummel.
Te Deum laudamus, composed by.....Haydn.
Benedictus,.....Arranged from Dietsch, by King.
Psalm 105th, composed by.....W. A. King.
Christmas Hymn, the 45th, Arranged from Mozart, by King.

After the Sermon, will be sung by the Choir, (Mrs. Julia L. Bodstein, [late Miss Northall,] Miss Dressler, Messrs. A. Schnyder, and Philip Mayer):—"Thy seat, O God, endureth forever; the sceptre of thy kingdom is a right sceptre." Ps. xlv. 7. The music by Joseph Haydn.

Musical Intelligence.

Local.

MR. DRESEL's friends, and they are all the friends of pure chamber music, will be glad to see that his second concert is announced for next Tuesday evening.

The GERMANIANS give this afternoon some merry Christmas music for the children. The "*Kinder-Sinfonie*," a drollery of "father Haydn," is to be performed, in which the composer, with a true German sympathy with childhood, has introduced all sorts of musical toys collected by him in the town where he wrote it, which was famous in the toy trade.

MR. CHICKERING'S ESTATE.—The interest manifest in the welfare of the firm of Jonas Chickering & Sons, has induced many to ask of the future of a concern so identified with this city. We learn that Mr. Chickering's affairs are left in such a state, that it will require very little time, to close them up, and that it is the intention of the family to continue the business as heretofore. Mr. Thomas E. Chickering, is himself a most accomplished and ingenious mechanic, who is every way qualified to assume a position which the loss of his father imposes upon him. He will be assisted by his brothers, Messrs. Francis & George Chickering, and with the aid of Mr. Stephen Clapp, for many years the foreman, and of Mr. G. H. Child, the clerk, we anticipate for them many years of prosperity. The new building on Tremont Road will be speedily finished.—*Eve. Gazette.*

NEW YORK.—The "Messiah" is to be performed on Monday evening, by the "HARMONIC SOCIETY," with Julien's full orchestra, and JULIEN for Conductor. BADIALI is among the solo singers.

Advertisements.

OTTO DRESEL'S SECOND CONCERT

WILL TAKE PLACE

On Tuesday Evening, Dec. 27th,

To commence at half past 7 o'clock.

Among the pieces, are Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata," Mendelssohn's *Second Trio*, an original Quartet, &c. &c.
Single tickets, One Dollar, to be had at the music stores.

BOSTON MUSIC HALL.

This Afternoon, Saturday, Dec. 24th,

The Germania Musical Society

WILL GIVE AN

EXTRA PUBLIC REHEARSAL,

For which the usual Wednesday Tickets will be taken.

Appropriate to the day, they will perform for the first time in Boston the celebrated

CHILDREN SYMPHONY,

by Haydn, in which are introduced instruments used as toys by children, as Penny Trumpets, Toy Drums, Humming Bees, &c. They will also be assisted by

Mr. Thomas Aptommas, the Welsh Harpist.

Doors open at 2. Concert to commence at 3 o'clock.

Single Tickets, 25 cents each: Packages containing 8 tickets, \$1: to be had at the usual places, and at the door.

COPARTNERSHIP NOTICE.

THE subscribers having formed a Copartnership under the name of CHICKERING & SONS, for the purpose of continuing the *Piano-Forte Business*, trust by their attention and promptness to merit the patronage heretofore extended to the late Jonas Chickering.

Dec. 24.

THO'S F. CHICKERING,
CHA'S F. CHICKERING,
GEO. H. CHICKERING.

THE SONATA FORM.

THOMAS RYAN, respectfully begs leave to inform those who are in the habit of hearing Symphonies, Quartets, Quintets, Sonatas, or any works of that class, that he is prepared to explain or analyze them, either in small classes or to single pupils. His long experience in the performance and in the composition of such works, added to his being in possession of the scores of almost every work of that class presented in Boston, gives him peculiar advantages. The knowledge of the form is almost indispensable towards the understanding in the slightest manner, and will infinitely enhance the pleasure derived in the hearing of them. It is a subject which amateurs of the slightest pretensions ought to feel interested in, as new and old compositions are brought forward daily. The subscriber would be happy to receive pupils for this alone, or in connection with Thorough Bass.

Piano, Violin, Flute, or Clarinet lessons given. Communications left at Geo. P. Reed's Music Store, or at his residence, 5 Franklin Street, immediately attended to. Dec. 3.

IN PRESS...WILL BE READY DECEMBER 1st,

CARHART'S MELODEON INSTRUCTOR:

Presenting, in a series of nearly Two Hundred Popular Studies, a complete and progressive method of practical instruction for the MELODEON, and REED INSTRUMENTS generally, together with a choice selection of the most admired Songs, Polkas, Marches, Waltzes, &c. &c. The above work, elegantly printed and bound, will take the lead of all Melodeon Instructors, being eminently adapted to the wants of the great mass of learners, and will be as universally popular as the instruments of the maker whose name it bears. Teachers and Scholars may depend upon this being just the book they want.

Dealers furnished on the most liberal terms. Copies sent by mail to any part of the United States or Canada upon the remittance of One Dollar to the publisher,

OLIVER DITSON, 115 Washington St.

Pianos and Melodeons to Let.

OLIVER DITSON,

Music Dealer, 115 Washington St., Boston,

HAS a good variety of Piano Fortes, Melodeons, Seraphines and Reed Organs, to let, for city or country, on low terms. If, within one year from the time of hiring, the party should conclude to purchase the instrument, no charge will be made for rent of it, except the interest on its value. 25 tf

John Bunyan Still Lives!

THE GREAT AMERICAN PICTURE.

THE ENTIRE AND INIMITABLE ALLEGORY OF

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS,

In one Picture, 24 by 39 inches, most elegantly engraved on steel, by Andrews, containing 250 human figures, besides all the scenes through which Christian passed, on his journey from the city of Destruction, to the Celestial City, so admirably portrayed by Bunyan. Every Christian family should have this splendid production of human genius.

Testimonials of the strongest nature, too numerous to publish, have been received by the publisher, from the most distinguished men of England and America.

JOHN P. JEWETT, Publisher.

GEO. E. SICKELS IS THE ONLY AUTHORIZED AGENT FOR BOSTON. His rooms are at the Am. S. S. Union, No. 9, Cornhill, where he keeps the Engraving for Sale. Also—Plain and Ornamented Frames, designed expressly for it, at the lowest prices. Nov. 12.

JUST PUBLISHED,

F. WEILAND'S

Instructions for the Spanish Guitar,

Price \$1 net.

G. ANDRÉ & CO., PHILADELPHIA.

GRAND ORATORIO ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

The Musical Education Society
WILL PERFORM HANDEL'S SUBLIME ORATORIO OF
THE MESSIAH,
ON SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 24,
IN THE TREMONT TEMPLE,

ASSISTED BY

Miss Anna Stone,
Miss Lucy A. Doane,
Mr. A. Arthurson,
Mr. Henry M. Aiken,
And the entire Germania Musical Society.
AUGUST KREISSMANN,Conductor.
WM R. BABCOCK,Organist.
Single tickets, 50 cents. For sale at the Music Stores,
Hotels, and at the Door on the evening of the Concert.
Dec 10 3t JAMES D. KENT, SECRETARY.

CHRISTMAS ORATORIO,

ON
Sunday Evening, Dec. 25th, 1853,
AT TREMONT TEMPLE.

The Mendelssohn Choral Society

WILL GIVE

HANDEL'S "MESSIAH,"

Aided by the following professional talent:

Conductor.....Herr Carl Bergmann.
Organist.....Herr Louis Hehl.
Orchestra.....Germania Musical Society.

The Solos will be sustained by

Miss Anna Stone, (who will render the opening Recitative and Air, "Comfort ye, my people," &c. as originally composed for a soprano voice.)

Mrs. E. A. Wentworth,

Miss Sarah Humphrey,

Mr. Stephen B. Ball,

Mr. F. Meyer,

(His first appearance in Oratorio in Boston.)

Doors open at 6: Performance to commence at 7 o'clock.
Tickets, at 50 cents each, may be obtained at the music stores of Messrs. Reed, Ditson, Richardson, Wade, Johnson, No. 90 Tremont St., at the Tremont and Revere Houses, and at the door on the evening of the performance.

MERRILL N. BOYDEN, Sec'y.

SYMPHONY SOIRÉES.

The Germania Musical Society,

At the request of many lovers of Classical Music, propose, should sufficient encouragement be offered, to give in Boston Wednesday evenings, a new series of FIVE SUBSCRIPTION CONCERTS, to consist exclusively of Classical Music, according to the following scheme of historical programmes and prices.

PROGRAMMES.

First Soirée, January 14th, 1854.

- PART I.
1.—Symphony in D.....Haydn.
2.—Overture "Iphigenia".....Gluck.
PART II.
3.—Symphony in G minor.....Mozart.
4.—Overture "Coriolanus".....Beethoven.

Second Soirée, Jan. 25th.

- PART I.
1.—Symphony in E flat major.....Haydn.
2.—Overture "Magic Flute".....Mozart.
PART II.
3.—Symphony No. 2, in D, op. 35.....Beethoven.
4.—Overture "Medea".....Cherubini.

Third Soirée, Feb. 11th.

- PART I.
1.—Symphony in C, (Jupiter).....Mozart.
2.—Overture "Leonora, No. 3".....Beethoven.
PART II.
3.—Symphony No. 4, in F, op. 86.....Spohr.
4.—Overture "The Fair Melusina".....Mendelssohn.

Fourth Soirée, Feb. 25th.

- PART I.
1.—Symphony No. 3, in E flat major, op. 55, "Eroica".....Beethoven.
2.—Overture "Oberon".....Weber.
PART II.
3.—Symphony in B minor.....Schubert.
4.—Overture "Byron's Manfred".....Schumann.

Fifth Soirée, March 11th.

- PART I.
1.—Symphony No. 3, in A minor, op. 56.....Mendelssohn.
2.—Overture "King Lear".....Berlioz.
PART II.
3.—Symphony in E flat major.....Schumann.
4.—Overture "Tannhäuser".....Wagner.

The price of a set of five tickets, admitting one person to each of the five Concerts, numbered from one to five, and to be used accordingly, is fixed at THREE DOLLARS. Single tickets, ONE DOLLAR. The list will close January 1, 1854. For further information, apply to HENRY BANDT, Agent, Dec. 10. Office at Wade's.

M. JULLIEN

Respectfully announces that he will give

SIX GRAND CONCERTS,

Commencing on THURSDAY, JAN. 5th, 1854,

—AT THE—

BOSTON MUSIC HALL.

Full particulars will be duly announced.

The engagement cannot by any possibility be prolonged, in consequence of M. Jullien's departure for New Orleans.

PIANO FOR SALE CHEAP,

HALLET & CUMSTON'S make, seven octaves, new and of superior quality, at GEO. P. REED & CO'S, Dec. 3. No. 13 Tremont Street.

PUBLIC REHEARSALS.

THE GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY will give PUBLIC REHEARSALS at the Boston Music Hall every WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, at 3 o'clock, commencing Oct. 26.

The full Orchestra will perform at the Rehearsals. Admission:—Packages containing eight tickets \$1, to be had at the Music Stores, and at the door. Single tickets 25 cents. oct 29

PUBLIC REHEARSALS.

THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB will give PUBLIC REHEARSALS every FRIDAY AFTERNOON till further notice, at the MEISERON, Tremont Temple, commencing at 3 P. M.

Packages of Eight Tickets, ONE DOLLAR—to be obtained at the usual places. Single admission, 25 cents. Dec. 10.

THEODORE T. BARKER,

MUSIC STORE,

No. 381 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

Chickering's Pianos to let.

All Foreign and American Musical Publications received as soon as published. ii23 tf

AUGUST FRIES,

TEACHER OF MUSIC,

Nov. 5, 3m. 17 FRANKLIN PLACE.

ADOLPH KIELBLOCK,

TEACHER OF MUSIC.

MR. K. may be addressed at his residence, No. 5 Franklin Street, or at the Music Store of Oliver Ditson, 115 Washington St., Geo. P. Reed, & Co., 17 Tremont Row, or Nathan Richardson, 282 Washington Street. 3 mos oct 29

OTTO DRESEL

Gives Instruction on the Piano, and may be addressed at the WINTROP HOUSE. Terms:—\$50 per quarter of 24 lessons, two a week; \$30 per quarter of 12 lessons, one a week. Nov. 12, tf

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CHORUS PARTS to Handel's Oratorio of the MESSIAH.
CLASSICAL CHORUS BOOK, by BAKER & SOUTHARD.
PESTALOZZIAN SCHOOL SONG BOOK, by GEO. W. PRATT.
George P. Reed & Co., Publishers, nov 5 13 Tremont Street.

PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION.

G. A. SCHMITT, (From Germany,)

TEACHER OF THE PIANO-FORTE,

IS now prepared to give lessons at the residence of pupils or at his own residence, No. 7 Haymarket Place.
Mr. S. may be addressed at the music stores of Oliver Ditson or Nathan Richardson.
Refers to the following gentlemen: JOHN S. DWIGHT, Esq., HALLETT, DAVIS & Co., OLIVER DITSON, NATHAN RICHARDSON. Oct. 8.

D. B. NEWHALL,

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN

PIANO FORTES,

No. 344 Washington Street, Boston.

PIANO FORTES REPAIRED, TUNED, & TO LET.

Apr. 10. tf

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AMERICAN ACTION PIANO-FORTE.

THE MANUFACTURER is in possession of numerous testimonials from distinguished Musical Professors, who have used the greatly improved ACTION PIANO, commending it in high terms. The attention of purchasers and amateurs of Music to an examination of its superiority, is solicited.

GEO. HEWS, 365 Washington St., Boston. tf

Apr. 10.

MISS MARIA FRIES, lately arrived from Germany, respectfully announces her intention of giving instruction in the GERMAN LANGUAGE, either in private lessons or in classes. Communications addressed to her, or to her brothers, August or Wulf Fries, No 17 Franklin place, will receive immediate attention.

References—Professor Henry W. Longfellow, of Cambridge; Doct. Wesselhoeft, Bernard Roelker, Esq. John S. Dwight, Esq. Nov. 12. tf

J. TRENKLE,

TEACHER OF THE PIANO-FORTE.

Residence No. 56 Kneeland Street.

Oct. 8. 3m

L. H. SOUTHARD,

TEACHER OF MUSIC,

365 Washington Street, Boston.

Oct. 16. 3m

MRS. ROSA GARCIA DE RIBAS,

TEACHER OF THE

PIANOFORTE, SINGING & GUITAR,

2 Seneca St., corner Harrison Avenue.

MR. De RIBAS will give instruction on the Oboe and Flute. Also MUSIC ARRANGED, TRANSPOSED, &c. Boston, April 23. 3m

L. O. EMERSON,

Teacher of the Piano-Forte and Singing.

APPLY AT HIS RESIDENCE,

No. 13 INDIANA PLACE, BOSTON.

iii 13 3m.

MANUEL FENOLLOSA,

PROFESSOR OF MUSIC.

Instruction on the Piano, Violin & Cultivation of the Voice.

MUSIC-ROOM, No. 17 GRAY'S BLOCK, corner Washington

and Summer Streets.

RESIDENCE, at the WINTROP HOUSE, BOSTON.

References.

J. CHICKERING, J. P. JEWETT, GEO. PUNCHARD, Esqs., Boston.
GEORGE PEABODY, B. H. SILSBEE, Esqs., Salem.
Oct. 1, 3m.

T. BRICHER,

Organist and Conductor of Music

At the Bowdoin Square Church.

OFFICE UNDER THE CHURCH, ... ENTRANCE ON CHARDON ST.

Jan. 22. 3m.

F. F. MÜLLER,

DIRECTOR OF MUSIC AND ORGANIST at the Old South Church; ORGANIST of the Handel and Haydn Society; ORGANIST of the Musical Education Society, &c. &c. &c.
Residence, No. 3 Winter Place, Boston. ii7 tf

Germania Serenade Band.

THE SERVICES OF THIS ASSOCIATION can be secured by applying to

G. SCHNAPP, Leader,
ii14 tf 364 Tremont Street.

A. W. FRENZEL

RESPECTFULLY gives notice that he is commencing a new term with Scholars on the PIANO-FORTE. Orders may be left at O. P. Reed's or T. H. Barker's Music Stores, or at his residence,
No. 4 Pine St., Boston. Oct. 15.

TERMS—\$30 per quarter.

F. SUCK,

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and pupils that he has removed to

No. 352 TREMONT STREET.

THE GREATEST METHOD OF THE AGE!

THE
MODERN SCHOOL
FOR THE
PIANO-FORTE,

Is an Instruction Book which will enable one to
Become a Great Pianist
IN THE SHORTEST TIME!

THIS Work is admitted by the most celebrated Pianists and Teachers, both in Europe and America, to be BY FAR THE MOST INGENUOUS, SIMPLE, PROGRESSIVE AND COMPREHENSIVE METHOD FOR THE PIANO THAT HAS EVER BEEN PRESENTED TO THE PUBLIC,—embracing a complete system, from the very outset to the highest classical music.

The anatomy of the hands is shown by beautifully colored plates. The entire work surpasses all previous musical publications, as regards mechanical appearance and elegance.

The author, NATHAN RICHARDSON, has spent the last five years in Europe for the sole purpose of getting up an Instruction Book, which would embrace the styles and effective Exercises of ALL distinguished Pianists and Teachers. To accomplish that object, he was assisted by

EIGHTEEN EMINENT EUROPEAN PIANISTS.

The result has been, an Instruction Book so comprehensive and ingenious, that a pupil will acquire the styles and mechanical difficulties of all celebrated Pianists, and that, too, with far less labor and practice than is usually required to learn an ordinary composition, under the old methods.

All who are interested in Music, are invited to call at the

MUSICAL EXCHANGE,

and examine the work for themselves, and they will be surprised that a work which appears so simple should guarantee such wonderful results.

It is beautifully got up, in embossed cloth, gilt edges, sides, and back, 330 pages, and sold at \$4 00 per single copy.
A very acceptable Present for Christmas and New Year.

Twenty Testimonials.

The following Testimonials from nearly all our resident Teachers and Professors, arranged in alphabetical order, show the estimation in which the work is held by those best qualified to judge.

Babcock, William R.

MR. NATHAN RICHARDSON,

Dear Sir:—After a thorough examination of the "Modern School for the Piano Forte," permit me to express my humble opinion of your work, which I am fully convinced possesses superior advantages over any other of the kind with which I am acquainted; inasmuch as the copious selection of progressive exercises, from the simplest yet indispensable five-finger practice, to the most complicated forms of the scale and arpeggios, octaves, chords &c.; together with those beautiful illustrations from the great modern authors, cannot fail to carry the pupil through all those mechanical difficulties with which the modern art of piano-forte playing abounds; thereby rendering him a most thorough and accomplished pianist.

I regard the numerous plates explaining the anatomical construction of the hand, as being an important feature of your work; since he who practices from a knowledge of the anatomy of the hand, practices intelligently; and, the advantage of such a pupil over one who practices mechanically, must be obvious. The "Modern School" must ultimately take the precedence of all other works of the kind known in this country. Yours &c.,

WM. R. BABCOCK.

Baumbach, A.

Boston, Dec. 14, 1853.

Dear Sir:—Your "Modern School for the Piano-Forte," is certainly a great improvement upon all other instruction books, and an inducement for all to learn to play the piano. It is simple, progressive, and instructive, and will undoubtedly be adopted by all good teachers.

With a hope you will meet with success, I remain

Sincerely yours, A. BAUMBACH.

Bergmann, Carl.

Boston, Dec. 1853.

Dear Sir:—Allow me to return my thanks for a copy of the "Modern School for the Piano-forte;" and if my testimony in its favor will be of any assistance to you, please make use of it. There is no doubt of your Instruction Book being a decided improvement upon all others; and, if a person can become a pianist through any method, he certainly can through yours, the simplicity of which must make it popular; and as it really is superior to all others, it is the duty of teachers to adopt it and recommend it. Sincerely Yours,

CARL BERGMANN,
Leader of the Germania Musical Society.

Dresel, Otto.

Dear Sir:—I had great pleasure in examining your new Piano-forte School, and to those who may place any value upon my opinion, I gladly recommend this work as a speedy method for becoming thoroughly acquainted with the elementary parts of musical execution, and as enabling the student, in a simple and progressive manner, soon to overcome all difficulties which meet him in the study of the modern art of piano playing. I should give it the preference over all other methods published in this country, were it only that in it you have introduced the German fingering; an enterprise which should find encouragement and be received with the greatest approbation on the part of every piano teacher. May your work find the success it deserves, and compensate your labor! This is the sincere wish of Yours, very truly,

OTTO DRESEL.

Boston, Winthrop House, Dec. 13, 1853.

Edward L. Balch,

Flint, James.

Boston, Dec. 16, 1853.

Dear Sir:—Having carefully examined your new work entitled the "Modern School for the Piano-forte," it gives me much pleasure to offer you my sincere recommendation. The strictly progressive character of the work, the judicious selection of the most useful mechanical exercises at each stage of the pupil's progress, and above all, the excellent arrangement of the exercises on the scales, seem to me worthy of the highest praise, and place it in these respects far above any method yet published in this country.

JAMES FLINT.

Frenzel, A. W.

Boston, Dec. 9, 1853.

Dear Sir:—I have carefully examined your excellent new work, the "Modern School for the Piano-forte," and am confident that the want so long experienced by many teachers is now supplied. I was peculiarly pleased with the arrangement of the finger exercises, scales &c., also the judicious selections, which will be as interesting to the teacher as to the scholar. But where the merits of the work are so evident, it is not necessary to particularize. I consider it the best work of the kind extant, as through the study of it the pupil will be enabled to overcome the difficulties so often met with in the compositions of the modern masters, viz. Liszt, Thalberg, Drey-schock, etc., etc. I sincerely recommend it to the musical public; the success of such a work is certain, and I have already introduced it in my teaching.

I am, yours very truly,

A. W. FRENZEL.

Glynn, W. C.

Boston, Dec. 10, 1853.

Dear Sir:—I have made an examination of your "Modern School for the Piano-forte" and feel confident that it is an improvement upon all other Instruction Books, and is destined to be the standard method throughout the country. Accept my best wishes and believe me sincerely yours,

W. C. GLYNN.

Hill, Francis G.

Boston, Dec. 14, 1853.

Dear Sir:—Having played the "Modern School for the Piano-forte" through, I have decided it to be the only complete Instruction Book which embraces the styles of the distinguished pianists. It is truly an improvement upon all other Methods as regards simplicity and the ingenious arrangement of the scales and other passages. The fingering of the scales, particularly in thirds and sixths, as fingered by Alexandre Drey-schock, is admirably adapted. Having been a pupil of his, I can testify to its correctness. May you have the success that you deserve, is the wish of

Yours truly,

FRANCIS G. HILL.

Howard, Frank H.

Dear Sir:—I have made a thorough perusal of your "Modern School for the Piano-forte," and I think the arrangement of it excellent. The Introduction of the German Method of fingering is a great addition, and has long been needed. I shall use, and commend it to my friends, teachers and scholars. Trusting your labors may not be in vain, in bringing before the musical world so valuable an assistant, as the "Modern School," I remain, dear Sir,

Yours, with much respect,

FRANK H. HOWARD,

Organist at King's Chapel.

Boston, 11 West Street, Dec. 17th, 1853.

Jaell, Alfred.

Dear Sir:—I have made a thorough practical examination of your "Modern School for the Piano-Forte" and hereby certify that I was much pleased with the progressive and ingenious exercises it contains. You have certainly shown the pupil a way of overcoming the great difficulties of the Piano, which is in many respects far superior to any other I have ever seen. The Book embraces the styles of so many different authors, and you have given so many excellent examples, that a pupil cannot fail to become a good player (if gifted with the least musical talent) through this Method.

I heartily recommend it to every one that studies the Piano-Forte. I remain yours truly

ALFRED JAEEL.

Kielblock, Adolph.

Dear Sir:—I feel greatly indebted to you for sending me a copy of your "Modern School for the Piano-Forte." The examination of it afforded me much pleasure, as I found it in many respects far superior to any other Piano-School now in vogue in this country. The great care and diligence which you have evidently bestowed upon the five-finger exercises, scales and chord passages, the most important parts of piano instruction, must gain you the regard of every one who knows that without a perfect mastery over the mechanical, the spirit can never be educated;—in other words, that, in order to play with soul and spirit, the mechanical means, by which these agencies manifest themselves, must be at the entire command of the player. Besides, the pieces which you have selected, as it were, to reward the student for the industry devoted to his task, are both pleasant and useful, being composed by the best writers for the piano. That you have adopted the German fingering, will, I hope, make no great difference to those who are only familiar with the English one. It can only be profitable to the public as well as to the teachers and publishers, when throughout the musical world one kind of fingering is established. I remain, with sincere regards,

Yours,

ADOLPH KIEBLOCK.

Boston, Dec. 14, 1853.

Kreissmann, A.

Boston, Dec. 1853.

Dear Sir:—Your Modern School for the Piano-forte embraces the styles of the most celebrated pianists and the best leading features of all other instruction books now in use, and to all who wish to be in possession of a complete method I strongly recommend yours.

Most respectfully yours,

AUG. KREISSMAN,

Professor of Music, Boston.

Leavens, B. F.

Boston, Dec. 15, 1853.

Dear Sir:—The perusal of the "Modern School for the Piano-forte" has afforded me much pleasure, and I can honestly recommend it to both pupils and teachers of the Piano, as a speedy method of becoming a thorough performer on that instrument. May you be successful in your enterprise, is the wish of yours, &c.

B. F. LEAVENS.

Letter-Press, Music and Job Printing-Office,

Muller, F. F.

Boston, Dec. 9, 1853.

Dear Sir:—The examination of your "Modern School for the Piano-Forte" has given me great satisfaction, and it is with pleasure I inform you of it. I am truly rejoiced you have given to the musical world the desideratum so long needed. The rudimentary portion of your book is certainly the best I have seen in any instruction book extant in the English language; the anatomical portion is an entire new feature, and greatly enhances the benefit which those who may possess your Modern School will derive. In fact, it is such an instruction book as has been much needed in this go-ahead country. Even in music 'Young America' leaves 'Old Fogyism' behind, and you have the honor of being the pioneer. I recommend your book to my scholars, and shall do so whenever I can. Accept my warmest wishes for the success you so richly deserve.

Yours truly,
F. F. MÜLLER, Organist at the Old South Church and of the Handel and Haydn Society, &c.

Perabeau, H.

Dear Sir:—I am very much pleased with your "Modern School for the Piano-Forte." It is a very complete and systematic work. I hope that scholars will as carefully study it as you have taken pains in selecting and arranging its contents.

Yours respectfully,

H. PERABEAU.

Southard, L. H.

265 Washington St. Boston, Dec. 1853.

After a careful examination of the "Modern School for the Piano-Forte," by N. Richardson, I am fully convinced that the high praise it has received from so many excellent teachers, is amply merited; yet, had I been the first to see the work, I think I should not have hesitated to express the opinion that, on the whole, it is far superior to any method now in use. I am persuaded that its general adoption by teachers would much improve both the mechanism and taste of most pupils, whatever method, if any, they might have previously studied.

L. H. SOUTHARD.

Thorup, A. T.

Boston, Dec. 19, 1853.

Dear Sir:—Please accept my thanks for the copy you sent me of your "Modern School for the Piano-Forte." I have had much satisfaction in examining this work, but have only time to speak of one of the new features in it. The practice of the scales in double-thirds and double sixths, has usually been thought to belong to a much later period in the student's progress, and the introduction of them in so early a part in this work may to some appear too bold, and inconsistent with a gradual progress in mastering the mechanical difficulties of the piano; but after careful reflection on this subject, I am persuaded that this practice must very rapidly advance the student, when faithfully and perseveringly continued with the new, consistent and systematic fingering here introduced, and which will so much facilitate their study. The practice of the sixths should of course not be attempted, unless the hand is sufficiently extended to reach them without much effort. Wishing you much success in bringing this work largely into circulation, I remain, with sincere regards, yours,

ANDREAS T. THORUP.

Trenkle, J.

Boston, Dec. 20, 1853.

Sir:—I can conscientiously recommend "The Modern School for the Piano-Forte," as an instruction book, to all interested in music. The present time demands a Method which combines the ideas, peculiarities, and styles of different celebrated pianists and teachers, which may be only found in your book. It contains a large number of new, useful and exceedingly valuable exercises, which are arranged in the most progressive manner, followed by pieces of a superior character, which have been carefully selected; they are interesting and instructive, and serve to encourage the pupil, and at the same time cultivate a good classical taste. I sincerely recommend your method, particularly to those who commence late in life to study or play the Piano, and I am fully convinced that no other work published in this country is so thoroughly adapted to the general wants and to render the fingers flexible as "The Modern School for the Piano-Forte."

Truly yours,

J. TRENKLE.

Webb, Geo. J.

Boston, Dec. 20, 1853.

Dear Sir:—Having examined with considerable care your "Modern School for the Piano-Forte," I feel prepared to add my humble testimony to its intrinsic merit. I regard it as a work of great value to its intrinsic merit. Its numerous exercises, (many of which are new, and most ingeniously contrived,) for strengthening and securing an independent action of the fingers, together with its extensive provision for scale practice, are superior to any book of a similar nature that has fallen under my notice. It seems to me also, to embrace all the qualities necessary to enable any one possessing the requisite musical talent, to surmount the greatest difficulties met with in the works of the most distinguished composers.

Yours truly,

GEO. J. WEBB.

Wheaton, J. B.

Dear Sir:—I hasten to bear testimony to the merits of your excellent method for the Piano. Aitherto the playing community have been obliged to depend upon dry and uninteresting methods, almost entirely without progression. Your "Modern School" supplies the want long felt, viz.: a work that should combine the most desirable exercises, together with pieces of the most unexceptionable character. Judging from my own experience, I do not hesitate to say, that your compilation of exercises and choice pieces is the very best for developing all necessary qualities for becoming a finished pianist.

Yours truly,

J. B. WHEATON.

Testimonials from ALEXANDER DREYSCHOCK and WILLIAM MASON are necessarily omitted for want of space.

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BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1853.

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[From Surman's Oratorio Hand-Book.]

part and parcel of his nature. This appears from his reply to Lord Kinnoul, who had complimented him, soon after the first performance of the *Messiah*, on the entertainment he had just given the town. "My lord," said Handel, "I should be sorry if I only entertained them,—I wish to make them better." But it appears even more clearly from the evidence afforded by his works, as we proceed to instance in the case of the "Hallelujah."

By way of contrast, we have next a picture of this beneficent reign in a strain of heavenly sweetness. The turbulent rule of the Prince of the Air has been overthrown, and "the kingdom of this world is become the kingdom of our Lord and of His Christ." At the words, "*of this world*," a charming effect is produced by a progression known to musicians as the hypodiatonic cadence of Mercadier de Belest.* A new subject then announces the eternal durability of the Saviour's throne. "And He shall reign for ever and ever." It is a plain and noble fugue lead, delivered by the basses in what is technically called the plagal mode, and answered in the authentic mode by the tenors. The free accompaniment to the words "for ever and ever," having the character of the "Hallelujah" melody, not only preserves uniformity in the composition, but tells upon the audience, because they have been prepared to follow and to feel it. And now we have a proclamation of the titles of the Almighty King, heralded, trumpet-tongued, by the trebles and altos, "King of kings and Lord of lords." All this is done by the iteration of a single note. The titles are thrice proclaimed, the voices rising a fourth the second time, and then ascending gradually to like notes upon the trumpet, and accompanied by "Hallelujahs." Observe, too, that Handel has here, for the first time, taken advantage of the modulation. We say *taken advantage*,—he does not *seek it*, but falls naturally into that train which the melody suggests. It does not drag you away, but it forces you along; you are chained to the flaming car of Elijah. The remainder of the chorus is one bright effulgence of glory. He who could stand it with an equal pulse and an unmoistened eye, may be both a wise and a good man, but assuredly has no sensibility for music.

It might have been thought that one such effort as this would have exhausted the mightiest human genius, had not he who wrote the "Hallelujah Chorus" afterwards equalled if not transcended it, in the same oratorio, by "Worthy is the Lamb." It is instructive to compare the grandeur of Handel's effects with the poverty of his means; to contrast *his* meagre bands with the appliances of the modern orchestra, and then to reflect upon what he has done. The secret lies in a nutshell. He made the profoundest musical learning subservient to the higher beauties of expression. He never suffered petty details to interfere with the breadth of his coloring or the severe majesty of his outline. He knew that forced consecutions, abrupt modulations, close intervals, and chromatic progressions, can never kindle popular enthusiasm. Hence his greatest works are still as fresh as when the ink first dried from his pen. But the dignity of Handel is twofold; he has dignity of treatment, and dignity of subject. The former may be profitably studied and rationally explained; the latter can only be regarded with that mute reverence which is due to the creations of genius.

[* Why load a very common cadence with all this superfluity of learned phrase?—En.]

M. Zimmerman, the Composer.

A few days ago, (says a late Paris letter to the *Boston Atlas*), all the artists, all the musicians, all the literary men of Paris, were assembled at Notre Dame de Lorette, to pay the last outward honors friends can bestow, to M. Zimmerman. The service was imposing and severe. M. Aymes sang admirably an unpublished composition of the deceased, his *Pie Jesu*, at the elevation, and after the service in the church all his friends followed his body to his favorite village, Auteuil, where Baron Taylor bade him adieu in a touching discourse. M. Zimmerman was a striking example of the absolute truth of the old remark that men may make themselves what they please. By his unvarying punctuality, by his laborious and patient life, by his indefatigable activity, by his uprightness of character, he had raised himself from the humblest position to a considerable fame, to an ample fortune, to universal consideration by all classes of society.

M. Zimmerman was born in Paris, March 17, 1785. He entered the Conservatoire while quite young; Boieldieu was his piano master, and Rey, and afterwards Catel, were his masters of harmony. While only fourteen he gained his first prize as pianist, while Kalkbrenner, who was his competitor, obtained only the second prize. In 1816 he was appointed a professor of the piano, and then began that long and noble career which has given the musical world some of the best contemporary pianists: Gorla, Prudent, Lacombe, Ravina, Alkan, Marmontel, Josephine Martin, Anatole Petit, Jules Cohen, are all his pupils; and among the composers who had him for master I may mention Ambrose Thomas, Henri Potier, Victor Masse, &c. His principal works are: a mass which was executed last year on St. Cecilia's day; an Heroical Requiem, written by command in 1846, for the inauguration of the Emperor's tomb; *Ulysse a Corcyre*, a grand opera in three acts; *L'Enlèvement*, an opera comique in three acts, (played in 1830, and with success); *Le Mur Mitoyen*, in one act; a symphony for a grand orchestra; two overtures; an *Encyclopédie Musicale*, thought here very valuable; treatises on harmony, on fugue and counterpoint, on composition—all of which have been adopted by the Conservatoire—and fifty pieces of instrumental music. M. Zimmerman's generosity and beneficence were boundless. How many times, when he was satisfied with the application and the progress of his poorer pupils, did he pay them for it! Let me relate to you one of his first escapades—for he did not wait until he was a man of fortune before he unclasped his purse. He had a friend of about his own age, a painter of a good deal of talent, M. Gaillot, a pupil of David. After saying they were young, I need not mention what castles in the air they builded, all glittering in the blaze of glory. M. Zimmerman had just commenced giving some lessons, and his lessons brought him in a very little money, nay, as you will presently see, sometimes cost him money. His friend managed to lay up something—enough to purchase a large canvas; the canvas was no sooner in his studio than he ran to Zimmerman—

"Embrace me, *mon cher*," said he, "I have just purchased a magnificent canvas, one of my friends has lent me his studio during a visit he pays to Italy, and I am going to make a splendid painting."

"Have you selected the subject of it?"

"Yes, indeed, a Roman theme, a subject worthy of being treated by a man—Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi."

"*Tres bien!* work hard and give a *chef d'œuvre*."

"Now see here, old fellow, send your lessons to old Nick, and write me an opera in five acts. I have the subject for you—Regulus in his iron cage—and we'll get some one to hush up a 'book' for you. O! how happy I should be, if the day I exhibit my picture, a great opera by you is played."

"Nothing would make me happier," said Zimmerman; "but your vision is impossible. Prepare your painting, and let me continue to give my lessons; for see here, *mon cher*; three of my

pupils would starve to death, if I did not lend them the money the other two pay me."

M. Gaillot set to work, and in six weeks his painting was finished; he wanted a frame for it, a gilder sold him one on credit; his picture was received, and occupied a prominent place in the Exhibition. Gaillot and Zimmerman fell into each other's arms, and hugged each other, and wept for joy; they deemed themselves masters of the world. The Exhibition wore on, but no purchaser for the great *chef d'œuvre* appeared; the Exhibition closed; still no purchaser knocked at the door of the borrowed studio; a notice appeared, requesting all artists to remove their paintings; still no purchaser—poor Gaillot was in the predicament of the Vicar of Wakefield, after his family were planted in Arcadia. He told Zimmerman he would be obliged to burn his *chef d'œuvre*. Zimmerman said nothing, but the next day, his face radiant with joy, asked Gaillot what he would take for his painting.

"Why, at first, I thought I would get 500 francs for it; but now I would willingly take 200 francs."

"Here are 500 francs for you," said Zimmerman; "a rich amateur of my acquaintance has been very much struck with your painting, and instructed me to purchase it for him."

This "rich amateur" was Zimmerman, who, to encourage his friend, had sold his notes to raise the money, and which he met at maturity, thanks to his untiring labor. His life ended as it began—one of his last acts in this world was to provide by his will a bequest of government securities, representing an annual income of 1000 or 1200 frs., to the Society of Musicians. What a loss his house is to Paris! It was one of the most popular and the most hospitable here; he had lived for more than twenty-five years in the Cité d'Orleans—that city of artists—and every artist of European celebrity (even Jenny Lind sang there!) has sung there, and every composer has published there some composition which afterwards perhaps made the tour of the world. MM. Meyerbeer, Auber, Halevy, were his most familiar guests. He leaves a son and three daughters—the eldest is married to M. Dubuffe, the painter; the second to a wealthy merchant of Fecamp; the third to M. Charles Gounod, the author of *Sapho*, of the choruses of *Ulysse*, and the Manager of the Orpheon. I need scarcely tell you what M. Zimmerman died of—for I have long since told you, that all our literary men and artists die of a hardened heart or a softened brain. M. Zimmerman died of a disease of the heart.

The Portamento di Voce.

The *Portamento di voce* is very generally used in speaking of singing, and in teaching it: and it forms, most certainly, one of the most important parts of instruction; and, if perfectly executed, one of the greatest, most expressive, and touching beauties in the art of singing. Yet the *portamento* is very generally misunderstood, even by the teachers of music; and in fact, it can better be perceived by the ear than explained by words.

Hæser, a very eminent professor of singing, gives the best explanation of it, which is as follows: "*Portamento* is not only the sustaining of the voice in its full metal (*timbre* in French,) through all its possible shades of high or low, and forte or piano, but also, and this latter in particular, the blending and melting of one tone into another; which is most perfect, when every tone, in perfect equality of strength, fulness and roundness, flows on, as it were, into the next; thus being most intimately combined with it."

The human voice alone is capable of producing the *portamento* perfectly; and to this circumstance it owes greatly the superiority of expression which it enjoys over instruments. Next to the human voice stand the wind instruments in this preëminence, the tone being produced from them by breathing. Stringed instruments are still less capable of producing the *portamento*, and keyed instruments not at all.

The *portamento* must be well distinguished from the disgustingly ill-toned *drawing* of one tone into

another; which is like the sound produced on stringed instruments by slowly running down the finger on the same string. This is no *portamento*, although it is by many singers practised as such, and called so. It is, on the contrary, a fault, producing a disagreeable drawling and howling (*urlare*, or delicately termed *maniera affettata, smorfiosa*, by the Italian.) It might be permitted in piano and soft parts, between two tones of only half a tone's distance; and then only by *soprano* voices. In lower voices the effect is under all circumstances disagreeable.

To study the *portamento* will only be of use, after the singer has his head and chest registers of the voice, in their equality and union, completely in his power. Good exercises for it are scales in A and E major; first in long notes, and only gradually in shorter ones: and after that, pieces which are suitable for it by their time, (*largo, adagio, cantabile*, &c.) and by their character, (more properly song than declamation.) The upward scale gives a better exercise than the downward scale, experience showing that most voices go easier downwards than upwards, and the downward scale also tending to create the fault of *drawing* the tones into one another.

A good *portamento* gives an inexpressible charm to singing; but it would produce monotony and effeminacy, if constantly used. The singer would therefore do well to practice alternately uniting and sustaining the notes in the *portamento*, and then to take them up fresh without binding them thus closely.

The greatest art in the *portamento* is, to make the transition of the tones into each other so imperceptible, that they appear to be bound together, and yet so plain and distinct, that they appear at the same time to be *staccato*.

A CONCERT PROGRAMME!—We clip the following from a German and English paper published in St. Louis.

German Beerhall,

No. 16, North 3d Street, between Market and Chesnut Street.

Monday, the 5th December, and every following Monday,

Grand Concert,

In two parts, executed by Mr. A. DERLETH and his renowned Band.

The newest and best compositions of German, French and Italian Music are executed, and the Programme is changed every week.

Admission: Free of charge.

Doors open at 6 o'clock, the Concert begins at 7.

The BAVARIAN BEER from the SALVATOR-BREWERY will be served; also:

RUSSIAN CAVIAR,
SWISS CHEESE,
LIMBURG CHEESE,
SMOKED SAUSAGES,
PICKLED DUTCH HERRINGS,
and other Eatables.

Every lover of pleasure and jovial amusement is politely invited.

MISS ADELAIDE PHILLIPS. A writer in the *Transcript* communicates the following gratifying intelligence of the progress of our young Boston cantatrice. Can the "*Vestal*," in which she is said to have made her debut, be Spontini's *Vestale*? Then indeed does her beginning indicate a worthier artistic aim than is commonly evinced by Italian opera *debutantes*!

In "*Il Buon Gusto*," of the 30th Oct., published in Florence, is the following notice: "Miss Adelaide Phillips has been engaged for the Fall season at Brescia, and for the Carnival at Crema, through the agency of Signor Magotti. Miss Phillips possesses a magnificent and powerful voice, and has all the requisites of a distinguished *Prima Donna*."

A private letter under date of Nov. 6th, to a gentleman in this city, states: "Every one is delighted with her, and anticipates for her the most

brilliant success. She leaves this place to-morrow for Brescia, where she makes her debut on the 25th inst, in the opera of the 'Istul.' She is very happy in the idea of appearing in public. There are here, at present, 250 singers waiting for an engagement, who generally are obliged to pay 200 to 300 dollars for an opportunity to come out. She therefore considers herself very fortunate to have secured so early an offer of an engagement."

THE NIGHTINGALE.

A day of fuller joy arose for me
When the young Spring-tide came, and dark-eyed boys
Bound violets and anemones to sell.
The later light gave scope to long delight,
And I might stray, unhaunted by the fear
Of fever, or the chill of evening air,
While happiest companionship enriched
The ways whose very dust was gold before.
Then the enchantment of an orange grove
First overcame me, entering thy lone walks
Cloistered in twilight, Villa Massimo!
Where the stern cypresses stand up to guard
A thousand memories of blessedness.
There seemed a worship in the concentrate
Deep-breathing sweetness of those virgin flowers,
Fervid as worship is in passionate souls
That have not found their vent in earthly life,
And soar too wild untaught, and sink unaided.
They filled the air with incense gathered up
For the pale vesper of the evening star.
Nor failed the rite of meet antiphony—
I felt the silence holy, till a note
Fell, as a sound of ravishment from heaven—
Fell, as a star falls, trailing sound for light;
And, ere its thread of melody was broken,
From the serene sprang other sounds, its fellows,
That fluttered back celestial welcoming.
Astonished, penetrate, too past myself
To know I sinned in speaking, where a breath
Less exquisite was sacrilege, my lips
Gave passage to one cry: God! what is that?
(Oh! not to know what has no peer on earth!)
And one, not distant, stooped to me and said:
'If ever thou recall thy friend afar,
Let him but be commemorate with this hour,
The first in which thou heard'st our Nightingale.'

Passion Flowers.

Mozart's Opinion of Handel.

Mozart regarded Handel as the highest among all composers. He was as intimate with the chief compositions of this master, so unsurpassed in his particular field, as if he had long been the director of the London Academy for the preservation of ancient music.

When the Abbé Stadler, after Mozart's death, arranged his musical manuscripts, he found many proofs of his constant study of Handel's works.

Mozart said, "Handel knows best what produces effect. Where he wants it, he strikes like a thunderbolt."

Mozart's predilection went so far, that he composed a great deal in Handel's manner; of which, however, little has ever been printed. According to Stadler, he used also subjects from Handel's works in his famous Requiem: thus the theme to the *Requiem* and to the *Kyrie* are taken from him.

He went farther than most of our present amateurs: he valued and cherished not only Handel's Choruses, but many of his Airs and Solos. He says, "Although Handel sometimes suffers himself in them to go on in the manner of his times, yet they are never without meaning."

Even in the Opera of *Don Giovanni*, Mozart wrote an air in Handel's manner, marking it thus in the score: this air, however, is always omitted in the performance.

Handel's greatest cotemporary, John Sebastian Bach, said of him, "He is the only one, whom I should like to see before my death, and who I should like to be, if I was not Bach!" When this was told to the greatest composer after him, Mozart, he exclaimed, "Truly, I would say the same, if I could have a voice where they are heard."

Mozart's own Account of his Method of Composing.

"You say you should like to know my way of composing, and what method I follow in writing works of some extent. I can really say no more upon this subject than the following,—for I myself know no more about it, and cannot account for it. When I am, as it were, completely myself, entirely alone, and of good cheer,—say travelling in a carriage, or walking after a good meal, or during the night when I cannot sleep,—it is on such occasions that my ideas flow best and most abundantly. Hence and how they come, I know not, nor can I force them. Those ideas that please me, I retain in memory, and am accustomed, as I have been told, to hum them to myself. If I continue in this way, it soon occurs to me how I may turn this or that morsel to account, so as to make a good dish of it,—that is to say, agreeably to the rules of counterpoint, the peculiarities of the different instruments, &c. All this fires my soul; and, provided I am not disturbed, my subject enlarges itself, becomes methodized and defined, and the whole, though it be long, stands almost finished and complete in my mind, so that I can survey it like a fine picture or a beautiful statue, at a glance. Nor do I hear in my imagination the parts *successively*, but I hear them, as it were, all at once. The delight this gives me I cannot express. All this inventing, this producing, takes place as it were, in a pleasing lively dream; still the actual hearing of the *tout ensemble* (whole together) is, after all, the best. What has been thus produced I do not easily forget; and this is, perhaps, the best gift I have my Divine Maker to thank for.

"When I proceed to write down my ideas, I take out of the bag of my memory, if I may use that phrase, what has previously been collected into it in the way I have mentioned: for this reason the committing to paper is done quickly enough; for every thing, as I said before, is already finished; and it rarely differs on paper from what it was in my imagination. At this occupation I can, therefore, suffer myself to be disturbed; for, whatever may be going on around me, still I write, and even talk on trifling matters. But why productions take from my hand that particular form and style which makes them *Mozartish*, and different from the works of other composers, is probably owing to the same cause which renders my nose so-and-so, large, or aquiline, or, in short, makes it Mozart's, and different from those of other people; for I really do not study to aim at any originality. I should, in fact, not be able to describe in what mine consists; though I think it quite natural, that persons who have really an individual appearance of their own, are differently organized from others, both externally and internally. Let this suffice, and never, my best friend, never trouble me again with such subjects."

[From the Traveller of Dec. 20.]

Piano-Fortes.

Very few people out of the city of Boston, or even within it, have any just conception of the amount of business done here in the manufacture of Pianos. The following are some of the results we have been able to gather respecting the number manufactured at the present time, while preparations are being made for a great increase in the supply. The number made per week by the different persons and companies engaged in the business is, as nearly as we can learn, as follows:

Chickering & Sons make thirty per week. The demand at the present time at the establishment of the Chickering's, whose sale room is at the Masonic Temple, in Tremont street, is fully double the supply, and in order to meet the demand, these gentlemen are now completing on the Neck a new building of an enormous size, covering an area of 46,000 feet, five stories in height in front and six in the rear. This establishment will cost something more than \$100,000. The work will be done as far as practicable by steam machinery, but will also employ as many as four hundred hands. When completed and in full operation, it is expected that sixty pianos per week, will be

turned out at this establishment alone, which will be only just sufficient to meet the present demand. Of the character of the pianos made by Mr. Chickering the world has already formed its opinion, and the facts above given are a sufficient evidence of the estimation in which they are held. The highest number reached by them at the present time is 13,960, soon to be increased at the rate of 3000 annually.

The recent sudden death of the head of this firm, though a grievous loss to the establishment and to the whole community, will not interfere with the progress of the business; everything will go on as before.

The establishment next in importance is that of Messrs. Hallet, Davis & Co; but as their manufactory is undergoing material additions, we must wait for its entire completion, before giving any account of their operations.

Messrs. Hallett & Cumston, whose sale room is at 339 Washington st., make about fifteen per week, and employ at present one hundred hands. Mr. Russell Hallet of this firm, is one of the oldest manufacturers of pianos in the city of Boston. He commenced his apprenticeship at the business in 1821, with John Osborn. Messrs. Jonas Chickering and Timothy Gilbert commenced business at about the same time with Mr. Hallet, so that those three gentlemen have been engaged in the business longer than any other persons in the city.

T. Gilbert & Co., 484 Washington street, make twelve or fourteen pianos per week, and employ more than a hundred hands. This firm is the only one which makes the pianos with the *Æolian* attachment, for the patent of which they paid \$10,000. They have applied the attachment to 1900 pianos. They find it impossible to meet the demand for their work.

Mr. Lemuel Gilbert, 514 Washington street, is making about fourteen per week and employs about one hundred hands. He makes about an equal number of *boudoir* and *square* pianos.

A. W. Ladd & Co., 269 Washington street, make eight pianos per week, and employ about fifty hands. They have recently adopted what they consider an improvement in the manufacture of pianos, which they term "a grand diagonal scale." They are also extending their preparations for a more enlarged business, so as to make ten or twelve pianos per week.

Wm. P. Emerson, 395 Washington street, makes six per week and is enlarging his business also so as to make nine per week. He now employs something over thirty hands. For superior workmanship Mr. E's pianos will compare favorably with any manufactured in Boston.

Woodward & Brown, 387 Washington street, make six per week and employ over thirty hands. They are increasing their facilities for business also. They took the first premium for square pianos at the late Mechanics' Fair.

Mr. Geo. Hewes makes about five per week and employs nearly forty men. His ware-room is adorned with diplomas and medals which he has received from different institutions.

Messrs. Brown & Allen make six per week, and employ about forty hands. They are erecting a new building at the corner of Hayward Place and Washington streets, with the expectation of doubling the amount of their business soon.

Mr. Jacob Chickering, 300 Washington street, makes four per week, and employs twenty-five or thirty hands.

Messrs. E. Harper, L. Matt, R. F. Gray & Co., and Brown & Munro, each make about fifty pianos per year, and employ some eight or ten men each.

There are other establishments, whose numbers we could not learn. But on the supposition that they make about four per week, which we are inclined to believe is about correct, there are made in the city of Boston,—or finished here, much of the heavier work being done in the country—one hundred and thirty-six pianos per week, giving employment to nearly one thousand men.

There are only two establishments where Grand Pianos are made, those of Chickering & Sons and Hallett, Davis & Co. We have endeavored to state the simple facts with regard to this very im-

portant branch of business in this city, and have obtained our information in all cases directly from the manufacturers themselves, or those in their employ, competent to give it. The object in laying these facts before the public is only to enable the community to form something of an idea of the extent of this branch of business.

From the above statistics it appears that 136 pianos are made in the city of Boston every week, or 7,072 every year. It is perhaps impossible to tell what is the precise value of the whole, but on the supposition that they will sell upon an average for \$300 each—many of the Grand Pianos sell for from \$600 to \$1000—the whole amount is \$2,121,600. When the improvements now begun for increasing this species of manufacture are completed, the number made annually will increase to 10,000, and amount in value to \$3,000,000.

THE JOY OF POESY.

Voices of care and pleasure, cease—
Hark! thou and I have room at length;
Incline thy sweetness to my skill,
And give back melody for strength.

Oh! not amiss the Master Bard
Is pictured to the vulgar mind
Possessed of inner sight alone;
The poet at his song is blind.

He sees nor circumstance, nor friend,
His listeners press not in on him;
Cloud-rapt in possibility,
His thoughts and ways are far and dim.

Led by the wonder of his theme,
He writes his word in doubt and shade;
Its glory scarcely shows to him—
Do stars look bright to God that made?

He leaves, and follows on for more,
By winged steed or Stygian boat;
Men see the letters all in light,
And bless the unconscious hand that wrote.

For sure, among all arts is none
So far transcending sense as this,
That follows its own painful way,
And cannot rest in bane or bliss;

That moulds, to more than face or form,
That paints, to more than Nature's hue,
And from th' intense of passion brings
The deeply, passionlessly true;

That, in unlettered ages, read
The thoughts that in God's heavens are;
Divined the Orient speech of Day,
And told the tale of star to star.

Oh! tremblingly I sit to sing,
And take the lyre upon my knee;
Like child divine to mortal maid,
My gift is full of awe to me.

To sing for praise, to sing for gold,
Or ev'n for mere delight of singing,
Were as if empty joy of smell
Should prompt the censor's fragrant swinging.

Dear Soul of bliss, and bliss of song,
Be thou and song insphered with me;
Thus may I hold the sacred gift,
Possessing, but posset in thee.

Passion Flowers.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

From my Diary. No. XXXVI.

NEW YORK, Dec. 24.—For the first time this season at one of our Philharmonic rehearsals—might almost as well have stayed away, so far as pleasure was concerned; for, of all Babels, the Apollo rooms, considering the occasion, rank nearly with the worst. The first and last movements of Beethoven's Symphony in D major (the 2d) and an overture by Spohr (as I understood, it was new to me) were played, and some two hundred people were collected ostensibly to hear them. Much good may what they heard do them! How it is possible for poor Eisfeld to perform the duties of a conductor amid the noise, confusion, gabble, chattering, talking, laughing,

coming in and going out, bean-ing and belle-ing, and so on through the whole catalogue of anti-music, I cannot see. Certain sharp articles have appeared in the Boston papers lately, about the outrageous conduct exhibited by the thousands who assemble at the Germania rehearsals there; I would risk a small sum on a wager that the hundreds, who go to the Apollo rooms, "can bate thim out of sight intirely." As a matter of curiosity—just to see what musical (!) young ladies and their beaux can do, it is worth while to attend once. Those who desire to do this, must come soon, for as things now go on, it cannot be possible much longer for the Society to attempt rehearsals in public. Here is an anecdote of Beethoven—by what association of ideas can it have popped into my mind just now, I wonder?

Ferdinand Ries says that on one occasion, while he was Beethoven's pupil, he and his master were playing some four-hand marches at the house of Count Browne, in Vienna, and that a certain nobleman, prince, or something of the kind, instead of listening to the music, continued a conversation in an audible voice with a fashionable lady. Beethoven bore it a few moments, but as there was no cessation, he suddenly sprang up from the instrument, snatched Ries's hands also from the keys, and cried out:

"I do not play for such *swine*!"

Oh, it is "nuts" to me to "phancy that couple's phelinks."

Good, for old Beethoven!

Dec. 27.—I am getting to be almost as great an admirer of Jullien as the *Tribune* critic himself. Make a distinction between *descriptive* and *imitative* music—as between historic and dramatic writing—and I dare put Jullien at the head of those, who have given the world compositions of the latter class. In this class I include Beethoven's "Victory of Wellington,"—not his Pastoral Symphony. This belongs to the former class, and so do Mendelssohn's "Hebrides" overture, his "Midsummer Night's Dream" music, Gade's "In the Highlands," and so on. Now, on Friday and Saturday evenings, we had at the Metropolitan, among other things, the following specimens of imitative composition, which seem to me truly extraordinary:

The "Katydid Polka," which can only be truly appreciated by those who know what a concert at Castle Garden in Summer is; but to such—while it is delicious to all—it is inimitable. A true poet is discerning of the moonlight, the gentle murmurs of the waters of the harbor, of the sighing of the evening breeze in the trees of the Battery, of the sudden shower and of the pleasant "voices of the night" from the sonorous wings of insects, from the throat of the tree frog, and so on. Each hearing makes this polka better, and the last time I joined heartily in the demand for a repetition.

The Finale of the "Great Exhibition Quadrille," where Jullien represents the multitudes coming up, amid all sorts of London sounds and to the music of their own National Marches, to the Crystal Palace. Such a rush, hurry, bustle, confusion!

Thirdly and lastly, the orchestral arrangements from the opera of the "Last Days of Pompeii," in which I became so wrought up that I found myself catching my breath and clenching my hands, as the orchestra marched onward to the gigantic climax. The audience seemed awed by the tremendous tumult on the stage, increased and strengthened and deepened by the rolling of thunder and crash of falling edifices represented in an adjoining apartment.

A greater contrast cannot well be imagined than that between the first and the other two of these three pieces. The first alone gives me any great satisfaction; but I can no more deny the genius which has produced them, than that which gave us the exquisite finale, *Carlo Magno*, in "Ernani."

But to me, the greatest wonder after all is that he, Jullien, should throw off all that is Jullien-ish and prove himself the best interpreter of Handel I ever saw, at home or abroad. I was greatly amused at one of the rehearsals of the "Messiah," to see him stop everything and call attention to a passage in which the strings persisted in *sharpening* a note. It was explained that the note in question must be given *natural*, it was the "what you call ancient, antique style—nobody writes so now—that is what they call *sacred*"—and this with the funniest shrug of the shoulders. In another place he made a

change in the *tempo*, for which the orchestra was not prepared. "You do not find it so marked," said he. "No," was the reply. "But this is the tradition," returned Jullien, and in accordance with the tradition the passage was played. This will give some idea how carefully he has studied his author.

Well, last night there was an opportunity to see the result of these rehearsals. Metropolitan Hall was a jam. The Orchestra and the Sacred Harmonic Society filled not only the stage but a temporary addition extending quite across the end of the room—and the conductor had the good sense to put the chorus in front—the only proper arrangement, and one by which the chorus gets some benefit from the instruments.

Fry had adapted Italian words to some of the fine bass songs and recitatives, so that we had Badioli's magnificent tones among the *solis*. The principal soprano was a Miss Brainard, whose voice, not very powerful, is delicious; Mme. Pico Vietti, alto; our old Handel and Haydn singer, Colburn, was the tenor, and there were two other soloists, not known to me.

So at seven o'clock, *punctum*, Jullien raised his bâton, and that army, so used to producing "effects," moved onward through the sombre, lugubrious strains of the overture of Handel's "Messiah," as if they knew no other style. Now, how this, that, or the other number went, how this, that, or the other singer performed, no matter; everything was respectable, much was good, and the greater part was *very fine*. The orchestration was—save a defective trumpet in one or two places (Koenig did not play, I believe)—superb, and truly Handelian throughout. The choral singing—considering that the Harmonic Society is only in its second year—was generally very good, and some of the choruses were most grandly given—truly a triumph for Bristow, who is conductor of the Society. It has long been a reproach to this city, that it cannot, or will not, sustain choral associations. If it does not sustain the one which sang last night, people had better stop prating about musical taste, refinement and appreciation. Of course it will not do to compare it with some three or four old societies, whose excellence is the growth of many years of hard and constant practice; but its success was such that during its singing I "rejoiced greatly."

But to go back to Jullien. What I admire in him is his thorough study of a work, be it a symphony by either of the giants, an arrangement from whatever opera, a resuscitation of the music of two centuries ago, a descriptive sketch of our own Fry, or the lofty, religious music of last night;—and then his infusion of his own interpretation of it into every performance, so that the most beautiful unity and completeness marks the entire performance. It was beautiful to notice his success in making the various numbers follow each other without hesitation, and with no such perceptible break as oftentimes makes such a work seem disjointed and incoherent; and to see how by a slight increase in the tempos towards the close, he avoided the rock of dullness and heaviness on which performances of the "Messiah" do sometimes split.

In a word, the oratorio last night was a great success for Jullien, his orchestra, and for the Sacred Harmonic Society.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 31, 1853.

Handel's "Messiah" Twice.

The musical event of our week,—and none more fitting for the happy Christmas holy-days,—has been the performance on two successive evenings of an oratorio, whose every note is dear as Christmas to those who know it with the ear and in the spirit. We cannot say that the two renderings were equally complete and satisfying; and we are not aware of any partiality towards either Society which could have predisposed us to enjoy less in the one case than in the other; to us, at such a time, the singers were nothing, the

music and the meaning of the oratorio were all; or if we had any feeling towards the performing bodies, it was as to those who were a part and parcel of ourselves, engaged with us and for us in a common work, of whose successes or shortcomings we might speak as freely as if we ourselves had borne a part in them. If we had sung, a zealous member, in both choirs, or if we had had the organizing of both efforts, we doubt not we should have jotted down our honest private impressions of the success of the two experiments essentially as follows. We take them one at a time and in their order.

I. ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

Under all the circumstances, which it is not for us to particularize, and which perhaps we do not fully understand,—of a society weakened by a large secession, and eked out by volunteers, and as it *seemed* to us, not filled with unanimity of courage—we were surprised that the EDUCATION SOCIETY made out so well. The performance was not without its points of excellence; and if as a whole the oratorio did not fill our soul and lift us up as it has done before, and since, it was partly, no doubt, because we happened to carry to it a greater amount of physical weariness and pain than the sublimest music could entirely overcome. Yet the perceptive and reasoning faculties convinced us that there was something wanting in the way the music was addressed to us, as well as in our own accidental deadness of feeling. The overture was played well by the Germania Orchestra, without Mr. BERGMANN for conductor and the opening recitative and air were well sung. Indeed we never listened with more satisfaction to Mr. ARTHURSON, whose sweet but not robust tenor appeared this time perfectly at his command. In Handelian recitative he has been truly schooled, which can hardly be said of most of our native professionals or amateurs. He renders you the style and spirit of it, and makes it interesting where it is commonly voted dull and monotonous. He indulged less in fancy embellishment than formerly, but we would say with Hamlet: "O reform it *altogether*!"—for how can a single extra cadenza add to, or fail to weaken, the expression of anything so chaste and perfect in its every note as *Comfort ye, my people*? In rendering the exquisite pathos of *Thy rebuke hath broken his heart*, with the air: *Behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto his sorrow*, Mr. Arthurson was highly successful; but it is no disparagement to him to say that *Thou shalt break them*, &c., demands the most gigantic and tremendous sort of tenor; and we must be content to have that music merely hinted to us by the singer, until we can find another Braham's voice to realize it.

Mr. AIKEN gave a correct, firm rendering of the bass recitatives and airs, all excepting the trumpet song, which belongs to the portions curtailed. We were pleased with the warm and clear contralto of Miss AGNES STONE in *Behold! a virgin*, and *O thou that tellest*; but we felt that the melody was held back in *tempo* and not allowed the natural elasticity and freedom of the six-eight measure; the tune would fain sing itself a little faster.

The great soprano solos were entrusted to Miss ANNA STONE, by right of all the past: namely, the recitatives: *There were shepherds*, *And lo! the Angel*, &c.; and the airs: *Rejoice greatly*, *He was despised*, and *I know that my Redeemer*:—

truly a wide and vastly various range of song for one to compass! The lady seemed not in her best voice or spirits, suffering from a cold apparently, and yet (with the exception of *He was despised*, which lies in those lower regions of the voice where the peculiar virtue of her singing does not lie at all,) these pieces had quite creditable treatment. Miss DOANE, with her clear, reedy, telling voice, was welcome back after too long absence from public performances of this kind. She sang *Come unto him*, *But thou didst not leave*, and *How beautiful*, with such simplicity and purity of style, and so much feeling, that one could forgive the sharpening of a note in one or two instances.

Taken all together, therefore, the solo singing was rather above the average of what we have been accustomed to in such performances. But we did miss the traditional and glorious effect of many of those mighty choruses. The chorus seats were filled, even up into the corners of the side galleries; there must have been near 250 voices; and several, indeed most of the choruses appeared to be correctly sung. Yet was there a lack of vitality, of glorious resonance, of satisfying fulness and roundness. The four parts were not balanced; the female voices sounded thin and insufficient; and frequently it seemed as if most of the sopranos hesitated from timidity, while the attack was made by a few loud voices that stood out in too hard and sharp a prominence. Some choruses were hurried; we had heard them in rehearsal taken much too slow, as if by way of drill, and it now seemed as if they were actuated by an anxious avoidance of that first extreme. In the "Hallelujah," especially, we felt this; and that noble chorus also suffered from the effect of a notice on the programme exhorting the audience to stand up during its performance. Taking advantage of the fact that the "Hallelujah" was here set down for the concluding piece, many stood up and began to go, leaving great empty spaces (to say nothing of the bustle) for a commentary on that effort to enforce a spontaneous manifestation of reverence and enthusiasm.

Then this curtailment of the "Messiah,"—granting that some omissions are almost unavoidable in a work so long,—was far from well considered. The "Hallelujah" chorus is not the proper ending of the oratorio, and, in order to make it so, it had to be transposed from its place before *I know that my Redeemer*. Although a separable and perfect whole in itself, this chorus, taken in the progress of the oratorio, leaves a sense of incompleteness. Handel's own division of the oratorio into three parts is the true one, not at all arbitrary, but based on unities of subject. The first part is all promise and annunciation. The second is all suffering (Passion) and yearning for deliverance, beginning fitly with *Behold the Lamb*, that deep and solemn vocal overture, if we may so speak, and ending triumphantly with *Hallelujah!* And the great song of faith, *I know that my Redeemer*, opens the third part, which is all of faith and spiritual foretaste of immortality, and which comes to a sort of double close of choruses (like the double bar in music), grander than all before, namely: *Worthy is the Lamb*, and as a conclusion to that conclusion, the *Amen* fugue! It will be seen that there is meaning in this arrangement; and to cut off all the third part, except the song of faith, interpolating that before the Hallelujah in the second part, is to sacrifice all the unity of this great work.

We have no doubt that unavoidable untoward circumstances dictated much of this omission, and not the judgment of so excellent a musician and admirer of Handel as the conductor, Mr. KREISSMANN; that, with regard to the Society itself, it was only that the "flesh was weak while the spirit was willing." Is it not possible that they were hurried into attempting more than they were quite ready for by the vigorous movements of their seceding rivals? No matter, let them be of good courage, for a plenty of other chances yet remain for the (*old*, we must now say) Education Society to do its possible.

II. ON THE EVENING OF CHRISTMAS.

The elements were more propitious. Objectively and subjectively, the conditions for realizing Handel's "Messiah" were unusually complete. We were better seated: not as the first time, on the floor (which perhaps had somewhat to do with the less vitality and resonance of sound), but in that gloriously deep end gallery, which confronts and inclines us all to the music, with a feeling as of eager plants exposed to the sunshine; the hall was full to crowding, even the walls lined with "standee" tickets (as the facetious agent of Sonntag used to advertise it), which gave a better aspect to the hall, relieving somewhat the clumsy, dough-face whiteness of the ornamentation;—the stage too, gracefully curved in to the gallery corners, and overflowing forward, like a horn of plenty, with so many singers as to let the orchestra down upon a temporary platform, showed up the performers in fine shape, and even mitigated the senseless fantasticality of the screen before what is to be the organ, and which screen we heard wittily compared to the frames of those great pieces of fireworks which stand out in the sunshine of the common on the "Glorious Fourth";—then too our head-ache demon had vanished, leaving the mind free, and there was pleasant sphere and company about; and then—rarest and best thing of all—we never knew an audience so well behaved! They were obedient to every request of the providers of the feast. Requested (on the programme) to abstain from *all* applause, they did so, and let the music sink the deeper into their souls, instead of making foolish noise; Handel could speak to us without senseless interruption from the partial friends of any singer, and the childish tyrants who enforce *encores*. Requested to do their cloaking and bustling and retiring—those who wished not to stay—in the pause assigned before the Amen chorus, they did so, and for the first time in an oratorio we were allowed to *hear* the final chorus. There is honor due for these arrangements, and we commend them as examples for all future oratorios.

Leaving the draw-backs to be named last, we revert at once to the field musical, its forces and victorious manœuvres. The chorus-singers of the MENDELSSOHN CHORAL SOCIETY numbered not far from three hundred, and were admirably balanced and effective in the four parts. Particularly rich and mellow, amid the other coloring, were the masses of contralto. The orchestra had a few more violins than on the evening before, and told often more effectively. The whole was under the baton of CARL BERGMANN, who entered into it with his whole heart apparently, having drilled his forces thoroughly beforehand, and gave us one of his most masterly specimens of conductorship.

The solo-singing was perhaps, taken as a whole, some shades less satisfactory than that of the Education Society, but in some parts much better. A novel experiment (though said to be according to the old books) of assigning the opening Recitative and Air to Miss STONE, instead of to a tenor, resulted quite well, at least in the Recitative; indeed this lady is always good where anything like a proclamation or annunciation is to be made. In *Every Valley* we did not fancy it so much, although she was in excellent voice, and far more spirited and effective than the evening before, in all her pieces: viz. the *Shepherds, Rejoice greatly*, and *I know that my Redeemer liveth*. Only there is still the old need of a more distinct and clear enunciation.

Mrs. WENTWORTH won golden opinions by her chaste, elegant and fervent rendering of *Come unto him*, and *But thou didst not leave*. Her voice, in spite of a certain childlike quality, is exquisitely pure and fine and penetrating; it goes out from her with a quiet earnestness that steals into one's heart; and she is one of the very few among our solo singers whose song grows better and better as it goes on, instead of beginning pretty well and gradually fading out. Miss HUMPHREY's contralto was rich and warm in quality as ever, but drooped rather lifelessly in *O thou that tellest*, so as sometimes to fall a shade below the level of firm, true pitch; the "glad tidings" were not glad enough, nor was the voice "lifted up with strength." *He was despised* was sung by her with great beauty, not omitting the exquisite last half of the song, *He gave his back to the smiters*, &c., which is too beautiful ever to be left out. The Recitative and Duet, between her and Mr. BALL, we do not remember ever to have heard before; it is singularly fine, with all its antiquity of style.

The tenor solos were given by Mr. S. B. BALL, considering evident hoarseness, very creditably. Herr F. MEYER has a powerful bass voice and seems to be a good musician; there was fire and positiveness in his solos; yet they were much marred by a certain fierce bravado sort of tremolo, which sounded like the attempt to browbeat one's own terror, and fitter for the part of Fra Diavolo or one of Schiller's Robbers, than for oratorio; also by a peculiar sudden shout, as if to scare one, in his *crescendo* terminations, as well as by the difficulty of enunciating in a foreign language.

But the grand triumph of the performance was in the choruses, which rolled out with superb volume, elasticity and steadiness, every subject being taken up with promptness, confidence and firmness by the whole mass of voices in each part, so that there was never anything obscure, or dull, or feeble. One listened with awe and yet exultingly, as one does to the roar of waves upon the beach. The "Wonderful" chorus was never in our memory more effective; so clearly and cheerfully were the little fragmentary themes, fraught with the good news, flung about and answered from voice to voice, and so well were the grand *unisono* exclamations of the titles "Wonderful! Counsellor!" &c., prepared and fulfilled to the ear and soul. The chorus, *All we like sheep*, was equally bold and graphic in the rendering; and the sublimely solemn Adagio with which it ends, *The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all*, was rendered doubly impressive by one of the finest effects of *pianissimo* and *crescendo* on the last notes, that we ever heard produced; the au-

dience were breathless. The "Hallelujah" told as it was meant to tell, most grandly; and grander still was the finale, *Worthy is the Lamb*, with the *Amen* fugue, which never before in Boston, we suspect, was uttered with such clearness and positiveness of outline, such satisfying and sonorous fulness, and such deep interest and attention on the part of every hearer (the impatient ones having all fairly made their exit in the pause allotted, by the excellent arrangement above mentioned). The choruses throughout were finely stimulated and seconded, with unflinching precision and yet delicate adaptation, by the instruments. As a choral performance we do not remember the equal of this. As a real, living, ear and soul-satisfying presentation of the "Messiah," as a whole, too, we think it must take precedence of all the attempts that hitherto have come under our notice. There was so much of the true thing realized, that individual defects had small power to defeat or mar the glorious general intent.

The only drawbacks were: first, the lack of the great organ, which is not completed, and the substitution of a very ineffective little reed organ, which told not half so well as the Grand Piano that was used in Saturday's performance. Secondly, the heat and close air of the crowded room. Finally the necessity of omitting many pieces, involving the further necessity of departing from the true divisions of the three parts, as we have said above. But the omissions were fewer and the division better than on Saturday. The audience had a chance to feel how essential to the great whole is the music of the proper Part Third, opening with the song of faith, and ending with the Amen chorus. Among the missing choruses which we most regretted were the lively one: *And he shall purify; His yoke is easy*; and most especially, the profoundly beautiful and touching: *Surely he hath borne our griefs*, and *And with his stripes*: one of the finest parts of the whole oratorio. All of these have often been heard in Boston, but were omitted both on Saturday and Sunday evenings this time. It is a pity that any omissions should be required in a work where all left out is loss. But if there must be any, can we not, with a few exceptions, spare the solos better than we can the choruses? Are the interests of the solo singers always to be considered before Handel and the entire effect of his great oratorio? When the choruses can be had in their full potency, and the solos in the nature of the case only indifferently, which should be preferred?

We congratulate the MENDELSSOHN CHORAL SOCIETY upon the great success that has crowned this their first public effort; and we congratulate our readers on the second chance they offer us to hear the oratorio *this evening*.

OTTO DRESEL'S SECOND SOIRÉE was one of the most delightful that he has yet given. The sensitive and fine-strung artist showed less of that nervous anxiety which is apt to attend his conscientious preparation for a concert, and looked free and radiant and happy. Perhaps it was well for him that the concert had to be given at short notice, and so caught one of his best moods by surprise. It was encouraging, too, to see the beautiful Chickering rooms full, in spite of the formidable diversion threatened by one of the great fashionable parties. Such music teaches us what to like best, and that there be some pleasures

which are "sweet in the mouth" and not "bitter in the stomach." We never sat in a happier seeming company; only one shadow must have fallen ever and anon across each mind's satisfaction; who did not look round involuntarily sometimes, after a fine passage, for sympathy in the bland smile of an old friend, the genius of the place, and suddenly remember—! But his younger representatives were there with kind and manly courtesy.

The original Quartet for piano with strings, performed by Messrs. DRESEL (the composer), SCHULTZE, MEYER and BERGMANN, made a decided impression. The first Allegro was not quite so successfully presented (a poet sometimes stumbles in reciting his own best poem, which he knows by heart) as the rest, so that its very original ideas did not speak for quite all their worth. Yet its fine fire of high, unflagging aspiration must have made itself felt. The Andante was a most lovely movement, delicate and individual in thought, and wrought out and varied most effectively. The Intermezzo proved to be that quaint, piquant and graceful little fancy, which Mr. Dresel makes a pet of in his chance sittings at the piano, much to the satisfaction of chance listeners,—but greatly enriched by the string accompaniments. The Finale also won us to its mood, a mood strangely fascinating, so that we felt reluctant to be charmed back from it, and would fain have heard the whole quartet over, or more music of the same complexion. But it is Beethoven that comes next! Yes, we are aware the king awaits us: but why may we not linger a moment with this young minstrel knight!

Beethoven did come! Never was the C sharp minor Sonata—the "Moonlight Sonata," so called—played with such grace and power and depth of feeling, or brought so vividly before us as this time. Mr. SCHULTZE played a series of three characteristic little violin solos, by Ferdinand David, the Leipzig concert master, entitled "Gondoliera," "Hungarian Air" and "Tarentella." They were feelingly played, and we liked them better than the usual elaborate violin solos, as we like Schumann's little Album pieces better than Herz variations and fantasias.

Mr. DRESEL finished out the first part with two exquisite Nottornos (in E, op. 62, and in B, op. 12), and the Valse in A flat, op. 34, of Chopin. The mild heat-lightning of the composer's dreamy, spiritual fancy seemed to descend and flicker over the keyboard of the instrument.

Part Second consisted solely of Mendelssohn's second Trio (in C minor;) but as the programme seemed too short, Mr. Dresel was induced to prelude with a few familiar piano solos, such as the Chopin waltz in A minor, a *Lied ohne Worte*, &c. The Trio went grandly; Bergmann's violoncello, Schultze's violin, and the full-wave harmonies of the piano swelling up from behind, claimed equal attention and blended in an admirable whole.

MADAME GOLDSCHMIDT. A Dresden letter in *Gulivani's Messenger* contains the following:

"I attended the second of a series of concerts given by Herr Goldschmidt, Schubert, and Kummer. The evening will be memorable in the annals of the musical world, as that on which Madame Jenny Goldschmidt made her first appearance in public since her marriage and return from America. For days previously, the music shop from which tickets were issued had been besieged by the public of Dresden, and many hundreds were turned away disappointed.

It was with much anxiety that I saw the hour of the concert approach; I knew Madame Goldschmidt had been ill and hoarse for many days, and it was only at the last moment that she determined to sing, rather than disappoint the expectant public. She had selected for her part in the concert the beautiful hymn, for solo and chorus, by Mendelssohn, *Hör' mein Bitten, Herr*, and, but that I felt grieved that she should make such exertion when suffering from hoarseness and indisposition, I should have enjoyed without a drawback the perfect expression she gave to this most lovely music. The manner, which she gave the words, *O könnt' ich fliegen wie Tauben dahin*, had something in it which seemed to carry one far

from this dull earth away into the blue heavens. Her voice is as fine as it ever was; and in the songs with which she finished her evening's performance, one felt as much as ever her infinite superiority to all the singers of the present day, evinced equally in the supernatural charm of her simple style, as in the most brilliant and difficult floriture of the modern Italian school."

Other paragraphs from letter-writers in Dresden, mostly Americans, have been going the rounds in the newspapers, which we have not copied. One scarcely recognizes this fresh and great-souled child of nature and of genius in their pictures, so offensively do they besmear her and "her Otto" with their pietistic conventionalities.

CHILDREN'S MERRY CHRISTMAS MUSIC.—Father Haydn's *Kinder-Sinfonie*, as played the Germanians Saturday afternoon, was delightfully droll. Little drums and penny trumpets, and hum-birds, and the melancholy two notes of the cuckoo, &c., &c., were all wrought into the web of the violin music, like the bright-colored yarns that peep out a stitch or two at a time upon a sober canvass. The Andante was especially quaint, by the contrast of a solemn, sentimental movement with those masqueradish little auxiliaries. How the partridge-like whirr of the *Waldeyfel* put in the element of mystery! Germans know how to wake a child's fancy.

In New York, too, they had a children's symphony, called *Santa Claus*, composed by Fry for Jullien's orchestra. The *Tribune* says:

The piece, after a slow movement portraying the dignity of the occasion, gives us the evening festivities—their conclusion—the Lord's prayer set to the orchestra—the lullaby—a snow storm with imitations of the winds—the tolling of the hour of twelve—the coming of Santa Claus in his sleigh—his gift distribution and retreat—the *adeste jidels*—the children discovering their gifts, when the orchestra plays on children's trumpets, whistles, drums, rattles, etc.—the finale hallelujah chorus. This symphony lasts half an hour; but notwithstanding it was loudly and stubbornly enoered on its first performance on Christmas eve, and M. Jullien obligingly repeated it. On account of the complete success attending it, M. Jullien will give it again to night, after awarding to it the advantages of additional rehearsals.

CONCERTS AT HAND.—The "Messiah" again to-night. —"Sampson" by the **HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY** again to-morrow night —**JULLIEN** comes back to fill the Music Hall all next week, and no longer. Enough said!—Mr. ARTHURSON announces a vocal concert, with organ-playing by MÜLLER, and other good help. He will also teach while in the city; and we are sure our singers, many of them, would do well to get from him right notions about *recitative*, &c.—The **MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB** next Tuesday evening offer a rich programme. We are sorry to see that they do not find it pays to continue the afternoon rehearsals. Next Friday's will be the last.—The next **GERMANIA** concert is a week from to-night. Schubert's Symphony will be revived. Will not the Germanians let us have the harp of **APTOMMAS** in orchestra—say in Gade's "Echoes from Ossian" overture, which needs a harp part?

THE PROPOSED SYMPHONY SOIRÉES.—Are* our readers aware that the subscription list, at Wade's, will remain open only *one week* longer! If we would not let slip so fine an opportunity, we must be prompt to put down our names, and not only that, but to secure the names of all true music-lovers whom we know. Effort is due in such a case. It is one in which the music teachers and professors should be interested. Let them too subscribe and get subscribers. It should touch the pride of the profession to have so classical a scheme of concerts fail among us.

True, it is brought forward amid unusual obstacles, as: 1. It is late in the season. So much the more need of effort.

2. The price, as first stated, was too high for many. But now it is put so near to the half-dollar price (*three dollars for the five soirées*) as to make no material difference.

3. The evenings proposed (Wednesdays) are complained of. It would be better to have Saturday. But the Germanians expect no profits from these concerts; whereas their Saturdays can be turned to good pecuniary account. Swell up the list, then, and they will give you Saturday.

The plan is too good to be allowed on any account to fall through. Let us suggest further, as an inducement for those who feel a professional or quasi-professional pride in the keeping up of good music, that a permanent

classical Musical League or Union might naturally grow out of five gatherings of such a company as this would bring together.

DRUM OBLIGATO!—We mean the drum for delinquents. The first of January reminds us that nine months of our Journal's year have gone, and yet hundreds of our subscribers ("in advance," the terms were) have still neglected to remit to us those little trifling \$2 sums, which collectively compose the bone and sinew of our enterprise. We pay as we go; how many times are we expected to notify and send round to our subscribers, before they think it proper to pay us?

But think of *this*! Who would believe this possible of persons who love music! In cases not very many, and yet not very few, considering, have original subscribers continued to receive our journal, six or eight months into the second year, before notifying us that they never wanted it a second year, and so declined to pay the bill presented!!

☞ A GOOD TIME TO SUBSCRIBE FOR THE JOURNAL OF MUSIC is the first of January. Bound volumes of the first year, and all back numbers can be furnished, to those who wish to keep the musical record complete.

Advertisements.

JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.

☞ The sale of Reserved Seats, for the FIRST CONCERT, will commence on Tuesday next, Jan. 31, at 9 o'clock, at E. H. Wade's Music Store.

Tickets for the Hall may be had at
Wade's Music Store, 197 Washington St.
G. P. Reed & Co. 17 Tremont Row.
Ditson, 115 Washington Street.
Richardson, 252 Washington Street.
T. T. Barker, 381 Washington Street.
Col. Thompson's Office, and the principal Hotels.

Admission, \$1.00.

Reserved Seats, 50 cents extra,

To be had only at E. H. WADE'S, 197 Washington Street, in the day time.

SYMPHONY SOIRÉES.

The Germania Musical Society,

At the request of many lovers of Classical Music, propose, should sufficient encouragement be offered, to give in Boston Wednesday evenings, a new series of FIVE SUBSCRIPTION CONCERTS, to consist exclusively of CLASSICAL MUSIC, according to the following scheme of historical programmes and prices.

PROGRAMMES.

First Soirée, January 14th, 1854.

PART I.

- 1.—Symphony in D. Haydn.
- 2.—Overture "Iphigenia," Gluck.

PART II.

- 3.—Symphony in G minor Mozart.
- 4.—Overture "Coriolanus" Beethoven.

Second Soirée, Jan. 28th.

PART I.

- 1.—Symphony in E flat major Haydn.
- 2.—Overture "Magic flute" Mozart.

PART II.

- 3.—Symphony No. 2, in D, op. 36. Beethoven.
- 4.—Overture "Médæa" Cherubini.

Third Soirée, Feb. 11th.

PART I.

- 1.—Symphony in C (Jupiter), Mozart.
- 2.—Overture "Leonora, No. 3" Beethoven.

PART II.

- 3.—Symphony No. 4, in F, op. 86. Spohr.
- 4.—Overture "The Fair Melusina" Mendelssohn.

Fourth Soirée, Feb. 25th.

PART I.

- 1.—Symphony No. 3, in E flat major, op. 55, "Eroica" Beethoven.
- 2.—Overture "Oberon" Weber.

PART II.

- 3.—Symphony in C Schubert.
- 4.—Overture "Byron's Manfred" Schumann.

Fifth Soirée, March 11th.

PART I.

- 1.—Symphony No. 3, in A minor, op. 56. Mendelssohn.
- 2.—Overture "King Lear" Berlioz.

PART II.

- 3.—Symphony in E flat major Schumann.
- 4.—Overture "Tannhäuser" Wagner.

☞ The price of a set of five tickets, admitting one person to each of the five concerts, numbered from one to five, and to be used accordingly, is fixed at THREE DOLLARS. Single tickets, ONE DOLLAR. The list will close January 1, 1854. For further information, apply to HENRY BANDT, Agent, Dec. 10. Office at Wade's.

COPARTNERSHIP NOTICE.

THE subscribers having formed a Copartnership under the name of CHICKERING & SONS, for the purpose of continuing the **Piano-Forte Business**, trust by their attention and promptness to merit the patronage heretofore extended to the late Jonas Chickering.

THOS F. CHICKERING,
CHAS F. CHICKERING,
GEO. H. CHICKERING.

Dec. 24.

AT TREMONT TEMPLE.

The Mendelssohn Choral Society

HAVING been so fortunate as to have gained, in an unusual degree, the approbation of those present at the ORATORIO on last SUNDAY EVENING, and to have elicited numerous requests for a repetition from those whose approval it is an honor to merit, and in whose taste and judgment it is safe to confide, and also from many who were unable to obtain admission on that occasion, has decided to repeat

HANDEL'S "MESSIAH,"

On NEW YEAR'S EVE, Saturday, Dec. 31, at TREMONT TEMPLE, commencing at 7½ o'clock, as performed on CHRISTMAS EVENING with so great success.

It is not one of the least flattering of the testimonials to the excellency of the former performance, that the

GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY,

have been induced, by the advice of their friends, to enter into this Concert in mutual partnership with the M. C. S. The accompaniments will be given with the same number in the Orchestra as on Christmas evening.

Tickets 50 cents each, to be had at Wade's, Reed's and Ditson's music stores.

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY,

Second Concert of the Series.

HANDEL'S GRAND DRAMATIC ORATORIO OF SAMSON,

WILL BE PRESENTED FOR THE SECOND TIME BY THE

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On SUNDAY EVENING NEXT, Jan. 1st.

AT THE

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ASSISTED BY

Assisted by Miss Anna Stone, Mrs. E. A. Wentworth, Messrs. J. H. Low, H. M. Allen, Thomas Ball, and B. Wheat, and by the whole

GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY.

Conductor, Mr. CARL BERGMANN.

Organist, Mr. F. F. MÜLLER.

Performance to commence at 7 o'clock.

☞ Tickets, at 50 cents each, may be had at the Tremont, Revere, Bromfield and United States Hotels—at the Music Stores of Messrs. Wade, Ditson, Reed, Tolman, and Richardson—of Mr. Weeks, at Federhen & Co's.—at the offices of the Hall, on the evening of performance; and at No. 136 Washington Street.

Members will have their usual privilege.

Back tickets of the series may be presented.

J. L. FAIRBANKS, SECRETARY.

CHAMBER CONCERTS.

The Mendelssohn Quintette Club

Respectfully inform the Musical Public of Boston that their

FOURTH CONCERT

WILL TAKE PLACE

On Tuesday Evening, Jan. 3d, 1854.

At the **MEIONAON**, Tremont Street.

Mozart's Quartette in E flat, No. 4.—Beethoven's Quartette in F No. 1, (first time)—Quintette in E minor, by N. W. Gade, (first time), are among the pieces to be presented. For further particulars see programmes.

☞ Single Tickets, 50 cents each. Package of Eight tickets, which may be used at pleasure, Three Dollars.

☞ Doors open at 7. Concert to commence at 7½ precisely.

LAST PUBLIC REHEARSAL.

THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB'S Last Rehearsal will take place on FRIDAY AFTERNOON, Jan. 6. Single Tickets 25 cents each.

MR. ARTHURSON

Respectfully announces that his FIRST VOCAL CONCERT will take place at the

MEIONAON,

On Wednesday Evening, Jan. 4th,

ASSISTED BY

Miss ANNA STONE,

Mrs. WENTWORTH,

Mrs. RAMETTI, and

Mr. F. F. MÜLLER.

Mr. Müller will preside at the Piano and Organ, performing twice on the latter instrument.

Single Tickets 50 cents. Family Tickets to admit three, \$1, to be had with programmes at the music stores of E. H. Wade, and Geo. P. Reed.

☞ Mr. Arthurson takes this occasion to state that during the three coming months he will reside in Boston, and will take a limited number of pupils for instruction in Recitative, Oratorio and the Modern School of Vocalization. Applications to be addressed to him, 36 Oxford street.

M. JULLIEN

Respectfully announces that he will give

SIX GRAND CONCERTS,Commencing on **THURSDAY, JAN. 5th, 1854,**

—AT THE—

BOSTON MUSIC HALL.

Full particulars will be duly announced.

The engagement cannot by any possibility be prolonged, in consequence of M. Jullien's departure for New Orleans.

PIANO FOR SALE CHEAP,**HALLET & CUMSTON'S** make, seven octaves, new and of superior quality, at **GEORGE P. REED & CO'S,** Dec. 3. No. 13 Tremont Street.**PUBLIC REHEARSALS.****THE GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY** will give **PUBLIC REHEARSALS** at the Boston Music Hall every **WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON**, at 3 o'clock, commencing Oct. 26. The full Orchestra will perform at the Rehearsals.

Admission:—Packages containing eight tickets \$1, to be had at the Music Stores, and at the door. Single tickets 25 cents. Oct. 29

A. W. FRENZELRespectfully gives notice that he is commencing a new term with Scholars on the **PIANO-FORTE.** Orders may be left at G. P. Reed's or T. H. Barker's Music Stores, or at his residence,

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Babcock, William R.
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Hill, Francis G.
Howard, Frank H.
Jaell, Alfred.**Kielblock, Adolph.**
Kreissmann, A.
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Müller, F. F.
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Willis, R. S.Testimonials from **ALEXANDER DRETSCHOCK** and **WILLIAM MASON** may be found in the work itself.

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Apr. 10.

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MISS MARIA FRIES, lately arrived from Germany, respectfully announces her intention of giving instruction in the **GERMAN LANGUAGE**, either in private lessons or in classes. Communications addressed to her, or to her brothers, August or Wulf Fries, No 17 Franklin place, will receive immediate attention.

References—Professor Henry W. Longfellow, of Cambridge; Doct. Wesselhooff, Bernard Roelker, Esq. John S. Dwight, Esq. Nov. 12. tf

L. H. SOUTHARD,**TEACHER OF MUSIC,**

265 Washington Street, Boston.

Oct. 16.

3m

F. F. MÜLLER,**DIRECTOR OF MUSIC AND ORGANIST** at the Old South Church; **ORGANIST** of the Handel and Haydn Society; **ORGANIST** of the Musical Education Society, &c. &c. &c. Residence, No. 3 Winter Place, Boston. 117 tf

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MR. De RIBAS will give instruction on the Oboe and Flute. Also MUSIC ARRANGED, TRANSPOSED, &c. Boston, April 23. 3m**J. TRENKLE,****TEACHER OF THE PIANO-FORTE.**

Residence No. 56 Kneeland Street.

Oct. 8. 3m

Germania Serenade Band.**THE SERVICES OF THIS ASSOCIATION** can be secured by applying to**G. SCHNAPP, Leader,**
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Organ Playing—Dresden, 1840.

[From Chorley's 'Music and Manners in France and Germany.']

[The Herr Schneider here commemorated is not the Friedrich Schneider of Dessau, whose recent death is noticed in another column, but his brother Johann Schneider, of Dresden.]

I will not libel any musician by asking him if he be fond of the organ. The further removed he be from personality in his preferences of Art—the more devotedly addicted to Thought in its noblest, if not most excursive, flights,—the more exquisitely will he relish, the more eagerly return to those grave and sublime pleasures—to those

oracular utterances, as it were, in which musical Truth and Poetry, of the highest order, make themselves known. After a London season of fever and competition and excitement, when the newest wonder-player has been hardly heard before he has been pushed off his stool of popularity by the newest singer, when one strain of music has been hurried out of the memory by some other of a more seizing piquancy,—to find in the midst of the comparative quiet of a German town, and the yet more modest tranquility of an occupied but not a dazzling career, an instrumentalist who, in his way, might challenge the Liszts and Paganinis of his century,—was as great a gratification to the mind as his artistic exhibitions were a delight to the ear. And to me the gratification was doubled, inasmuch as it came by way of sequel to the traces of Bach I had been exploring at Leipsic.

The weariness which the paltry "Die Beiden Schützen" of Lortzing, at the Opera House, had left upon my spirits, was only half effaced by a long morning among the Venetian pictures in the Gallery: when, as I was sitting at dinner, on a certain Saturday, a promised note of introduction was handed to me, which privileged me to present myself at Herr Schneider's door. By the way, this simple ceremony is by no means so easily to be performed at Dresden as elsewhere. In no town that I have ever visited is it so difficult to find out your acquaintances. Bells are scarce; door-plates, as far as I could see, utterly unknown. The first floor knoweth nothing of the cunning of the second—especially when the latter is inquired for in bad English-German; and in every house I approached,—to judge from the silence and impenetrability and difficulty of access which prevailed,—the inhabitants might, one and all, have been suffering under an epidemic *dunphobia*. To the third story, however, of the mansion where Herr Schneider carries on his own studies and directs those of others, I was guided by the full chord of many voices; and for the only time in Dresden, I found him whom I came to seek without that running to and fro, and that hesitation of servants, which take so much of its edge off the pleasure of a first visit.

I remember a story of a Swedenborgian who, on meeting a stranger, suddenly exclaimed, "I have seen you before, but whether in the body or out of the body I cannot tell." This address I could have echoed on presenting my credentials to Herr Schneider. I had seen him "out of the body" years ago, during the whole time when I was occupying myself in tracing the imagined character of a German organist, in a forgotten book;—and his simple and hearty welcome, and his homely and intelligent features, on which a smile sits more at its ease than on many countenances far more regularly agreeable,—in short, the appearance, air, and *abord* (as the French say) of the man, had the welcome familiarity of old acquaintanceship. It was late in the day when I paid my visit; and he had been occupied among his musical avocations since the lark's hour of

rising. But when I told him how short the duration of my stay in Dresden must be, he sent for the keys of the church and the bellows-blower, as if he was doing the most natural thing instead of the greatest favor imaginable,—without any superfluous words between us. Indeed, profuse thanks would have suited ill with his hearty plainness of manner. And we were out of the house, and on the road to one of the rarest musical pleasures I ever enjoyed, as if we had known one another “in the body” for years, within ten minutes of his breaking the seal of ———’s friendly letter.

The Sophien-Kirche, or Evangelical Church, which we reached after passing down two or three of the dark and narrow streets in which Dresden abounds, is one of those bleak and melancholy Lutheran buildings where the destroyer and the image-breaker have left their visible traces. It once belonged to a Franciscan convent; and a superbly enriched portal, opening upon the Kloster Platz, remains to tell what the rest of the building has been. Its interior aspect is yet more fragmentary, and clearly indicative of sack and plunder. The church is supported by a double row of columns, with a large and irregular gallery stretching round one half of it. The vault and pillars are debased by parsimonious whitewash: a few birdcage-like pews are hung up and down on its high walls: it has a few quaint old pictures, a mouldering monument or so, surmounted by a crucifix; and the same papistical symbol above the dingy *rococo* of the high altar. The fading of daylight gave these objects that sad and sombre hue which Time has imparted to more than one picture, where a like assemblage has been combined by Weenix or some other such painter of interiors. There was something, too, in the reverberation of our feet, as we went up the gallery stairs, which said more to my fancy than it would be at all discreet to print. The best got-up scene could not have been made so appropriate for the music of meditation—which organ-music is.

Herr Schneider's instrument stands in a corner of the gallery, clad in a white case with silvered pipes, and decked out with a quantity of *rocco* gilt garlands. It has only two keyboards, each four octaves and a half, in visible register; thirty-four stops; and a long pedal-board, nearly as well worn as St. Peter's toe in the Vatican. The voice proceeding from the first handful of keys put down, informed me of the neighborhood of something surpassing after its kind. This is one of the great Silbermann's organs; and never heard I pipes of such a ripe and fascinating sweetness of tone, from the lowest *elephant* pedal C to the *skylark* C *altissimo*;—no hissing, no wheezing, no lumbering, no growling,—none of that ferocity of sound which makes some of our famous English specimens surgical to the ear. Compared, indeed, with aught in modern organ-building, the Silbermann instruments, at Dresden, are what the sumptuous ruby glass of the Middle Ages is to the ripest-red of the Bohemian manufacture. Only a few weeks before I had been listening to our own noble organs at Christchurch

in London, and in the Town-hall at Birmingham. A few weeks afterwards I was admiring a magnificent musical structure in progress of erection in the Westminster Abbey of the French—the cathedral at St. Denis. So that I was not without some opportunity of comparison, to warrant me in simile-making: and it is to be remembered that, as regards tone, the difference between player and player is little to be felt in the case of the instrument in question.

But in all that regards hand, and foot, and mind,—firmness of the first, brilliancy of the second, and concentration of the third,—Herr Schneider is to me as unrivalled as his organ. Drawing out a dear, shabby old book from his depository, he asked me to choose which of Bach's grand fugues he was to play me; and, almost ere I could mention those with which I was most familiar, had begun to add to my treasure by opening one, in B minor, I had never heard before. I have been warned, again and again, during the progress of transcribing these pages, that a written account of musical execution is likely to be as barren of fruit as the dancing lessons which the country school-mistress directed from a book with mathematical diagrams; but I must, once again, disregard the warning, as far as insisting upon the union of power and quietness which characterized Herr Schneider's performance. Those who treat organ-playing as "a black business," to which they bend themselves with frowning brows, and coat-sleeves turned up half-way to the shoulders,—the school of kickers, swingers to and fro, who make much exertion cover up very little skill,—might have taken a lesson from this admirable artist, whose hands, as they glided away over the keys ("worked away" is the established phrase), were bringing out into their fullest glory all those magnificent chains of sound,—all those replies, and suspenses, and accumulations, which, with a calm but never-tiring munificence, the noble old Cantor of the Thomas-Schule has lavished in his compositions. Perhaps a finer specimen of these does not exist than in the fugue in E minor, with which Herr Schneider next indulged me; where the subject,



spreading in form like a wedge, offers such excellent scope for the amplification of science and the arrangement of climax. I withdrew to the further corner of the gallery, where twilight was now fast sinking; and, while listening to this marvellous performance, lost the personality both of composer and the performer, more completely, perhaps, than I have ever done. It was neither Bach nor Schneider: the building was filled, to running over, with august and stately Music; and the old childish feeling of mystery and delight which, in the days when I was sparingly admitted to the acquaintanceship of any instrument whatsoever, the gigantic sounds of the organ used to awaken in me, came back as if I had been only — years old.

After one or two more glorious displays of entire mastery over the key and pedal-board,—“It is too dark for us to see any more of Bach,” said my liberal host; “so you must excuse what I am going to do,” and, with that, struck off at once into an improvisation of rare beauty of figure, and affluence of device. The subject was not at all a recondite one;—simple and bold, and at first I fancied a little drily treated: what, indeed, is there that would not sound so after the unfoldings of Bach? But, whether the admirable artist was excited by the keen relish I showed, or whether it is the nature of such powers as his to sustain and to excite themselves,—as he went on, the depth of his science was surpassed by the brilliancy of his fancy. It was the work of one hand to draw and close the stops which were wanted by the play of his imagination: a matter, of course, in which he could receive no help. But he ministered to himself with such a wonderful promptness and agility of finger, that the changes of hand from the key-board to the register were never felt; while so subtly were they combined and alternated, as to be totally clear of producing

that piecemeal effect in which the fantasy-work of common organists so often ends, from a want of a like judgment in combination. Till then, the remarkable mental energy demanded for an exhibition like this never struck me in all its fullness. And yet, not only must the performer originate thoughts, but, by new and happily-successive admixtures, contrive effects totally, of course, beyond the reach of him who has only before him the plain and immovable keys of a piano-forte. Taken merely in its most matter-of-fact sense, as a display which proved nothing, here were memory, combination, promptitude, invention and mechanical skill, united. I may be laughed at, but I could not help imagining that the exercise of a power at once implying thought, self-mastery, and a patient-use of physical strength, could hardly have been carried to so high a perfection without its favorable moral influences; and that if it were so, herein, and not from their being erected in churches, might lie the superior sacredness of organs beyond other instruments—herein the holiness of the performance of the music written for them. By the time that Herr Schneider had brought his improvisation to a close, I could hardly distinguish either himself or organ from among the mass of gloomy shadows that had fallen round me; and I left the church in that pleasantly thoughtful state which suits so well with Dresden, and in which there is rest and not excitement. Lights were gleaming up and down in the windows of the high houses surrounding the Neumarkt: here and there a solitary foot-fall was to be heard, the sounds of daily traffic being for the most part over.

At nine precisely on the following morning I was again at Herr Schneider's elbow, in the organ-loft of the Sophien-Kirche, anxious to bear him company through the services of the morning. He had warned me that the plain forms of Lutheran worship forbade his exercising his craft with anything like fantasy; but I would not have exchanged what I did hear for the most elaborate performance which hands and feet in concord could have completed. Before the service commenced to an ample congregation, he treated us to a brief prelude on the full organ, of great majesty and brilliancy, as clear in design and as symmetrical in elaboration as though it were an *impromptu fait à loisir*. Then, while accompanying the psalms—five or six of which were most admirably sung by a choir of eighteen boys and young men—the extent of resource brought by him to bear on a prosaic and inferior task (as a second-rate player might choose to esteem it) was to me little less astonishing than the force he had shown in mastering the difficulties of Bach. The interludes between the verses were substantially and solidly dignified, yet sufficiently rich in ideas to set up for a twelvemonth some of the renowned improvisers I have heard; while the artful and unexpected management of the stops, so as to produce every variety of *crescendo* and *diminuendo*, entirely precluded the occupation of the swell. Though I stood close by, I was unable, from a want of familiarity with the manipulations of the instrument, and the rapidity with which the changes were executed, to take any note of the successions and mixtures of stops employed. Receipts in such a matter are of little use to the half-taught, and none to the full-grown, artist.

Between the *corales*, which, thus sung and thus accompanied, I would fain have crystalized for the benefit of all English choirs (could the miracle of the tunes frozen in Munchausen's horn be repeated), I confess myself to have been busier in turning over the venerable and well-thumbed music-books, and gathering what I could from their pages, than in trying to translate the drowsy and not very clear accents of the *Pfarrer* into a service I could follow. There is much to be said some future day about these German psalm-tunes: a store of pleasant anecdotes belongs to them. One of the most beautiful, for instance, that I heard that morning—*Nun ruhen alle Wälder*—had been in its early days as secular a melody as “Rousseau's Dream.” It was the composition (so M. Mainzer had informed me in his amusing “*Esquisses Musicales*”) of the famous Henry

Isak, on the occasion of his being summoned from Inspruk to Munich three hundred years ago—a farewell tune, which got into every German mouth, and was seized hold of by the Reformers, on Rowland, Hill's principle of turning profane music to good account. Harmonized, and finely sung by many voices, as I heard it, it seemed unfit for any service save that of the Temple. Other of the tunes were by Herman, Pretorius, Criiger, Dr. Martin Luther himself; and in many antiphonal parts of the service the Ambrosian and Gregorian chaunts seemed to have been retained, as well as the popish crucifix and candles on the altar.

Felicien David's “Desert.”

Among the compositions promised us by the Germanians at an extra Concert (probably next Saturday) is the one work which made Felicien David famous, and which they intend to perform with the assistance of the Mendelssohn Choral Society. It had quite a run of popularity in New York some ten or twelve years since. In October last, it was brought out in London, under the conductorship of Benedict, on which occasion the *Morning Post* indulged in the following pleasant criticism on the work itself:

The inaugural concert opened with Felicien David's *ode symphonique*, entitled “The Desert.” Those who seek in the science of sweet sounds nothing more than the illustration of ideas, however unmusical in their nature, and gladly tolerate monotony, quaintness, noise, ugliness—in short, anything which may serve to express a subject—will, doubtless, be highly delighted with this very strange, but, by no means unintellectual work. For our own part, we infinitely prefer to hear sweet, touching, natural melody, colored by rich and glowing harmony, varied and developed by the resources of counterpoint, thinking that there is an inherent abstract beauty in music, which should never be lost sight of in a composition, whatever its subject may be. M. David, however, evidently holds an opposite opinion; and, therefore, in considering his score, we must endeavor to look at it from his own point of view. This work commences with an orchestral prelude, intended to convey to the mind, by means of musical sounds, an idea of the vague immensity and tingling silence of the desert. The author here means, of course, to express his own sensations on first beholding the dreary, burning waste. He has been there, and therefore knows all about it. In this respect he has the advantage of us, and we cannot, therefore, pretend to decide authoritatively whether or not his tones faithfully delineate the sensations a reasonable being might experience under such circumstances. To express silence by sound is certainly no easy matter, but as the idea of immobility is essentially connected with it, nothing but monotony can be employed with anything like truthfulness; and of this M. David has availed himself to such an extent as to annoy our ears, and tire our patience extremely. We do not like musical deserts; sterility in a work of art is our abomination, and the subject which legitimates it is assuredly that which nothing but the direst necessity would induce us to attend to. The greatest merit, then, of this portion of the score, in one sense, and its most grievous sin in another, is that it is expressive. After this most graphic description of nothing, we have a recitation, in which the very vague qualities of the “vast expanse” are duly set forth. Then, after another orchestral movement, in which the author perseveres in his barren fancies, there comes another recitative, informing us that the musical pilgrim heard “sweet melodies,” and “harmony profound,” in the silence. He must have had remarkably sharp ears, or at least very long ones. We could certainly detect nothing of the kind in his musical illustration. Next we are favored with a chorus, called “The Glorification of Allah.” Who the singers are is not stated. Certain it is that the pilgrim, however vocally inclined, could not sing a chorus by himself; neither

could he, we imagine, get any help from the desert, or even the silence; for, although the latter possess the powers of melody and harmony, its union with the pilgrim's voice would only make a duet.

A duet between silence and a pilgrim would doubtless be a novelty; but this cannot be meant. No matter. This chorus is spirited, and has a vigorous characteristic rhythm. We like it much better than the vague desert illustration. After this there occurs another recitation descriptive of the approach of the caravan, which, we are told, "dimly emerges, as from the realm of night, like some huge serpent of the desert deep, and the first coming wave of flooding ocean." Here is a choice of similes. Our readers may take the serpent or the wave—it is perfectly indifferent to us—but they must have a large appetite for poetical licenses if they swallow both.

This is followed by "The March of the Caravan," accompanied by a chorus; a piece of real merit, the best thing, in fact, in the ode. Next comes a "Desert Tempest," in which the dark simoom, with "pestilential breath" (a very unsavoury image this), comes rushing on the fire-fringed blast, knocking down the unfortunate travellers right and left in a most distressing manner. It is really dreadful. Not only have we the nasty simoom upon the blast, a wind mounted upon a wind, with another wind for its breath, but "the angel of death" astride "upon destruction's wing" is also "hovering over our head." We cannot wonder at the occupants of the caravan being horribly frightened, or that the composer, amid such a confusion of terrors, should have thrown a good deal of it into his music. That he intended to illustrate here a scene of wild excitement was evident enough; but we could make out nothing clearly but a tremendous uproar. Perhaps this is all that was meant.

After a choral prayer, in which a delivery from

"The flaming breath of the simoom's nostrils"

is humbly requested, "the caravan resumes its march."

This ends the first part of the ode.

The second begins with an illustration of "Night in the Desert." This is followed by a "Hymn to Night" (a solo for the tenor voice), a chorus in praise of "The liberty of the desert," and a tenor song called "Evening Reverie." In the third part we have a recitation with orchestral accompaniments, in which an attempt is made to illustrate sunrise and its effects on the desert. In this we are told of a "Saffron Aurora, with golden locks and rosy cheeks, issuing from the silvery chambers of the east, heralding the approach of the Day-god, who on his flaming throne, drawn by fire-steeds, fills the blue arch of Heaven with golden light." This variety of colors, perhaps, suggests the idea of a rainbow rather than that of a sunrise; and the music sounded to us more like an illustration of a shower of rain, with occasional growls of thunder, than anything else; but we have never been in a desert, and upon such vague compositions every man is free to put his own construction. The liberty of the subject is dear to us. After this, we have the "Song of Muezzin," a perfectly hideous production, but doubtless highly characteristic.

Then "the caravan resumes its march," and "disappears in the distance" (we thought it had departed long ago); the desert is again "hushed into silence profound," as a proof of which the chorus in glorification of Allah is again pealed forth by 40 voices.

Such is Felicien David's "Desert," which will doubtless delight the lovers of the modern illustrative school, who will not fail to see in it a continuation of the spirit of Beethoven. To us, however, it bears as much resemblance to the incomparable musical poet's inspirations, as a flashy, cheaply got-up Lowther-arcade bauble does to a true diamond.

What Punch says of us.

NEW AMERICAN MOVEMENT.—Somebody writing from Naples, about Music, to a fashionable contemporary, says:—"I know, too, more

than half-a-dozen Americans, who have left their gold cupidity behind them, and are now in Italy, living in small, dirty back-rooms with a pianoforte, practicing *solfeggios*, with the intention of becoming singers of Italian opera." The development and cultivation of Music in the soul of America may, perhaps, tend to arrest the progress of Filibusterism, and other stratagems and spoils, including the spoliation of black liberty; and to render the airs which JONATHAN sometimes gives himself, on the fishery question for instance, tolerable. But it will, in all probability, produce results yet more extraordinary. A go-ahead people will not be content to stop short at operas and concerts. Music will be utilized; applied to political and social purposes; employed to enhance the charms of eloquence, and adorn the wisdom of statesmanship. Patriots will sing bravuras at caucus or in Congress, on behalf of freedom; and Presidents will express themselves in notes arranged to form symphonies; whilst the foreign policy of the States will take the form of overtures. The unseemly contests which sometimes occur in the Legislature will be replaced by grand scenes; and the stump-orator that now is, will become a stump-warbler; whilst the mob will respond in chorus. American song will be famous all the world over, and command immense engagements, being paid for—as no doubt it will be delivered—through the nose.

Friedrich Schneider.

The name of Schneider has long held a high place in German music. The death of Herr John Christian Frederick Schneider, who has for many years past been Chapelmaster to the Duke of Anhalt-Dessau, is announced in the foreign journals;—the year of his birth is said to have been 1786. His birthplace was the neighborhood of Zittau, where music was a good deal cultivated among "simple folk" as well as professors,—since the father of the family, who began life as a weaver, is said, by the force of perseverance and propensity, to have gained an appointment of organist at Watersdorf and elsewhere:—and to have himself superintended the education of his boys. The subject of our paragraph became early distinguished from among "the many," not merely as a pianoforte player, but as a composer,—and during the course of his life, which was disadvantageously contemporaneous with the career of Beethoven, Weber, Spohr, and Mendelssohn, contrived to assert his individuality and to take his place among the musical creators of Germany. The list of his works is long, and includes almost every form of musical composition—theatrical writing alone excepted. Perhaps Herr Schneider's Oratorios, which have taken their turn among other oratorios of the second class at the German musical festivals, are the works by which he is best known in England,—since, if we recollect right, portions of his 'Deluge' and 'Last Judgment' were, some quarter of a century ago, introduced at our Oratorio. The list besides, contains oratorios entitled 'Paradise Lost,' 'Pharaoh,' 'Christ the Master,' 'Absalom,' 'Christ the Child,' 'Gideon,' 'Gethsemane and Golgotha,'—also cantatas, psalms, hymns, and other service-music. Altogether, Herr Frederick Schneider may be commemorated as a worthy and thoroughly-trained artist, belonging to the great period of German music.

Singular Opera Case in Paris.

[From Galignani's Messenger.]

Considerable sensation had been caused in musical circles by Count Thaddeus de Tyszkiewicz, a German, one of the editors of a musical journal of Leipsic, having brought an action against M. Roqueplan, director of the Grand Opera, to recover damages for having, on the 7th October last, caused the *Freyschütz* of Weber to be performed, with mutilations, and in a very imperfect manner. To this action M. Roqueplan responded, by a demand that M. Tyszkiewicz, as a foreigner, should be obliged to deposit 1,000*fr.* as security for the costs, and by an action against him for dama-

ges for what he called his libellous complaint. M. Tyszkiewicz having duly deposited the 1,000*fr.*, the two cases came on yesterday before the civil tribunal. M. Lachaud appeared for M. Tyszkiewicz. He stated that his client belonged to a family connected with the princely one of the Dukes of Lithuania, that his aunt was the sister of Poniatowski, and that one of his ancestors was the last Polish ambassador sent to the Court of France—also that as editor of the journal at Leipsic, he was a great musical authority. He then went on to say that seeing the *Freyschütz*—an opera of which he was a passionate admirer—announced for the 7th of October, he went to the theatre expecting to find the performance worthy in every respect of the Grand Opera of Paris. But that, instead of that, the instrumental part of the performance was most scandalously executed, the choruses did not know their parts, the tenor introduced what he considered ornaments which were not "set down for him;" the principal female part was filled by a third rate cantatrice; and suppressions of the best portions of the third act were made, whereby the act was rendered ridiculous and incomprehensible. In addition to all this, the opera was made the *lever de rideau* or introduction to a ballet. On the whole, M. Tyszkiewicz declared that he had never seen the noble *chef-d'œuvre* of Weber treated with such profanation in the most wretched theatre of Germany. In support of this opinion of his client, the advocate quoted extracts from *feuilletons* of M. Berlioz and other eminent critics; and he then went on to contend that damages were due, because the defendant had announced *Freyschütz* but had only given a part of it, and because it was right and proper to defend the works of men of genius from mutilation. And as damages were due to his client, he contended that the counter action of M. Roqueplan must be dismissed. M. Celliez, advocate of M. Roqueplan, said that the action was a most ridiculous one, and had excited loud laughter amongst the public; and he intimated that the general opinion was that M. Tyszkiewicz was a very original character, or insane. He afterwards alleged that the opera was performed on the evening in question as it was arranged in 1850 by M. Pacini and M. Berlioz, as it had always been performed, and as it had been sanctioned by the Ministry of the Interior and the Ministry of State; and that M. Roqueplan, being the director of a subventioned theatre, was obliged to perform, without any alteration or addition whatsoever, the pieces so sanctioned. As to the plaintiff's assertions of the badness of the performance, vocal and instrumental, the advocate declared that they were calumnious, and that when they were made with respect to such a theatre as the Opera, they did not deserve a reply. He contended that M. Tyszkiewicz had only brought his action from the hope of gaining notoriety, and he maintained that, as that action was a calumny on M. Roqueplan's system of management, he ought to be made to pay damages, if only to teach him that he could not be allowed to employ such means to bring his name before the public. The public prosecutor said that, in his opinion, no damages were due to M. Tyszkiewicz, as the opera had been performed as the public were accustomed to see it; and he left it to the tribunal to say what reparation was due to the director of the Opera for the attack made on it. The tribunal gave a judgment which declared that, if it were true that important passages were omitted from the *Freyschütz* in the performance of the 7th October, those passages had been constantly omitted since 1850; that it resulted from this fact, which in principle was to be regretted, that works cut down were announced to the public as intact; but that the plaintiff having had only to submit to the omission which had been imposed on the public from the beginning, could not establish that he had suffered any damage for which reparation was due; that as to the counter demand of M. Roqueplan, he had not proved that he had sustained any damage which could be estimated; and that consequently both actions should be dismissed. The tribunal, however, condemned M. de Tyszkiewicz to the costs.

[From The Literary World.]

PERCOLESE.

[FROM THE GERMAN OF GEIBEL.]

Now at last his work he endeth,
And the pious Master sendeth
Grateful thanks to Heaven's throne;
Then break forth in glorious pealing,
Through the Temple's lofty ceiling,
Holy hymn and organ tone!

Stabat mater dolorosa
Juxta crucem lacrymosa,
Dum pendebat filius,
Cujus animam gementem
Contristatam ac dolentem
Pertransiit gladius.

And the virgin mother's anguish
Makes each heart with sorrow languish,
While the organ louder swells;
Till in music's heavenly tide
Grief itself is satisfied,
And the tear of pity wells.

Quis est homo, qui non fletet,
Christi matrem si videret
In tanto supplicio?
Quis non posset contristari
Piam matrem contemplari
Dolentem cum filio?

Holy fear and earnest longing
O'er the Master's soul come thronging,
Preluding that death is nigh;
Then with faith ecstatic burning,
See him to the altar turning,
To the Virgin throned high.

Virgo virginum præclara,
Mihi jam non sis amara,
Fac me tecum plangere;
Fac ut portem Christi mortem
Passionis fac consortem
Et plagas recolare.

Hark! seraphic voices singing!
From the heavenly regions bringing
Wondrous music down to men!
Holy spirits earthward fly,
Bear the Master's soul on high,
And the song ascends again.

Fac me cruce custodiri,
Morte Christi premuniri,
Confoveri gratia;
Quando corpus morietur,
Fac ut animæ donetur
Paridisi gloria.

w. w. c.

Mr. Fry's "Santa Claus" Symphony.

[The design of the composer, in this new Christmas Symphony, is thus described by the musical critic of the New York *Tribune*, who may be presumed to know quite as well about it as the composer himself. We coupled it last week with Haydn's *Kinder-Sinfonie*, but evidently it could be no child's play to carry out all that the author has here undertaken.]

We have seen it stated that the composer of "Santa Claus" intended it for an occasional piece—a sketch, etc. This is not so. He intended it—in regard to instrumentation—as the means of exposing the highest qualities in execution and expression of the greatest players in the world. As to spirit, he designed it in the introductory movement to represent the declamatory style in which he conceives oratorios ought to be written. Next, the verisimilitude which should mark music adapted to festivities from its rollicking traits and abandon. Then he designed to show all the sexual peculiarities of the orchestra, dramatically treated. Likewise the accents of English speech as related to music. He wished, also, to prove, as he believes, that the *Lullaby*, poetically handled, is as sublime as the *Madonna and Child*, if looked at artistically, and connected with it may be four separate counterpoints, all distinct and all painting different ideas and facts. Next, he wished to connect the music of nature

with the tragedy of human life—the latter played by M. Bottesini, an artist who exhausts wonder and dumb-founders praise; and the composer essayed, too, to paint the sublimest music in the world—that of the deity singing the monody of the passing world in the winter's wind. Next, he wished to individualize in music our only remaining fairy,—the character being grotesque, yet withal gentle and melodious, and with the sweetest mission that ever fairy performed. Next, he desired to paint the songs of the stars—the fluttering ecstasies of hovering angels—on the purest harmonies of the violins, only to be achieved by artists who have given a life of labor and love and lyrical devotion to extract the transcendental element in their instruments. Next, he designed to paint the change from starlight to sunlight by poetical analogies and mathematical facts. Then he sought to imitate the mother's cry to her little ones by rousing them on Christmas morning, and by the playing bo-peep, which as a little love story, admits of dramatic harmonies. The introduction of toys into the orchestra at this point, may be considered by the thoughtless, as a burlesque, but not so did the composer consider it. The divine words "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven," make the artistic painting of children and their toys, as much a mission of art as the writing of a hallelujah chorus. The finale too of this symphony, where an orchestra of drums is introduced to represent the rolling of the spheres, is among the composer's ideas of the necessity of towering sonority to crown a long work designed to be of a religious and romantic character.

There is a great originality of conception and grandeur of treatment in this New Year's Poem, and we believe that it will take a place among the very best lyrical productions of the age.—N. Y. *National Democrat*.

HYMN OF THE EARTH TO THE SUN ON NEW YEAR'S DAY.

I.
O, thou majestic One, whose sleepless eye
Watches the planets that are thine own brides,
Even as a god from his superior sky
Watches the winding of the starry tides—
Centre of Life! My glorious Spouse! O, hear
My hymn that duly rises on each glad NEW YEAR.

II.
Through the long months thou hast looked down on me
With the same love as through the cycles past:
And, in the summer, o'er my shore and sea
Thy passionate beams were from the centre east;
And Life, full bounding Being, as of old,
Over my swelling bosom brightly rolled.

III.
The bridal-fruit!—in fair flowers all a-glow;
In birds that image swift, divinest thought;
In populous seas where warm'd waters flow:
In woods that syllable the music taught
By sybil-winds, and in the babe whose soul—
Immortal wonder—sanctifies the whole.

IV.
O, how I thrilled through every leaping vein!
O, how I felt the heavings of my heart!
And lifted up the immemorial strain
That shook my lips when first I formed a part
Of this Creation, of which thou wert made
Husband and Lord, by HIM in Light arrayed.

V.
Say, was it wrong that thus I turned to sound—
Delicate as some spirit's feet on flowers—
A mother's gladness, while I looked around
On my star'd sisters in their azure bowers—
Mothers like me, who ever in their turn
Feel thy loved kisses on their full lips burn?

VI.
And was it wrong that thus I nursed the fire
Of keenest joy—knowing that yet 'twas mine
To be alive with Heaven's light crowned Sire
From whose large nostrils roll the flames divine
That still impregnate, so that o'er my plains
Nations may still endure like ever-lengthening strains!

VII.

Glory, and Power and Joy! The Nations still
Spring from my womb and lift their conquering psalms:
Great Europe keeps the mountain of her will;
Strong Asia guards her coronal of palms;
Swart Afric strays amid her wondrous blooms,
And still the Eagle-People wear their broad, free plumes.

VIII.

I know that Evil yet makes many a liar
Of wo and madness in the myriad homes;
I know that Battle keeps his red arm bare,
And gory banners float on tyrant domes,
While cunning priests blight many a lovely sod,
And slay my children in the name of God!

IX.

These are the things that often force the wail
From my pierced heart, and in the spherul song
Make painful discord; they shall not prevail!
Yet shall the Right be throned above the Wrong!—
Yet shall my note, unmarred by tuneless Crime,
Harmonious float within the eternal chime!

X.

Smile not that unbelief, O, Sun!—but see
By my Atlantic fixed a Nation great,
And wise and true—though young—and free!
In it I mark the signet seal of Fate,
From whose fair form the mighty truth appears:
"Evil, and Crime, and Wo must die beneath the Years

XI.

That even now within the Future stand
On tip-toe waiting for the beck of Time—
The radiant Years, beneath whose high command
A Star of Peace shall smile o'er every clime,
While one sweet word, like halcyon's wings unfurled,
LOVE! LOVE! must float forever through the world!"

XII.

Glory, and Power, and Joy!—but hark!—I hear
The great Bell of thy Orb—that's duly rung
To mightiest music on each glad NEW YEAR—
How through the trembling space its notes are flung!—
Calling on me to lift my Song to HIM
Before whose intense Light even thou, O Sun, art dim!

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 7, 1854.

DRUM OBLIGATO!—We mean the drum for delinquents. The first of January reminds us that nine months of our Journal's year have gone, and yet hundreds of our subscribers—"in advance," the terms were) have still neglected to remit to us those little trifling \$2 sums, which collectively compose the bone and sinew of our enterprise. We pay as we go; how many times are we expected to notify and send round to our subscribers, before they think it proper to pay us?

☞ A GOOD TIME TO SUBSCRIBE FOR THE JOURNAL OF MUSIC is the first of January. Bound volumes of the first year, and all back numbers can be furnished, to those who wish to keep the musical record complete.

Oratorios.

MENDELSSOHN CHORAL SOCIETY.—The repetition of the "Messiah," on Saturday evening, in spite of the universal satisfaction given by the first performance, turned out to be for the benefit of a mere handful of listeners, scarcely outnumbering the performers themselves. The almost unprecedented snow storm of Thursday had laid an embargo upon locomotive privileges. Our out-of-town friends were shut out entirely, and in town, the enterprise that had availed us to tug through snow drifts for three days, now felt a natural reaction, which made it greater joy to stay at home for once, than to be seeking vain renewal of an excitement so complete the first time, that the same causes could not make it as complete again. This is the law of all excitements and all victories

that pertain to human nature; and many, we doubt not, instinctively remembered the fatality and much mistrusted if the "Messiah" would sound as well a second time as it had done a week before.

The Society however came bravely up to the work, nor was aught wanting in the solos, the Germania orchestra, or the conductor, BERGMANN, who all did their duty heartily and with true loyalty to Art; not unmindful, it may have been, that it had been Handel's own fate to perform his oratorio to a far emptier house than that, nor of his undaunted: "Never moind, te music will sound te petter." The performance was a very fine one, under the circumstances; in some parts fully up to the high-water mark before left; but as a whole it fell necessarily somewhat short. The chorus was not out in its full force of numbers, and there was less to inspire, and no more advantage to be taken of the important lever of surprise, since now the weight of expectation had shifted to the extreme end to be lifted. Several new omissions had to be made, in consequence of beginning later than on Sunday; and there had been no time, of course, to thoroughly revise the arbitrary three-part division of the various pieces of the oratorio, as we suggested last week. We believe all present were much pleased with the performance; while those who went with earnest purpose to acquire a deeper impression and clearer understanding of Handel's masterpiece, must have been happy in a second opportunity, such as occurs none too frequently. The concluding "Amen" fugue rings in our mind yet; it gave us the true feeling of never-endingness, with zest and appetite to correspond, which lies in the nature of a true fugue; we longed to hear its spiral chase go on for a half-hour more, at least.

We are pleased to learn that the Choral Society have it in contemplation to bring out "St. Paul" or "Elijah," during the season.

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY.—The second of the subscription concerts, and the second representation of Handel's "Samson," drew out a large audience, in spite of the bad going, last Sunday evening. It was a pleasure to see and hear and breathe and feel again in the noble Music Hall, with its simple but artistic aspect, and the clear, elastic ring with which it truly reports every true tone;—although we confess we should have been puzzled to define any very marked acoustic failure in the New Tremont Temple, after those two trials, except such as might have been attributable to the closeness sometimes of the atmosphere. Yet it did seem to us, in coming back, that the Handelian choruses rang through the Music Hall with more vitality of resonance. And certainly the voice of Mrs. Wentworth seemed to tell with twice the power it did on the preceding evening.

But not to let the hall usurp the credit justly due the singers, we must say that the choruses in "Samson"—the few choruses there are, and very grand ones,—were rendered with remarkable precision, spirit and effect. The contralti of the Handel and Haydn are no match for those of the new society; perhaps not the soprani; but the tenors and basses are in much superior force, and in round, unisonous and telling mass of tone may challenge comparison with any that we remember in this city. We observe less of that disagreeable shouting and straining of the tenor voices than in

former years. Indeed the many years practice and experience of the more permanent members of the Handel and Haydn chorus lend a palpable advantage.

The overture, with its contrasted series of movements, and its richness in ideas, enough to justify any antiquarian love for the quaint Handelian forms, was played with a refreshing liveness and point, and so were the accompaniments throughout; not excepting the trumpet *obbligato* in Miss STONE's great song, which this time helped and did not mar. The other triumphs of the evening in the way of solo-singing, were the warbling, cooing melodies in the part of Dalila, rendered with exquisite beauty and, as it seemed to us, with less childish sweetness and more womanly ripeness and soundness of tone, than usual, by Mrs. WENTWORTH; and the spirited, declamatory recitatives and airs of Harapha, especially "Honor and Arms," as sung by Mr. AIKEN. We do not remember any thing better in its kind, from any of our native singers, than this last. The part of Samson abounds with trying recitative, which, falling in the lower and middle regions of the voice, grows rather dull and tedious in the rendering of Mr. Low. Now and then a high note of his tenor charms us with its pure and golden quality; and in a portion of the air: *Total eclipse! no sun, no moon, &c.*, it told with sweet and beautiful pathos. But his recitative not only lacks declamatory force and crispness, but suffers from a certain ordinary and as it were country conversation character of voice and style: the very quality which music, as the ideal language, should never come within a thousand miles of once suggesting. There is always merit in Mr. BALL's singing, though one tastes a little too much of the sculptor's clay (pardon the image from a sphere of Art in which the same gentleman has won real laurels!) in the somewhat thick and heavy mould of his musical periods.

We cannot but repeat the thought which always strikes us when we hear an oratorio. It is the choruses, and not the solos, which under ordinary circumstances must ensure the success of such works. "Samson" abounds in solo, in song and recitative dialogue, and hence, without the rarest singers, fails of its full effect; though to be sure, the choruses are doubly refreshing when they *do* come. The common ear no doubt loves melody; and minds of common culture, not baptized into the love of music pure and for its own sake, or not at home in thoughts ideal, impersonal and grand, are naturally most interested in music which is wedded to some personalities, hence in song or dialogue as pertaining to dramatic characters, or, wanting such intrinsic personality in the thing sung, in the personality of the singer. Thus in a promiscuous audience, twenty will be eager to know how Mrs. Wentworth sings, to one who thinks of the song itself and the composer. This is the rule. And yet Handel's choruses, and even Mendelssohn's, are so instinct both with humanity and grandeur, that it is a well established fact, that the choruses in all the late performances of oratorio have charmed and lifted up the great mass of the audience, as no songs sung by any less than Jenny Lind could lift them up and charm them. The inference is, the more choruses the better. Not that we would take away the solo-singer's occupation, or be ungrateful for the frequent pleasure we have had in this way from our native artists.—But in the selection of orato-

rios for performance, would it not be the better policy to take those in which chorus predominates over solo, instead of solo over chorus as in "Samson"? There is that magnificent and sublime "Israel in Egypt," with its great mountain ranges of double chorus, by Handel: why will not one of our societies give us that? Were it not better worth the study, and surer to impress a simple and disarm a critical audience, than the Rossini opera of "Moses" done over into *quasi* oratorio shape, with its abundance of long winding, florid single or part melodies, which task the utmost powers of the most trained Italian voices? It is too late, of course, to ask our Handel and Haydn friends to change the programme for their season. "Moses in Egypt" is announced and we presume nearly ready, and we shall extract all the pleasure that we can from it and wish it all success. Our hint is thrown out for the consideration of oratorio societies in general, for their future conduct. Without urging its interference with present arrangements, we wish that in the long run it may have some weight.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Of Music Wedded to Mortal Verse.

MR. EDITOR:—In common with yourself and others, who have expressed themselves through your columns, I have enjoyed the excerpts from the operas of Wagner which have made so many moments memorable. Now that this "Master in more forms than one" is as fairly before us as we may expect for a long while, I wish to make some suggestions, more by way of query than querulousness, concerning "Tannhäuser."

In Wagner's theory of Operatic Music, as I understand it, the *Libretto* is to be adequate to the music; that is, it must not contain anything that will offend a highly cultivated poetic sense, or a proper idea of philosophy, art or history.

But what are we to think of *Tannhäuser* judged by this test? I am sure that any one who has a canonical calendar of saints, and who knows anything of the history of one St. Elizabeth of Hungary, who on earth was wife and widow to Louis IV., will find discord in every part of the opera. At what time of Elizabeth's life *could* any such incidents as those in *Tannhäuser* have occurred? According to the most reliable historic evidence, St. Elizabeth was daughter of Andrew II.; was born at Presburg in the year 1207; was betrothed to Louis at four years of age, he being eleven,—and commencing his reign as Landgrave of Thuringia in 1215, the marriage was completed six years afterward.

Now it is inconceivable that there should have been any such contests of Minnesingers in which she was involved, whilst she was receiving her education at Warburg; for it is well attested, that the betrothal vows between the young Princess and Landgrave were most sacred and dear to them. It is not that there may not be correctly a poetic and musical Romance drawn from the life of such persons; but when such a romance entirely overturns *every correct idea of a character in history*, and makes all accounts nonsense, it is clearly out of taste, and artificial rather than artistic. Jacobus de Veragine, Surinus, and, more than all, Dietrich, have made us as fully acquainted with this Saint's life as we can be with any life of that period. The latter was born in Thuringia near the time and scene of her remarkable life and death. He not only studies all the works on her history, but "not satisfied with these, visited monasteries, castles, and towns, interrogated the oldest and most truthful persons, and wrote letters, seeking fulness and truth in all." She had early an inclination rather for some secluded holy place, than the society of the

court, and chose by lot St. John as her patron, the Protector of Virginity. In their early espousals "the princess was laid in the cradle of her boy spouse," "and the infants embraced with smiles, from whence the bystanders drew a joyful omen of their future happiness." As they grew older their affection increased; they knew each other by the names of "brother and sister" alone. Most truly has Mr. Kingsley in his "Saint's Tragedy" made her say to Iscariotes:

What is this love? Why, is he not my brother
And I his sister? Till these weary wars,
The one of us without the other never
Did weep or laugh: what is't should change us now?

The interest and beauty of her life centre on the singleness of her love for *this one*; on her yielding up the enjoyment of a happy wedded life with him,—on giving him up to the holy wars for the sake of being "perfect through sufferings;" and on her meekly dying of a broken heart. It is well known that she did not long survive him, but died in 1231, on a hard floor in a cell in one of her own hospitals, having descended thither from her throne and happiness. She was canonized by Gregory IX., four years after.

Now in all this history there is absolutely no room to suppose that she could at any time have been brought into the part given her in *Tannhäuser*, however shadowy and mythic it may be designed to be. The only way seems to be, to imagine that she was Tannhäuser's guardian genius after her death, which would be inconsistent with the opera. It would be well enough if we could have in the opera the two Venuses of the earliest Orphic mythology as travestied into mediæval Provence,—the Venus and the Eros, or Celestial Love. But it will be a blemish, unless some new historic light be cast on it, that this sacred principle should be personified in one with whom there are other and still higher associations, to which violence is done.

Slowly but surely I think we are trained into the faith that Music must condescend when it chooses to illustrate itself by objects or even signs, as words. I never hear a grand oratorio tied on to antiquated modes of thought, unscientific statement, bad exegesis and worse translation, but I recur to the Immortal Old Man in the dream of Jean Paul, with a soul made to aspire and ascend the eternal chain of worlds, yet doomed to live on the earth forever. Surely it makes some difference when one hears the exquisite air, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," after he knows, that there is no doubt that in the passage, (Job 19:25,) the word usually translated "Redeemer" means truly "Avenger of blood," and was the title of a relative whose duty in old times it was to save the reputation of a man, by saving his inheritance from mortgage, or marrying his widow. Job was reflecting that although men thought his afflictions the evidence of some secret sin, yet after he was dead, some relative would vindicate his reputation, and goes on to say that "without his flesh," not *in* it, he could see God. Of course this has no very material bearing on theological controversy, but it does inspire a timidity toward all music which does not feel its superiority to all incarnation into form or symbol. Music only enters the soul when we listen as angels listen; then word or form or our own bodies are impertinences. Talking birds are not the most musical.

We apprehend the whole difficulty in our correspondent's mind grows out of the gratuitous assumption that Wagner's Elizabeth, sainted and pure as he describes her, was at all intended for the Saint Elizabeth of history. Yet in constructing an ideal character, had he not a right to draw the moral and spiritual elements thereof from the most ideal characters which history affords? Might not every actual fair saint serve him in his conception of an ideal saint?

With the main thought of the last paragraph of the above, (to which the other part is made subservient), we fully sympathize. Music is more than words, and oftener descends than otherwise, to wed with words. But we have little fear that any "exegetical" considerations will ever enter anybody's mind to rob "I know that my Redeemer" &c., of the high interpretation of the Handelian music. That seems to us like digging in a dry and stony soil for arguments to prove what does not need such argument.

Mendelssohn Quintette Club.

The audience of the fourth Chamber Concert was uncommonly large, and the programme uncommonly interesting; especially the first part, which consisted of two of the most admirable of Quartets. The first was the old favorite by Mozart, the No. 4, in E flat, of which we spoke somewhat at length last year, and whose beauties one does not begin to exhaust, were he to hear it for the hundredth time. For it is one of those perfect products of a pure ideal imagination which by no possibility can ever become commonplace. If one would know the heaven-wide difference between really high Art, and the *ad captandum* superficial effect pieces, which win such multitudes away from Art, he finds a fine example in this Quartet. The so-called popular and taking melodies, from a "Prima Donna Waltz" to the most elaborate bravura of Italian opera, grow stale by repetition; you are delighted once, you call them good, and soon they get to haunt the atmosphere, become a fashion or a listless habit ("whistled for want of thought"), and you grow sick of hearing them. The Quartet in E flat is full of melody; melodies are intertwined and interwoven in and out through its whole harmonious texture; most of its movements win and delight even the uncultivated ear on the first hearing; but they lead the mind away and up into an unwonted, higher, freer state of being; you sling away all commonplace, bed-ridden and belittling associations as your soul floats in the free element. The charm is impersonal and strengthening to the soul. This melody, these harmonies do not, like the popular airs aforesaid, return upon you in your listless moments, to avenge themselves upon your self-indulgence, by identifying themselves with your foolish and idlest thoughts and dearest states of mind, haunting and boring you continually. You cannot drag them down to earth and commonness; you cannot vulgarize them; they preserve their ideality and selectness; they remind you of a higher, truer element, within you, yet above you, of which they are the native voices and the audible vibrations, and while they hover near you, refuse to let you drag them down with you to your own idle, vulgar level. It is a spiritual charm which sanctifies these pure products of an inspired imagination. Yet they are no mere abstractions; they are positive works of Art, that address the senses at the same time with the soul. They are as palpable realities of sense as common airs and dances: yet they refuse to be hummed or danced to, at least in the body. They are like great persons, high, spiritual characters, persons of genius, whom we may meet familiarly, and yet never can we fully know them and appropriate them; moving among us and of us, they refuse to be made common; their look and voice tell ever of a higher, truer element which eludes the enfeebling grasp of familiarity.

This is most true of the Allegro and Andante of this Quartet. But in the Minuet and Trio, we have the simple, naïve, childlike, playful sort of Mozart melody; here, for the time being, all seems perfectly familiar and accessible; the shining visitors descend to mingle upon equal terms in the light-hearted sports of us mortal children. How natural and unstudied seems the tune of it! how pleasantly at home we all are in the fascinating company! But the shining ones are gone before you can think of detaining them; they are not to be caged and tortured, like every day tunes, in a hand organ—not they!

The Mozart quartet was nicely played. Not so, we are sorry to say, the wonderful Quartet of Beethoven, whose fiery impetus and course thick-set with difficulties betrayed the bows into too rough and angry intercourse with the strings. There was more than usual of that scratching kind of tone, which so very few quartet parties manage to avoid in rendering Beethoven. We suppose it must be the last and crowning perfection of quartet-playing to work itself out pure entirely from this dross, without sacrifice of fire and manliness. This rough mode of attacking the strings, too, frequently involves the greater sin of false intonation, especially in the highest octave.

The Quintette Club are not always given to it: hear them in a quartet of Haydn, such as the Adagio (God save the Emperor) with variations, played at the end of the concert,—or in that earlier one of Beethoven, with the Andante and variations,—or in many others we might mention, and it all comes out smoothly and invitingly to the ear; the tones speak out or sing out from the strings, instead of being tortured out, and the musical nerves and sense are conciliated and put in delightful rapport with the themes discoursed to them. This our quartet-players can and do often realize, and it attaches their audience to them in the long run. What extra difficulties there may be in rendering such a piece as this first of the three "Rasumoffsky Quartets" of Beethoven, our friends of the Mendelssohn Club know better than we can; but we trust they will persevere unto a pure and clear and easy victory over obstacles as great as these. None the less, however, do we thank them for giving us a renewed introduction to a work of such rare originality and greatness. It is one of the most wonderful emanations of the Beethoven individuality, and shows the all-mastering logic of his art in the development of his themes in a remarkable manner. The ideas are nervous, bold, unique and pregnant; and the rhythmical forms unfolded into the most intricate, yet symmetrical and expressive fluency of divisions. It is hard to believe that the opus number, *fifty-nine*, can mark the true date of this composition. In rare individuality of thought and manner, in remoteness from all common forms, in utter newness of invention and of exploration as it were in wondrous, untried spheres, it seems in advance of the symphonies of the same or later date, (the C minor symphony is op. 67), and indeed of all the symphonies before the ninth and last. These are all clearer and more readily appreciable to the common ear, than are these quartets of his middle period. Does it not prove, that in quartet-writing the composer invites you to communion with his most interior, esoteric self; that it is the most advanced portion of his being that seeks utterance in this form of Art?

The Second Part of the Concert opened with an arrangement from Wagner's *Tannhäuser*, the "Song to the Evening Star," a fervent and religious strain, which in the opera is sung by the spiritual minnesinger, Wolfram von Eschenburg. It is a tenor song, and could not of course retain all its true character when given to the clarinet. The violoncello would have sung it more appropriately; but the violoncello was needed for bass in the quartet accompaniment, which we presume was the secret of such an arrangement. The piece, as it was, gave great pleasure to the audience, who insisted on a répétition. A Quintet by Gade, (op. 8. in E minor), played here for the first time, impressed us as very beautiful, but in the same vein of cool sea-shore, romantic fancy as his other works,—a vein which finds more scope in the freer form of the overture, and even in a symphony, than within the stricter requirements of quintet or quartet.

JULLIEN'S ORCHESTRA. We have barely room to allude to the first of the new series of Concerts, on Thursday evening. The audience was smaller than it ought at any time to be for such an orchestra. The floor of the Music Hall, at the fifty cent price, appeared well filled, but the dollar and dollar and a half balconies were sparsely populated. The instruments were not quite as numerous as before, yet the music seemed none the less brilliant and effective. The programme was mostly made up of oft-repeated pieces, to which the *habitués* could hardly turn with much zest; and in a programme already superabounding in quantity, it was rather severe to submit to the *encore* of nearly every piece. But for the "Prima Donna Waltz," and the "American Quadrilles," and the "Carnival of Venice" flute solo, there were of course fresh auditors, and for their sakes it was well. The "Masaniello" overture was splendidly performed; the solemn, stirring Hungarian national air, in one of the JULLIEN quadrille sets, was worked up to a pitch of sublimity at the close. The Allegretto from the 5th Beethoven symphony, with its tranquil, happy, equable tempo, is always welcome. BOTTESINI's new contrabasso solo, which he calls, "Cerito," was the most marvellous and artistically interesting of all that we have heard from this rare magician. Mlle. ZERR sang from *Lucia*, and some English songs; and the brothers MOLLINHAUER discoursed their aerial harmonies to the unalloyed delight of all ears. There were, too, new and curious polkas, &c., by JULLIEN.

But the feature of the evening was the long orchestral selection from his opera "The Destruction of Pompei," which was full of striking effects; now passages of quaint and sober beauty, like the antique strain: "O Isis;" and now overwhelmingly grand and awe-inspiring, like the finale, which represents that city's doom.

Last evening JULLIEN was to give his "Shakespeare Night." But his repertoire did not include Beethoven's overture to "Coriolanus," the grandest musical production, perhaps, ever prompted by the genius of the great bard. We trust he will bind that up also into his next Shakespeare sheaf.

Musical Intelligence.

Local.

CONCERTS AT HAND.—This afternoon JULLIEN's orchestra at the Music Hall. Observe, it begins at a quarter before three.—To-night the GERMANIANS play Schubert's symphony, and Gade's "Ossian" overture, which has a harp *obligato* part for Mr. APTOMMAS.—To-morrow night, the third and last performance of "Samson," by the HANDEL and HAYDN SOCIETY.—JULLIEN again on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings.

The last GERMANIA REHEARSAL opened with a delicious symphony by Haydn. We hope they will repeat it. Haydn always opens a concert well; he puts you in a genial and accepting mood for music. The first finale from *Don Juan* also diffused lively satisfaction.

We grieve to hear that little PAUL JULLIEN lies so dangerously ill at Buffalo, that his life is almost despaired

of. Brain-fever is the disease. Camilla Urso has been engaged to supply his place in Mme. Sontag's troupe.

Foreign.

VERSAILLES.—The *Orpheonists* have executed in the church of the chateau, the mass composed for them by MM. Halevy, Adolph Adam, and Ambroise Thomas. Madame Widemann sang an "O Salutaris" and an "Agnus Dei" by Panzeron.

VIENNA.—During the last week of November, Balfe's Opera of *Keolanthe*, was performed at the Court Theatre.—The post of Chapel-Master of the Cathedral, vacant by the death of Drechsler, has been given to M. Gottfried Prayer, author of the oratorio of *Noah*.—M. Willmers, the pianist, is here, and his playing is much extolled.

LEIPSIC, 25th Nov.—The Conservatoire of Music, founded by the late Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, has just celebrated the anniversary of the birth of that illustrious composer by a public performance of his oratorio *Saint Paul*, in which the pupils of the establishment took part.—At the Theatre they have revived two old operas, *Les Deux Journées* of Cherubini, and *Le Médecin et l'Apothicaire* of Dittersdorf.—Berlioz is daily expected here to give some concerts at the Gewandhaus.

STOCKHOLM.—The Theatre Royal re-opened with *La Muette* of Auber. Since then they have given *Le Gai* of Adolphe Adam; *Martha*, by Flotow; and *Preciosa*, by Weber.

ST. PETERSBURG.—Naudin, the tenor in place of Mario, has made his debut with success in *Lucrezia Borgia*. In *Robert le Diable*, Medori, in the part of Alice, has made a veritable sensation. Tamberlik was splendid in *Robert*.—Mme. De la Grange made a hit in *Le Barbier* with Ronconi, Calzolari, and Lablache; and again in *Lucia* with De Bassini and Calzolari. Carlotta Grisi, in the ballet, will be replaced by Mlles. Giraud and Fleury, from Paris.—Henselt, the celebrated pianist and composer, is about to make a tour in the interior of Russia.—The *Prophete* has been produced with a still greater effect than last year. Tamberlik made his *rentrée* in the part of Jean of Leyden, and his magnificent voice produced an immense effect upon the audience. Mme. La Grange was the Fides.—Mlle Louise Christiani, the celebrated violoncellist has just died.

A Good Commencement.

President Pierce, Queen Victoria, Emperor of Russia, King of Holland, President Santa Anna, Emperor of Austria, Pope of Rome, Emperor of China, King of Denmark, Queen of Spain, King of Belgium, Sultan of Turkey, King of Prussia, King of Sweden, Emperor of France, King of Sardinia, and, in fact, portraits of all the principal rulers of the world, at the present time, may be found in "Gleason's Pictorial" for the present week, being number one of a new volume. Besides the above, this beautiful weekly contains quite a number of other fine engravings—such as New Year's festivals in Germany, China, Algiers, and the West Indies. Also a group of the New York Police, in their new regulation uniform—chief, captain, privates, etc. A Family Register; Scenes in Turkey; A Turkish Lady at Home; A Turkish Soldier; A Turkish Fruit Vender; A Turkish Policeman, etc. A number of excellent stories, poems, etc., by the best American authors, are also to be found in the above number; and, to crown all, the paper has come out in an entire new dress—being much beautified throughout. Terms of the "Pictorial,"—one subscriber, one year, \$3 00; two subscribers, one year, \$5 00; four, \$9 00; eight, \$16 00. Single copies, at six cents each, may be obtained at any of the periodical depots throughout the country.

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At the request of many lovers of Classical Music, propose, should sufficient encouragement be offered, to give in Boston Wednesday evenings, a new series of FIVE SUBSCRIPTION CONCERTS, to consist exclusively of CLASSICAL Music, according to the scheme of historical programmes heretofore published.

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THE Annual Meeting will be held on MONDAY EVENING, January 16th, at TRECOTHIC BUILDING, corner of Boylston and Tremont Streets. Business meeting at 7 o'clock, precisely, and a *punctual attendance* is earnestly requested. SUPPER at 9 o'clock. Jan. 7. 2t Committee, R. E. APHORP.

BOSTON MUSIC HALL, JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.

M. JULLIEN

Begs to announce

A GRAND AFTERNOON CONCERT, (This Day,) SATURDAY, Jan. 7, 1854,

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Upon which occasion Herr REICHERT, Herr KOENIG, Sig. BOTTESINI, and Mlle. ANNA ZERR will appear in conjunction with

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For full particulars see Programme. Admission: Parquette, 50 cents, Balconies, \$1. Tickets to be had at the music stores and hotels. Doors open at 2 o'clock: Commence 2½ before 3.

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Mr. APTOMMAS, the Welsh Harpist,

AND BY

Mr. ROBERT HELLER, Pianist.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

1. Symphony in C major,..... Franz Schubert.
1. Andante and Allegro. 3. Scherzo, Allegro vivace.
2. Andante. 4. Finale, Allegro vivace.
2. Solo for Piano: Selections of Compositions by Mendelssohn, Chopin, Thalberg, &c.
Performed by Mr. ROBERT HELLER.
3. Grand Fantasia, on themes from "Semiramide," for Harp,..... Alvars.
Performed by Mr. APTOMMAS.

PART II.

4. Overture: "Sounds (Klänge) from Ossian," Harp obligato,..... N. W. Gade.
5. Trio for two Horns and Bassoon,..... Bergmann.
Performed by Messrs. KUESTENMACHER, FLAGEMANN and HUNSTOCK.
6. Solo: Flute.
Composed and performed by CARL ZERRAHN.
7. Polonaise Concertante,..... Wittmann.
8. La Danse des Fees, for Harp,..... Alvars.
Performed by Mr. APTOMMAS.
9. Overture to "Siege of Corinth,"..... Rossini.

Doors open at 6¼. Concert to commence at 7¼. Single tickets, 50 cents. For sale at the Music Stores, Hotels, and at the Door on the evening of the Concert.

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THE GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY will give PUBLIC REHEARSALS at the Boston Music Hall every WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, at 3 o'clock, commencing Oct. 26.

The full Orchestra will perform at the Rehearsals. Admission:—Packages containing eight tickets \$1, to be had at the Music Stores, and at the door. Single tickets 25 cents. Oct 29

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The Erards and their Instruments.

[The following biographical sketches are translated and abridged from the French of M. Fétis.]

SEBASTIAN ERARD, founder of the celebrated piano-forte and harp manufactories at Paris and London, which still bear his name, was born at Strasburg, in 1752, and was the fourth son of a cabinet maker, who did not marry till the age of sixty-four. He inherited from his father a robust constitution, and evinced in childhood a courageous spirit; for it is said that at the age of thirteen he climbed the steeple of the Strasburg Cathed-

ral, and seated himself upon the summit of the cross. At the age of eight years he was sent to the schools to study architecture, perspective, linear drawing, practical geometry, &c. Throughout his life he was continually occupied with new inventions; in the latter half of it he slept but little, and his bed was always covered with papers and plans of instruments. This fertility of invention and execution accounts for the multitude of models still found in his workshops at London and Paris. He lost his father at the age of sixteen and sought employment at Paris, where he became apprentice, and soon foreman, in a harp-sichord manufactory. The young workman's ingenious questions so puzzled his master that he dismissed him, reproaching him for wishing to know every thing. But another famous maker, having received an order to construct a harp-sichord requiring knowledge that was out of his daily routine, had heard of the young Erard, and offered him a certain sum if he would make it, and allow him (the employer) to put his name upon it. Erard consented, and the person who had ordered the instrument was so astonished at the perfection of the workmanship that he asked the manufacturer if he were really the author of it; the latter, taken by surprise, confessed that the instrument had been constructed for him by a young man of the name of Erard. The fame of this adventure soon spread through the musical world, and drew attention to the young artist, who soon signalized himself by his *clavécin mécanique*, a masterly invention and achievement, which caused a great sensation among the artists and amateurs of Paris.

Sebastian Erard was not yet twenty-five years old, and already his reputation was so established, that he was applied to for all sorts of new things which people wished to have constructed. Distinguished persons sought him; and the Duchess de Villeroy, a great patroness of artists, and passionately fond of music, tried to attach him to her household. But preferring his independence, and having long desired to visit England, he was only prevailed upon to remain with the duchess long enough to execute several ideas of hers, having a suitable work room in her hotel, and enjoying the most perfect liberty. It was here that he constructed his first *piano-forte*. This instrument, known for some years in Germany and England, was not yet common in France; the few pianos found in Paris having been imported from Ratisbon. It was *de bon ton* in great houses to have

these foreign instruments. Mme. de Villeroy one day asked Erard if he could make a piano; the piano was already in his head; he set immediately about it, and this first piano from his hands bore the stamp of a man of invention and taste. It was heard in the saloon of the duchess by all the amateurs and artists of distinction, and many noble seigneurs were eager to order and possess instruments like it; but they were not so eager to discharge *their* part of the contract—the most of them never paid!

About this time, his brother, Jean Baptiste Erard, joined him; and this indefatigable worker, and upright, loyal man, from that time shared the labors and the fortunes of Sebastian. The great demand for their pianos soon obliged them to quit the hotel de Villeroy, and found a large establishment in the Rue de Bourbon, (faubourg St. Germain,) which gradually became the first in all Europe. The jealousy of other musical instrument makers was roused, and one actually procured a seizure upon the Erard establishment, under the pretext that they had not subscribed the laws of a certain guild; but Erard found protectors, who made known his merit to the king, Louis XVI., from whom he received a flattering patent. Under this protection the establishment of the two brothers developed more and more, and the sale of their two-string and five-octave pianos (such as they made at that time) was immense.

Among other inventions which continually occupied him, Sebastian Erard made at this time an instrument with two key boards, one for the piano and one for the organ. This was prodigiously popular in high society. One was ordered for Marie Antoinette. The queen had a voice of little compass, and all music seemed written too high for her. Erard made the key board to slide so as to transpose the music, from a semitone to a tone and a half, at will, without any mental labor on the part of the accompanist.

The troubles of the revolution, so injurious to all industry, induced Sebastian to go to England, and open new channels for the products of his manufactory. There he remained several years, and founded an establishment like that in Paris, filled with instruments entirely of his own invention. In 1794 he took out his first patent for improvements in the piano and harp, and his instruments were soon in great demand. But the desire to return to France never forsook him, and he arrived at Paris in 1796. Then, for the first

time, he manufactured grand pianos, in the shape of harpsichords, after the English system, of which he had greatly perfected the mechanism, and brought out his harps with single action, which he had invented some ten years before, but had not at that time made public. These pianos were the first instruments with *escapement*, ever made in Paris; they had the defect of all the instruments of that kind, that of slowness of action in the levers and the hammers—a fault complained of much by artists accustomed to the easy play of the small pianos. This difficulty Erard labored to overcome; and after many trials he produced, in 1808, a new kind of grand piano, in which the action answered more promptly to the touch, while its smaller dimensions were more suited to the size of the Parisian saloons. Dussek played upon one of them with great success in the concerts given at the *Odéon* by Rode, Baillot, and Lamarre, on their return from Russia; amateurs and artists were well satisfied, but not so Erard himself, as we shall see.

In 1808 he returned to England, where he put the seal upon his reputation by the invention of his double action harp. By giving to each pedal the double function of raising the string a half or whole tone, as might be required, he overcame the whole difficulty of completing the gamut of the harp in all the keys. It cost him years of labor and great outlay, but the success was perfect. The double action harp appeared in London in 1811, when paper money was in the greatest circulation, and the sales in one year amounted to twenty-five thousand pounds. Returning to Paris, he introduced the same manufacture there.

Frequent visits to France made him neglect the manufacture of pianos at London, and his establishment there became devoted to the harp exclusively; but in all the fifteen or twenty patents which he took out in England, new ideas for the perfecting of the piano, as well as harp, were expressed. These he proposed to execute in France. At every exposition of the products of industry, his works were crowned; he had received every kind of public testimonial, when in 1823 he exhibited the model of his *chef d'œuvre*, his grand piano à double échappement. These new instruments were since established in the London manufactory by his nephew, Pierre Erard. The naturally robust constitution of Sebastian Erard began finally to yield to the incessant labors of so active a life upon the vast theatre of two such capitals as Paris and London. In 1824 he was afflicted with the stone, yet still devoted himself, from the moment of a successful operation, to improvements in organs and other instruments, until an aggravated return of the disease put an end to his career in the month of August, 1831.

PIERRE ERARD, nephew of the preceding, was born at Paris, about the year 1796. His early studies were with a view to his continuing the manufacture of instruments invented by his father and uncle: he was taught music, mathematics, and linear design. Sent to London, when quite young, to direct the manufacture of Sebastian Erard's harps, he has passed there the greatest part of his life. In 1821 he published an account of his uncle's double action harp, under the title of "The Harp in its present improved state, compared with the original pedal Harp." After the death of his uncle, he became his heir,

and took charge of the manufactory in Paris, where in 1834 he exhibited several new models of pianos. At the same time he published an historical description of "The improvements introduced into the mechanism of the Piano by the Erards, from the origin of the instrument to the Exposition of 1834," fol., with eight lithographic plates. M. Pierre Erard has since lived alternately at London and Paris, directing the two great establishments which he has inherited.

Sketch of the Life of Felicien David.

Felicien David was born in Cadeuet, (South of France), on the 8th of March, 1810. His father, who had a large fortune, and possessed extensive property in the West Indies, before the revolution of St. Domingo, was obliged to return to France in 1790, and died at Cadeuet in 1815, leaving four children, of whom Felicien was the youngest.

Felicien David, from his infancy, showed the most astonishing musical talents. When only thirteen years of age, and an *enfant de chœur* in the church of Aix, he composed hymns and motets of remarkable melody. At eighteen, he left the Jesuits of Aix, an orphan, without resources. He was placed in a notary's office, which he soon left to become a second leader in an orchestra; and, in 1829, he became the Maestro di Capella of St. Sauveur Church, at Aix. It was about that time that he wrote many songs and nocturns, in three or four parts, which even now would be admired.

David had, at Aix, an uncle rich enough to assist the young musician; unfortunately the gentleman was a miser, and had no respect for the fine arts. So, when David left his little provincial town, to go and study at Paris, all that he could obtain from his generous relation was an allowance of ten dollars a month, which was stopped after a few months.

After having studied thorough bass with Lesueur and Reber, fugue and counterpoint with Fétis, and organ and extemporization with Benoit, M. David adopted the new religion of St. Simon, and left the conservatoire to become the organist and composer of religious choruses for Fathers St. Simon and Enfantin. After the breaking up of the St. Simonian establishment, at Menilmontant, several members of that society intended to go to the East. M. David was one of them, and he carried with him an excellent piano forte, which had been given him by a piano forte manufacturer of Lyons. We shall not follow the artist during the two years which he spent in the East; it will be sufficient to say that he could have become the favorite of a Pacha, but he was anxious to return to France. He left Cairo on the 18th of February, 1835, at the time the plague was killing two hundred persons a day at Alexandria. Not wishing to embark there, he traveled to Syria by land. This is a fine journey for an artist. To see Gaza, Jaffa, Jerusalem, St. Jean d'Acre, the ancient Tyre, Sidon—to cross the desert when the mind is stored with the remembrance of Constantinople, Smyrna, with its handsome women, Rhodes, that chivalric island, Cyprus, Chios, and the sunny islands of the Archipelago. Think of the people of these different countries, with their rich and characteristic dresses—their harsh or sweet language—and tell if they do not form matter for exalting the imagination of an artist? These impressions have been translated by David, in the most poetical manner, in the symphony *Le Désert*.

On the 19th of June, 1835, M. David landed in Marseilles, where he gave a concert, at which his Oriental compositions were favorably received. He arrived in Paris in August of the same year, for the second time. His first care was to publish the *Brises de Orient*, for pianoforte, which were in six numbers. He expected great success, but these beautiful melodies remained unknown, because the publishers did not recognize a new name, and consequently did not puff him in the papers. Sad and dispirited, but conscious of his genius, he lived for two years in the closest seclusion,

writing symphonies for full orchestra, after Beethoven's school. One of these symphonies was performed at Valentine's concerts, in 1837, but for want of notice, was only known and appreciated by artists and connoisseurs. After several years of solitude, in which he had to struggle against almost abject poverty, at the recommendation of his friends, he made a resolution to strike a decisive blow for reputation. Money was advanced to him, and he prepared himself to give a concert, on the 1st of December, 1843. The room was taken, and preparations were going on, when unexpected circumstances obliged him to postpone the concert which was to decide his fate. He thought then of turning the postponement to his own advantage, by writing a new work in a novel style, and so constructed as to produce a striking sensation. Still under the impression of his magic remembrance of the East, he looked for some poet who could enter, with himself, into these ideas, and found the very man in one of his former companions in Egypt, Mr. Augustus Colin, of Marseilles. This writer composed the poem of the *Désert*, the music of which was made in the space of about three months, from April to July, 1844.

The symphony of *Le Désert* was performed in the concert hall of the Conservatoire, in Paris, on the 8th of December, 1844, and excited an enthusiasm unexampled in the annals of musical art. * * * * *

The following lines were written by David to a friend shortly after the production of *Le Désert*: "At last I am rewarded for all my studies and struggles. Last night I gave my second concert at the Italian opera-house; my success was as grand and still greater than on the first night. The *élite* of Paris attended. This new performance has consecrated my triumph. I have received these ovations without intoxication; I know what they will require of me in future. I have now a vast responsibility, and with the help of God, I trust that I shall not be inferior to myself in my new works."

Since its performance in Paris, it has been given in almost every capital of Europe, with astonishing success.

[Prepared for this Journal.]

Gleanings from German Musical Papers,

The fourth of November, being the anniversary of the death of Mendelssohn, was commemorated, as usual, by the Leipsic Conservatory, with appropriate music, consisting entirely of compositions of the lamented master, as follows: *Beati Mortui in Domino*, an unprinted work, for men's voices; Sonata for the piano, Op. 6, performed by the Herr Professor Moscheles; "For the Lord, he leadeth the wandering," &c., sung by Fräulein Hoffmann (unprinted); the Overture for string instruments; and the Choral: *O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden*, for solo, chorus and orchestra (unprinted), the solo sung by Fräulein Anguste Koch of Bernburg.

LEIPSIC.—At the third Gewandhaus Concert a new comedy-overture, by Rietz, was played; a new singer, Fräulein Bergauer, from Prague, made her debut in the aria from "Fidelio" (*Abscheulicher! &c.*); and Herr Landgraf, the clever virtuoso, who sings so charmingly upon his clarinet, performed a long lost and recently recovered Concerto of Mozart.

In the fourth concert, the brothers Wieniawski, from St. Petersburg,—one distinguished as a violinist, the other as a pianist,—made their appearance. Schumann's fourth and newest Symphony was brought out for the first time; also Beethoven's overture, Op. 124, and Rossini's "Tell" overture. Fräulein Bergauer sang an air from *Hans Heiling* and some *Lieder* at the piano.

The fifth concert in the Gewandhaus, (where

Mendelssohn had so often conducted in the prime of life) falling on Nov. 3d, was converted into a Mendelssohn solemnity. His oratorio, "St. Paul," was worthily brought out under the direction of David. Herren Schneider and Behr gave the male solos with all the warmth of expression which the composer had put into them. Fräulein Bergauer and Fräulein Hoffmann also gave great satisfaction. The latter, a pupil of the Leipsic Conservatory, surprised all by the full, sound ring of her voice and by her artistic method. The choruses were sung by the resident Song-unions with skill and *con amore*.

Of the sixth concert, (Nov. 10), the ornament was Fräulein Marie Wieck, the young pianiste, sister of Mme. Clara Schumann. She played the F minor Concerto of Chopin, a Saltarello by Stephen Heller, an Idyl, by Julius von Kolb, a young artist of kindred talent, and Henselt's "If I were a bird," all to the unqualified delight of that exacting audience. Fräulein Bergauer sang an Aria from Gluck's "Orpheus." Of the orchestral pieces the *Signale* speaks as follows:

"The 'Echoes from Ossian,' which stand not merely on the title, but are felt in the music which Gade in his overture causes to sound to us from the far back traditional times; as well as the stronger sister of the *Pastorale*, with its wine-intoxicated Hungarian peasants'-wedding finale(!)—the golden A major Symphony of Beethoven—consoled us somewhat for the misfortune of living in this musical Present."

The first Chamber Concert in the Gewandhaus, at Leipsic, took place Nov. 21st. The programme included a Quartet of Beethoven, in A; Schumann's Quintet for piano and strings, performed by Clara Wieck and Herren Concert-master David, Röntgen, Herrmann and Wittmann; a string Quartet in D minor, by Schubert (posthumous), played by David, Röntzen, Herrmann and kapelmeister Rietz; and *Variations serieuses* for piano solo, by Handel, played by Clara Wieck.

Beethoven's "Heroic Symphony" and Cherubini's overture to "Medea" were performed at the second Euterpe Concert, Nov. 22. Fräulein Emma Koch sang songs of Mendelssohn and Schumann; and Herr Ad. Köckert played a violin concerto of Molique.

BERLIOZ was expected at the Gewandhaus concerts in December.

Beethoven's *Missa Solennis*, in D, has been performed in the Odeon Concert at Munich. The execution was so ripe and so well rounded in all parts, that the hearers were astonished at the grand clearness of the composition, in spite of its depth and fulness of thoughts. This is the Mass for which Beethoven could find no publisher, so that he offered it to the various European courts for an honorarium of fifty ducats. Only the kings of Prussia, Saxony and France, and the emperor of Russia accepted his proposal. On the part of Prussia, Beethoven was asked whether he would not rather have a royal Order, than the fifty ducats. "Fifty ducats, or nothing!" said he. Goethe, minister at Weimar, returned no answer to his letter.

"Butterbrodt" in the Leipsic *Signale*, discoursing of a miscellaneous concert where some things did not sound so full as others, makes a roguish allusion to Jullien:

"And yet it ought to sound full, as Jullien says. Apropos, this Jullien, this parade man, is just now in America. He is said to have had prodigious success with his fantasia on Yankee Doodle, and to the following text:

O dudel, dudel, dumm, dumm, dumm!
O Pudel, Pudel, summ, summ, summ!
O Rudel, Rudel, Rum, Rum, Rum,
Schrum, Schrumm,
Dumm!

In the last strophe the orchestra naturally dies away in a universal *ppp* whistle, after developing a frightful *fff* energy upon the third, in which the *Rum* plays the principal part. The effect of the whole was truly sublime and gave most brilliant proof that every language has its own peculiar melody."

The oratorio performances this winter by the Sing-Akademie in Berlin are to include: the "Alexander's Feast," by Handel, the "Elijah" of Mendelssohn, a Mass of Cherubini and a *Te Deum* of Grell.

A new and excellent lithographic portrait of CHOPIN, after the celebrated painting by Ary Schefer, has just been published by Schlesinger in Berlin.

Dorn's Opera, *Die Niebelungen*, to which Gerber has written the text, is to be brought out in the Royal Opera House in Berlin, in January, at an expense of 10,000 thalers for decorations and wardrobe.

The election of M. Reber to the membership in the French Academy, vacated by the death of Onslow, is said to give general satisfaction, although Berlioz, David, &c., were among the candidates. Reber has established his name by his symphonies, which are marked by excellent orchestration, lovely thoughts and graceful fancies, although he is accused of too fondly imitating Haydn. More recently he has tried his hand at comic opera, first through his *Nuit de Noël*, and then through his *Père Gaillard*. The most successful air in this is almost a repetition in its first eight bars of an air in *Fra Diavolo*; but soon he returns to himself and creates out of his own resources. Most popular, and justly so, are his charming little songs, some of which (*Hai lulli*, *Bergeronette*, *Chanson du pays* and *La Captive*) have been transcribed in a masterly manner for the piano by Stephen Heller. Reber is what is called an original. He is shy of men, and by his downright way of speaking the truth to people's faces, has earned the name of a *Paysan en Danube*. His choice does the more honor to the Academy, that he has probably never troubled himself to gain a seat in it.

EMILE PRUDENT has returned to Paris. His last stay in England was quite remarkable. In 30 days he gave 35 concerts in 27 different towns. Six Erard grand pianos were kept crossing and recrossing each other on the different railroads, so that one might be in readiness for each appointment. In one instance this virtuoso gave three concerts in twenty-four hours. Everywhere he found an enthusiastic public.

Joseph Gungl is giving concerts in Berlin with as much popularity as ever.

"Joggeli" is the queer title of a new opera by Taubert, the genial composer of Jenny Lind's "Birdling" song and of good things in many kinds.

THE ROYAL QUEST.

[From "Passion Flowers."]

They tell me, I am shrewd with other men,
With thee I'm slow and difficult of speech;
With others, I may guide the ear of talk,
Thou wing'st it oft to realms beyond my reach.

If other guests should come, I'd deck my hair,
And choose my newest garment from the shelf;
When thou art bidden, I would clothe my heart
With holiest purpose, as for God himself.

For them, I wile the hours with tale or song,
Or web of fancy, fringed with careless rhyme;
But how to find a fitting lay for thee,
Who hast the harmonies of every time?

Oh friend beloved! I sit apart and dumb,
Sometimes in sorrow, oft in joy divine;
My lip will falter, but my prison'd heart
Springs forth to measure its faint pulse with thine.

Thou art to me most like a royal guest,
Whose travels bring him to some lowly roof,
Where simple rustics spread their festal fare,
And, blushing, own it is not good enough.

Bethink thee, then, whene'er thou com'st to me
From high emprise and noble toil to rest,
My thoughts are weak and trivial, matched with thine,
But the poor mansion offers thee its best.

Letters from Abroad.

SHIP GERMANIA, Oct. 1853.

MY DEAR DWIGHT:—You see I am better than my promise, and actually begin a letter on board ship, in the midst of the heaving Atlantic. Not that I have any musical intelligence to send you. The ocean, to be sure, is suggestive of unutterable harmonies—that is, when you are not seasick. Then, the *movements*, whether *adagio* or otherwise, are not the most agreeable. But after having been once thoroughly exercised by the ugly fiend of the billows, these same movements become not unpleasant.

Poets, from Homer to Alexander Smith, have sung of the music of the waves and winds. But their songs have usually come from some safe nook in the sea-side rocks, or from the smooth pebbled beach, where the ocean was but an accompaniment to the quick melody of waving trees and grass on the shore. But there is much to be seen and felt far at sea, from a ship under full sail, scudding through the waves, which the dweller on land knows little about.

As I watched the two great planets in the west, the other evening, slowly sinking towards the shoreless horizon, throwing their faint reflections on the heaving water, a fitful and broken melody came to me and sang itself thus:—

The stars are shimmering in the sea,
The wide, wide, heaving sea—
Our friends are gone—the ship sails on,
A speck on the shoreless sea;
And we sit gazing on the west,
The home of all we love the best,
Away o'er the darkening sea.

Away, away, o'er the twilight sea—
The grey, dim, shadowy sea—
The ship speeds on, and we are alone
With the stars of Eternity;
But our thoughts go back and our prayers ascend,
And we pledge each fond and faithful friend,
Away o'er the twilight sea.

There is much material for music and verse on board ship. But the ship must be a good, comfortable, elegant ship; none of your cranky concerns, one half full of water and the other half under water,—all tan and grease and creaky timbers and sailor's oaths. You need large, ele-

gant staterooms, airy cabin, cozy smoking room, good table, wide, clean quarter deck, amiable captain, clean-shirted mate, passengers disposed to friendly contact, some good fellows and agreeable ladies—so much you need as you need house, fire, and clothing—a material basis. Then comes in the æsthetic, intellectual element with a good grace. Then you enjoy with a relish the view of the surging billows from the tilting, rolling deck,—the strong breeze rounding out the immense wing-like sails—the dash of the salt spray against the stalwart sides—the rolling and pitching in your berth at dead of night—as the song has it:

"What matter, what matter!
I can ride and sleep."

Then you enjoy leaning out of the stern-windows as the shadows of night descend, to watch the sparks and corruscations streaming out from under the keel, as if some submarine fire were boiling up under you. Then you go on deck for your before-breakfast promenade, and after peeping at the compass and glancing at the sails to see if we are making our course, watch the sea gulls or the petrels, or the "school" of tumbling porpoises, or if it be calm, the nautilus, and "the hneless mosses under the sea," or haply some distant ship on the level horizon. Spite of its monotony, there is much to be enjoyed on the ocean by the lover of nature.

Here is a Frenchman aboard, who seems to have in his stateroom a whole curiosity-shop. He is musical, for he has a flageolet, a cornet, a violin, and I know not what other instruments. He is piscatory, for he carrieth fish-hooks and lines; he loveth shooting, for to-day he brought out his gun and fired at a sea-gull; he is artistic, for he hath slates and pencils—topographic, for he carrieth large maps—mechanical, for he useth a hammer and other tools—he is a lover of birds, and has about him, parrots, bobolinks and sparrows—and whenever a stray bird lights on the ship, he is sure to catch it. I shall not be surprised, if he brings out a live monkey, or if I learn that he is superintendent of an actual giraffe, stowed away somewhere in the hold.

PARIS, Dec. 11th.—From the cabin of a ship on the Atlantic to Paris—here is something of a grasshopper leap in my correspondence.

I went the other night to the Italian Opera, and heard Mario in *I Puritani*. Ah, here was something rich and rare. I need not say that his singing was truly delicious. I am sure there can be but one opinion about Mario. In the first place his appearance goes far in his favor—he is tall, graceful, handsome, and a good actor. His voice is by far the most perfect tenor I have ever heard—sweet, rich, delicate, powerful, impassioned, and wonderfully equal in all these qualities throughout his entire compass. Where you hear anything so perfect, you are troubled somewhat that he now and then permits himself to escape out of his natural and legitimate register, and to break into a shrill, feminine, chanticleer-like falsetto. Though only a few notes, they mar the symmetry of his performance. It is like patching a new cloth coat with ladies' silk. Better that he should omit those few upper notes, however flute-like and sweet—and the music would suffer nothing by the omission.

Tamburini I also heard. His name has long been celebrated, and his voice is still fine and sonorous. I was rather disappointed in him, but

I should have remembered that he is no longer young.

Madam Frezzolini, the prima donna, seems like a person who has studied hard and accomplished her rôle very creditably. But she sings with effort and excites no enthusiasm.

The Emperor and Empress were present at this Opera, and I had them in full survey the whole evening. I should have known them anywhere from the engraved portraits which one sees in the shop windows.

If during my sojourn here I hear anything good in the way of music, I will send you a note of it—if I have time. Ever yours,

X.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

THE TROUBADOUR.

[From the Italian of G. BERTHET.]

Through the forest dreary
Goes the Troubadour alone;
All his gay delights are gone,
His soul is weary.

All that face, so fair before,
Marred with shadow of distress;
That sweet voice of music is
That sweet voice no more.

Long his heart in secret burned;
Till the passion sweet and strong
Found a voice; and in his song
All his spirit yearned.

Shut within his chamber high
Listened to that song his lord;
Ah! the rash, unthinking bard
Dooms himself to die!

But to save the hapless youth
Thrilled the lady's tender heart;
And she pleaded, with no art
But her stainless truth;

Never had she heard his vows;
And her beauty chaste subdued
Swift the rising angry mood
Of her jealous spouse.

Glad the gracious lady smiled
'Neath her husband's proud caress;
But the banished boy must press
Forth into the wild.

Of those dear and fatal eyes
He no more must see the flame,
Nor oblivion draw from them
Of his miseries.

Lone he leaves the halls and mute,
Where he woke the echoes loud
With his martial songs and proud,
With his gladsome lute.

So he goes—he quits the gates—
Gazes on them—holds his breath;
As with rending pangs of death
All his heart dilates.

And he seeks the forest soon,
There he wanders to and fro
Shunning day's intenser glow,
Seeking but the moon.

Fall'n the flowers that bloomed before
On those youthful cheeks of his;
That sweet voice of music is
That sweet voice no more!

W. H. H.

MATTHEW LOCK was originally a chorister in the cathedral church of Exeter, and a pupil of Edward Gibbons. Very early in life he attained a considerable degree of eminence in his profession. He was employed to compose the music for the public entry of King Charles II., and not long afterwards was appointed composer in ordinary to that monarch.

Dramatic music was that in which he chiefly

excelled, but there are likewise extant many valuable compositions for the church. Amongst others is the morning service composed for the Chapel Royal, in which the prayer after each of the commandments is set in a different way. This was deemed by many persons an inexcusable innovation, and, on the whole, was so much censured, that he was compelled to publish the entire service in score with a vindication by way of preface.

Lock appears to have been a man of an unpleasant and quarrelsome disposition, and consequently he involved himself in almost continual broils. About the year 1672, he was engaged in a controversy with Thomas Salmon, A. M., of Trinity College, Oxford, on the subject of a book written by him, and entitled "An Essay to the Advancement of Music, by casting away the Perplexity of different Cliffs, and uniting all sorts of music into one universal Character." Lock could not refrain from attacking this work. Accordingly he published "Observations upon a late Book, entitled an Essay, &c.," which lying immovable upon the booksellers' shelves, he afterwards republished it with a new title. Salmon answered it in "A Vindication of an Essay to the Advancement of Music from Mr. Lock's Observations." The subject matter of this dispute is not of sufficient importance to demand any detail of the arguments; suffice it to say, that, under a studied affectation of wit and humor, the pamphlets, on both sides, are replete with the most scurrilous invective and abuse.

The musical world is indebted to Lock for the first rules that were ever published in England on the subject of thorough bass. A collection of these were inserted in a book entitled "*Melothesia*," which also contains some lessons for the harpsichord and organ, by himself and other masters. It is well known that Lock was the composer of the music to Shakespeare's plays of "Macbeth" and "The Tempest," as altered by Sir William Davenant, and, in conjunction with Draghi, to Shadwell's opera of "Psyche." He was also author of a collection of airs, published in 1657, entitled "A little Consort of Three Parts, for Viols and Violins," and, of the music to several songs printed in "The Treasury of Music," "The Theatre of Music," and other collections.

The *ballad* was the favourite dance of the Italians. This word, now used only to designate the words of a peculiar species of song, is derived from the Italian *ballare*, to dance, and originally signified a dance accompanied by a chant. This dance was probably pantomimic, exhibiting the story of the accompanying verse by that expressive gesticulation in which the Italians of all ages have excelled.

One item of the late foreign news states that Hafis Effendi, a Turkish poet, has written a national hymn in the style of the *Marseillaise*—a patriotic war-song, of course—which is stimulating the enthusiasm of the Ottoman against the Russians in an extraordinary degree. The Turk has not, heretofore, been supposed to have much of the chanting cherub about him; but all Turkey is now said to be sounding with the strains of the new lyric.

MENDELSSOHN.—In an English journal of the year 1842, we came across the following:—

During a recent tour in Switzerland, the great composer visited an asylum for the blind, in the Canton de Vaud; where, as is usual, he was required to sign his name in the visitor's book. No sooner was the illustrious name made known, than many of the pupils of the establishment, devoted to the study of music, thronged around the master, requesting that their attempts at composition might have the honor and advantage of his supervision. Mendelssohn, with his usual affability, corrected several of these attempts, and commended their authors. He was then unanimously importuned to give them a specimen of his high musical talent, when he seated himself at the organ in the little chapel of the hospital, and improvised for half an hour, introducing the themes of his several blind scholars, in so masterly and effective a style, that the whole party was moved to tears.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 14, 1854.

Jullien's "Shakspeare Night."

Such was the title of the second of these brilliant entertainments. It was a fancy, a *notion*, certainly, to make up a musical programme of works identified somehow, in name or spirit, with the creations of the great dramatist. And yet such a fancy was interesting for once, especially since Mendelssohn has shown us that there may be music of such kindred inspiration with at least one vein of Shakspeare, that, when once heard, the mind must ever delight to associate the music with the poem. The fairy element of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" certainly did translate itself into music in the exquisite tone-reveries of the boy Felix. We really do not know of any other music that can properly be called Shakspearian, except it be Beethoven's overture to "Coriolanus," which found no place in M. Jullien's programme. Beethoven, indeed, is the only musician, perhaps the only artist in any sphere, whose genius throughout suggests to us analogy with Shakspeare; and whom, in many-sidedness of creative power, never repeating itself, but yielding in each effort a distinct vital product, we could venture to pronounce the equal of the great bard. For Beethoven has produced symphonies as perfect in their kind, yet as unlike each other, as "Hamlet" and the "Merry Wives," or "Lear" and "As you Like it."

But what shall we say of the piece with which this concert opened,—the overture to "King Lear," by Berlioz? In his writings about Art, his letters to his friends, &c., Berlioz seems so genial, so sensible and so appreciative, that we confidently hoped, through the clear and powerful medium of Jullien's orchestra, to find his overture—not, what it seemed to us in some imperfect Musical Fund rehearsals some years since—but really a work worthy of its high pretensions, eccentric as it might be in its forms, and striving to exceed all earlier bounds of instrumentation. In instrumentation it certainly evinces rare power; it is also full of impetus and fire; but impetus of the most impatient, fragmentary and distracted sort, and fire of the most ignis fatuus fiftfulness. Its repeated fever crises of brazen fortissimo were enough to unsettle one's brain as badly as the ingratitude of daughters had unsettled Lear's. And this was about the only verisimilitude with Shakspeare's tragedy that we were able to detect. If madness were designed to be the passion-spring and motive of this music, it was altogether the assumed and blustering madness of Mad Tom, poor "Turligood," and had nothing of the poetic, touching quality of the old king's madness, so pathetic and imaginative, where he sits down on the cold ground, in the rain, and says; "Come, let us reason with this philosopher!" It was rather an audacious enterprise, one would think, for any composer less than Beethoven to essay such a theme!—But the overture at least served to show forth the brilliant qualities of Jullien's band; the massive unison of his great double basses in the opening measures; the promptness, splendor and precision of his always true and justly blended brass instruments; the fine and nervous outline of his violin passages; and the warm coloring and

graceful flow of reed and flute tones in their turn.

The entire "Midsummer Night's Dream" music of Mendelssohn, so far as orchestra without voices could suffice (and that included all the essential features), followed next. The music is too familiar to require notice on its own account. It was played richly, splendidly:—but we are obliged to confess, it was played noisily, roughly, stunningly, in the forte passages of the overture and wedding march—or else we, in the first end gallery opposite the stage, were placed in the very focus of all the explosive din and echo of trombones and drums. When Jullien has played this music before, we have not felt this in anything like the same degree; but now we missed the fine and delicate beauty, the soft and dreamy pianissimos, the light and shade, which we must ever associate with this exquisite music. The comic march, however, of Bottom and associates was laughably effective.

The rest (of the Shakspearian portion) was old English music. M^{lle} ZERR sang Dr. Arne's "Where the Bee sucks," &c., from "The Tempest," a sprightly, pleasant trifle, with bits of symphony that are strikingly in Handel's manner. Old Matthew Lock's music to "Macbeth," was given entire, in orchestral arrangement, the ophicleide, bassoon and oboe doing good execution in the wild witch melodies. There is something grand and wholesome about much of this old music, although it is rather monotonously kept in one key throughout many movements, and shows but a tame conception of the supernatural, compared with the modern German music which is so native to that element. It was a curious piece of musical *rococo*, however, which made up in historical, whatever it might lack in intrinsic interest. And Jullien, without voices, without witches, and without cauldrons (save his kettle drums), gave us a far clearer and bolder conception of the famous old thing than we ever had before.—So much for Shakspeare.

Part Second of the programme was almost purely Jullien, and included two of his very happiest productions in very different veins. First (for the thirteenth time in America), came the most brilliant, masterly and thoroughly Jullienesque of all his grand effect pieces, the "Great Exhibition Quadrille." We find it so happily hit off by the accomplished critic of the *Courier and Enquirer*, that in lieu of attempting a description of our own, we insert his:

"Who has not heard it has not heard Jullien. For richness and variety it is unequalled by any *pot pourri* that we remember. The mastery of the orchestra and the power to combine musical sounds effectively with sounds which are mere noise, displayed in it, indicate a genius for instrumentation, an intuitive knowledge of the capacities and relations of all vibrating bodies, from sticks, stones, and brass kettles to violins, which truly borders on the marvellous. One of the most pleasing and original effects in the composition was produced by the use of the fagotto in the cadences of the Spanish *Zapateado*. It was indescribably quaint and grotesque, and yet seemed so germane to the theme that the idea of its remarkable originality did not obtrude itself upon the mind until after a moment's reflection. The *finale* of this Quadrille shows Monsieur Jullien in his glory. It is introduced by a terrible elangor of an army of drums, which gradually diminishes, and finally dies away into an almost inaudible pulsation—in which, however, every parchment vibrates. After this, a few bars from the cornet and the stringed instruments are interrupted or rather overwhelmed by the roar of voices which

finally break into a cheer, and *God save the Queen* bursts from the band. It is played in the midst of a din which passes description. Bells ringing, apparently out of time and out of tune, cannon booming, and an inexplicable confused clash and roar made by one knows not what, and coming one knows not whence, convey the impression of a vast metropolis thronged with a jubilant multitude; and in the midst of this, and towering over it, is heard the English National Anthem. Were all London agog, its chimes ringing, salutes firing, and all its musicians uniting with all their hearts in *God save the Queen*, an audience, suspended in mid-air over the city, would hear very much such a combination of sounds as becomes harmonious under the baton of Monsieur Jullien in the splendid *finale* to this *Great Exhibition Quadrille*."

All that was wanting to the full effect in this instance was a crowded audience, so essential always to the glory of the Jullien music, which is calculated to that end. The other piece was his "Katydid Polka," which still revives the pleasant sense of summer nights in Castle Garden. "Irish Quadrilles," an Italian song by the ZERR, a clarinet solo by WUILLE, &c., made the balance of the entertainment.

Sixth Germania Concert.

Come, let us worship once more at the true shrine! The SYMPHONY BY SCHUBERT! It is called the Symphony in C, because, though a dozen symphonies have been discovered in the careless heap of MS. remains of that inspired young genius, this alone has yet attained to print or public hearing. It was first introduced to a Boston audience a year ago last autumn by the little orchestra conducted by Mr. SUCK, and was more effectually repeated in the following winter once by the Germanians. We think the majority of hearers (or rather, sitters and bystanders) at that time voted it a very long Symphony. Many also found it wild and strange, and even owned that there were fine things in it. A few were charmed and borne along upon its full rushing tide of deep and tender inspiration, not once thinking of the length, till disappointed that the spell was over. We briefly noted then our own conviction of its beauty, its artistic and poetic worth; alluding to the solemn introductory Andante, opening with an old church-like strain intoned by the French horn solo; the fire and strength of the Allegro; the oft-returning lovely theme of the Andante; and the rich surprises of continually new and exquisite ideas in the Scherzo and Finale. All this we felt with ten-fold certainty and joy last Saturday night. The entire Symphony was admirably rendered, so that every point was clear and all the features blended in the warm and true expression of the whole. Then we thought that, after Beethoven, we never had heard a symphony so beautiful, so thoroughly inspired, so wonderful. In abundance of ideas, new and fascinating, it seems even to exceed anything of Mendelssohn, though not perhaps in the working up. The mind is haunted by the lovely, perfectly original, pregnant and yet very simple main theme of the Andante. No wonder it returns upon us so often, and in so many happy combinations, before the composer is willing to dismiss it! He was in love with this exquisite God-send, and did his best—how reverently and how effectively!—to make us love it! He never heard his symphony, save in the mind's ear, as he wrote it down! There it lay, like refuse, in the old heap of manuscripts, till ten years after

his death Schumann and Mendelssohn found it, recognized it, and gave it to the world. The Scherzo was shortened by the non-repetition of the strains; but they too were ideas worth repeating, and which one would prize an opportunity of fixing in his memory more indelibly. The Finale, Allegro Vivace, was a perpetual series of exquisite surprises; new melodic thoughts, in admirably managed contrast, kept continually announcing themselves in ways most appetizing and irresistible. By skilful preparation of harmony and instrumental coloring these dainty themes spread, as it were, each its own magical halo before it, as it came, and expectation every time was fully, doubly satisfied. The attentive, interested look of the whole audience was quite remarkable throughout the symphony, and merited, we do believe, another opportunity of hearing it and of appreciating it still better.

The piano-playing of Mr. ROBERT HELLER, (a name that has magical associations), seemed to take well with the audience. He has a neat, clear touch, and facile, tasteful execution; but it was rather a senseless hodge-podge that he treated us to, under the promise of "selections from Mendelssohn, Chopin, Thalberg, &c." There was no Chopin about it. He began with that bright and dainty little *Lied* of Mendelssohn's, called sometimes "Spring Song," which served him only as a prelude to variations on the hack-nied Donizetti serenade: "O, summer night." The encore produced nothing better. Mr. ARTHUR TOMMAS performed a fantasia from *Semiramide* upon the harp, in masterly style, wisely declining to respond to the vociferous encore of the thoughtless ones, who seek to prolong the present course of sweetmeats, without considering its effect on the whole bill of fare.

Gade's overture, *Nachklänge aus Ossian*, was less striking to us than it was before we knew Gade better. It has a decided individuality, entirely in harmony with such a subject as the wild, misty, sea-shore dreaminess, and old warrior minstrelsy of Ossian, and is a work of power and beauty. But it is just the individuality of all that we have heard from Gade: he appears to write ever in that one vein. The harp had less to do in it than we had fancied; but that little, especially in those cool and humid arpeggios that mingled with the opening and closing chords, lent quite a poetic coloring.

Mr. Bergmann's Trio for two horns and bassoon, had a quaint, sombre and scholastic sound, with a sort of contrapuntal fascination about it, and exhibited to good advantage the instruments and tasteful execution of Herren KÜSTENMACHER, PLAGEMANN and HUNSTOCK. The remainder of the programme was light and varied: a good flute solo (good as such things ever need be) composed and executed by the tasteful CARL ZERRAHN; an orchestral Polonaise Concertante, by Wittmann (a very pleasing and euphonious thing that, in which almost every instrument ran out in turn in its little stream of solo; the *Dance des Fées*, of Alvars, deliciously played by Mr. ARTHUR TOMMAS; and finally the overture to the "Siege of Corinth," decidedly one of Rossini's best.

JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.—Thursday completed the brief nightly series of brilliant musical *feux de joie*, vouchsafed to us this time. They were all essentially of the same character as those we

had in Jullien's first visit, and the programmes made up mostly of the same materials. With the exception of the "Shakspeare Night," these programmes have been almost exclusively of the light and miscellaneous order, the "American" and "Exhibition" Quadrilles forming alternately, or combinedly, the grand features. Of course there is nothing to be said of them, that has not already been said by ourselves and everybody else that writes of these things; except that the orchestra has played as splendidly as ever, that "Yankee Doodle" and "Hail Columbia" still bring the crowd upon their feet, that Koenig, and Wulle, and Lavigne, and Hughes, and Collinet, and the Mollinhauers, and above all, Bottesini, have not yet exhausted admiration by their wonderful solos, &c., &c. Only it is a pity that they will still keep playing the *same* solos, and that the "Carnival of Venice" still takes it upon itself to answer all encores, a nimble Proteus of all shapes, from Lilliputian flageolet to giant double bass!

To the full glory of Jullien music a crowded hall is necessary. And that we had in overflowing measure at the benefit of Jullien, Wednesday night. Jullien's benefit is a sure signal for a monster gathering; and this time, sympathy for his losses by the burning of Metropolitan Hall in New York, (which swept away the labors of twenty years, in the shape of nearly all his MS. compositions, which are irrecoverable, and not to be estimated at any money price) probably added its might to old attractions of the favorite. It was a sight indeed to one entering, as we did, just far enough to peep down from the top gallery corner, over those delighted human masses; the old quadrilles and polkas became new in the fresh multiplying mirror of so many responsive faces; we never saw a more happy and enthusiastic looking audience; music and multitude were mutually glorifying.

On Thursday night the great feature of the concert was Mr. Fry's "Santa Claus" Symphony. It is a most ingenious, original, effective, entertaining production. The curious professions of the verbal key to it, upon the back of the programme, really seemed to be made good in the music, if one carefully followed it. Marvellous effects of instrumentation are produced, and the imitative and description parts of it are often very admirable. But it taxes all the resources of a Jullien orchestra to render them. It presents too many points for notice in our present abridged space, and we shall perhaps return to it again.—The *Freyschütz* overture, and the Andante to the C minor Symphony—those two first entering wedges in our orchestro-musical culture here in Boston—were played with great breadth and grandeur of effect, and plainly made their mark upon the audience.

THE SYMPHONY SOIREEs. That noble plan of the Germanians, we are sorry to say, is proved to have been brought forward too late in the season. Our music-lovers are already too much preoccupied with multitudes of musical and other engagements. But the plan is yet good for another year, and doubtless will be realized more gloriously than it could be now, after the Germanians shall have returned from their summer visit to the Fatherland, where they are longing to rekindle their true German Art enthusiasm at the perennial shrines.

M^{lle} GABRIELLE DE LA MOTTE.—We listened with pleasure, at her recent private soiree in the Chickering rooms, to the performance of this accomplished young pianiste, who comes among us as a teacher, after enjoying the instructions of Liszt, Prudent, and other great European masters. Both in the brilliant fantasia style, as Liszt's *Lucia* and *Patineurs*, and in the classical, as a Mendelssohn Capriccio, and one of the earlier sonatas of Beethoven, she proved herself an excellent pianist, in the opinion of a numerous and cultivated audience that evening. Of M^{lle} de la Motte, as a teacher, the *Transcript* says:

To a brilliant execution she adds a thorough acquaintance with the scientific theory of music, a refined taste, and a rare and happy faculty of imparting her knowledge and enthusiasm to her pupils.

M^{lle} de la Motte has tested the soundness of the system of class instruction adopted by the musical *conservatoires* of Italy, France and Germany, in which, to say nothing of the economy of time and money, the spirit of emulation has been found to work marvels in the development of talent among the pupils. Experience has shown that where two pupils receive instruction together, their progress is far more rapid and secure than that of two pupils receiving individual attention. And when considerable progress has been made, the advantages of two playing together, with a frequent alternation of parts, are too apparent and decided to require discussion.

M^{lle} de la Motte aims at imparting brilliant execution combined with expression, and to develop that fine sense which enables the performer to discriminate between the ideas of the great artists—between Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Prudent, Thalberg, and Liszt. The advent of a teacher with so high a conception of her profession and of art, cannot but be hailed as an important event by our music-loving community.

M^{lle} de la Motte has been advised to give a series of four Musical Soirees in the rooms of Messrs. Chickering, where a list is open for subscribers. We trust that she will find a remunerative and appreciating audience.

"MUSICAL LETTERS FROM ABROAD." By LOWELL MASON.—Such is the title of a beautifully printed and bound duodecimo, of 300 pages, published by Mason Brothers, New York. These letters were written home by Mr. Mason, during a musical tour in Europe between January 1852 and April 1853. They originally appeared chiefly in the musical papers of New York, in the *Boston Traveller*, and some few of them in this journal. It was a good thought to gather them together in a permanent form. For they are full of interest, and contain graphic, simple and straight-forward records of what the author saw and thought and felt, among the most famous musical men and schools and festivals of Germany and England. Especially complete and life-like are his descriptions of the Birmingham, Norwich and Dusseldorf Musical Festivals of 1852. Of course our great mass teacher had an especial eye to the educational provisions for music, and to whatever could be learned respecting Psalmody and Sacred Music generally. Yet his perceptions are generally clear, and his conclusions shrewd and to the point in other fields of musical interest as well as these. Every friend of music would do well to have a copy.

THE "NEW YORK MUSICAL REVIEW & CHORAL ADVOCATE," published by Mason Brothers, comes to us in a new and greatly improved form. It is now issued *fortnightly*, instead of monthly. It discards the old pictorial title page, and presents itself in sixteen pages of a plain and decent English looking garb. The first four pages are filled with original music, Glees, Psalms and Sentences, by Lowell Mason, Hastings, Bradbury and other popular writers and arrangers. The reading matter is greatly improved and presents in this first number truly a rich variety

of well written or selected matter. The criticisms are sound, and the summaries of musical doings in Boston and many other places besides New York, quite full and faithful. Among other matters we are pleased to find in it a commendatory notice of the article in our journal about the self-styled "Pupils of Liszt and Mendelssohn," from which we copy and endorse the following:

"In the course of further very just remarks in the article in *Dwight's Journal*, to which we have alluded, we find the following:

As the good is always more scarce than the bad, Germany numbers also many more bad than good musicians; and unfortunately, she likes to send the worst ones to America, and keep the best ones herself!

"This we heartily endorse. American art and artists have suffered much from the men here alluded to. They are that class of foreigners who, coming among us because they had not the ability or knowledge to sustain themselves at home, delight in sneering at everything musical which is American. American composers, or teachers, or singers, they are in the habit of abusing on all possible occasions. These are they who are fond of deriding the 'Yankee Psalm-singers,' and 'Down-east Singing-masters,' as they term American musicians.

"It is unfortunate that we in America have great musical reverence for a mustache and a foreign accent. Having been accustomed (very justly) to regard Germany as that country which has made the highest musical progress, and given to the world the greatest masters of this science, we have made the foolish mistake of thinking every German must be a good musician! As if a diet on sour kroust and German sausages must necessarily result in musical proficiency!

"A brighter day is dawning, however. We are beginning to discover, that the mere fact that a man is a German does not necessarily make him a musician. American teachers, who add to a sufficient musical knowledge, that common sense which enables them to impart it to others, are beginning to be appreciated, and to rank in the estimation of the people more nearly as they should, while, as a consequence, those foreigners whose chief qualifications have been high pretensions and impudence, are beginning to be properly appreciated also.

"Now, let us not be misunderstood, (misrepresented we expect to be,) as taking ground against German music and musicians. Germany has given us the great masters, who stand far above all others. Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schumann, are names in reverence of which we yield to none. Their works are those which we would counsel all to study and look up to as the great models of musical excellence. We have also many German musicians among us, gentlemen of real ability and knowledge, who are exerting a most beneficial influence, and accomplishing a great work, and whom we delight to honor. It is these others who are mere pretenders, and by whom we have been so much imposed upon, that we take exceptions to; and it is these who are loudest in their sneers and abuse of American music."

The "Review" retains its able editor, Mr. C. M. CADY, with the corresponding editors of the last year, besides three other gentlemen, whose names it does not mention.

This publication has reached the fifth year since its commencement.

"ACOUSTIC ARCHITECTURE, or the Construction of Buildings with reference to Sound," by J. B. UPHAM, M. D. Printed in New Haven. This little volume, of some fifty pages, now reprinted from Silliman's *American Journal of Arts and Sciences*, is an expansion of the able and instructive series of articles which appeared last year in our own Journal. Probably no writer has studied the subject so thoroughly and philosophically as Dr. Upham; and now that the world is so interested in the building of good music halls, the light he sheds upon a hitherto dark problem should be indispensable to architects and building committees, as well as to all who take a scientific interest in music. These papers were certainly too valuable not to be collected and completed in such form of permanence.

CONCERTS AT HAND.—To-night the GERMANIANS offer us a most attractive *extra* Concert. Felicien David's Ode-symphony, "The Desert," a work of great celebrity, will be presented entire, with the aid of the well-drilled chorus of the MENDELSSOHN CHORAL SOCIETY, and of Sig. CAMOENZ in the solos. Such an opportunity has never before offered itself. Besides this, we are to hear again the glorious *Tannhäuser* overture, the great rain chorus from "Elijah," the harp of APTOMMAS and other brilliant things.

On Tuesday night the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB will repeat the great Quartet in F of Beethoven. Also Mozart's Clarinet Quintet, and the Quartet in D, of Mendelssohn.

MR. ARTHURSON requests us to state that his Concert is unavoidably postponed until further notice.

Musical Intelligence.

PARIS, 4th Dec.—At the Academie Imperiale de Musique *Isotta* and the accomplished Rosati have again this week been the attractions. The *ballet* has been given twice with *Le Comte Ory*, and once with *Le Maître Chanteur*. The charming danseuse will remain with us till the 10th. At the Opera Comique *Le Nabab*, *Haydée*, *Marco Spada*, *Collette*, *Le Pere Gaillard*, and *L'Ombre d'Argentine* have been played, assisted with Sainte Foix, and Mlle. Lemercier. Every time that the *Mousquetaires de la Reine* is played, the part of Captain Roland procures for Herman Leon a new and legitimate success. The Emperor and Empress attended the representation of *I Puritani* on Thursday. Mario sang divinely. It is announced that Pacini has been writing a new opera for the Theatre Italien, entitled *La Cantatrice di Madrid*, which will most probably be produced during the present season. The director of the *Theatre Lyrique*, M. Jules Seveste, has just accepted an opera in four acts, the *libretto* by M. Henri Trianon, and the music by M. Georges Bousquet, author of *Tabarin*, which had but mediocre success last year. The distribution of the prizes at the Conservatoire Impérial de music and declamations, will take place on Sunday next, the 11th inst. They will be presented by the Minister of State. The following is the programme of the concert to be given for the benefit of the "incendiés" of the 7th arrondissement, in the Salle Sainte Cecile this day, by the *Société de la Grande Harmonie*, organized by Adolphe Saxe:—

- I.
1. Overture *Carnaval romain*,.....Berlioz.
2. Fantaisie pour orchestre sur *Giralda*,.....Adam.
3. *Air la Favorite*,.....Mlle Wertheimer.
4. Duo piano et violoncelle,.....M. Norblin et Brisson.
5. *La Marche aux flambeaux*,.....Meyerbeer.

- II.
1. Overture, *Zampa*,.....Hérold.
2. Romance *Carillonneur de Bruges*,.....Mlle Wertheimer.
3. Solo, piano,.....M. Brisson.
4. *Air varié*, orchestre avec soliste,.....Mohr.
5. *Benediction des poignards, Huguenots*,
Director of the Orchestra, M. Mohr.

The *Marche aux flambeaux* was composed by Meyerbeer on the occasion of the betrothing of a princess of Prussia. The composition of this kind of morceau belongs to a ceremony of the middle ages, and is still observed in the German Courts. On the day of the betrothing of a prince or princess royal, it is the custom for each of the betrothed, with torch in hand, to make the tour of the salon several times, and to pass before the sovereign; the prince giving his hand to a lady, and the princess hers to a gentleman of the Court. All the guests follow the betrothed, who change partners each time until all present have walked round the room with them. The march is always written in 3-4 time. It is a slow movement in the style of a polonaise, and scored for a military band. We hear that Mlle. *Clauss* has made a great hit at the London Wednesday Evening Concerts, held in Exeter Hall, in Mendelssohn's first concert, and that she delayed her departure to play the same concerto again. We are in expectation of seeing her daily in Paris, en route to St. Petersburg. She has already announced a concert to be given here, in the Salle Herz. She is to play the violoncello sonata, in B flat, of Mendelssohn, with M. Seligmann; a prelude of Stephen Heller, some *lieder ohne worte* by Mendelssohn, an impromptu by Chopin, a sonata by Beethoven, and *Le roi des Aulnes* (the *Erl King*), by Stephen Heller.—M. Briard, the young violinist "Laureat" of the Conservatoire, formerly a pupil of Baillot, has returned to Paris.—The sisters, Sophie and Bella Dulcken, have obtained success in Paris, one on the piano-forte, and the other on the new instrument called concertina.—M. Kuster, a violinist, and dramatic composer, is now in Paris. M. Emile Steinkuhler, a composer, has received from the Emperor a gold medal, as a mark of satisfaction for the *Marche Imperiale* which he composed, and which was executed during his Majesty's stay at Lille.

BERLIN.—The new opera by M. Flotow *Rabezahl*, will be brought out this month.—Vieuxtemps is expected in January, when it is expected he will give a series of

concerts.—For the *fete* of the Queen, the Theatre Royal gave Gluck's *Armida*. On the same occasion, a concert was given at the Theatre of Potsdam under the direction of the pianist to the Court, M. Theodore Kullak. Among other things, a duet from *La Reine de Chypre*, of Halevy, was executed; Parish Alvars' *Danse des Fées*, for the Harp; some *lieder* by the Princess Charlotte of Meiningen and Theodore Kullak. Among the executants were Mlle. Johanna Wagner, M. Adolphe Fornes and Solomon, Mlle. Alvars, and M. Theodore Kullak. From the 20th to the 27th Nov., the Theatre Royal played the *Huguenots*, the *Prophete*, and *Don Juan*.

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Jan. 7. 2c

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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Beethoven and his Three Styles.

BY M. W. DE LENZ.

[From the French of HECTOR BELLIOZ.]

Here is a book, full of interest for the musician. It is written under the influence of an admiring passion, which its subject explains and justifies; but the author, nevertheless, preserves his liberty of thought—very rare among critics—which permits him to control his admiration, to blame at times, and to recognize the spots upon his sun.

Mr. de Lenz is a Russian, as is also Mr. Oulibi-

cheff, the author of the biography of Mozart. Let us remark, *en passant*, that among the serious works of musical criticism published within the last five years, two have come to us from Russia.

I shall have much to praise in the work of Mr. de Lenz; therefore I would first of all consider the reproaches which he seems to have incurred in the preparation of his book. The first bears upon the manifold German citations which bristle in the text. Why not translate these fragments into French, since all the rest is in the French language? Mr. de Lenz, as a Russian, must necessarily speak a great number of languages, known and unknown; he probably said to himself: Who does not speak German? as that banker who remarked: Who has not a million? Alas! we Frenchmen do not speak German, who have so much difficulty, and who so rarely succeed in learning our own language. Therefore it is very unpleasant to us to peruse with a feverish interest the pages of a book, to fall at every moment into such pitfalls as this: Beethoven, addressing Mr. Rellstab, said: "*Opern, wie don Juan und Figaro, konnte ich nicht componiren. Dagegen habe ich einen Widerwillen.*" Very good! But, after all, what did Beethoven say? I should like to know. This is very annoying. And this quotation is even ill-selected, for the author, for once, gives himself the trouble to translate it, which he by no means does for a thousand other words, phrases, narratives, and documents, of which it is doubtless important for the reader to know the import. I like quite as well the mode of Shakespeare, in Henry IV., where, instead of a reply of a Welch woman to her husband, an Englishman, these words are substituted in a parenthesis: "*(Glendower speaks to her in Welch, and she answers him in the same.)*"

My second reproach bears upon an opinion emitted by the author with regard to Mendelssohn; an opinion already advanced by other critics, the motives of which I beg Mr. de Lenz's permission to argue with him.

He says: "We cannot speak of modern music without mentioning Mendelssohn Bartholdy.... We share with all the respect which a mind of his stamp commands; but we believe that the Hebrew element, with which the mind of Mendelssohn is imbued, will prevent his music from becoming the acquisition of the whole world, without distinction of time or place."

Is there not a little of prejudice in this manner of appreciating this great composer? and would

Mr. de Lenz have written these lines had he been ignorant of the descent of *Paul and Elijah* from the celebrated Israelite, Moses Mendelssohn? I hardly think it. "The harmony of the synagogue," says he again, "is a type easily to be traced in the music of Mendelssohn." Now, it is difficult to conceive how the psalmody of the synagogue could have acted upon the music of Felix Mendelssohn; for he never professed the Jewish religion: we all know on the contrary that he was a Lutheran, and a fervent and convinced Lutheran.

Moreover, what music is there which can ever become the acquisition of the whole world, without distinction of time or place? None, assuredly. The works of the great German masters, such as Gluck, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, who all belonged to the Catholic religion, that is to say, the universal religion, admirably beautiful, living, sound and powerful as they are, will never attain to this, any sooner than those of others.

Setting aside this question of Judaism, which seems to be broached unfittingly, the musical stamp of Felix Mendelssohn, the nature of his mind, his filial love for Handel and Bach, the education that he received from Zelter, his rather exclusive sympathies for German life and the German home, his exquisite sentimentality, his tendency to shut himself up within the circle of ideas of a given city and public, are all appreciated by Mr. de Lenz with much penetration and cunning. From the comparison which, in the same chapter, he establishes between Weber, Mendelssohn, and Beethoven, he draws also conclusions which seem to me just and to the point. He ventures also to make very sensible remarks upon the fugue, and the fugued style, and their real musical importance; on the use made of them by the true masters; and on the ridiculous use made of them by those musicians of whom this style is the constant preoccupation. He quotes, to support this theory, the remarks of a consummate contrapuntist, who has passed his life in the fugue, and who might have found more than one good reason for discovering therein the sole means of salvation in music, but who loved truth better. He says: It is a too honorable exception of the exclusive ideas of Art, that we should not do the reader" (who understands German) "the service to reproduce these remarks for him. We read in an article by Mr. Fuchs of St. Petersburg: '*Die Fuge, als ein für sich abgeschlossenes Music-stück,*' etc., etc." (He speaks Welch.)

Well, look ye! I would give much to know at once, what Mr. Fuchs has written about this, and I am doomed to be disappointed.

After having established very ingenious comparisons between Beethoven and the great German masters, his predecessors and contemporaries, Mr. de Lenz gives himself up to the study of the character of his hero, to the analysis of his works, and finally to the appreciation of the distinctive qualities of the three styles in which Beethoven wrote.

This task was difficult; and we cannot but praise the manner in which the author has accomplished it. It is impossible to enter more fully into the spirit of these marvellous musical poems; to more completely embrace the whole, and the details: to follow with more vigor the impetuous eagle flights; to see more clearly when he soars aloft, or sinks earthward; and to say all this with more frankness. In my opinion, Mr. de Lenz has, in this respect, a double advantage over Mr. Oulibicheff. He renders full justice to Mozart. Mr. Oulibicheff is far from doing the same with Beethoven. Mr. de Lenz acknowledges, without hesitation, that divers pieces of Beethoven's composition, such as the overture to the *Ruins of Athens*, and certain portions of his piano sonatas are feeble, and little worthy of him; that other compositions, little known, in fact, are absolutely devoid of ideas, and that two or three are monstrous logogriphs. On the contrary, M. Oulibicheff admires *all* in Mozart. And Heaven knows if the glory of the author of "Don Juan" would have suffered by the destruction of many of the compositions of his youth, which have most impudently been published! Mr. Oulibicheff would clear all away from around Mozart; he seems to suffer impatiently any talk of other masters. Mr. de Lenz is filled with a true enthusiasm for all fine manifestations of the Art; and his passion for Beethoven, though it be not a blind one, is, perhaps, more profound and more living than that of his rival for Mozart.

His indefatigable researches during a period of twenty years, throughout all Europe, have caused him to acquire many curious notions, not generally known, of Beethoven and his works. Several of the anecdotes which he relates have this importance, that they tend to explain the musical anomalies scattered throughout the productions of the great composer, to account for which all attempts have hitherto been fruitless.

Beethoven, we know, professed a robust admiration for those grim-visaged masters, whom Mr. de Lenz mentions, who made, in music, an exclusive use of that *purely rational element of human thought, which it is impossible to substitute for grace*. Do we know the tendency and extent of his admiration? I doubt it. It recalls slightly, to my sense, the taste of those rich gastronomists, who weary with their Lucullan banquets, were pleased, at times, to break their fast with a red-herring and a huckwheat cake.

[To be continued.]

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Hitherto, the longest pipe employed has been thirty-two feet, sounding two octaves below the lowest note of a violoncello.

The magnitude of this Organ is necessarily very great. The rough drawings which have been prepared for the guidance of the Committee, show that it will occupy an area of 5,400 feet, so that supposing it to be placed at the end of the transept, and to extend from one gallery to the other in width, its depth will be about 50 feet, and its altitude may be about 140 from the ground.

The internal structure of such an instrument is divided into stories, like a house, for the convenient support of the sound-boards and pipes. In the present case, the feeders of the bellows must be moved by a small steam-engine, and this, together with the feeders, should be disposed in an underground apartment beneath the organ.

The space beneath the first floor of the organ may thus be entirely disengaged, being only occupied by the pillars required for the support of the organ, and by the wind-trunks.

This portion of the structure should be constructed substantially of stone, iron, or brick, and open on all sides with arches, and will thus form a part of the area of the transept. The pillars may be made hollow so as also to serve for wind-trunks, &c.

The front of the Organ must be, as usual, an ornamental frame containing a select arrangement of pipes, and for the designing of this part, the Committee request that an Architect be appointed to confer with them.

In this form the large pipes will necessarily form a prominent and novel feature, from their unusual magnitude. The whole should be designed in a style to correspond in lightness and transparency with the general forms of the surrounding architecture.

The interior of the Organ should be symmetrically arranged, and in such a manner as to show as many of the pipes as possible at one view. The sides and back of the Organ may be constructed, in a great measure, if not wholly, of iron frame-work and glass, and thus spectators in the galleries will be enabled to inspect the interior, and to see the mechanism in action.

It is not advisable to admit visitors in general to the interior of the Organ, because its mechanism and pipes are very liable to derangement; but these must be arranged with every convenience for accessibility, for the purpose of tuning or inspecting the mechanism.

In the present stage of the proceedings any attempt to convey a description of the instrument which it is proposed to erect, so as to enable a just conception of its structure to be formed, would be very premature, inasmuch as the Committee—waiting the sanction of the Directors to their general plan above explained, and the appointment of a builder for the organ, and an architect,—have not yet proceeded to work out the design of the organ in its details. They can only state that their object is to produce an instrument vast in its compass, gigantic, though graceful, in its structure, and so wonderfully deep and various in its tones, as to place it on a vantage ground above all others, and thus hold out a rational expectation that it will at once be unique and noble.

Nor is it unimportant, in a pecuniary point of view, to observe that it will probably, on completion, become highly remunerative. It is stated on good authority, that the Apollonicon realized upwards of £40,000 in a few years, which leads to the belief that the Crystal Palace Organ, would be an excellent investment.

It has been shown to your Committee by those well informed on such matters, that celebrated organs have for many years past brought, when sold, as much as they originally cost. It is said that the Haarlem Organ, which cost £10,000, is worth more than that sum, and so with many others.

It is necessary to state, for the information of the Directors, that an organ of the scale required will absorb a sum of £25,000, or more. A detailed estimate, of course, cannot be prepared until exact working drawings and specifications of the proposed instrument have been made. Its construction will probably extend over three years at least; and if carried on with the desirable rapidity, the sums required in the successive years will be, £8,000, £5,000, and £5,000, respectively.

A New "Jupiter" among Symphonies.

To the Editor of the Journal of Music.

MY DEAR SIR:—As many of your readers have never seen a full and impartial description of Herr Löstiswitz's pictorial Symphony, I take the liberty of sending you an account of the performance by an ear witness.

Musical expression has certainly made great progress during the present century, but a triumph so wonderfully complete as the one here described, it is almost impossible to conceive.

Your readers will certainly arrive at the conclusion that there is *no* limit to the power of descriptive music.

BERLIN, APRIL 1st.

DEAR FRIEND:—I cannot forbear writing to you to express my deep regret at your departure from Berlin before the production of Herr Löstiswitz's pictorial Symphony. The rumors which had prevailed for some time amongst the dilettanti respecting this stupendous work of modern art-genius had already raised the minds of every class of the community in Berlin to the highest point of expectation, and led to the belief that a musical crisis was at hand, pregnant with results of the deepest consequence to æsthetical philosophy. But great as was the expectation formed by the public, it was surpassed by the reality, and a perfect fever of enthusiasm pervades the town at the moment of my sitting down to record this recent but ever memorable event in the history of sound-craft.

You may remember that the subject chosen by the gifted artist, is by no means one affording the ordinary broad points of imitation more especially demanded by the drama of sound. It is based upon the incidents of every day life, borrowing nothing from the rich sources of passion, the inspiration of romance, or the suggestive charms of a poetical existence. The present effort has been made (how successfully all Berlin can witness) to paint through the medium of sounds, unaided by words, the progress of a merchant's life. The name given to this truly wonderful production of self-poised genius is "*Das Tongemalt Kaufmanns Leben Gedicht*," literally "the sound-pictured poem of a merchant's life,"—a name in itself replete with interest to the student of German metaphysics, who here finds the whole circle of the fine arts embraced in a single phrase, agreeably to an exquisite sense of their intimate relations; a piece of descriptive music being first called a *poem*, and then being said to be *painted*, and this painting, lastly, being declared to be executed in *sound*. The details of this unparalleled symphony would occupy more space than any letter could afford: they absorb sixteen closely-printed pages in a synopsis just written by the learned and eloquent *Stufenonsenz*, in the *Musikalische Zeitung*, which I will forward you by the first post. In the meantime accept the following brief and meagre analysis.

I ought to tell you, in the first place, that the orchestra on this occasion was erected on the pit of the opera house, the audience being arranged

on the stage. In addition to an unusually large stringed instrument department, there were four and twenty trombones, eighteen trumpets, nine pairs of horns, six ophicleides, ten serpents, thirteen pairs of cymbals, two gongs and eight drums, tuned to each interval of the octave.

The band was swelled by amateurs of distinction, and the whole was led by the father of the composer; the last circumstance, as may readily be supposed, augmenting the deep interest of the scene to a degree of intensity bordering on the painful. Three quarters of an hour were required for tuning this immense mass of instruments.

This being over, see now ascending, amid the overwhelming plaudits of the audience and the orchestra, a young man of a pale and interesting countenance, with an immense profusion of uncombed black hair, lending romantic disorder to an appearance in every way peculiar. This is young Löstiswitz, and he turns towards the immense assemblage which greets him, while he gracefully endeavors to remove the hair out of his eyes in order to survey them. Still he ascends, and still they applaud, and still he labors to behold them through the struggling curtain of a dark hair-maze. But at length he has reached the rostrum of the conductor. All is at once as still as death. On him, the hero of that evening, every eye is bent. Many already have poured forth the soul-tribute of tears. His modest demeanor wins all hearts. And now he waves his baton, and the breathless silence is broken by the first stroke of the orchestra (the chord of the 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-0) struck by the whole band *staccatissimo Ffff* with the unity of a single gun.

A pause ensues. Then there begins a plaintive warbling strain on the oboe, accompanied by the ophicleides and one gong. This marks the first entrance of the boy-man into mercantile life. The lingering remembrances of his boyish sports and pleasures (graphically depicted by the touching accents of the oboe in E major) are brought effectively into contrast with the rough rebukes and reproaches of the senior clerk, conveyed by the bassi in C minor. Want of punctuality, and inaccuracy in the details of business, are now sharply urged against him by the violins, in staccato passages *contretemps*. He submits with becoming modesty to this censure in a holding note on the second bassoon. But his mind presently rallies; he girds himself up for his daily task; he is sensible of a divine energy; and now a strict fugue is led off by the tenors, and grows upon the ear through all the forms of harmonic proportion, self-evolving, infinite, yet regular. This proclaims new habits of business, exactness in accounts, well-kept books, and general exemplary conduct. Years roll on, accompanied by the violoncello; the youth wins the approbation of his superiors—the man is a partner in the firm! Vainly, my dear friend, should I endeavor to convey to you the least adequate conception of the exquisite and finely-preserved gradations by which this picture-poem-sculpture-music expresses to the sense of the spectator-auditor, *crescendo poco à poco*, the commercial progress of its youthful hero. With this noble climax, the first movement concludes.

After a short pause, needed alike by the audience and the performers to recruit their spirits, exhausted by excitement, a graceful *Pastorale* movement commenced, indicating that degree of

comfortable independence and rural retirement which are the fruits of well-regulated industry, when the time-earned blessings of competence have placed within reach of the successful partner a small house and grounds in the suburbs, unfurnished, with other conveniences. Every morning at nine o'clock, after a moderate but excellent breakfast, we see him driving into town, in G major, *Allegro two-fours*; every evening at five we see him returning to dinner, on the dominant.

I observed more than one commercial man in the room, who had passed through all the usual stages of mercantile life, yielding himself up to the delusion of the moment, and revelling in associations rekindled among the embers of existence by the spell of the spirit-ruler. Every mind was conscious of a secret regret when the last note of this movement expired. It was to them as the going down of an autumnal sun, bright, but prophetic of no genial return.

Now followed an *Adagio un poco prestissimo, piano quasi forte, senza tempo*—by far the most sui-general and future-age-anticipating portion of this divine work. Löstiswitz has here displayed that deep insight into the principles of instrumentation, which gives him the extraordinary superiority he at present enjoys over contemporary composers as a *combinationist*.

This movement commences with a trio for *two serpents and an octave flute*, indicative of extensive commercial embarrassment, and so skilfully has the composer applied the resources of his genius to the subject before him that, with this simple machinery, the whole process of what appears a complicated bankruptcy is brought before the mind with startling reality; in so much that it may be doubted if in a country like England, this portion of the symphony would not require considerable modification, in the event of its performance there. The failure of correspondents, the blockade of the Mexican ports (this would never be permitted by your government I conceive), rumors of the plague at Alexandria, the consternation of clerks and accountants, the presentation of bills for payment, the impetration of renewal, the galling insolence of minacious creditors—all these things *told*, and *were* told with such effect, that a powerful sensation of alarm pervaded the whole house, in the midst of which, Herr —, of the firm of — & Co., was carried out in a state of suspended animation. At length a calm ensues; the assets are found sufficient to prevent injury to credit, confidence revives, orders pour in, and all again is harmony and prosperity. Then comes the grand finale.

A brisk *Allegro* in triple time denotes the accumulation of money in the three per cents; but this movement gradually assumes a statelier style and loftier measure as honors succeed to riches; and, at length, the freedom of the city having been presented in a complimentary *Andante* for four horns, not without a neat and appropriate reply from the double bass, and a prince of the blood royal having proposed for the sixth daughter in a subsequent bar, the whole of this prodigious work is brought to an end on a sustained dominant, equally remarkable for the novelty of its sequences, and the perfect propriety of its matrimonial arrangements.

Oh! my dear friend, much as I have said, I feel how inadequate my words are to convey a correct impression of this unique Art-fruit. But

you must wait till you see what *Stuffenonsenz* has said about it in the synopsis which I have to forward to you. The power of sound in embodying the visible forms of things—its direct appeal to the eye—can no longer be a point in question.

To Germany belongs the credit due to the discovery; she first explored what may be called (literally) the *phenomena* of music; and she it is that is bringing the discovery to perfection. It was reserved for Löstiswitz to crown the vindication of music from the prejudice which has hitherto set it down, after Plato, as *ἀόρατόν τι* (something not to be seen) as it is described in the foolish motto prefixed to that English tone-art-paper, the *Musical World*. It was reserved for him to reverse Ovid's *Metamorphoses* and restore to Echo her visible form. You know the school of music in which he has been educated, and the transcendent capabilities which it has newly opened up to the view of awakening Europe. But great as are the masters which adorn that school, it may safely be said that no one of them has ever done more than Löstiswitz.

Yours ever,

[From the New York Tribune.]

A New Metropolitan Hall.

The reconstruction of a new edifice in this City, for concerts, meetings and exhibitions, is a subject which should occupy the public mind. We have now, since the deplorable destruction of Metropolitan Hall, no such place of sufficient size, of adequate taste in its arrangements, and with the external brilliancy so inspiring to actors and audiences. Philadelphia, however, has two splendid halls—the old Musical Fund and the New Music Hall. Boston, too, has a magnificent New Music Hall. Baltimore, likewise, has a very large hall, though deficient in decorations. But New York, in this way, has nothing of a size fit for her claims and boasts. Her largest saloon, Niblo's, would hardly suit Cleveland or Buffalo, towns of yesterday. Her present position, in this regard, is simply provincial; and if it continue, it will be contemptible. We must have a new Metropolitan Hall—for concerts primarily, and secondarily for meetings, philanthropic and political; for conventions, scientific, artistic and moral, and for exhibitions of various kinds.

It may be said such a building will not pay. We question this assertion most pointedly. We believe that Metropolitan Hall did pay a good interest. We have known about \$190 a night paid for the room, gas and door-keepers included, and that for some twelve nights; and here alone is some \$5,000, or an interest on \$45,000 for a mere passing breeze of rental. M. Jullien, too, has paid rent during two months, six nights a week, for the same hall; and to say that such a demand for such a hall does not pay, is nonsense. It is a good investment, although it required an enthusiast to build it.

We believe, in fact, that no better stock need be required, than that which could be invested in a new Metropolitan Hall on the old site, which is unsurpassably good. The demand for such a hall is just as steady as that for bread and butter, and the investment just as safe. All that is required is, that the building should be fire-proof. The walls, joists and beams should be iron; the floors should also be incombustible; the stairways and gallery fronts should be iron; in a word, it should be impregnable against fire.

For the purposes of Art simply, we should like to see a hall built irrespective of the cent-per-cent. principle. And if we were a civilized community this would be done. Why not? Peter Cooper gives some \$300,000 to a scientific Institute. Anson Phelps leaves \$100,000 to religious foreign missions. Every year heavy legacies are left, or donations made, for objects, good, bad and indifferent, but when *Art* comes up as a vital question, then vulgarity and stupidity rules, and nothing is

done. Our Colleges, forever prating of Greek, know nothing of the Grecian spirit, which was artistic. Homer, having received his education in Egypt, literally sang to the lyre, and lyrical poetry was used in Greece three hundreds years before prose was known in the literature of that country. Demosthenes, as his orations show, and as any classical scholar can read, drew his best inspirations from the lyrical Homer; and the best part of Daniel Webster came from the lyrical Homer too, at second hand through Demosthenes. So pure Art has shone, unacknowledged in our literature and eloquence,—while Colleges, dying millionaires, living millionaires, and all others giving away money, dying or living, to institutions, have left her literally to shift for herself. Hence the taste of the people is so low that they go night after night in overwhelming crowds to see white men with blackened faces making mountebanks of themselves in order to delectate their vulgar audiences, who wear good clothes, with what is called negro music; as if music could be good which atheistically caricatures the oppressed, or has no higher derivation than despised ignorance.

It is, indeed, time that we were out of this slough of barbarism. It is time that the rhodomontade of our colleges—our literati—our public men—upon "ripe scholarship" should end; and the grand aesthetics of that nation—the Attic Grecian—to which we are most indebted for our civilization, should ripen truly the collegiate, the literary and the public mind. We should have a Metropolitan Hall at the service of artists for a nominal price. But if we have not the sense and wisdom to build such a thing as we do other institutions, independent of mere money—let it be built at once as an investment, and constructed so that it can not be destroyed by fire.

From Graham's Magazine for January.

THE SINGING LEAVES.

A BALLAD.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

I.

"What fairings will ye that I bring?"
Said the king to his daughters three,
"For I to Vanity Fair am bound,
Now say what shall they be?"

Then up and spake the eldest daughter,
The lady tall and grand,
"Ye shall bring to me the diamonds great,
And gold rings for my hand."

Thereafter spake the second daughter,
That was both white and red,
"For me bring silk that will stand alone,
And a gold comb for my head."

Then slowly spake the least daughter,
That was whiter than thistle down,
And among the gold of her blithesome hair
Dim shone the golden crown.

"There came a bird at sunrise
And sang 'neath my bower-eaves,
And sent the sweet dream that bade me
To ask for the Singing Leaves."

Then the brow of the king swelled crimson
With a flush of angry scorn,
"Well have ye spoken, my two eldest,
And chosen as ye were born."

"But thou, like a thing of peasant blood,
That is happy binding the sheaves!"—
Then he saw her dead mother in her face,
And said, "Thou shalt have thy Leaves."

II.

He bade farewell to the elder twain
And touched his lips to their cheek,
But 'twas thrice he kissed the Princess Anne,
And looked back and did not speak.

And he has ridden three days and nights
Till he came to Vanity Fair,
And easy it was to buy gems of gold,
But no Singing Leaves were there.

Then deep in the greenwood rode he
And asked of every tree,
"Oh, if ye have ever a singing leaf,
I pray you to give it me!"

But the trees all kept their counsel;
They said neither yea nor nay;
Only there sighed from the pine tops
A music of seas far away.

Only the aspen pattered
With a sound like growing rain,
That fell ever fast and faster,
Then faltered to silence again.

Some leaves he plucked from every tree,
And his good knights all plucked some,
But they missed the spell of the weird greenwood,
And withered and were dumb.

"Oh, where shall I find a little foot-page,
That would win both hose and shoon,
And will bring to me these Singing Leaves,
If they grow beneath the moon?"

Then lightly turned him Walter, the page,
By the stirrup as he ran,
"Now pledge to me the truesome word
Of a knight and gentleman,

"That you will give me the first, first thing
You meet at your castle gate,
And the princess shall get the Singing Leaves,
Or mine be the traitor's fate!"

The king's head drooped on his bosom
A moment, as it might be—
'Twill be my hound, he thought, and he said,
"I pledge my word to thee."

Then Walter took from next his heart
A packet small and thin,
"And give you this to the Princess Anne,
The Singing Leaves are therein."

III.

As the king rode in, o'er the loud drawbridge,
A maiden to meet him ran,
And, "Welcome, father!" she laughed and cried
Together, the Princess Anne.

"Lo, here are thy Singing Leaves," quoth he,
"And wo, but they cost me dear!"
She took the packet, and her smile
Deepened down beneath the tear.

It deepened down to her very heart,
And then flushed back again,
And lighted her tears as the sudden sun
Transfigures the summer rain.

And the first leaf, when she opened it,
Sang, "I am Walter, the page,
And the songs I sing 'neath thy window
Are all my heritage!"

And the second leaf sang, "But in the land
That is neither on earth or sea,
My harp and I are lords of more
Than thrice this kingdom's fee!"

And the third leaf sang, "Be mine! be mine!"
And still it sang, "Be mine!"
Then sweeter it sang and ever sweeter,
And said, "I am thine, thine, thine!"

At the first leaf she grew pale enough,
At the second she turned aside,
At the third, 'twas as if a lily flushed
With a rose's red heart's tide.

"Good counsel gave the bird," she said;
"I have my wish thrice o'er,
For they sing to my very heart," she said,
"And it sings with them evermore."

She brought to him her beauty and truth,
But and broad earldoms three,
And he made her queen of the broader lands
He held of his heart in fee.

TASTE PROGRESSING. — Passing through one of our Boston streets the other evening, we actually heard some one whistling, for a dozen bars or so, the first theme in the overture to *Tannhäuser*.

PASSION-FLOWERS. — Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields. 1854.

We would add to this simple page the naive frontlet of Bettine von Arnim,—*This book is for the good and not for the bad.* Nothing is more obvious than that many critics, of taste most precise and orthodox, may find some fault with nearly every poem here;—well, let them speak, as they have, and go on to apply their horn-eyes to the next publication. But there are other critics who can bring all things to the test of what is real and universal,

'Forgetting vulgar rules, with spirit free
To judge each author by his own intent,
Nor think one standard for all minds is meant.'

Yet it is really a grave thing, and, in this country, a rare thing, to publish such a book as this. Lively description and subtle sentiment have been the highest characteristics of the almost infinite and infinitesimal brood of female songsters which the Rev. Mr. Griswold has harbored under his wings; timidly, yet earnestly, we have demanded something deeper than these, something truer to the idea of American womanhood. Shall we say that now, for the first time, we have been answered? We surely believe that this work stands for such a want in our Literature, and that it is one which very many will not willingly let die. As the old Athenian who returned home from the temple with his visitors, we would say, "Let us enter, for here also are the Gods"; and are persuaded that many will rise up from the perusal of these verses and say: If this is not Poetry, all that I have loved and worshipped in Poets has been a broken reed on which I have been leaning, and now the secret has no tongue for me!

The volume is rightly enough named "Passion-flowers;" though it is not necessary that one should read far to find that underneath the modest claim of "flowers," there is a full kernel,

"Which, if cut deep down the middle,
Shows a heart within, blood-tinctured, of a veined humanity."

These first pieces are not only about Rome, and suffused with the scenery and associations of Rome, but they reveal, as do the rest, a Roman culture. There is evidence enough of a recognition of Greek methods, and an acquaintance with Greek Literature,—but their influence is certainly not felt beyond the style, and often not there. In the poem, so full of plastic energy, "From Newport to Rome," it is not Aspasia, but Portia, who cries out against those who dance on the bleeding heart of the world:

For the brave world is given to us
For all the brave in heart to keep,
Lest wicked hands should sow the thorns
That bleeding generations reap.

Oh world! oh time! oh heart of Christ!
Oh heart betrayed and sold anew!
Dance on, ye slaves! ay, take your sport,
All times are one to such as you.

Our limits will not allow us to introduce many extracts here. Several of the most striking have been published in this Journal. We would point to the pieces entitled "Correspondence" and "Mother Mind," as the seal of this prophetic: earnest, heroic,—conscious that God is over all, and so detecting the harmony of the particular with the universal; knowing that

There is no great and no small
To the soul that maketh all.

"A Child's Excuse" and "The Royal Guest" show a simple and tender appreciation of all the gifted and good. In a certain tingling of the emotion in every fibre of the writer, which always has a galvanic effect on the reader, we are reminded of that master of modern heroic verse, Robert Browning,—"Miss Barrett's" compliment to whom we have already applied to our authoress. Witness, "My Lecture," "Death of the Slave Lewis," and "My last Dance." The latter is very characteristic. There is a dance amongst the Oriental Dervishes, where the motions of

the limbs accord with the planetary orbits. The most flaming worshipper could not enter more into the spirit of the dance than this:

She gave her impulse to the dancing hours,
To winds that sweep, to stars that noiseless turn;
She marked the measure rapid hearts must keep,
Devised each pace that glancing feet should learn.

Occasionally there is a morbid tone in these notes; nearly all are given in "sad perplexed minors." But we are not of those who would find fault with a book for these, however much we might feel for the severe encounters which suggest such. Their absence has often involved more serious deductions; and, after all, so long as we cannot see with God's eye, this life is a grave problem. We have here the charities which a life, whereon no experience or message has been ever lost, alone can bestow. And we shall read these verses from time to time with something of that faith with which the devout ascribe power to the pale lock of hair from some fair Renunciant. For its authoress we would love to bind a chaplet of her representative flowers, and clasp it with a rose-diamond. c.

REVERBERATING HALLS.—The difficulty occasioned by the reverberation of sound in the Capitol at Nashville, has been remedied by a thick laying of sand dust on the floor, covering it with a heavy curtain. The Ohio Constitutional Convention remedied a similar defect in College Hall, Cincinnati, by covering the walls with canvass.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

From my Diary. No. XXXVII.

NEW YORK, Jan. 8.—Well, when I called our music hall the Metropolitan nuisance, I had no thought of its being so suddenly and sadly abated. So now we are without any musical head-quarters, unless we go back to the old Tabernacle. Strange that a city of this size should never have possessed a good room for music! But one regrets the loss of even a bad one, if its place cannot be supplied. I fear there is little hope of another being built, at present, this side of the new opera house: poor Tripler's experiment has proved too costly—it ruined him. If one should be built, may Apollo see that acoustical principles be not wholly ignored, and the goddess of prudence see that some decent means of egress form a part of the architect's plans and drawings!

Jan. 12.—Have been reading Mr. Mason's letters upon musical matters in Europe, and am greatly pleased with the book. In these days of controversy among our church music people, this calm, candid report of what Mr. M. saw and heard in Germany and England, is of very great value. It is just the book which teachers of singing classes, and attendants upon Musical Conventions should read. They certainly—if they have any reasonable quantity of brains—cannot fail to see that there is something beyond even a "tune" or an anthem, in the domain of music, and a something too which they can only learn to appreciate and enjoy, by combined effort on a grander scale than they have hitherto attempted. In reading the accounts of the great musical festivals which Mr. Mason attended, and which he has so finely described, I have felt an almost painful longing for the time—which will yet come—when in our inland cities—say Springfield, or Worcester, Syracuse or any other centre of easy access—choirs and native orchestras shall come together for the performance of "Messiahs" and "Samsons" and "Elijahs." Perhaps that time may be nearer, now, than I imagine. At all events this book cannot but do something toward awakening the right spirit for this desirable end.

Speaking of books, what a strange compound of wisdom and folly, brilliance and dullness, strength and weakness, magnificent description, lofty sentiment and sickly sentimentality, the new novel, "Charles Auchester," is! I do not know when I have been more excited by a fiction than by this, in passages, or more wearied in others. There is more genius than talent displayed in it. One thing is clear, that the god of the author's idolatry is Mendelssohn, and that the love for him amounted to passion—perhaps a cold passion, like Bettine's for Goethe.

Some one has said that one of the Rothschild family wrote it. In its boundless enthusiasm for all that is Jewish, it would give "color to this idea", did this enthusiasm seem like that of a member of the Jewish family; but to me it seems more like the unlimited admiration of an outsider. That a man is the author I do not believe. No man could draw these pictures of the female characters; no man could draw the hero Seraphael (Mendelssohn) such a namby-pamby character—considered, not as a musician, but as a man. It reads to me all the way through as if written—or, at least, thought out—in German, and as if the manuscript had been revised by some one so familiar with that language as occasionally to overlook glaring Germanisms. It is queer, but all the way through I am reminded of Mrs. Kinkel, wife of the Prof. Kinkel described in Dickens' Household Words, the one who was sentenced to imprisonment for life during the Baden revolutionary troubles in 1849, but who escaped to England afterward.

She knew Mendelssohn, was an enthusiastic admirer of him, is a fine writer, a very fine musician, and shows in her writings, on a smaller scale, the same points of strength and weakness in which this book abounds. The book is *all* music, and high class music too.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 21, 1854.

"Our Wagnerism."

We publish with pleasure the following letter from our esteemed friend and townsman in Leipzig, whose word is always welcome, even when it calls our own ideas in question. For if we differ, it is the same earnest search for truth in Art, that leads us for the time being into diverging paths, and which we are bound to suppose, if each is faithful, will in due time also lead us round to the same goal. But whether we *do* so greatly differ in the matter here discussed, we shall submit to the reader after he has read the letter.

LEIPZIG, Nov. 11, 1853.

MY DEAR SIR:—You have of late shown yourself in the *Journal* so devoted a lover of modern German music, and so zealous an exponent of the sounding phrases of Mr. Liszt, and the *Neue Zeitschrift* (concerning Wagner in particular), that courtesy might perhaps prescribe silence to one, who in this part of your musical creed is of so opposite a way of thinking. I can, however, well understand that the performance of certain works such as the *Tannhäuser* overture, which is unquestionably novel and brilliant, should produce a great effect in a concert room, and lead the hearers to a belief in the genius of its composer; but were you to reside a twelvemonth in Germany, where not only the overture but the whole opera is frequently to be heard by those who like it, where the dullest and darkest and most confused works of the three, (who, as Mr. Chorley remarks, labor in the "cause of musical dislocation,") are not to be so escaped, I am sure you would at least modify your opinions. Having been in Germany now more than a year, and having found that my own feelings in regard to Wagner in particular, from ardent curiosity, have passed, through aversion, to a firm conviction of the falseness of his theories in dramatic music—and believing also that if this music does succeed in forcing itself into admiration, true Art would at least for a season die and disappear, I was tempted by an article in the *Gazette Musicale*, due to the pen of M. Fétis (being the 2d letter addressed to dramatic composers,) which seemed to me singularly just and true, to explain as far as lay in my power why I have this settled conviction that music in Ger-

many is travelling fast on towards the regions of chaos. M. Fétis argues that Wagner's theories concerning operatic music are utterly false. M. Fétis poses as an axiom that *beauty* is the primary object of any musical production—Wagner, that to *truth* all things are to be sacrificed.

Now in an opera, absolute truth is an impossibility. Wagner's rhythmical recitative is just as false as the Cavatina and Aria that he wishes to put down. Men and women in daily intercourse speak, and do not sing or recite verses or rhythmical phrases. We accept the thing called Opera, which to the sober eye of reason is an absurdity, because the beauty of musical idea makes us forget its falsity. The necessary qualities of a good libretto are varied versification, and striking points for effect, which excite the composer's genius and arrest the attention of the public. M. Wagner thinks that by destroying Melody he approximates more nearly to Truth; and admitting that his operas are a little more like real life, no one can thank him for taking away that which charmed us into forgetfulness of the primary absurdity of the opera, and leaving us a strange, anomalous thing, which is neither opera nor drama; which is equally wide of the Truth to which he aspires, and deprived of the charm that made us accept its falsity. The modern school of music in Germany, which includes the music of Wagner, much of Schumann and Berlioz (who, although a Frenchman, belongs to the same movement), Brahms, and Liszt, who is the preacher and setter forth of the wonders of the genius possessed by these gentlemen, is supported, firstly, by themselves, they having formed a league offensive and defensive; secondly, by the *Neue Zeitschrift*, which but lately informed us that Mendelssohn was a man of *talent*, while the above mentioned exponents of the modern school were men of *genius*; thirdly, by the young musicians, who are brought up to believe that their first compositions must be modelled upon the Ninth Symphony and that the First is a puerility. But the real opinion of the men who still make German Art estimable and admirable, those whose counsels are best worthy of seeking, is utterly adverse to this Mutual Adoration Society. Moscheles, Hauptmann, Gade, Richter, and out of Germany the best musical critics of France and England are unable to perceive the glories of the new lights—and show by their actions and speech that they consider all this as injurious to the cause of true music and high Art. Success is no test of excellence either, in Schools of Art. There was a time in Italy, when Bernini and his scholars filled the Italian cities with statues robed in glittered draperies, whose attitudes were twisted out of all nature, and admired for their very oppositeness to all which the Grecian masters had laid down as admirable. So far was this mania carried, that young men went to seat themselves upon the Ponte St. Angelo at Rome, to study and draw the statues placed upon the bridge. Statues which now are looked upon as beneath contempt. Things were in this false state, when Canova came and led the people back into the true path, by showing them what the great master of antiquity had done, and how their theories in art were founded upon a careful study of nature, and a healthy simple inspiration. So that until a musical Canon come, who has the genius which enforces authority, and whose mind is simple as was that of Haydn, lovely as that of Mozart, and strong as that of Beethoven, I fear we shall have to grope farther yet into the realms of musical darkness.

Perhaps you have not heard of Mr. Brahms, a young man of Hamburg, whom Dr. Schumann sent to Leipzig with a letter which was published, and in which he stated his opinion that Brahms was a youth of astounding genius. The letter

was filled with expletives such as were never used in regard to Beethoven, injudicious, to say the least, when used to so young a person. Now-a-days the masters in art do not say to juvenile aspirants of undoubted gifts, as Haydn said to Beethoven when he heard him perform the three Sonatas afterwards dedicated to him, "Young man you have talent, but you have need to instruct yourself still further in your art." Herr Brahms has talent, perhaps of a very high quality, and although his Sonata for Piano which he performed at the Gewandhaus last week, is very obscure in many parts, some of the ideas are striking, and of a high quality. I shall never forget though, the effect of Mozart's quintet in G minor, which followed this sample of the modern school. So clear, so pure, of such childlike simplicity and beauty of idea—the very acme of art—because art, which seemed like a simple and natural outpouring of the soul. David played the 1st violin part, in the very most admirable style, it was perfection, and will ever be remembered by one of his hearers at least, with gratitude and delight. But my letter is already too long, and I have no space to tell you of many great musical pleasures which have been mine this winter. Another time I will speak of Gluck's masterpiece, *Armida*, heard at Berlin, and the "*Vestal*" of Spontini, at Dresden, and of the promised pleasures of hearing Mrs. Goldschmidt, Joachim and the 9th Symphony at the Gewandhaus very shortly. Wishing you much success, I remain

Yours very truly,

CHARLES C. PERKINS.

We have heard the overture to *Tannhäuser*, and have admired it, and have said it. It is the only real, *bonâ fide* specimen of Wagner's music, that we have heard. Of course it would be childish haste and folly for us to give in our adhesion to Wagner altogether as a composer, and especially in the character claimed for him as the inaugurator of a new era, a new school in Art; still more especially in his character as a dramatic composer, we having never heard one, nor even a fragment of one of his operas, save in a mere orchestral arrangement without voices; and understanding at the same time that the central principle of his whole operative theory is the inseparable union of the music and poetry. The orchestral excerpts from *Rienzi*, which the Germanians have played to us, gave us little pleasure, and we expressed but little. But we thought it only fair to remind ourselves and our readers, that *Rienzi* was an early work, written before his Wagnerism proper was developed. Some of the movements (orchestrally arranged) from *Lohengrin*, his latest opera, did seem to us to possess a beauty and expressiveness quite imaginative and fine. We therefore have not been in a condition to find or to declare ourselves either *pro* or *anti*-Wagner.

The same with regard to the German "New School" generally. We know it not enough to condemn it or espouse it as a school. A few hearings of one symphony and one quintet of Schumann have given us great pleasure and led us to hope much from him; to his songs we have become quite partial, and to his little piano "Album" pieces in their way. We are but beginning to know him, and by no means are prepared to settle his precise rank in the long line of composers. Of Berlioz (whom our friend classes with Young Germany,) we have heard *nothing* but the overture to "*Lear*," of which we spoke soon after Jullien's "Shakspeare night," and *nothing* to

attract us. Is it not rather early therefore to reproach us with "devotion" to the "modern German music?" Besides, we need not assure any constant reader of our journal that we are among the staunchest and devotest lovers of Mozart, Beethoven and Mendelssohn, to say nothing of Handel, Bach, and other venerable names. Should we become enamored, therefore, of the new tone-prophets, it could not be by their converting us from our old lovers. So far as we find ought to advocate in Schumann or in Wagner, it is not *against*, but *with*, their noble predecessors. For catholic in Art we do wish and intend to be, and must accept that which affects us with a sense of the divine and beautiful, whether it be new or old, whether it be like or unlike, one or many.

In one sense we have "devoted" our columns to Wagner. That is, we have printed much concerning him. His was a new fame in the world musical. Sounds of the great controversy concerning him had come across the ocean. New topics naturally claim more space than old ones in a journal that would give a reflex of the world's musical events and progress. We accordingly digested accounts of the life and works and theories of Wagner from the German and French papers, from his friends and foes, and from his own writings, that it might be seen or conjectured what he amounted to. We did this impartially, pointing out evidences of rare power and originality, with many things in detail true, but *not* accepting his main theory of opera and drama, or rather of the connection between Poetry and Music. Sometimes we described his peculiarities in the language of his admirers; but what we copy we no more endorse, than does the daily newspaper the things it publishes under the head of telegraphic despatches. We have translated parts of Liszt's glowing analysis of *Tannhäuser*, remarking on the singularly complete and beautiful *plan* of an opera, which it disclosed, but mainly because Liszt's chivalric endorsement of Wagner is one of the interesting musical facts of the day, and because Liszt writes so finely and appreciatingly of musical Art in its nobler and more spiritual aspects. We have alluded to the bitterness and harshness of certain English criticisms, because they seemed to us to bear the marks of prejudice upon their face, and to be not so modest as it becomes one to be towards any new manifestation of power in Art, when it has really made a deep impression on minds among the most capable of judging.

Taking into account all we have read, for and against, with his own writings, with the report of repeated successes of his operas in German cities, and with what little of his music *we* have heard in our benighted region of the great world musical, we have sometimes ventured the conjecture that Wagner, while in our view *wrong* in his main musical theory and right in many of his special criticisms on existing Opera, must yet be a man of extraordinary talent, nay, creative talent, perhaps genius; and that such indications of power demand of the world that it should wait until it fairly knows, before it utterly condemns. We thank our friend for telling us what the majority of old professors think in Germany, and for the frank report of his own ears and feelings, after a year's exposure to the Wagner music. It shall all help us in getting at the truth. Yet it is not impossible that even in Leipsic he may be

more under the influence of prejudice and party in the matter, than we here, who coolly look on from a distance.

So much for Wagnerism. From our friend's doctrine of the inherent absurdity of Opera, we shall have to express our dissent, but have not room this week.

Concerts of the Past Week.

GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY. The Extra Concert, on Saturday evening, was but poorly attended, as extra concerts mostly are now in the thick of the musical season. Yet we doubt not, a better programme would have better drawn. We think Felicien David's "*Desert*" was pretty generally understood beforehand, in spite of the reproduction of ten-years old puffs, to have been a fleeting glory of the past. Since the day of its first sudden popularity, since the glowing anticipations of its author's future achievements (all printed as of yesterday in the biographical sketch upon the programme), ten years have elapsed, and what has he done? and where shall we find a musical community anxious to renew acquaintance with "*The Desert*?" Our musical societies and artists lack faith. We do believe that the Ninth Symphony, with no better choral treatment than it had last winter, would have drawn a larger audience. It was given then, and given successfully; yet there ever returns the old distrust in the appreciation of the public, and the last year's glorious gain is thought not safe enough to build upon, and the best things are not risked. Faith, faith, faith, is an all-essential condition of a sound and steady progress, in musical, even more than in common matters.

Some eight years since we heard *Le Desert* in New York. Its style was newer then than it is now; yet, in spite of many pleasing effects, some sweet melody, and great ingenuity as a descriptive work, its general impression on us was feeble, sweetish and monotonous. This time it was much better executed, yet yielded nothing more, in the way of mental gain or refreshment. The music is monotonous. Should it not be so to convey a feeling of the desert? We answer, unless Art can bid living springs gush in that desert, it had better leave it to the Arabs and its own waste sameness. Silent vastness, indicated by "long and measured unisonous chords," varied only by the oft-returning camel trot, the simoom, and a few sentimental lover's night songs, of a style of melody quite common now (if not when these were written), offers small variety or contrast. It was exceedingly well played, and the choruses were sung as well as could be wished; but we could not sympathize, when all was over, with the last words on the programme: "Thus ends one of the most gorgeous musical poems in the whole range of music." The solo portions suffered in being transposed from the tenor to the baritone of Signor CAMOENZ, the hearty looking Englishman, who also recited in a hollow and prosaic kind of conversation voice the intermediate fragments of the poem. "*The Desert*" has its admirers, as we chance to know, but they are neither the musical public nor the musical few. We do not mean to deny that the work has interest enough to entitle it to a hearing, and more than one. But when there are so many greater and immortal works, with which we have barely begun to be acquainted, and when available evenings are so few, when "*Life is short, and*

Art is long," is it the best economy of our musical opportunities to waste them upon what is hardly third rate?

"The Desert" continually reminded us of "Museum" music. With fitting scenery and plenty of turbaned Arabs, it would take the first rank among those brilliant oriental spectacles whereby our friend Kimball annually crowds his popular establishment. Of course, we do not mean that the music is not a great deal better than one hears in such things; but it suggests essential similarity in kind.

The Concert opened with the overture to *Tannhäuser*, now a decided favorite with the great musical public. It seemed to be keenly relished; and yet, we are bound to say, it was not so well played as on former occasions. In the rich and solemn opening the wind instruments were not in good tune; and by a new disposition of the orchestra, to accommodate the chorus, the trombones and drums were posted high against the organ screen, where their effect was overpowering.

Besides the choruses in "The Desert," the MENDELSSOHN CHORAL SOCIETY gave a fine rendering of the great chorus in "Elijah," *Thanks be to God*, &c., describing rain after drought and the rushing of the waters. Those strange, moist-sounding chords, were given with great certainty and richness. But the chorus suffered from want of appropriate introduction. One needed that which in the oratorio leads up to this grand climax. Instead of that it came in after one of Mr. APTOMMAS's harp solos, which, however pleasing in their place, could not prepare the mind for such a chorus. Miscellaneous programme-making should be more a work of art. As the effect of a picture depends somewhat on the hanging, so does that of a piece of music on its relative position in a programme. The song of Spohr, by Signor CAMOENZ (with harp and horn accompaniment), was over before we could begin to make out what was the amount of it.

But the above mistake was doubly, trebly atoned for, and the desert was redeemed to perfect bloom at the last AFTERNOON REHEARSAL, by the repetition of that glorious Symphony by Schubert, a work inspired and beautiful in every bar!

To-night the Germanians offer us a better opportunity of appreciating "The Desert," at a regular Concert, when we shall be sure of the advantage of a great audience. We shall try to learn!

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.—We have only room to say that the last Chamber Concert had the largest and most interested audience of the season; that the great Beethoven Quartet in F was with laudable courage and ambition essayed again, and with far more success than before; and that the Mozart Quintet with clarinet, which concluded the evening, was indeed delicious in its every movement. The intermediate pieces we were obliged to lose.

New Music.

L'Art du Chant appliqué au Piano. By S. THALBERG. First Series, No. 1. "Quatuor de l'Opéra *I Puritani*," de BELLINI. Op. 70. (Oliver Ditson.) pp. 9.

Mr. Ditson is here reprinting a right valuable work for those who would learn to play the piano with

expression. Thalberg has embodied all his taste and experience in a series of admirable rules and well chosen exercises, arranged to the express end of teaching the *art of singing* on the piano. "With this view," he says, "we have selected our *transcriptions* from those masterpieces of the great composers, both ancient and modern, which are peculiarly *vocal* in their effects." And a rich series is this first, comprising six transcriptions. The first, which we have here reprinted, is that beautiful Quartet in *I Puritani*, which is so arranged as to give distinct individuality to each of the four voice parts, which are engraved in larger notes than the merely instrumental parts, thus challenging the player's attention to the melody continually. The whole is carefully provided with marks for fingering and expression, and it is all easily practicable till we reach the last two pages, where it will cost some practice to sustain a trill through several measures with the last fingers of the right hand while its other fingers have to execute a melody. The piece is beautiful enough to reward practice.

In the coming numbers we are promised an air by Pergolese; the *Adelaide* of Beethoven; an old church melody by Stradella; the *Lacrymosa*, from Mozart's *Requiem*; a duet from the *Nozze di Figaro*; and another from Rossini's *Zelmira*.

Leaves from my Musical Diary, by ADOLPH KIELBLOCK. pp. 7. (O. Ditson.)

Here are three charmingly melodious and expressive little pieces for the piano; simple, clear and chaste in style, and conceived in an artistic spirit which saves them from anything commonplace. The two first are in the form of Songs without Words; they illustrate the best points of musical elocution, and should be good lessons in the same direction with the work of Thalberg, above noticed. The third is a pleasing Waltz, called "Remembrance of Germany," somewhat in the manner of the waltzes ascribed to Beethoven.

Funeral March, by WM. R. BABCOCK. Op. 10. (Published at the Musical Exchange, 282 Washington St., Boston, by Nathan Richardson.)

This is a sincere and worthy tribute to the memory of JONAS CHICKERING. It is accompanied by a speaking portrait of this lamented dear friend of musicians, lithographed by Tappan and Bradford from a daguerreotype by Whipple. The title page bears an appropriate funeral device, and the whole is engraved in a style of unusual elegance and costliness. The March itself is solemn, broad and grand in character; decidedly one of the most respectable efforts of young American composition. It is free from aught trivial, or commonplace, or overstrained;—in thought and sentiment, we mean—for there is some overstraining of the muscles in the very crowded and extended harmonies for the left hand, which renders its smooth performance not a little difficult. The writer is an organist and used to a key-board where octaves, twelfths, &c., sound out at the pressure of one key.

Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPS.—The friends of this talented and estimable young lady—and they are all the music-lovers of our city—are rejoiced to hear of her successful debut in opera, in the theatre at Brescia, in Italy. The *Evening Gazette* translates the following account of it from an Italian paper.

"Brescia, Teatro Grande.—(Correspondence of the *Cosmorama* of Nov. 26th.) We have heard with profound admiration the *Semiramide* of Rossini, and now see how superficial in every point of view are the ideas of some reformers, who would consign to oblivion the works of that great maestro, to pay homage to modern composers. The first laurels were obtained by the prima donna contralto Adelaide Phillips (Arsace), who debuted on our stage. Her voice is pure, melodious, simple, and educated in a very good school. The public was lavish of well merited applause. We predict and prophesy

from the heart a most brilliant future for this modest young lady. Soss (Semiramide) was also received with favor, and was much applauded, especially in the duet with Arsace, which was given with master skill. Tomha (Assur), Benincore (Oroe), and Dei (Idrene), satisfactorily sustained their parts.

It is a pleasant thing to know that this good news came from a young sister aspirant for the same artistic honors, (also from Boston) whose turn is yet to come, she having sailed a little later than Miss Phillips to the countries where the voice has justice done it, and who hereby shows what spirit of generous interest in each other's success exists between them.

CONCERTS.—OTTO DRESEL's next evening, at Chickering's, will be Tuesday, 24th. The Bach Concerto, for three pianos, which made such an impression last year, will be played. Also a Quartet by Schumann, and a Trio by Beethoven, both new to us: and delicious dreams from Chopin.

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A Paper of Art and Literature.

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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Beethoven and his Three Styles.

BY M. W. DE LENZ.

[From the French of HECTOR BERLIOZ.]

(Continued from p. 122.)

Mr. de Lenz relates, that Beethoven, walking one day with his friend Schindler, said to him: "I have just found two themes for an overture. The one may be treated in my own style; the other is in conformity with the style of Handel. Which do you counsel me to choose?" Schindler (can we believe it) advised Beethoven to

adopt the second theme. This advice pleased Beethoven, on account of his predilection for Handel. He unfortunately conformed to it. It is said that he censured Schindler much for having thus counselled him. In fact, the overtures of Handel are not the most prominent features of his works; and to compare them with those of Beethoven, is to place a forest of cedars in parallel with a growth of mushrooms.

"This overture, op. 124," says Mr. de Lenz, "is not a double fugue, as it has been supposed. We may believe that the theme which Beethoven would have treated in his own style might have become the foundation of a much more important work, at a time when the genius of the artist was at its zenith—when the man enjoyed his last days of exemption from suffering. Schindler, doubtless, said to himself that the genius of Beethoven reigned rivalless in the free symphonic style; that in this he had no one to imitate; that the severe style was, at the most, an obstacle to overleap; that in this he was not at home. The overture produced no effect; It was pronounced *inexecutable*; and so it was, *perhaps*."

It is difficult, I should reply to Mr. de Lenz, but nevertheless, very executable by a powerful orchestra. Thanks to the prominent features of Beethoven's style, which penetrate the gross tissue of the Handelian imitation, the entire *coda* and a number of passages, move and attract the hearer, when well rendered. I have myself directed the execution of this overture; the first performance took place at the Conservatoire, with a first class orchestra. It was found that the style of Handel's overture was so ill-produced, that it was applauded with transport. Ten years after, indifferently performed by a feeble orchestra, it was severely judged; the style of Handel was acknowledged to be perfectly imitated.

Mr. de Lenz here relates the conversation of Beethoven with Schindler, on this subject: "*Wie kommen Sie wieder auf die alte Geschichte?*" etc. (He speaks Welsh.)

In this minute and intelligent review of the works of the great composer, an account of the attacks perpetrated against them must necessarily hold a place; it is there, in fact, but very incomplete. Mr. de Lenz, who treats so rudely the correctors of Beethoven, who scoffs at, and scourges them, was not aware of one half their delinquencies. One must have lived long in Paris and in London to appreciate the full extent of their ravages.

As to the pretended fault of engraving which Mr. De Lenz believes to exist in the *scherzo* of the symphony in C minor, and which would consist, according to those critics who sustain the same opinion, in the unseasonable repetition of two bars of the theme, at its reappearance in the middle of the piece; this is what I have to say: There is no exact repetition of the four notes C, D, E, F, of which the melody is composed; the first time they are written in minims followed by a crochet; and the second time in crotchets followed by a rest; which quite changes their character.

Moreover the addition of the two contested bars is by no means an anomaly in the style of Beethoven. There are not a hundred but a thousand similar caprices in his compositions. The mere fact that the two added bars destroy the symmetry of the phrase, is not a sufficient reason for his abstaining from them, if he had the idea in his mind. No one ridiculed more than he what is called *la carrure*, or squareness. There is a striking example of his boldness in this style, in the second part of the first piece of this same symphony, page 36 of the small edition of Breitkopf and Härtel; where a measure of silence, which appears superfluous, destroys all the rhythmic regularity, and endangers for the ensemble the return of the orchestra which succeeds it. Now, I shall have no difficulty in showing that the melody of Beethoven, thus prolonged, was so done with formal intent. The proof is in this same melody, reproduced a second time immediately after the *point d'orgue*, and which contains again two supplementary bars (D, C#, D, C#) which no one seems to notice; bars, differing from those which many would suppress, and added, this time, after the fourth bar of the theme, whereas the two others are introduced into the theme after the third bar. The ensemble of the period is thus composed of two phrases of ten bars each; there is, therefore, an evident intention of the author in this double addition—*there is even symmetry*, which would not exist, if the two contested measures were suppressed, leaving the two other measures which have not been attacked. The effect of this passage of the *Scherzo* does not shock; on the contrary I confess it pleases me much. The symphony is thus executed in all the parts of the world in which the great works of Beethoven are understood. All the editions of the score, and separate parts contain these two bars; and, when, in 1850, with regard to the performance of this master-piece at one of the con-

certs of the Philharmonic Society of Paris, a journal reproached me with not having suppressed them, considering this error of engraving a fact of public notoriety, I received in a few days a letter from Mr. Schindler. Now Mr. Schindler wrote me expressly to thank me for not having made this correction. Mr. Schindler, who passed his life with Beethoven, does not believe in this pretended fault of engraving; and he assured me that he had heard the two famous measures in all the performances of this Symphony which took place under the direction of Beethoven himself. Would not the author have corrected it immediately had he recognized it as a fault? Whether he changed his opinion or not on this subject, in the latter years of his life, I cannot say.

[To be continued.]

Filippo Trajetta.

[The Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin*, in recording the death of this once noted composer, which took place in that city on the 9th inst., adds the following interesting memoir, which we copy with the omission only of a few unessential details.]

Phil. Trajetta was born at Venice in the month of January, 1776. Tomaso Trajetta, his father was one of the most eminent pupils of Durante, the well known founder of the Neapolitan school; after leaving whose instructions, he was called to compose for San Carlo at Naples, the Aliberti at Rome, and the principal theatres of Florence, Venice and Milan. He was subsequently called to teach Maria Theresa, Joseph the Second and Catharine the Second, in whose courts he composed his most successful operas. At St. Petersburg he became acquainted with a Swedish lady, whose brothers occupied a high position at the Russian court, and, although of a different religion from his own, he being a Catholic and she a Lutheran, he married her. Finding his health to suffer from the rigors of the Northern winters, Trajetta paid a short visit to England, and then removed to Venice, where he died in the year 1779. He was buried in one of the principal churches of Venice, and the inscription on his monument does him the high honor to designate him as *Musicæ Reformer!*

Phil. Trajetta, at the time of his father's death, was in his third year, and had but a faint recollection of him; but his stately manner, large wig, and richly ornamented sword, which he always wore, made an impression on the boy, which was never effaced from his memory. The care of educating the young Trajetta now fell upon his mother, who, with the strictest severity of maternal love, fulfilled her duties with justice to her son, and honor to herself. Trajetta was placed under the charge of the Jesuits at the Public Studies of Venice, which he left at the early age of thirteen, having received the unusual distinctions of being awarded the highest, and, we believe, only premium in the gift of the Examiners, who, at that time, were selected from the principal officers of government.

After studying music, (which was only intended as an accomplishment, his expectations pointing to the glory and eclat of military life), under minor professors, he was placed under the instruction of Feneroli and Perillo, who inducted him into the mysteries and profundities of thorough-bass, counterpoint, fugue, and composition generally. These learned musicians—pupils of Durante, and co-disciples of his father—finding him beyond the reach of any further instruction from them, advised him to go to Naples to profit by the superior advice of the veteran Piccini, likewise a pupil of Durante, to whom, in fact, the world is indebted for the brightest ornaments of the lyric stage in the Augustan age of musical composition.

In Piccini he found a kindred spirit, and, as he often said with tears of gratitude, he derived from him much important information, and many valuable hints in the philosophy of composition.

At Piccini's house he met many distinguished composers and singers, and frequently sang duets with the great tenor, Davidi the elder, of whom he always spoke in terms of unreserved praise.

About this time he composed, as an amateur, an opera in which Davidi was to sing at San Carlo; but, the revolution then breaking out, Piccini, being suspected of republican tendencies on account of his daughter's marriage with a gentleman who wore the unpardonable cockade, was obliged to fly from Naples, and hence, through the loss of Piccini's influence and protection, the abandonment of the design of producing Trajetta's opera.

Trajetta then joined the patriot army and fought by the side of Mack, who, although a Colonel in the royal army, threw up his commission and took the humble position of private soldier, and thus contended against his former companions in arms, although commanded by his father—the Generalissimo of King Ferdinand's forces. It is unnecessary, at this place, to attempt a description of the brutal betrayal of the patriot army by Lord Nelson and Cardinal Ruffi. We only refer to these misfortunes of the patriots to show their entire and perfect defeat; large numbers were thrown into prison, and Trajetta was among them, charged with the additional crime of having composed the patriotic hymns, which were sung by the soldiery from morning till night.

He remained in a horrible dungeon, several feet below the level of the sea, without light, without clothing, almost without food, surrounded by vermin and filth, for the space of eight months, when he was liberated through a secret influence, provided with a German passport, and placed on board an American vessel owned by General Derby, of Boston, who was also a passenger. Trajetta arrived in America in the winter of 1799, and settled in Boston, where he wrote the beautiful System of Vocal Exercises, since published in Philadelphia, and composed his celebrated Washington's Dead March. He resided some time in New York, where he composed the cantatas, "The Christian's Joy" and "The Prophecy;" also the opera of "The Venetian Maskers." He subsequently became a theatrical manager in the southern cities, producing before the public a lady bearing the name of Eliza Trajetta, and supposed to be his daughter—but she was not—who created a great sensation as a singer and actress.

Trajetta was solicited by Da Ponte, the former poet laureate of Joseph II, to return to New York to compose for La Signorina Garcia, but unfortunately, before his arrival, the company was disbanded. He then returned to the South, where he lived, secluded and quiet, in the mountains of Virginia, enjoying frequent visits from our ex-Presidents Madison and Monroe, who held him in high esteem and confidence.

His second return to the North was instigated by his friend and pupil, H. K. Hill, by whose assistance the American Conservatoire was established in Philadelphia, which produced, in 1828, the splendid oratorios, "Jerusalem in Affliction" and "The Daughter of Zion." At a later period his cantatas, "The Nativity" and "The Day of Rest," were performed by other associations.

Trajetta was a thorough contrapuntist, a performer on nearly every instrument of the orchestra, a solo-performer on several, an impassioned and cultivated singer, possessing a barytone voice of great natural ability, trained by severe study to fill the highest tenor part, and an inimitable orchestral conductor. He was likewise an accomplished linguist, a skilful chemist, a profound mathematician, and a well-read historian. In his manners he was elevated, dignified and elegant, observing the nicest punctilios of etiquette, yet constantly showing the ever-varying nuances called forth by deep feeling. He was a warm friend, an impartial critic, a man of indomitable pride and unswerving principle, always ready to bestow a favor, but never willing to receive one; in every sense he was a gentleman.

For several years Trajetta has lived a retired life, receiving visits only from a few pupils, who know how to appreciate the advantages gained

from his vast learning and enlarged experience, and who retain for him a deep love of his virtues, and a profound admiration of his genius. In person Trajetta was short and slender, having remarkably small hands and feet, a flashing grey eye, large aquiline nose, and massive forehead surmounted by a peculiar arrangement of the hair—a *la Virgil*—which gave to his expressive face an appearance not to be forgotten.

[Prepared for this Journal.]

Gleanings from German Papers.

It seems the musical firmament is never to want stars. We find the following in the Augsburg *Allgemeine Zeitung*, under date of Munich, Dec. 19.

"Upon the two young Polish artists Weinawsky, whose second concert Franz Lachner himself directed, one of the first Munich authorities sends us the following opinion:—Criticism has thus far never dared to rank any violin virtuoso whatever with Paganini, the master most perfect in the technicalities of his art, nor even to allow any one a place near him in comparison. Herr Heinrich Weinawsky has succeeded in forcing the admission that he not only comes near the idolized Paganini in style, rising even to the so-called demoniac caprices, but adds many a new charm. As there is here no room for a full and particular criticism upon all the technical points in this gentleman's playing, suffice it to say simply that in respect to tone, bowing, staccato, arpeggios and double stops in thirds, sixths, and tenths, greater perfection is not possible. Equally extraordinary is his brother Joseph, hardly yet 15 years of age, as a pianist. The elegance, cleanness, and strength of his touch, his clearness in the most difficult runs, the finish and roundness of his play, secure him already a rank among the first virtuosos."

That is certainly stating the case strongly.

Here is another paragraph to be recorded in the vernacular. We find it in the *Kölnische Zeitung*.

"Dec. 20th. The three hundredth performance of "Don Juan," which was given there for the first time Dec. 20th, 1790, 63 years ago, has taken place on the stage of the Royal Opera house at Berlin, before a crowded audience. The *Regisseur* of the grand Opera, Herr Stawinsky, recited a monologue, which closed amid universal applause. Fraulein Wagner was the Donna Anna. The Berlin *National Zeitung* gives a complete statistical account of the distribution of all the parts on the Royal Berlin Stage, from its first performance, Dec. 20th, 1790, to its three hundredth, Dec. 20th, 1853. We see among them that the talented and accomplished actor, singer, and author, Edward Devrient, now of Carlsruhe, has appeared there at various times in the characters of Don Juan, Leporello and Masetto."

The same mail brings the news of the death of Musikdirector Heuschkel, at Biberich, on the Rhine, near Mainz. He was one of C. M. von Weber's instructors. He died on the 5th Dec.

In March another opera by the Duke of Gotha is to take its chance before the public. The Berliners are to do it. Of course the "first rank of Logés" will pronounce it good. We do not know any reason, though, why even a German prince may not rise to the rank of a composer—they say Prince Albert (of the same family) has risen to be a Russian spy.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

How much shall I Practice?

It is not of so much consequence *how long* you practice as it is *how you* practice. You may practice from morning till night, and yet you are likely to have gained nothing by it, except bad habits. Be mindful, above all, of what you are doing, and let your ear be with it. You will sometimes meet pianoforte-players who play like machines; who neither hear nor feel what they are playing. This results especially from the neglect of the ear. The study of the mechanism of piano-playing too easily induces us to play thoughtlessly, since it requires so little feeling; hence do not dream, but be spirited and cheerful and have all your senses about you, so that nothing escapes your control. Five-finger-exercises, scales, chord-passages, double tones, arpeggios, trills ("the most beautiful ornament through three centuries," as one musical writer calls it), ought to be practiced every day, because they are the rudiments of all compositions for the piano-forte. So we must strive to grow every day at least a little better in the execution of them. With this view, the constant practice of the celebrated exercises by Cramer, Moscheles, Kalkbrenner, Bertini, Döhler, etc., in which almost every peculiarity of the piano-forte is regarded, and among which are pieces of solid musical value—is earnestly recommended to every one who desires to become a fine pianist.

With the mechanical cultivation the musical must go hand in hand. Hence do not always play exercises, but also pieces which ennoble the taste and feeling, pieces which contain true music. In the selection of these, we have regard to the nature and character of the piano-forte; they must display its finest qualities; to use a professional term, they must be *pianoforte-like*. You frequently find pieces for this instrument which sound most beautifully upon paper, but very badly upon the piano-forte; and you may congratulate yourselves if after playing them, one or the other of your nice fingers is not spoiled. The musical literature, however, is more than rich in compositions in which the instrument is not made a sacrifice to the music, but pours forth its sweetest tones with brilliancy and splendor. It is only necessary to know who has written them, and where they are to be had. This knowledge you may claim of your teacher.

It is further necessary for the improvement of the taste to hear good music frequently, and to read about it. For the former, every important city offers opportunity enough, and Boston more than any other in this country; for the latter, I recommend the regular perusal of the paper in which you just now—perhaps only accidentally—are reading. If besides, you enjoy the intercourse of intelligent musical persons, there is no fear that your taste will go astray.

To speak now of the amount of time which ought to be devoted to your daily practice, provided it is conducted in the manner above described, I may say: practice as much as possible; the more the better; practice two, three, four, or more hours a day, regularly; also avail yourself of all the accidental time in which you are at leisure, and do not even disregard the minutes.*

*I need not observe that this is said to advanced scholars, not to beginners. These latter, especially if they are children, should, in my opinion, not practice at all; at least not during the first lessons. If, however, their parents or other relatives are able to control their proceedings, it is of course another affair.

As for the right use of these latter, I translate a funny, but very instructive passage from Friedrich Wieck, one of the most experienced, intelligent, and successful music-teachers in Germany. He says:—

"You don't make enough of the minutes. As the general attainments of our education require so much time,—as our friends bereave us of so many an hour,—alas! and the balls with their preparations consume whole days,—alas! and parties, sleighrides, lectures, etc., can also not be attended to without wasting fine hours: should we not at least save the remaining minutes? It is ten minutes before dinner; to the piano, quickly! two five finger-exercises, two scales, two difficult passages from the music-piece which I am studying, and a self-composed exercise, are easily done,—and now the turkey and the pie will taste the better. My dear Emma, we may talk ever so long about the immense snow, yet it does not melt for that. Look here! how do you like this passage? It is from a beautiful Notturmo by Chopin, but so difficult that I must practice it a hundred times more than any other one, lest I should always be obliged to stop on its account, and never play the piece before an audience. Do you not think it is wonderfully fine, elegant, and original? To-night I am doomed to pass three hours without music; therefore I shall now busy the disobedient third finger with a very dry, but most useful exercise. It has by its obstinacy and weakness spoiled me so many a fine passage; I'll trouble it now until it gets tired, etc., etc.

"What do you think? How many hours may these minutes amount to in a year?"

Though not all playing is practicing, yet playing to an audience is always most useful, and indispensable for the acquiring of that confidence, that self-command, without which no performance will succeed; not to mention that the thought that more ears than our own are listening, together with a natural ambition, stimulates us to an uncommon exertion of all our powers, which of course must be much in favor of our progress. Try, therefore, frequently to delight your friends by the playing of the pieces you have thoroughly studied; but never play to persons who disregard music or who are in the habit of talking during your performance; cease instantly when you hear it. This is by no means impolite; it shows only that you esteem music higher than they do.

From all things regularly done we reap a double fruit. Hence practice regularly so that it shall become a dear custom with you. Attend to it even when you do not feel inclined, when your spirits are low. Full-grown persons must have enough mastery over themselves to perform their duty at any time with cheerfulness; and children too must learn it. (But don't make them cry; try rather to prevail on them by love.) A proper pianoforte-student should even possess heroism enough to renounce the most tempting pleasures, when interfering with his regular time of practice. Should you not be able to do so, do at least what Fr. Wieck said about the minutes. Never flatter yourself with the thought that a few days make no difference; on the contrary, three or four days without practice put you six or eight days back. This being the truth, you will admit that some of your friends are on a wrong way, who close their instrument for weeks and months together, and go into the country to practice horse-back-riding, gunning and bathing,

instead of the piano-forte. If you enjoy these recreations after your day's work is done, I have no objection to it; but never sacrifice to the horse or the gun a minute of your regular time of practice.

Much regular and careful practice is by all means indispensable. No fine pianist has become so without it, however great his talent, however good his instruction. I know a number who have practised not only all the day, but a part of the night too, so that one might say, they lived upon the key-board. But this I would not advise you to do, even if you had the time and perseverance. You have not made music your profession; to you she shall only be a dear friend, who accompanies you soothingly and comfortingly through all the trials of life; who exalts your joys and your sorrows; ay! who exalts and ennobs yourself, your whole being, if you treat her rightly. Should we not do all we can to gain such a friend?

ADOLPH KIELBLOCK.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

THE CEMETERY IN —.

Go Northward from the busy town, pass by the placid pond,
And enter the secluded wood but a few steps beyond;
A pathway, slippery with the leaves from former summers shed,
Through well befitting shade conducts to the City of the Dead.

The gentle kool that Nature reared, the green and grassy glen,
Art's fairy fingers have retouched and beautified again;
No sights unwelcome, no rude sounds the scene's soft beauty mar;
Mid flowers and marble monuments the resting-places are.

And many an elegant device upon the stones behold!
The Angel-child, the broken shaft, the serpent's mystic fold:
Hope's Anchor, that the life-worn soul cannot but rest upon,
And the faithful Flame aspiring still to the Everlasting Sun.

As in the neighboring city's streets workmen with every year
New habitations for the throng of living men uprear,
So evermore extend these homes, as, to long slumber led,
Earth's severed households meet once more in the City of the Dead.

And in the crowded city's streets men waken with the day,
And to the workshop and the mart pursue their eager way:
But with the sun upriseth none that here hath lain his head,
To walk among the grass-bound paths in the City of the Dead.

And through the crowded city's streets men journey from afar,
On pleasure and on gain intent, in loaded coach and car;
But the dwellers in the sepulchres,—they travel not again;
Ho! Pilgrims that have entered here, here doth your rest remain!

And through the spacious city streets pass long processions off,
With martial music on the air, and banners borne aloft;
Here only funeral trains come in all noiselessly and slow,
Not now to laud some son of earth, but to lay some sleeper low.

There need no rites of prayer and hymn to consecrate this grove,
Where sighs and gushing tears have been and longings of vain love;

Where while the dust to kindred dust friends, families return,
Sorrow within the heart shall lie like ashes in the urn.

Where every soul that hath been bid some loved one to resign,
Hath in its secret chamber said, "What sorrow is like mine!"
And hearts like Rachel's still shall bleed, and will not have relief;

Such woes, sweet wood, have hallowed thee: thou'rt consecrate by grief.

T.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

From my Diary. No. XXXVIII.

NEW YORK, Jan. 15.—Last night, in spite of the attractions of Wood's Minstrels, Christy's Minstrels, Buckley's Minstrels, and Uncle Tom's Cabin at some three different places of amusement, a fine large audience assembled at the Tabernacle to hear the performances of the Philharmonic Society! Well, that is encouraging. Think of it; this is the twelfth season, and the public—which crowds three halls nightly, year in and year out, to hear, "Down in Tennessee," "Lucy Neal," "Jim along Josey," and other classic melodies from the South, or imitations

thereof,—has reached the point of sustaining four—yes, four concerts a year, like those of which Boston has from ten to twenty in a winter, not to mention the extras. The Tabernacle was not crowded—there was room enough for a few more—but still there were so many, that after the concert I went on my way rejoicing. Still, when I reflect how much the cultivation of a taste for high Art, be it in painting, sculpture or music, depends upon a long familiarity with the great works in either department, I do not wonder that the Philharmonic Society has not yet been able to fill any hall of large dimensions. Had Metropolitan Hall not been burned there were some chance for hope, that a new class of the community might be induced to attend by adopting a scale of prices, as Jullien did. There are two things, which sometime or other in the lapse of ages may possibly be achieved even in New York—an annual series of Oratorios, and another of Symphonic concerts, well supported.

Last night we had the second Symphony of Schumann—which did not take me along with it. Indeed, the nearer we drew to the close the better I was pleased. Until the works of Haydn and Mozart are lost I do not wish a repetition of this. I found it very heavy and dull—it required an effort to listen to it. How different it was with the second Symphony of Beethoven, which came after the intermission! Really, for richness of melody, clearness of structure, and glorious beauty of instrumentation, does any of Beethoven's works surpass it? The one I hear last I find always is his best. Within a few days I have been looking over some German musical periodicals of the time when this work was composed, and it does one good to see how it at once took its place all through Germany, with the best of Mozart and Haydn. The period from 1793 to 1806 was very fertile in the production of Symphonies. Who now knows the authors of them, save the two great exceptions? From 1803 to 1807, Beethoven had a rival in this department of music—not Haydn—"hin war all seine Kraft"—he had ceased to write—but one whose works were more highly praised than his own. His name was Eberl, and, had he lived, perhaps he would not now have been forgotten. This, by the way.

As I listened last night to that glorious work, I went back half a century in imagination, and looked at the audience in Prince Lobkowitz's palace, as they listened to this work, so full of innovations, so new in its ideas and in the mode of treating them, so difficult (then) of performance, and deformed—as they must have thought—by such oddities and singular freaks. However, they became reconciled at length, and then came the "Eroica," and—the man was crazy!

Miss Brainard is a sweet singer, with a delicious voice, and Schubert's *Ave Maria* seemed well chosen, which Handel's "Rejoice Greatly" did not, for her.

A man by the name of Mozart once ventured to express an opinion, that Handel, however much in some of his songs he gave way to the fashions of his time, always had something in him—and that in the midst of his old fashioned rousades there is an idea, for one capable of appreciating it. I have a certain feeling of respect for the opinion of that same Mozart, and felt all the way through the "Rejoice Greatly" that with the trumpet tones of a Mara, or a Malibru, it would stir up the soul.

Mendelssohn's *Meeresstille und glückliche Fahrt* was the closing piece, but we had very little "stille" (silence), owing to so large a portion of the audience hurrying out to get a "glückliche Fahrt" home, in omnibus and car. The piece lost its effect, and had I never heard it before I might have agreed with some critics, who were speaking in hard terms of it, as we came out—as it is, not.

Jan. 20.—I declare there is one delightful place in this city to go to, and that is Bryan's Gallery. After some months' *interregnum*, I find it has all the charm of novelty again. If the collection was anywhere but in this money-changing place, it could not be so deserted. But its owner is above the usual modes of attracting attention, and like a certain musical journalist, who might be mentioned, thinks that the good, like truth, will make its way. So it will, no doubt, in time, but truth makes martyrs' skulls her stepping-stones. White's catalogue has really great merit, and the best possible preparation for the galleries of Europe, which one can make in this country, is to study these pictures with that pamphlet in hand. There are several young ladies just now studying in the gallery and making copies of their favorites. One de-

votes herself mainly to heads, another to landscapes, and succeeds so well that I think we shall hear of her again, after her studies in Italy, whither she goes this spring, I am told. Those who make copies here can hardly do it from any pecuniary motive. S. told me of a case in point. A young painter of a good deal of merit occupied himself some three weeks upon a copy of one of Bryan's pictures, and succeeded finely. When finished it was framed at an expense of \$8. It was sent to a dealer, who sold it and returned the artist—\$11. I forget whether, reckoning up all the expenses to which he had been put, calling his time nothing, this sum left him 12½ cents plus or minus.

A friend rather joked me for putting so much faith in Mr. Bryan. Now, he is a man who has studied the subject on which he speaks, he never makes rash assertions, does not pretend that his is a collection of master-pieces,—claiming only to have specimens of masters—and in all cases speaks of a picture, and of his opinion of it, in a manner which shows both his knowledge and honesty. I am not ashamed to trust a man whose opinions upon paintings are quoted with respect by the *London Art Journal*.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 28, 1854.

Musical Instruments.—Crystal Palace Awards.

We have received, in pamphlet form, the "Report of the Jury on Musical Instruments, at the Crystal Palace, New York, 1853." It is an interesting and instructive document, from the pen of Wm. Henry Fry, reporter of the Jury, besides whom the Jury consisted of Messrs. Wm. Norris, of Philadelphia, (*Chairman*); Geo. F. Bristow, (*Secretary*), Emile Girac, Theo. Eisfeld, Alfred Boucher, and Richard Storrs Willis, all of New York; L. Meignen, of Philadelphia, M. Jullien, and Max Maretzek.

The Report bears every internal evidence of candor, intelligence and faithful devotedness on the part of the Jury, whose method of examining and testing the multitudes of instruments submitted to them appears to have been philosophical and thorough. They held their sessions, for the sake of greater quiet, chiefly in the night, after the palace was closed to the public, and frequently their labors were pursued "hard on to morning's dawn." Each member also made his own observations singly at all convenient times.

Undisturbedly and temperately, they examined every instrument practically, theoretically, and historically; looking to its positive outworkings, its relations to art, and connection with previous steps, improvements, and claims to originality. In order to determine as exactly as possible the merit of each instrument, there was adopted a scale of adjectives, each of particular import as applicable to quality of tone, equality of the same, action, strength, finish, originality, and so forth. The notes of all the scales were tried diatonically, chromatically, in octaves and in chords; the tenacity and durability of the components of whatever instrument carefully considered; the supposed or stated rank or price of the instrument taken into view; the nature of any novelty, asserted or found, specially weighed. On each and all these points, the votes were finally taken. And in order that no treacherous memory might injure the cause of any claimant to honors among the exhibitors of pianos, those instruments were ranged side by side, by order of the musical jury. Thus our body was enabled on the instant to determine, comparatively and positively, the quality and rank of whatever instrument so tested. And I may here remind you, Mr. Chairman, of a fact which constantly and agreeably struck us during

these general investigations and decisions—which was, that the combined opinion of the jurors hardly in a single instance differed from that contained in the private note-book of each member of it, taken down during his individual investigation; and this gratifying circumstance will account for the absence of any minority Report, and for the unanimity of opinion to which we have come.

Of course, the most important instruments before the Jury were the Piano-fortes. They started with the principle that the highest quality of any artificial instrument is its resemblance to the *singing voice*; and on this ground, of *vocality of tone*, they unanimously awarded the first prize to Erard's Grand Piano. The remarks of the Report on this instrument will be read with interest:

That there may be no misunderstanding as to the decided opinion of the Committee on this very important matter, let me state that their appreciation of Erard's Grand Pianos is complete and irrefragable; that they deem these instruments not only the best, but much the best, in the great vocal quality indispensable to the first class; and that, under the hands of a modern master, whose digital dexterity and diversified grasp can compress distant octaves into sonorous juxtaposition, and shade to the extent allowed by the piano whatever note, such an instrument partakes, in a measure, of the eloquent and heroic temper of a chorus and an orchestra, and opens a new era in the transcendental possibilities of pianoism. This fact should be impressed on our American makers, in order that they may strive to reach, as speedily as possible, the apex of distinction thus accorded to the great French maker. It may be remarked, in connection with this matter, that the superiority of Erard's pianos arises from his superiority as a musician. Instructed in the rules of High Art, and with the delicate and noble sense of a master of sound, he comes to the work of piano-forte making better fortified than any other man. He feels and knows what are the highest lyrical requirements of a piano: and the advanced ingenuities of the age seconding his efforts, he is enabled to take, incomparably, the first rank as a maker of poetically-toned piano-fortes. The Committee, however, came to a conclusion in regard to Erard's pianos that, owing to a single great deficiency, which shall be stated in its proper place, their use in the United States must be extremely limited; but with this qualification, they are of opinion, that American piano-forte makers should study high musical art, as Erard has done, if they would rival him: by that they mean Musical Method, Style, and Philosophy.

The single deficiency alluded to, is their not standing in tune in our climate. The Committee made a distinct experiment upon all the pianos, in regard to their relative powers of standing in tune. The other qualities taken into the general account, were invention, quality of tone, action, touch, frame and case. Under each head they note three degrees of excellence, designated by the terms *fine*, *good* and *fair*. Of Grand Pianos there were only six exhibitors. The Messrs. Chickering, of this city, offered no specimens of their manufacture. The instrument of Erard, Paris, was pronounced *fine* in all the above qualities, with the exceptions of frame, which is set down as *good*, and durability of tune. To it was awarded the first bronze medal, the silver being reserved for new inventions. The same to that of Huni & Hubert, Switzerland. Bronze medals also were awarded to the Grand Pianos of Stodart, England, and of Bassford, New York. The specimen exhibited by Hallett & Davis of this city, was pronounced *fine* in quality of tone, *fair* in equality, *good* in action, and *fine* in touch, frame and case, but received no award. Among

the Cabinet-Upright Pianos, bronze medals were awarded to Pleyel and to Erard, and a silver medal to Debain, all of Paris. Among Square Pianos of three strings, in whole or part, bronze medals are awarded to Huni & Hubert, Switzerland, to Bassford, to Lighte & Newton, and to Firth, Pond & Co., all of New York; and "Honorable Mention" to Hallet & Davis, and George Hews, of this city. Among the Square Pianos with two strings, the "Æolian Attachment" of Gilbert was "admired" by the Committee, and a bronze medal awarded.

We admire the frankness with which the Report dismisses some productions as of bad tendency in Art. For instance: "The Banjos, being esteemed barbarous, are passed by our body, as unworthy of notice and beneath the dignity of Art." "Keyed-Stop Violins, inartistic and injurious to Art;" "intended to act as guides, by way of *frets* to the soul of the player." And the following is a richly needed lesson:

The necessity of Schools of Art and Design among us is exhibited in not a few instances, in the vulgar, tawdry decorations of American pianos, which show a great deal of taste, and that very bad. Not only do we find the very heroics of gingerbread radiating in hideous splendors, fit for the drawing-room of a fashionable hotel, adorned with spit-boxes among other savageries; but even the plain artistic black-and-white, of the keys—that classic simplicity and harmonious distinction—is superseded for pearl and tortoise-shell and eye-grating vermilion abominations. The Committee would advise the makers of these latter instruments to keep them exclusively for the Shanghai trade.

We cannot enter farther into the particulars of this interesting Report; but to give an idea of the extent and the importance, both commercially and socially, of the manufacture of musical instruments in this country, we conclude our extracts with the following:

Few persons, your Reporter would remark, are aware of the great and rapidly growing trade in musical instruments. If the Committee be not misinformed, the value of the manufacture of pianos alone in this country is equal to one-fourth of that of the cotton crop; that staple which is supposed to weigh chiefly the chances of peace or war with Europe. At the present rate of increase in the manufacture of American pianofortes, their annual value must be comparatively a few years, reach the enormous sum of fifty million dollars. This immense spread of the lyrical material in the United States, our Committee wish me to dwell upon, as it does not appear in public documents, or enter into the speeches of statesmen, but which, nevertheless, has more to do with the elevation and sustentation of a people worthy of being called free, than most vaunted treaties or the best senatorial orations. Our Committee fully believe, that the artists and fabricators who introduce the love for the beautiful into the homes of the humble; who substitute pictures, statues, pianos, or whatever other out-working of taste, for rude, coarse, and noxious excitements and stimulants, have infinitely more to do with the glory and advancement of the American people, than the solution of party questions, or the straw-thrashings of discussion on dispensable government functions. The Committee would express their pride to note, that the army in this country is with difficulty amassed; the Report of the Secretary of War, just out, showing that one-third of the men have to be recruited afresh each year, the service offering such poor attractions in comparison with the inducements which industry everywhere presents in the United States. This fact they would place alongside of another: that there is hardly a laborer or workman in this country, who may not in the course of a few years, by the practice of temperance and prudence, be enabled to adorn his little home

with a pianoforte, which, for comparative excellence, is so remarkable, that the wealth of states, a few years ago, could not have commanded such an instrument. These significant and eloquent facts in regard to the construction and disposition of the instrument most in use, the piano, the Committee would present to the public as all-important to home industry and home weal; and they would express their opinion, that if the American makers improve for the next few years, as they have for the past few years, they may defy competition in pianos, as they already do in brass instruments.

Germania Musical Society.

SEVENTH SUBSCRIPTION CONCERT. This was, we believe, unanimously voted the feeblest, least inspiring and least entertaining of the series. It certainly was a bad plan to repeat the "Desert." At least the only good resulting from it was the removal of the last lingering shadows of a doubt that David's "Ode-Symphony" is literally a desert. As a *dessert*, after the not very satisfying courses of the first part, its music was about as stale and disappointing as the pun itself. Sig. CAMOENZ, whether New England cold or desert dreariness possessed him, sang scarcely a note in tune; not only were the sweetish tenor songs let down to baritone, but the barometer kept sinking. Yet no storm ensued:—i. e. of applause.

Part First consisted of Weber's overture to *Oberon* (good, but of late too common); the grand bass air from Mozart's "Magic Flute": *In diesen heiligen Hallen*, sung by Sig. CAMOENZ (by no means so common as it should be here); an orchestral Scherzo by Robert Schumann, which, taken thus out of its connection, was unintelligible and uninteresting to the many, whereas the entire work (Overture Scherzo and Finale) would have been both too long and too strange for a wide appreciation; the march, not the *overture*, from Mendelssohn's "Athalia" (the overture is grand, the march is but a second, feeble working up of the ideas of the Wedding March); and finally of the *Rondo Capriccioso* of Mendelssohn, for piano, played by Mr. ROBERT HELLER (with fine clear, sparkling touch, and easy execution, only coldly and without much light and shade). This, however, produced a hearty encore and was followed by one of the florid Andantes through which Jaell's fingers used to flit with so much liquid grace. Mr. Heller's turn came properly before the March; after some pause, the gentlemanly agent, Mr. Bandt, came forward and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Heller is not here—I cannot find him!"—and the loud good humor with which this honest and naïve announcement was applauded, showed that the audience felt and admired its contrast with the pompous studied apologies so common in such cases.

The Music Hall was nearly filled, though not quite to the mark of previous Germania nights. This and the faint applause following the "Desert," were good signs to offset what has been said of the lapsing taste in this community.

WEDNESDAY'S REHEARSAL.—We rejoice that the Germanians do not allow these valuable opportunities to be converted wholly to the ends of the amusement-seeking flirts and chatter-boxes. These are not *promenade concerts*, where people talk and walk and dance and flirt, with music *playing* in the centre, like a fountain, all unheeded, save by now and then some musing *solitaire* amid the buzzing throng. They are opportunities

whereby the denizens of town and country may make some acquaintance with good music, and where what meets the growing taste of the more earnest, is wisely mingled with, or rather followed by, light strains to catch the ears of the young seekers of amusement, in the hope that now and then a soul among them also may be caught upward by the real music.

Last time they gave us Mendelssohn's graceful, childlike, charming little overture to his domestic opera, "The Return from Abroad;" followed by the strange and sombre Andante, the exquisitely flowing and melodious Allegretto, and the Saltarello finale of his "Italian" Symphony (No. 4). This was followed by piano-playing from Mr. ROBERT HELLER, the Overture to "Merry Wives of Windsor," by Nicolai, and every form of dance, waltz, polka, galop, &c.—music, not for music, but to dance by.

EXTENSION OF GRACE.—By the new announcement of Mr. Bandt, it will be seen, that the Germanians have increased the *three* remaining nights of their subscription series to *seven*. They will give a concert every Saturday evening till the 18th of March inclusive. (*Eight*, in fact.) These are to be alternately "light" and "classical." Thus they provide for either taste by turns, and equally. Thus, after all, we grasp substantially those "Symphony Soirées" that dangled so tantalizingly before us and were then (as it seemed) finally withdrawn; while at the same time the Germanians will throw out plentiful "sops to Cerberus," that has so long worried them with clamors after more songs and dances and light music. It may also test effectually the relative strength of parties in this matter: although that by no means necessarily follows. We expect the "lights" to *out-number*—we are *sure* they will *out-shout* and *clap*—the rival party; but we expect also to show that the "appreciating few" fond of good music for music's sake, are not by any means so *very* few as it has been tauntingly and often said.

To-night the "lights" have it. A programme light indeed! and (if we may be pardoned the suggestion) a little too closely modelled upon Julien's programmes, not to endanger the Germania *prestige*. But we are glad to see that good overtures and parts of symphonies are not excluded. There will be some strains to warn the merry ones that higher spheres of joy and harmony exist; and perhaps these brief and fleeting glimpses of the angel will charm some to pursue his shining into the so-called "classical" soirées.

Otto Dresel's Third Soiree.

A more delightful, pure, rich feast of music than that of Tuesday evening, we have not yet had. The Chickering saloon seemed fuller than ever with the most attentive listeners. The first piece, the Trio by Beethoven, in D, op. —, has not been publicly performed before in Boston, and made a deep impression; especially that marvellously beautiful second movement, *Largo assai ed espressivo*, where the impassioned melody of the strings is veiled in such a thin and mystic element by the softly flowing, exquisitely fine divisions of the piano, that an awed sense of spiritual presences creeps over one. Hence it has acquired the name of *Geister*, or "Ghost Trio," in Germany, from this slow movement; though there is nothing of the same element in the bril-

liant opening *Allegro con brio*, or the concluding *Presto*. The three artists, DRESEL, BERGMANN and SCHULTZE entered entirely into the spirit of the music, which they rendered with most satisfactory clearness, finish, light and shade and true artistic fervor.

For graceful and poetic recreation between this and the next solid piece, Mr. Dresel gave us masterly interpretations of shorter piano solos from Chopin and Mendelssohn. Of the former, a Polonaise, in A flat, in the bold, chivalric, brilliant, patriotic mood of Chopin, and the spiritual and dreamy Notturmo in E major and B major. Of the latter, the Duetto and one other of the *Lieder ohne Worte*.

The Quartet by Schumann, for piano and stringed instruments, played here for the first time, interested us from beginning to end. It is full of fire and vigor and originality and effective contrasts. The *Allegro* is one of those clear, full, sustained movements, which any one, familiar with Mozart and Beethoven, might at once appreciate. The *Scherzo* and *Finale* were more strangely individual and extremely difficult, and doubtless puzzled many hearers, till attention flagged. So far as we might dare to judge from a first hearing, it is a noble work, and leaves us still in ignorance of what the *Athenaeum* critic means by "ugly music."

The Second Part was sacredly appropriated to the glorious Concerto by Sebastian Bach. The three pianos were played by OTTO DRESEL, J. TRENKLE, and CARL BERGMANN,—the latter's debut, and a most satisfactory one, in the character of pianist. The stringed instruments were ably manned, as last year, by members of the Germania Orchestra. The full, rich, satisfying streams of melody, now in bold unison, and now in "harmonious difference discreet," rolled on rejoicingly and grandly. One's soul is buoyed up and strengthened by such broad and swelling rivers of sincere and generous music. When such spontaneous, gushing heartiness is found united (as in Bach) with the highest mastery of artistic skill and learning, the pleasure is the greatest which one mind can give to another. That he had as much sentiment as learning, no one could help feeling in the second movement, the *Andante*, in Siciliano measure, which has the most delicate and spiritually pensive coloring. The success of the Concerto was complete; all enjoyed, all felt it; all were enchained by it to the end, and carried home a conscious treasure in its recollection.

HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION. At the Annual Meeting of this Society, on Monday evening, 16th inst, the following Resolutions, offered by James Sturgis, Esq., were unanimously adopted and their publication ordered in this Journal. The mover introduced them with some interesting and affectionate reminiscences of our deceased friend's travels in Europe, in 1850, during which time he had been for three months his companion.

Whereas, It has pleased God to remove from the scene of his earthly labors our beloved associate and friend, JONAS CHICKERING, and

Whereas, It becomes this society, at its first subsequent gathering, to take fitting notice of this so mournful event and so serious loss, therefore it is

Resolved, That the Harvard Musical Association recognizes in his demise an irreparable loss; since it is the removal of one personally endeared to all;

one who was ever earnest in his endeavor to promote the cause and raise the standard of that science which so deeply interests its members; and who by his position and social influence did much to extend the musical cultivation and improve the musical taste of the community and country.

Resolved, That this society has lost a true friend and most worthy member, the musician an earnest and liberal benefactor, the musical community a faithful co-operator, the City of Boston a valuable citizen and one whose modesty and liberality equalled his usefulness and integrity of character;

Resolved, That this society deeply sympathizes with the bereaved family of the deceased; and that a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to them and the same placed upon the records of the Association.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Money versus Music: or Business before Art.

MR EDITOR;—A friend called my attention the other day to a letter from Boston in the *New York Musical Review*, in which among other matters, Mr. Dresel and his soirées are discussed. The letter is evidently "a business operation." The compliments lavished upon Boston and the Bostonians—the laudatory notices of all our native celebrities, from the Handel and Haydn Society to—Ike Partington! the whole tone and spirit of the paper prove this.

Our leading manufacturers of musical instruments are tenderly patronized. We are gratified with the information that Church-music is better cared for in Boston than in any city in the world, and our choirs, choristers and organists are implored to send in their names to the N. Y. M. R. that the clairvoyant or clair-oyant critic may be enabled, sitting in his own sanctum, to discourse as appreciatingly of their various excellencies as he could if he had heard their performances with the bodily ear! Why not—since a kindred spirit is able to produce the very best article of Paris correspondence in a snug back room of the *Herald* office? The writer in the *Review* was evidently "laboring in his vocation." He felt of course that all these compliments required the relief of a good stinging bit of injustice to something or somebody. And casting about for a victim, he unluckily for himself, stumbled upon Mr. Dresel, about whom he expatiates in a manner so perfectly absurd, that his remarks would be beneath notice were they not made to serve as the introduction to a general vituperation of foreigners and foreign artists, which, as an appeal to the basest and silliest portion of the public, deserves a brief rebuke.

During two successive seasons, Mr. Dresel's quiet, unostentatious and elegant soirées have been fully attended by persons familiar with the best music on one or on both sides of the Atlantic. These persons, who have listened with ever fresh delight to Mr. Dresel's renderings of the finest musical compositions, are naturally astonished to learn that they ought to be ashamed of themselves for failing to perceive his "automatic rigidity of touch," his "heavy playing," his "remarkable jumbling together of the notes," which they never remarked. Those (and they are not a few) of the best amateur performers in what the critic is pleased to call "the most musical community in America," who have been enjoying Mr. Dresel's "unequal scales and arpeggios," are rebuked and urged to a nobler ambition by the intimation that they can play much better than he themselves! And the sympathies of the audience are enlisted in behalf of the dead whose works they love, by a suggestion that the bones of Chopin probably writhe in his grave whenever Mr. Dresel plays a Notturmo!

How well our critic is fitted to reveal to us our strong delusion, may be inferred from the fact that he can not only tell us how badly Mr. Dresel plays what he *does* play, but also how horribly he plays what he *does not* play! The *Sonata Pathétique* of Beethoven

was our critic's particular affliction at Mr. Dresel's second soirée. What a fine-ear must he be, who was excruciated by Mr. Dresel's inaudible performance of a piece not in the programme—"a ditty of no tone," piped to the spirit only, an invisible massacre of a masterpiece, upon an immaterial piano! But, as I said before, the utter folly of this writer's remarks upon so accomplished and admirable a performer as Mr. Dresel, would provoke no notice were it not that they are conceived in the worst spirit of the janissary press. The interests of Art in America demand that the public feeling should make it plain that our communities, desirous of serious and advancing musical culture, will tolerate no such unprincipled assaults upon that most estimable and valuable class of persons, the foreign musicians, who bring to us the results of a culture necessarily higher than our country has yet attained. We welcomed the tacticians of Germany in the infancy of our military education—the engineers of France when we were learning to build and to bulwark our cities—we now look to Europe for whatever of ability, of learning and of taste she can furnish to us—that our native capacities for music, as well as for all other arts and sciences, may be well and worthily developed.

The improvement of American musical instruments can neither be arrested by the sneers of third-rate foreign musicians, nor accelerated by the applause of venal native critics. When American musical compositions can command the attention and the admiration of American audiences, the foolish sneers will be found on the same side with the venal praises.

And neither American manufacturers nor American composers can fail to feel that nothing can be so hurtful to the interests of Art, and consequently to their own interests, as the debasing influence of a vulgar and reckless press—a press *boutiquière*, which deals in criticisms as barbers deal in wigs, or astrologers in destinies. Balzac has given us in the portraits of Lousteau and his friends, the features of these retailers of opinions, whose convictions are their own only as the linen-draper's goods belong to the linen draper till the purchaser appears. We have not yet imported many representatives of this class; but a more meanly ambitious and contemptible variety of the same type has sprung up in our own soil, which threatens to do mischief to the cultivation of the "humanities" among us. It rests with the public to decide what the extent of the mischief shall be. The musical public of Boston, at least, we feel sure, will take care that on this soil the noxious influence shall not spread far nor sink deep. H.

Our correspondent administers a deserved rebuke. He hits the nail upon the head, when he characterizes the "letter from Boston," with its shameless and dishonest criticism upon as true an artist as has ever yet set foot in Boston or upon our shores, as a *business operation*. Any person, at all acquainted with the mysteries of newspaperdom, and especially of New York musical journalism, must have seen through the matter at a glance. That letter plainly did not emanate from any Boston source; nor from the editorial fountain proper of the *Review* in which it appeared; nor from any person who could properly be called musical or who had any serious love or reverence for Art, or who could necessarily be presumed ever to have heard Mr. Dresel play, or who, if he had heard him, could have judged whether his playing were good, bad or indifferent;—but from a travelling business emissary of the said *Review*, from its financial drummer, who sends these off-hand letters home, well-spiced with personalities, both flattering and abusive, to pique the curiosity of all the meanest of the many, and thus advertise his paper and draw in subscribers, advertising patronage, &c. The publication of the letter was heralded by paragraphs in Boston

daily papers, (paragraphs of that questionable aspect between editorial puff and business advertisement,) calling attention to the spicy number of the Review. No matter who is victimized in such a case, no matter how the cause of Art is served, the main point is to make a stir about "our Journal," and make every body want to see it. The famous Sontag bribery stir in New York, some months since, is understood to have emanated from the same source and with the same motive.

In a word the article was written in the interests of *business*, and not in the interests of *Art*; although that business was to circulate an Art journal. In these late and palmy days of journalism there has sprung up to monstrous power, in New York, what has been very happily denominated a "Satanic Press." In what does its "satanic" element consist? In its unscrupulous, unblushing sacrifice of truth and public confidence to its own *business* interests; in its appeal to bad passions and vile curiosity to make the paper sell. Shall musical journalism, also,—shall the ministry of the Press to the sacred cause of Art and Taste in the community, be tempted into borrowing these satanic levers of an outward, and commercial success! God forbid it! This is the only serious ground for taking notice of the letter. An artist, like Mr. Dresel, cannot suffer from such wanton and absurd attacks. But the cause of Music and true Art in the community must surely suffer, if business agents and subscription canvassers may be allowed to climb into the critic's chair, and make or unmake artists' reputations with the unsuspecting many, among their other advertising "dodges."

We sincerely hope the proper editors and publishers of the *Musical Review* will disown the letter which they may have carelessly allowed to deface their columns. It is but a week or two since we were moved of our own good will and conviction to notice the enlargement and improvement of the *Review* with commendation. The commendation was sincere; we had seen much to like and to respect among its editorials. We were pleased to find it copying and approving an article from our journal (written, will its editors believe it, by the very artist whom they now so virulently attack) about the so-called "pupils of Liszt and Mendelssohn." The *Review* singled out for special praise the sentence which declared that Germany sends over swarms of bad, as well as good musicians to our shores; and proceeded to expatiate upon the jealousy between native and foreign musicians in so reasonable a manner, although from the "native" point of view, that we did not hesitate to meet it half way and endorse its views.

Why could not the matter have remained there, upon the basis of a fair and catholic settlement? Why revive again this old stupid, bitter prejudice of native against foreign music teachers and musicians? We are sure the editor of the *Review* would not have done it of his own accord. But the business canvasser, who writes the letter, finds that too profitable a string to leave unpulled. He must sweep in the many,—make them all subscribe. The many are those interested in one way or another in the great business speculations of psalm-book publishing, piano-forte making, choir-teaching, &c., &c. This is the great musical world, which pays, which rolls up the grand subscription lists. And alas! for human nature, there is littleness and jealousy enough in it, to make a caricature of any foreign artist, who maintains a higher stand, quite palatable. This is the way our agent-critic evidently reasoned: what a fine bait to the many-headed monster to serve up one of the best German artists for its malicious pleasure! But we have too much faith

in human nature, and in our music-loving countrymen, not to believe that (with some few exceptions) they reject the bait, and that such arts of circulating musical journals are regarded only with contempt.

The letter is cunningly devised and fortified, opening with a wholesale flattery of Boston, and ending with a neat little complimentary paragraph to our own journal, which we gratefully acknowledge, but cannot let it blind us to the truth, or silence us upon occasion of so foul an outrage against Art, as this attack on Mr. Dresel.

Advertisements.

MR. APTOMMAS,
THE CELEBRATED HARPIST,
Announces that he will give a Series of
THREE HARP SOIREE'S,
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Respectfully inform the Musical Public of Boston that their
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On Tuesday Evening, Jan. 31st, 1854,
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The immense number of sixty-four thousand copies have been actually issued within the short period named, and yet until this day (Jan 21st), we have not known the time when we were not from one to six thousand copies behind our orders. Regretting the disappointment which many have experienced in not obtaining a supply heretofore, we believe we shall hereafter be able to fill every order promptly.
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MANUEL FENOLLOSA,
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MUSIC-ROOM, No. 17 GRAY'S BLOCK, corner of Washington and Summer Streets.
References.
Messrs. CHICKERING, J. P. JEWETT, GEO. PUNCHARD, Boston.
Messrs. GEORGE PEABODY, B. H. SLESSEE, Salem.
Jan. 21. 3m.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

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THE attention of Subscribers to our regular series of Concerts is called to the following: On counting the number of subscription Tickets that have until now been presented for the past seven Concerts, the undersigned ascertains the fact, that the number which is still in the possession of purchasers does far exceed the number of seats in the Hall, although the sale had been stopped when the number fixed by the Committee were disposed of. This disproportion arises from the irregular use of Tickets in the hands of many purchasers; and to satisfy all holders of Tickets, the Society have concluded to give a Concert on

EVERY SATURDAY EVENING,

Until the 18th of March inclusive,

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Jan. 28

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Eighth Grand Subscription Concert,

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AND BY

Mr. ROBERT HELLER, Pianist.

PROGRAMME.

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1. Kriegerische Jubelouverture, Lindpaintner.
2. Philomelen Waltz, Strauss.
3. Rondo Brillante, for Piano, with Orchestral accompaniment, Mendelssohn.
Performed by ROBERT HELLER.
4. Scherzo, descriptive of a Storm, from the Pastoral Symphony, Beethoven.
5. Cavatina from "Der Bravo," Mercadante.
Sung by Mrs. EMMA A. WENTWORTH.
6. Potpourri on themes from the "Daughter of the Regiment," with Solos for Clarinet, Violin, and other instruments, Donizetti.

PART II.

7. Overture to Shakspeare's Melodrama "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Mendelssohn.
8. Terzetto from "Attila," for English Horn, Clarinet, and Flageolet, Verdi.
Performed by MEYER, SCHULZ, and THIENE.
9. Pickpocket Quadrille, Czuzent.
10. Song of the Lark, T. Comer.
Sung by Mrs. EMMA A. WENTWORTH.
11. Battle Galop, Labitzky.
12. Finale from the "Siege of Corinth," Rossini.

Doors open at 6½. Concert to commence at 7½.

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References:—Professor Henry W. Longfellow, of Cambridge; Doct. Wesselhooff, Bernard Roelker, Esq. John S. Dwight, Esq.
Nov. 12. tf

L. H. SOUTHARD,
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Oct. 16.

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No, there are not six pianists for the piano sonatas of Beethoven. His trios are more accessible. But his quatuors! How many are there in Europe of those quadruple virtuosi, those gods in four persons, capable of unveiling the mystery? I dare not say. There must have been numerous motives for inducing Mr. de Lenz to take the pains to reply to the wonderings to which the works of Beethoven have given rise. The sort of

unpopularity of the wondrous inspirations is an inevitable misfortune. Yet, is it a misfortune? . . . I doubt it. It is perhaps necessary that such works should remain inaccessible to the multitude. They disclose talents full of charm, splendor, and power, destined, if not to the lower class, at least to the third estate of intelligences: brilliant genius, like that of Beethoven, was created by God for sovereign hearts and minds.

(Conclusion next week.)

[From the New York Musical World and Times.]

Mr. Fry's Letter to Mr. Willis.

NEW YORK TRIBUNE OFFICE: }
January 10th, 1854. }

MY DEAR WILLIS:—As a well-wisher to yourself and your journal, I regret to see such a notice as you made in the *Musical World* of the 7th instant, consisting of a dozen lines all told, on my *Symphony of Santa Claus*, with a paragraph on two other symphonies of mine, containing several egregious and injurious misstatements. To both of these editorial paragraphs permit me to reply at length, simply for the cause of truth and the interests of High Art.

I believe that *Santa Claus* is the longest instrumental composition ever written on a single subject, with unbroken continuity; it was composed expressly to exhibit the poetry and grandeur of Jullien's superb orchestra; it was presented designedly and appropriately for the first time, upon Christmas Eve at Metropolitan Hall, and repeated nearly every evening until the departure of the company for Boston, and received with intense and affectionate applause, and encored upon every occasion, notwithstanding its extreme length of half an hour; and such a work merits extended criticism in a musical journal. I am aware it may excite your surprise when I claim for *Santa Claus* that it is the longest unique symphony ever written, as we all know that a few of the classical symphonies, composed according to the classical four-movement rule, require over three quarters of an hour to perform; but I intend in this communication, to combat the position which you have taken as to my non-observance of the unities, and to demonstrate that that there is no more unity in the four distinct movements of the classical symphony, than in four different novels or different plays by the same author,—that their so-called unity is an illogical absurdity of the founder of the school, and only accepted and admired by those who have not the radical originality to expose the error, and who take on trust in music, as in religion, in government and in political economy, all things which bear the sanction of ages. But for *Santa Claus* I claim that it possesses the unities, which in the classic symphonies have no existence whatever, notwithstanding the folios of ink shed concerning them.

To characterize, as you do, *Santa Claus* as "an extravaganza"—a work whose tens of thousands of notes are written with the most conscientious regard to the philosophy of Art, as I understand it, and the requirements of change or progress which alone can preserve an Art from decay, would surprise me if I could be surprised. I think that the American who writes for the mere dignity of musical Art, without recompense, requires better treatment at the hands of his countrymen at least. This is the more due from an American, as the Philharmonic Society of this city, consecrated to foreign music, is an incubus on Art, never having asked for or performed a single American instrumental composition during the eleven years of its existence, but which has greedily sought for and eagerly thrust before the public every pretentious emanation from the brain of Europeans; which, too, never would play Mr. Bristow's Symphonies, that I caused to be brought for the first time before the public last winter, and whose merits Mr. Jullien was so quick to appreciate, that he, also, recently performed them. I would say, *en passant*, that I am not led to these remarks on the Philharmonic Society by any personal feeling, as I myself have never asked from that Society the performance of any composition of mine; but I make common cause with Americans, born or naturalized, who are engaged in the world's Art struggle, and against degrading deference to European dictation, such as, if I am rightly informed, is a part of the musical faith of the performers and some of the subscribers to that Society. As the chances for an American to put before the public any work of musical High Art, depend, in this country, upon the accidental presence of such a liberal-minded man and consummate musician as M. Jullien; as the journals-in-ordinary who profess even to have musical critics ignore such works, even when so presented to the public, and played with as much applause and enthusiasm as could possibly be accorded to any work (though the same critics would elaborately praise the same works if they bore a foreign name), there ought to be at least one technical journal in this city where technical criticism and extended analysis of original works are habitually rendered.

In reference to this matter I would state that I am connected with *The New York Tribune* as political and general editor, having too the critical musical department in my hands. In the capacity of musical critic, I deem it inseparable from the honest performance of my

duty to write, however late at night I may sit down to the task, a full notice of any musical performance of particular novelty, so that it may be spread before the readers of that journal the very morning after the performance has taken place. Notwithstanding the *Tribune* is but a newspaper and of course not devoted specially to music, and has no musical types to express a musical quotation, as sometimes may be absolutely necessary to convey to the reader the meaning of the musical text and critical comment, I omit no occasion for such aesthetic duties. For example—when *Il Profeta—The Prophet*—of Meyerbeer, though the work of a foreigner in a foreign land, and hardly requiring criticism on this side of the water to add to its reputation—was produced lately at Niblo's, I deemed it my duty to get the full score from the manager and study every page, and on the night of the first performance, when it closed at near midnight, to sit down in my editorial room, and write some three columns of analytic criticism—historical, vocal, instrumental and personal—of the work and of the special performance of that night—all of which appeared the next morning in print, though of course I did not get to bed till dawn. I mention this to show simply what I consider a conscientious performance of a critic's duty; and of what is due by Americans to Europeans. How much more, then, is due by Americans to themselves, in the growing state of Art in this country! and how clearly, from my point of view, should I expect to see the same justice extended to me, which in all cases I mete out to others—not being guided by any geographical or chronological bias in my artistic estimate of men or things, as seem to be the Philharmonic Society and the critics who think with or speak for it!

But I give the public a symphony,—as an instrumental work, corresponding in rank and magnitude with *The Prophet* as an operatic work—a symphony written in the school of romantic and not formalistic Art—novel in design, novel in treatment, novel in effects, novel in instrumentation,—requiring nothing short of the incomparable qualities of a Bottesini, a Wille, a Hughes, a Lavigne, a Reichert, a Keenig, and others of that grade to play it—written so as to double the resources and sonority of the orchestra compared with classic models—and your journal despatches it with a dozen lines—and these, in my judgment, embody a total misapprehension of the intention and spirit of the piece.

I do not know what the meaning of serious Art is—you saying my symphony is not serious. Lamb said once to a knot of wits around him—"Let's be serious, the fools are coming." And this grandiose swindle of seriousness is made the touchstone of Art, though the great writer of humanity, SHAKESPEARE, owes his greatness to his equal power over mirth and wit, with passion and grief—and makes his murder of Duncan in *Macbeth*, followed by the porter's jokes—and the quadruple tragedy of *Romeo and Juliet*, preceded by the Nurse's chatter and Peter's comicality. As for myself, I utterly and absolutely condemn such a view of serious Art. It is for the want of this whole genius, that Europe has given us no Shakspeare in music, both Beethoven and Mozart being but half made up—Beethoven being incapable of gaiety and Mozart destitute of comedy—and neither of them having uttered a witticism in speech or music in the whole course of his life.

I state broadly, that Mozart had no comic genius. His muse was mainly gentle and passive, rising to the sublime, but not comic. It may be safely stated, that a comic character should show his comedy, above all, in his solo, and the comedy of Leporello's in *Don Giovanni*, I, for one, cannot discover.

As to Beethoven's comedy, I shall not treat on that, as the claim is never set up that he possessed it; but I have heard him called the Shakspeare of music a hundred times: to which I reply, also, "Fudge!"

It is because there is no real view taken of the philosophy of Art—of musical Art—that a piece which begins as mine does in Heaven and then swings down to Hell, returns to Heaven, and thence to Earth to depict the family joys of a Christmas party; then dismissing the party, making tender adieux vocal according to sex and verisimilitude,—puts the LORD'S PRAYER to music, not with the drawl of monks a la Palestrina or the frizzle of eunuchs a la Farinelli, but according to the colloquial accents and purity of innocence and love,—which gives the *lullaby* connected with quadruple counterpoints used as they ought to be, not for mathematical somersets—ups and downs for the sake of ups and downs, but for the only true direction of music, the conveyance of an idea,—which seeks to render artistic *Santa Claus*, our only Fairy, who in loving sweetness is transcendental in comparison with Queen Mab;—which paints a snow storm,—in such a manner as according to the *Journal of Commerce*,—"to cause a shudder to run through the cloaks and furs of the audience;"—which involves too, at the same time, the expression of that miraculously great artist, Bottesini, in describing the despair of a perishing traveller in the snow storm, using for the first time in Symphonic Art the grandest of sombre and pathetic instruments, the double bass in a solo cantabile;—which in portraying the "songs of the stars" on the advent of the Messiah takes the violins a whole octave above the classics into ethereal regions deemed impossible for their orchestras;—which draws children as they ought to be—poetically—toys in hand on a Christmas morn,—not as Haydn has done in his Toy Symphony, where the idea is so "run into the ground" that it was hissed in London notwithstanding the exquisite care with which Jullien gave it, rendering it on Lilliputian instruments beautifully and artistically made,—but as a momentary hint and a

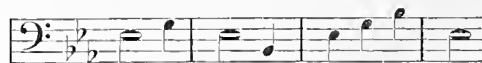
childish fanfare on real toys, while the orchestra dis-courses infantile poetry in *Bo-peep* heard above the din;—which winds up with a Christmas hymn instrumented with all the fullness of which only a great modern orchestra is susceptible, fortified by a chorus, and twelve drums,—the latter to express the sublimity of the rolling spheres, echoing the glad tidings,—this all, I think worth more than the passing paragraph given to it in your journal. Even had it been hissed—instead of as it was applauded to the echo—it should have received a better notice.

What is music, let me ask, in defining my position as a composer? Is it learning, or mathematical intricacies? No; if it be only these, I would leave off writing and take up mathematics where I left, and learn to calculate an eclipse. Is it imitating classical models? No. Is it "linked sweetness long drawn out?" No, it is the original mode of expressing an original idea. In the dreary ignorance of what is music, "imitative music" is called "the lowest kind." But all music is imitative, or it is good for nothing. If it be music painting passion or emotion, it but imitates artistically the tones of the voice which in speaking symbolize the thoughts and feelings. If it be descriptive music, it imitates either the language of nature as expressed in the elements or in vocal creation. To this may be added the painting of scenes by music connected with those scenes—such as a lugubrious march for a funeral—a national or other dance to call up the characters of the merry makers;—the barrack blast of the trumpet to cause the soldier to pass in review before the imagination, and so forth. To this must be conjoined mystic music, where the chords or melodic traits wind and wend like the mind's exhalations in more finely spun dreams. [Examples omitted.] * * *

The fugue, with its derivatives, finds its proper home on the organ and in the cathedral, where it typifies eternity (completely in its windings, but incompletely in the positive nature of its harmonies) and conveys the idea of vastness and impersonality; but a fugue transplanted, except for indispensably dramatic purposes, and stuck into orchestra or piano or quartet music for the sake of showing the learning of the author (as is done in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred) only shows his ignorance and want of self-reliance in the full expression of his works. It is understood that every composer who has brass enough to come in presence of the public, has written many a fugue while a journeyman—before he became a master. I mention this because there is a vast deal of cackling whenever a fugue appears by some new hand.

I have now spoken of High Art simply: there are other things to be considered, such as solo performances to exhibit the execution of the player in variations and otherwise. Such things are contrary to my views of High Art; but it is a fact which must not be overlooked that the purity and eloquence of the tone of every performer are in exact ratio of his mastery over mechanical difficulties. Witness all the solo players in Jullien's orchestra; and Listz, Thalberg, Gottschalk, &c. This fact has hitherto escaped criticism in noticing virtuosoism; there is, too, a philosophy in mastering these difficulties, as they may be applied successfully in certain dramatic orchestral treatments. I have now described what I think the highest intents of Art according to the closest classifications.

Now in connection with these views I consider symphonic music, whose movements are stereotyped, whose counterpoints stand out so that they are praised, is not music of the highest kind. The *ars celare artem* is wanting. Hence I do not consider it the highest mission of music for Beethoven to take this initial passage, from what many call his greatest work, the *Eroica*,



and after using it through hundreds of bars, forming the greater part of the first and second divisions of the allegro, to put it in the form of a mechanical *crescendo*, with an imitation *free* part, also mechanical, above, the whole ending with an anti-climax. But I do estimate it as the highest mission of Art when Weber, in his overture to *Der Freischütz*, merges form into force, verisimilitude, and subtle art, and when with Shakspearean impulse and dramatic *progress* he crowns the work with the grand major finale. Whether there is any mere classical *ingenuity* in the construction of such a piece—whether double, or triple, or quadruple counterpoints are used, or have any abstract existence even—whether the author ever got over the worse than *pontem asinorum*, counterpoints at the ninth and eleventh, never occurs to the musical listener—genius swallows up such detail. But to suppose, that because Weber did not lug in counterpoint was owing to ignorance, is like imagining that a college professor of Greek cannot conjugate *tupeo* because he does not speak Greek on all occasions. In comparison with *Der Freischütz* overture I consider every instrumental piece previously written, on the symphonic model, as inferior in point of truth and genius; and whatever may be the opinion now, time will decide in favor of Weber.

Now I shall touch upon instrumentation. In Handel's time instrumentation had hardly got beyond the stringed quartet, so Mozart was called in to fill up the orchestral blanks in the original score of the *Messiah*. Haydn, however, who has done more for instrumentation than any other man, vastly enlarged it: he made it classical and pure in its school. Beethoven lent a sombre majesty to certain portions of it hitherto undeveloped. Rossini called its virtuosoisms into play: doubled the horn parts:

divided the first and second violins into two parts severally playing in octaves; increased its sonority, especially in piano passages; redeemed the trumpet part from the platitudes and vulgarities assigned to it by the classics. (I will except from this a single dramatic bit by Gluck.) The orchestra, as Rossini left it in his *William Tell*, was very much as it now is, saving the introduction of the bass clarinet, the sax horns and saxophone, and some details, especially of violinism.

As wind instrument players were generally not good, and their instruments imperfect, in classic times, we find in the classic scores comparatively little for them to do, and they are hardly ever trusted alone. Hence the stringed instruments begin to play at the first bar, and only stop as a particular favor at the last, making as the characteristic of what is called classical music a most wearisome monotony. As well might a painter use but one tint. "All red, no red." However preferable the stringed instruments are to others, it fatigues my ear to hear them throughout a whole symphony without stopping—I don't care who writes it. I have no reverence for names, but am all for facts. Instrumentation has immensely widened and improved its means since classic times. In the first place, the character of the stringed instruments comes out with three fold force when heard after the wind, especially the brass in a long sustained passage. Their highest notes, too, are in lovely contrast with the flute, written as it ought to be, (the classics not understanding this instrument) and with the clarinet and oboe according to their present possibilities. Thus I have, in *Santa Claus*, carried the violins in the orchestra up to

with perfect safety, to represent the scintillations of the "stars that sing." But my limits forbid me to enter into the wide sea of instrumentation, and I shall hurry on to a conclusion, noting particularly now your very words in regard to this symphony of *Santa Claus*, as well as to two other symphonies of mine played by M. Jullien, in the same number of your journal, you devote a few lines.

In the first place you make no mention of any peculiarities of the instrumentation of *The Day in the Country*, except an entire misrepresentation, for which you should give your authority. You say:

"The author has re-cast the instrumentation (of *The Day in the Country*) to adapt it to the style in vogue at Metropolitan Hall."

I do not feel complimented, Mr. Willis, that you should think I am influenced by such irreligious or atheistic views of Art, as to adapt my music to any style in vogue. I consult my soul in writing, and nothing else. But you are utterly mistaken in saying that I recast the "instrumentation of *The Day in the Country* to adapt it to the style in vogue at Metropolitan Hall." *The Day in the Country* and *The Breaking Heart* were both written in the same week, previous to the Lectures which I delivered at Metropolitan Hall last winter. They were both performed at the first lecture. The scores and parts then used are the very ones used by M. Jullien at Castle Garden last summer, and recently at Metropolitan Hall; and neither in the score nor in the parts, from the time they were composed last winter, has there been the alteration of a single note. I do not know what may be the processes of other composers. For myself, I only compose when I feel in the vein, and what I produce in this mood, I do not afterwards think I can alter for the better. But your error is a very natural one. I am an American, and was not born in Germany during the last century, and therefore, &c., &c. Likewise, according to your journal, sometime since, the instrumentation of *The Day in the Country* wanted "experience." That experience, it seems, was gained after I had received a few hints, etc. I understand all this, Mr. WILLIS. The instrumentation was pronounced "thin" in some parts. It was and is "thin." I so intended it. The thinness is where "lithe sixteen" is painted in the score, and so I divide my violins into six or eight parts, and portray the sex by pitch. If the classics did not do so, it was because they did not know how. But the adaptation to the style of instrumentation to which you allude "as in vogue at Metropolitan Hall," was simply, I suppose, the unison brass instruments, which portray in a bizarre minor the rough steps of boors—lusty, bull-headed chaps—in the same dance; but I always seek to adapt some means to ends, so of course, I availed myself of the stoutest musical leather to make up that article. I am aware that it is not classical; but remember, Mr. Willis, if I thought the classic models perfect and unalterable, I would not write at all, or be their obedient onrags-outaags; and as there are but two things in this world—substance and shadow—and a man is either the one or the other, I would not play shadow. If I did not think I could make a school for myself, I would not write at all; for so has done every man who has made any name. But every such composer has considered it beneath the dignity of his mission, servilely to copy pre-existing forms, and follow in the steps of his "illustrious predecessors," as the critics always and invariably would have him do, ramming authorities down his throat, when he feels that he could teach those authorities. If he has not studied and made himself master of the art of writing fugues and sonatas, he is an ignorant, a quack and pretender, who does not know the rules of his trade; but if he publish fugues and sonatas for the purpose of showing that he can do so, it is about as much to his credit, as to publish the multiplication table to show that he had committed it to memory, and was able to write it down.

The Breaking Heart, you speak of in your paragraph,

"as being written of late, shows an unquestionable improvement upon *The Day in the Country*, even after the changes introduced into the latter by the author." I must be thankful, I suppose, for small favors, but here is a duplicate blunder—the old one as to the date of its composition, which I corrected above, and this new one on the "improvement" I have made as an apt scholar. As *The Breaking Heart* was composed at the same table and in the same week as *The Day*, what time was there for improvement, even if I was "never so smart?" But if my recollection serve, of the two pieces, *The Breaking Heart* was the first composed.

Then again you say, "the parts (of *The Broken Heart*) move more freely; the melodies are of a broader style, and the various departments of the orchestra are more dexterously brought into use." As regards the freedom of the parts, of course I cannot contravene any judgment on a point of taste or perception:—every critic has a clear right to form his own—but I would remark that *The Day* is immensely difficult to play, and was only heard for the first time precisely in Metropolitan Hall at the last Concert, after it had been played during months in Castle Garden, in Boston and the South: verifying the experience of the Conservatory at Paris, which gives three month's rehearsal to a Symphony. But, Mr. WILLIS, I intended in *The Breaking Heart*, the melodies to be of a broader style. *The Breaking Heart* represents a tragedy in a cathedral—that materialized home of eternity—where the senses of the neophyte, in religion or architecture, are appalled—subdued by such colossal evidence of the grandeur of human genius. I shall never forget my sensations in visiting for the first time the Cologne Cathedral, where the forest is wreaked upon stone, the vault of heaven idealized in dizzy arches—the sunset and clouds hurled into the circular windows, and all breathing a Faith which can no longer evolve such an idea. Of course when I take an educated, delicately reared young lady—not simply a young woman—and put her to die of love and melancholy in such a cathedral—when I arrest her ear by an *Agnus Dei* (Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world!) as played on the organ poetized,—for such I consider the heroic plaints and thunders of the mighty brass instruments as I have treated them in the orchestra, where human breath inspires the sound, and not a pair of bellows as in an organ—when I write, as has never been done before, the double elegy of violoncellos in deepest double octaves, fortified by Bottesini's bass playing the melody and not with the other basses—"the melodies" should be "broader," than when I take, as in *The Day in the Country*, the open fields, where red cheeked, short petticoated peasant girls, with their grinning swains, have it all to themselves in bubbling jollity;—all save the unhappy bumpkin who mourns the ill-success of his suit in the vein of peasantdom as I understand it.

In connection with this, you say you "will not inquire whether there be unity—musically speaking." He rejects such unity as something antiquated and worn out; quite opposite to the expression of an idea—and so we pass on.

Now, what is unity? Define it. Eschylus, and Eschines, and Sophocles had one standard. Shakspeare had another, and Voltaire, accordingly, called the last a barbarian. But to my apprehension—Shakspeare understood the unities—of human nature. So in music: some, because Corelli wrote sonatas in a certain form, and then Boccherini, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Onslow, and other great men, copied them—call that form a "unity"—and the only unity in music. If you think so, I do not; I think I can invent as good forms as Corelli or the others, and if I did not, I would consider myself out of place before the public.

Let me now squeeze in a word about the form and so-called unity of the musical classics. I have quoted the *Eroica* symphony of Beethoven already, and do so again, as one will answer for all symphonies. The first movement of this is in 3-4 time, and is a very long Allegro. The first third of it is repeated bodily: the remainder is taken up with the variations or developments of the first third, and repetitions of its original motives—but both in the original key, with a coda or peroration. Now, this is a complete whole, and much the largest in spirit and duration of the four movements of which the symphony is composed. The ear does not really require anything more after its first movement, if unities were observed; but as they are not, a dead march follows—a long movement—having no connection whatever with the preceding piece; and instrumented, by the way, as no dead march ought to be;—the stringed instruments utterly predominating—though the verisimilitude of a dead march depends upon the use of the brass and wood instruments; and I consider such a procedure as wide from music's Dramatic Truth, as trying to imitate an organ by harps in the orchestra, or by playing on the strings of the violins with the fingers. But this apart, the march is complete in itself, and forms Finale number two. Then again, apropos to nothing, we have a *Scherzo*—or "playful" movement—rapid, chattering iterations, which have about as much connection with the preceding, as a fandango danced on a tomb-slab has to do with the unities. But this is a perfect piece in itself, and forms a Finale, number three. Then comes a Finale number four, including an air with variations, which of course, has no dramatic meaning or progress, and no blood relationship to the "hero" celebrated, and this with a coda, completes the symphony. If there be any unity in these four separately complete, and utterly disjointed movements, I cannot discover it. The classical unities, in a word, exist in the movements separately, but the four movements are not united as a whole.

The unities in a play or an opera are in the situations and progress of the plot, not in the number of the acts; but the unities of a classic symphony seem to be the number of its movements or acts. Plays and operas are written in one, two, three, four, five and even six acts and are not condemned or approved for conforming to any rule, if there be any, as to the number of acts. But applying the unity-rule of the classic symphony—upholders to them, we would annihilate all that are not of some required number of acts, say four; and with quite as much reason and common sense as guide these classical critics, in their musical verdicts. But there must be unity in a play or opera, or it would be devoid of interest, no matter what the number of its acts or the time required for their performance; whereas the four distinct movements of a classical symphony have no more unity than four acts of four different plays, and to give such a dramatic performance as that, and call it a play, and praise it specially for its regard to the unities, would be no more an absurdity than we find in the much vaunted classical unity symphonies.

But the unities of *Santa Claus*—and those of my other symphonies—are based on dramatic meanings: there is a plot, and they tell their own stories, according to the programme, and each movement is closely connected with its fellow in sequence; and that is what I call unity; and any authority to the contrary I despise as I do the claims of the House of Hanover to the United States, or any other rubbish of the last century that cannot stand the test of time. There are so many who cry—"There is but one Musical God, and ——— is his prophet," that it would be quite unnecessary for me, were I of that faith, to contribute one voice more to swell the chorus of praise; but as it is, I enter my protest against musical error, no matter by whom committed, or how venerable, or how solemn or truculent in its attitude.

But unfortunately for your argument, *The Breaking Heart* has a great deal of classical unity. To be sure it begins in seven flats before it gets into four, the key, but that is to express the mysticism of the place with the uncertain wanderings of the sufferer. But fairly afloat, the classical modulations are followed, besides some that they did not use, but which I intend to render classical. Its *Agnus dei* is in three flats, the classical relation to four—and then we get back to A flat by classical recurrence—and the piece, after several transitions, ends on the key note. It is true its last notes are not preceded by the dominant chord or the cadence plagale—but by an enharmonic transition, leading to the final chord on A flat, with the tender third C above;—but we must remember the symphony began with a breaking heart—seeking God—in anguish and mysticism—and so we end, the third representing *Love*—for it is *Love's* note—which did not fall in death.

As I am discussing the tender passion, let me say *en passant* in the critical vein, that the erotic principle, inseparable from Nature in the productive seasons, is wholly wanting in Beethoven's *Pastorale* symphony. How differently with Shakspeare:

Duncan. This castle hath a pleasant seat: the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

Banquo. The guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve
By his low mansion, that the heaven's breath
Smells woefully here; no jutty, frieze, buttress,
No coigne of vantage, but this bird hath made
His pendant bed, and procreant cradle: Where they
Most breed and haunt, I have observed the air
Is delicate. [Macbeth, Act I. Scene IV.

My limits will not permit me to quote on this eroticism of Nature the most beautiful descriptions in our literature: the one in Emerson's *Essay on Love*, and the other in Tenyson's *Locksley Hall*. Music, being "the food of love," can better convey it even than poetry.

But to hurry on to your special remarks on *Santa Claus*:

"Mr. FRY'S *Santa Claus* we consider a good Christmas piece, but hardly a composition to be gravely criticized as an earnest work of art. It is a kind of *extravaganza* which moves the audience to laughter, entertaining them seasonally with imitated snow-storms, trotting horses, sleigh-bells, cracking whips, etc. Moreover, in the production of these things there is no little ingenuity displayed. The discordant winds are most discordantly well given; and among the graver features of the piece, our Lord's Prayer (as given in musical recitative) is marked and impressive."

Santa Claus opens with a slow movement seven minutes long, being as long as the model piece of Weber, the *Freischütz overture*, I have cited above. The scene is laid in Heaven, under circumstances of the most awful grandeur—the announcement that the Son of God is about to be born of woman. I use as precursor to this the triad or trinity of keys—E major, C major, and A flat major,—all in a few measures, and having a precursory meaning of what is to come—the E being the *Santa Claus* or Saint for children—the C being the jubilee key—and the A flat the lullaby, or Madonna and Child. Then comes the discourse of the archangel on Koenig's cornet, which, if set to words from the Bible, as it could be, would be of the most severe simplicity, as each single note is designed to be wedded to one declamatory syllable,—and not as the old oratorios are impiously written, with measured Italian roulades or formal *soffeggi*, expressing nothing but bathos. This announcement in C is followed by a *Madonna* trait in A flat, leading by an enharmonic transition to the dominant of C,—and then follows the archangel's announcement, played by all the brass instruments in declamatory unisons, as though the

universe echoed the glad tidings, while the violins play from to typify the wide dispensation of religious harmony. I then break through musical rules to hint at hell, and wind up with major harmonies of heaven. In all this you can discover no attempt to write "an earnest work of Art." If doubling the means of the orchestra over the classics to depict a sublime idea, be an earnest work of Art, you will find it done. So too you can find no earnestness where Mr. Wille sweeps on his divine clarinet through musical space, to come to earth, and describes the gentle festivities and affections of the family circle on the day of the year. Nothing serious, in the attempt I have made to draw dramatically the line between the easy abandon of the spirit of the family circle, and the company manners of the general ball-room! Nothing earnest where, to paint character in the dance, there is a triple counterpoint, to represent the children, the youths and the old people—the latter joining in the dance "just because it is Christmas." Nothing serious—when the dance being, as I conceived, artistically eased off by adieus, we come to *The Lord's Prayer*, which has been musically kicked under foot until I took it in hand! Nothing serious in the *Lullaby*—where the marvellous saxophone speaks of the mother (of Mary and the infant Saviour transcendently) and the rocking, and breathing, and the out-door winds that cannot harm the infant are all plain to the audience who listened devoutly!—but mothers did not laugh, for more than one eye filled with tears. Nothing serious when, the *Lullaby* having gradually died away—we have an enharmonic transition to E major, the first chords floating snow-like without a bass! and here, I must expatiate a moment on the *Snow-storm*. You call the winds of it discordant. I call them sublime, because they imitate nature or God. If Haydn, in *The Seasons*, Beethoven, in *The Pastoral*, and Rossini, in *William Tell*, had not made dismal botches in attempting to describe a storm, I would not have picked out one for delineation—as there is no use of hitting the bull's eye twice. But especially as I have heard Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony* praised to the skies, while I consider it, as descriptive or suggestive music, with certain exceptions, very bad (mind I don't speak of it as a composition apart, but as a *Pastoral* symphony); I determined to write some music of nature as it ought to be written. In *The Dry in the Country*, I wrote the dance, masculine and feminine, as it ought to be written, having lived more than a year among the peasants of Europe, and knowing what makes them dance, and knowing that if such a tune were played as Beethoven sets down for the short-skirts and wooden shoes to dance by, they would stick to their lager-bier tables and broad flirtations. In that symphony I would have introduced a summer storm written as it ought to be, but I required many new orchestral resources which at present do not exist—and I did not choose to write a penny-whistle storm, which, being like anything else, I would have to explain, as the critics of Beethoven do with regard to the *Pastoral Symphony*, "the feelings of the composer during the storm," etc. But the feelings of people differ during storms.

Now it is a rule in Art—all Art—that its value and interest depend on its near but not precise resemblance to Nature. If it imitate Nature too faithfully, it loses interest. * * * So in the imitation of the elements of external nature there must be likeness, where it can be compassed, or the musician is ignorant of that part of his trade, however great in others.

The winds of winter may be imitated since Paganini has given us a new school for the violins. These winds, which are to me the sublimest music in the world, I have noted from childhood, as I lay awake in a dark chamber, wondering if Santa Claus had come down the chimney or not. Afterwards I heard the works of the great composers:—Haydn's *Winter* in his *Seasons* utterly disappointed me. It had no truth or poetry. So the *Storm of The Pastoral Symphony*, as I heard it at the Conservatory of Paris, only excited similar feelings. I determined as soon as the opportunity offered to write two storms, one summer and the other winter. The opportunity was given me a few days since, to write the latter, by the presence of M. Julien, who respects America, as he executes American compositions alongside of European. These winter winds have sobbed and mourned through ether in their wild grief for thousands of years, forever circumambient the poles, and riding the storm as it careers from the arctic each circle of the seasons. They are the type of grief which is always eloquent and generally sublime. God speaks of the passing world in them: they are the audible epitaph of mortality—cold, death-like.

In regard to painting external nature, I would remark, as applicable to the subject in hand, that the plastic arts, as evolved during our century, have given us new revelations, and so may descriptive music in this country, as soon as the mental mumps and measles of national childhood—or the eruptions and fevers of juvenile and provincial-like classicism, are passed away, and we shall believe in nature and not in names. The world has faith finally in the new genius of the new school of painting. It knows at last, that Gudin can paint the sea as mortal man painted it not before; that Turner's skies are stolen from the heavens; that Vernet's horses almost leap and snort out of the canvass; that Meissonnier puts the largeness of six feet into six inches in his little art-miracles. It knows, too, that Powers hews the body of his feminine figures into a curvilinear swell and ideal loveliness rivaling the *Venus of Milo*. It needs, however, a little time in this country to arrive at the belief, critically expressed (the public has already done it at Julien's concerts) that Romance, Religion, the elements, Nature,—all offer new fields for genius in music—but it must be genius and not conformity—it must spring from a musical pope and not a musical pewholder. The rapid chatter about "Handel, Haydn and Mozart," must give place to analysis on Art as a thing which is no respecter of persons. I esteem the great masters in music for what they have done, more than all the disciples of the musical blind asylum, who receive all with dark credence, can do; for I draw distinctions between the performances and the shortcomings of these great men. But I cannot praise as comedy what is no comedy; as description what is caricature; as technical progress what is mechan-

ical stand-still; or orchestral variety what is orchestral sameness; and as burning poetry what is frozen mathematics. Particularly in spiritual romance and descriptions of nature are the musical classics wanting. As Claude Lorraine paints (I hope the magazines will forgive me), his clouds like rolling pins, and his rocks like batter, with which, if nature had anything in common, chaos would come again, so the old musical masters make rolling pins and batter of their nature-work.

The winds, my dear WILLIS, are not discordant, as you assert. Like geological strata, they lie in harmonious beauty as they come from God's hand. Each one of these layers has a distinct melodious meaning, which in music may be represented by a minor third—and there are many of these minor thirds—and they have along to harmonic masses the plain of sound, until suddenly at some signal from the Eternal, they rush up altogether furiously through several octaves to the highest point of despair, which can only be represented by that crucifixion-note, the minor sixth, and having so "cried with a loud voice," rush down the scale to their cold cradle below, where they rock and rock, or slog themselves to sleep. But to poetize the winds alone, did not satisfy me,—although I know precisely what would be the result with the audience, who were not conscious of the means I used to produce these effects, neither of the geology-like structure of the winds, nor the mysticism of putting *sordini* on the violins to render the sounds omnipresent and apart from tangibilities:—so I wrote in counterpoint with the storm the fate of a *Perishing Traveller*, the moaning human voice represented here by transcendental appoggiaturas, and the climax of despair shrieking in the pitch of masculine humanity at the minor ninth, as the winds scream at a like interval four octaves above. All this I consider "earnest" Art.

Earnest, too, is the bell tolling the awful hour of midnight, while nature remains suspended on a single unresolved chord; and the burr of the bell harmonies is described by the tremolando passages, the violins playing with the bow upon the finger board—an effect not in the classics. Earnest, too, is the introduction of Santa Claus, with the violin harmonies over him: and as no instrument can paint that fiery but the bassoon, I consider the choice of that instrument and not of any other, equal in musical value to the best fugue ever written. Bells, too, are musical and serious: so thought Mozart when he rang them in *Zauberflöte*: so think I. And the cracking of a whip is sound and is earnest—Handel wished to introduce the firing of cannon in his *Te Deum*—a "laughable" idea of the same sort. But I shall not pursue this theme farther than to observe, that the gravest truths are laughed at when first presented—and I should not be surprised, therefore, that *Santa Claus*, though touching the deepest chord of the popular heart in religion, in festivity, in love,—in a mother's love—in childish ecstasies which alas, in after life never return—in the mysteries of birth and the terrors of death, God singing the dirge in the winter's wind—in the Messianic Hymn of a Christmas morn, should not be considered "an earnest work of Art."

I have been obliged to make this communication what may be considered, at a first glance, unduly long, in order to define my position as a composer, or the apostle of a new lyrical faith, if anything,—and not an almsman, receiving thankfully the broken meats from the tables of classic composers, and relishing them instead of offering fresh, substantial viands.

In all that I have just written, I wish to be understood as separating from myself the works presented by me to the public and noticed in your journal. Art is everything, and the composer nothing. It has been said that composers are not judges of their own works; but nevertheless, I claim to possess this much judgment:—I have not seen the first line of the first criticism on the different works I have produced in this city, which points out any, even the slightest, violation of the rules of composition as laid down in the text-books; and I profess to have studied all these text books and to thoroughly understand the business of a composer, as to history, science, Art literature, and practical effect. If, then, my compositions are correct grammatically and rhetorically, all that the critic can award to or take from me, is the possession of original power which moves the public, makes its mark upon the work, and causes it to live. It would be folly and vanity for me to battle with any critic who may deny me this latter quality, nor would I feel hurt by his so doing, as he is only one of the million-headed public who can set his seal upon any work. It is not, you will perceive, upon any such grounds as these, that I mention the want or the misdirection of criticism in this city; but I am only impelled to affirm that the duty of the critic upon American works of Art, is to analyze them thoroughly—praise them when they merit it, condemn when they deserve it,—but in censuring to give a reason for such opinion, and to quote positively in musical types what the errors and blunders are, when such are stated to exist—and is this duty performed?

Faithfully yours,

WM. HENRY FRY.

[Mr. Willis's capital reply to the above shall be copied in our next.]

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

American Composers.

MR. EDITOR:—In your paper of the 7th inst. is given an extract from Mr. Fry's description of his own symphony, *Santa Claus*, lately brought out by Julien, and you preface the article by saying—"We coupled it (the symphony) last week with Haydn's *Kinder Sinfonie*, but evidently it could be no child's play to carry out all that the author has here undertaken." Now, I may be very much mistaken, but this apology appears to me to contain a covert sneer at Mr. Fry and his symphony, and if this be so, I am sorry to see an additional instance of the not uncommon, but very unworthy treatment, that our American composers receive from those who should encourage them and be their friends.

It seems to be the impression of most of our musical critics, that no production, whatever its merits or

pretensions, is worth their serious notice, unless it be an article of foreign manufacture; and when a Briton or a Fry is so lucky as to find a maestro with sense enough to perceive merit in their symphonies, and liberal feeling enough to produce them, with an orchestra that comprises the world's best players, these sapient Daniels—the critics aforesaid—are deaf as adders, and loftily ignoring the composition, (because as Mr. Fry says in his letter to R. S. Willis, the author "is an American, and was not born in Germany during the last century, and therefore, &c., &c.") turn to, and pen another panegyric of praise to the classic masters. Now I do not in the least object that our critics should, with all their prolific power of piled up superlatives, laud Handel, Haydn, and Beethoven, for the praise is well deserved, but what I do want, is, that our own composers should have a "fair field," and when a symphony, or other musical composition claiming to be ranked with works of High Art, written by an American, is performed, that it shall receive the meed of just and serious criticism,—that its merits shall be acknowledged, and its faults, if it has them, exposed, and that critics shall not consider the fact that it is a home production, *prima facie* evidence of worthlessness.

I know of no reason why the Present—why America, shall not produce musical compositions to rank with any ever written, or why American composers may not have science as profound, imagination as fertile, and taste as refined, as the composers of any other country or age; or indeed, when they have at their command, as no past age has had, all the possibilities of the orchestra fully developed, why they should not make their descriptive music surpass all previous efforts, just as they have the more perfect medium of expression to aid them. Mind you,—I do not in the least deprecate the constant production here, of the works of those sons of genius and Germany, whose names are as familiar to us as household words. I should be sorry indeed to lose the privilege of hearing frequently the compositions of Handel, Haydn, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and of the living European writers, but I say let us give those few of our own countrymen who devote themselves to High Art, an equal chance; let their productions be heard, and receive a candid, and if possible, a favorable attention. By such encouragement, it may be that more in our land shall be led to devote themselves to earnest study of Art, and among them all there shall be more than one good, and perchance one, great name, to reward the kind encouragement bestowed.

W.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEB. 4, 1854.

Mr. Fry and his Critics.

Not many of our readers, we are sure, will murmur at the space we give to-day to the very remarkable letter of Mr. Fry to the editor of the *New York Musical World and Times*, Mr. R. S. WILLIS. The closely printed columns look quite formidable; but let the eye once light on any paragraph and you will certainly read on, and then go back and read the rest. We are only sorry to be obliged to make any (though comparatively slight) omissions, in order to furnish the gist of the whole at one reading. So pleasant a piece of most decided individuality has seldom turned up in the dry ways of musical literature, as this *Santa Claus* letter, whatever may be thought of *Santa Claus* itself. Whether Mr. Fry succeeds or not in vindicating the title of his so-called "symphony" to be considered an important

product of a new and earnest school of "High Art," in which he walks in no man's footsteps, but transcends the "classics" as to all the real ends of Art; whether he succeeds or not in proving the love of Handel, Mozart and Beethoven sheer affectation, slavish idolatry, pedantry and "old-fogyism," and in demonstrating the huge strides by which "Young America" has put all that far behind it: he certainly does write up his own artistic merit with a splendid audacity of disbelief in the world's musical authorities and models, with a refreshingly heroic and naive self-confidence, a glorious top-of-the-world sort of feeling, a smart, eccentric, spicy talent, an evident knowledge of the science, history and practice of his Art, and a wonderfully quick and quaint suggestiveness of thought, that must make this apology for *Santa Claus* against the classics, and for musical Young America against musical old Europe, a memorable document of the present queer stage in our musical history. It sums up and intensifies to an almost burning focus the arguments and aspirations of this would-be-all in music, as in all things,—this ambitious and irreverent young giant Jonathan. We think it ought to stand here in our columns as a part of the record of this strange early stage of musical development in our "fast" country. And in this view we doubt not our friend Willis will look kindly on our thus transferring bodily so large an amount of matter from his columns to our own.

Besides, we had hoped and promised to say more of *Santa Claus*, after having owned ourselves amused and surprised by novel and striking instrumental effects in the one hearing that we had of it when Jullien's orchestra was here. But every thing is said, a hundred times better than we could say it, both from the composer's and the sober critic's point of view, in this rich correspondence we are copying. To Mr. Willis belonged of course the right and the delicate duty of replying to the letter; and he has done it with most admirable tact and temper, as we mean to let our readers see next week.

Like Mr. Willis, we confess that we had never dreamed of regarding *Santa Claus* as anything but an *extravaganza*. Like him, we admire the talent, the independence and the generous social qualities of WILLIAM HENRY FRY, and prize his friendship, while we dissent from his peculiar notions about Art, and while we are unconscious, so far, of having felt in any of his compositions that unmistakable magnetism of genius which should stamp his novel forms, or formlessness, as classical for times to come. Like him, too, we have necessarily, by the whole tone and spirit of our criticism, and our whole Art creed, implied or spoken, drawn down upon us the displeasure of this "manifest destiny" native American, or anti-European party in music, which deems it an insult to suppose that anything attempted by an American, upon as great a scale, in composition, is not as worthy of attention and of fame as any great work of the greatest masters. It behoves us, therefore, in our own inability to take their point of view, to let the ablest advocates of this cause speak in our columns for themselves. And where both advocate and artist are united in one person, as in Mr. Fry; where, if preaching and prophesying and interpreting and arguing can possibly do the thing, he is so eminently the man to do it; where he has set about it with such thoroughness and vigor as in this letter; the least that we can do in

justice to him and to his position (which we possibly do not appreciate), is to copy the letter for our readers.

But tell us, good friends, after all, are you not fighting a vague bugbear of your own erecting, under this name of "classical"? Some time ago we indited an editorial (which we left half finished), in the hope of clearly settling what is meant, in the living and best sense of its every-day use, by this phrase "classical music;" if we succeeded in proving anything it was its undefinableness. For instance, here is our friend FRY, who makes it to consist in one or both of two things: viz. 1. a respectable degree of age, and, 2. certain technical forms of structure, arbitrarily adopted by men like Bach or Mozart, and tamely and mechanically copied by their followers. Now where is the real lover of what in common parlance we call classical music, who will accept both or either of these definitions? Do we love the older music *because* it is old? No. Do we limit our admiration to the writers of any given period? By no means. Are not the warmest worshippers of Handel, Bach, Beethoven, just the very men who hail with most enthusiasm a Schumann and a Wagner, compared with whom, as innovators, (at all events the latter,) Mr. Fry has certainly not gone any very alarming length. Mr. Fry cites the *Freyschütz* overture against the *classics*, Beethoven's symphonies and all;—but every classical music-lover includes that *in* the classics. To be sure, there has been some talk about a distinction between classical and romantic in music, as in literature; but the common use of the term classical—as when the Germanians, for instance, contrast a "classical" with a "light" or miscellaneous concert,—covers both those kinds. Chopin, in his dreamiest reveries, following the freest play of fantasy, is quite as classical as Bach or Mozart now with the great mass of music-lovers whom Mr. Fry arraigns. Chopin, who is for the most part all fantasia, shares our enthusiasm with the great symphonists and fuguists. The overture to *Tannhäuser* is newer and stranger, and not less romantic nor dramatic, than the *Freyschütz*; yet it has earned its place, by pretty general consent, in the most strictly classical programmes. And Mr. Fry and Mr. Bristow, and 'Herr Löstiswitz' himself, whose programme rivals Fry's, are sure to be accepted just so soon as the world shall see that they have done what they themselves suppose they have:—just so soon as their audiences shall feel that there is genius, inspiration, beauty, poetry of music in their symphonies, at all proportioned to the audacity and oddness of their designs. Believe us, it is not a question of schools and authorities, of following or discarding models, whether a man shall be recognized as a great composer. It is simply a question of *genius*. And genius can be perennially fresh in old forms, or draw us intimately near to itself and make us feel at home with it in whatsoever new forms.

Why then is not friend Fry willing practically to submit the merit of the American symphonies to what he himself maintains to be the only true test?—namely, to time and the world's impression. Have they not an equal chance with every work of Art, which rests upon no previously earned *prestige* of authorship? Have they not all the chance that genius ever has, to work their way into recognition? Of course the bulk of our public concerts and musical entertainments must consist of pieces of a guaranteed excellence, of works

that the world *knows* to be good, sure to give pleasure, sure to inspire and to reward attention. It will not do to invite the public to perpetual experimental feasts of possibilities; to assemble a concert audience, like a board of jurors, to listen to long lists of new works and award prizes. Yet if a work have genius in it, it will sooner or later make its mark upon the world. The chances now-a-days are that it will do it pretty soon, in spite of classical or of contemporary competition. This talk about pedantry, and blind reverence for the past, is very well and very brave. We all like it in the abstract. But whom does it hit? Does Mr. Fry believe that any set of musical pedants, purists and exclusives have the power in this country, or in any country at this age of the world, to make or damn his symphony? Pedants have little power over the world's likings. A musical pedant would think a dry, mechanical fugue-writer, provided he were only learned, and did all strictly according to the rules, as good as Bach. But it is the musical instinct of mankind, it is the feeling and poetic soul, in the most instances unlearned, that has kept Bach and dismissed the thousand and one mechanical fuguists to oblivion. Germany has produced thousands of symphonies as classical, according to Mr. Fry's definition of the word, as Beethoven or Haydn; but the appreciative music-lovers, learned or unlearned, professional or amateur, who love Beethoven's music, and do not love Fry's, have not been apt to recognize the classical affinity.

No. The value of a symphony is settled by the public, precisely as the value of a poem or a novel. A large class are captivated in either by superficial glitter, or feeble sentimentality, or high spiced novelty, or blood and thunder. A large class seek amusement and amusement only.—Presently the opinion of the appreciative, serious, thinking minds is felt, and it is recognized that there is a vast difference between Tennyson or Wordsworth, and the magazine poetry that circulates so widely. Is this difference based, think you, upon the grammatical or rhythmical or logical construction of the poems? No, nor is it in the world's ultimate appreciation of musical poems, symphonies, &c. *Der Freyschütz* overture, to cite Mr. Fry's favorite, could never have been talked and argued into popular acceptance. It is of no use to tell us why we ought to like *Santa Claus*; the thing is to make us like it.

The letter opens many topics into which we cannot enter. For instance, the question of "the unities" and of "imitative music," which have found fitting treatment at the hands of Mr. Willis. What we are most anxious to state here as our conviction is, that there is no very general prejudice, (certainly none on our part) against American composers as such. Art soars above all narrow nationalities; and there is of course no inherent *a priori* reason, as a correspondent in another column says, why this age and this country may not produce works of Art, in every kind, as great or greater than the famous masterpieces of the world. The creative soul and genius of humanity undoubtedly are not exhausted; but progress, growth, continual upward aspiration and achievement, we believe as strenuously as any one, are still the law of human history. But who shall foretell the coming of a genius in the world? Who shall anticipate its hour and birth-place? What patriotic faith in our New World's great destiny can ever make us feel the

new spell of genius, until that genius convert us to itself by its own proper magnetism? If a new Beethoven was born in America this very morning, is not the world as sure to hear from him and own him, as if he had sprung up under the guardianship of Liszt at Weimar, or of Hauptmann, Moscheles & Co., at Leipsic?

Time will take care of all these questions. Meanwhile we conclude with assuring our correspondent, "w," that our few hasty words in anticipation of Fry's Christmas Symphony contained no "covert sneer."

THE NEW YORK MUSICAL REVIEW defends the absurd "criticism" of its "Boston correspondent" upon Mr. Dresel, and declares said criticism "did not originate with the source upon which it is charged by *Dwight's Journal*." But it is careful not to deny that the *whole letter*, with the exception of the paragraph on Mr. Dresel, did emanate from that source. What matters it, whether the letter-writer himself wrote that paragraph, or whether he procured it? We can only say that we think very poorly of the judgment and the spirit of the critic, whoever he may have been, and that the criticism contained internal evidence, which was pointed out, that he could not have heard Mr. Dresel's concert, or did not know what he was hearing.

As for Mr. D.'s artistic abilities we must continue to think as highly of them as ever; and if it only were true, as the *Review* intimates, that "Mr. Dresel is, in a fair sense, about half editor of *Dwight's Journal*": that it, to a large extent, merely echoes his ideas, feelings and prejudices," we should esteem it not the poorest compliment that could be paid us. For musical opinions and partialities, like Mr. Dresel's, are those which in the long run have the sanction of the highest names in Art, as well as the respect and sympathy of all the most appreciating and refined. Many of his ideas are only those which the *Musical Review* itself has often professed.

It charges our rebuke with bitterness; says it must be "the boiling over of rage on the part of one who is smarting under the influence of merited censure." That is as much as to hint that Mr. Dresel himself wrote either the communication or the editorial that followed and sustained it. Both were written wholly without his prompting or his knowledge. And from disinterested motives, from indignation that a deserving artist should be thus coarsely victimized, to advertise and circulate a paper, through an appeal to a mean prejudice against foreign artists. What we wrote, was with the certainty that we were acting probably against our own business interests, but for the cause of Art and Truth;—yes, with that "reverence for Art," which this New York *Review* declares with holy horror that it deems "profane"!

The *Review* says we failed to copy the "Letter from Boston," and that we wrongly accuse it of reviving the prejudice against foreigners. We had not room to copy; but here we give the paragraphs referred to, the remainder of the letter being, as was said before, made up of compliments to all and several in the musical world of Boston, not excepting our own journal.

Mr. OTTO DRESEL is giving a series of *soirées*: pianoforte music predominates in his programme, which is mainly played by himself. Mr. Dresel sometimes writes good music; but he can never rank high as a pianist. There are many amateurs—ladies as well as gentlemen—in this country,

who are his superiors. He plays with automatic rigidity. His fingers are stiff; he plays heavily, and jumbles the notes together in a manner which is at least remarkable in the execution of a person who claims recognition as a public performer. His scales and arpeggios are unequal; one tone being too loud, and another too soft; one legato, and another staccato, and so on through all the qualifying characteristics of pianoforte playing. In the *Sonata Pathétique*, by BEETHOVEN, which Mr. Dresel played at his last *soirée*, these deficiencies were painfully apparent. The tones were not properly separated; he did not play *cleanly*; he played without sufficient power, and his execution was quite insufficient for the proper performance of the composition. His style was also entirely out of character. Mr. Dresel's attempts to interpret Chopin's music are absolutely ridiculous; and were it possible, they would cause the bones of Chopin to writhe with agony in his grave. There is no spirit of Chopin in Mr. Dresel. He knows not Chopin. He knows only Dresel. No matter whose composition he plays, it is, for the time being, Dresel's—it is sunk to the level of his own. It would be well for Mr. Dresel to confine his public performances to his own compositions; he would then render them to the satisfaction of the author.

There is a small class here who affect not anything American. American compositions, American instruments, American critics, American artists, and American art, they always sneer at. These high priests of musical snobdom mostly confine their communications with the public to an expressive pantomime, in which are employed only the nose, the lip, and the shoulders. Their noses they turn up; their lips they curl; their shoulders they shrug. Some have been known occasionally to elevate their eyebrows in a peculiar manner, and give the bystanders to understand that if they chose they *could* say something which would, perhaps, be worth listening to; but they never say any such thing. The leaders of this class are generally third-rate foreign musicians who, unable to get a living at home, have brought their ignorance, their jealousy, their impudence, and their ill-manners to this market. They here meet with a similar class indigenous to the soil; the foreign and native noses, lips, and shoulders fraternize; they are turned up, and curled, and shrugged in unison; their owners fret, and growl, and sneer, and starve in unison: some get situations as teachers; some give *soirées*; some turn critics, and laboriously praise the efforts of their brethren in affliction; one after another they are weighed in the balance of public opinion, are found wanting, and suffered to take refuge from general contempt in merited oblivion.

Let the reader judge for himself, first, of the justice of the criticism; second, of the spirit of it; third, whether its motive does not appear in the second paragraph; and fourth, whether the vigorous advertisement of the article in the daily papers does not confirm our theory of its appeal to popular anti-foreign prejudices to make the *Review* sell.

The *Review* alludes to our complaint that business agents and subscription canvassers should be allowed to climb into the critic's chair, and says "it comes with a bad grace from the editor of a musical journal who, in assuming his position, frankly confessed (see *Dwight's Journal*, Vol. I, No. 1) that he was not in any sense a *thoroughly educated musician, in theory or practice*." We were guilty of that frankness. We actually in our short-sighted folly thought to commend ourselves by not claiming to know and be everything. In the *Review's* theory of musical journalism, a little modesty is plainly a most fatal error. But think of the meanness of twisting such a confession into such a use! We should not have commenced our *Journal*, did we not believe and know that one may do much for the cause of music and good taste, even without being a complete musician in the professional and technical sense. Such an one may rightly criticize, if not in all things, yet in many things. But for a mere subscription agent to assume the place of a critic, is to make it questionable at all times whether the

criticism is written in the interests of Art, or in the interests of business. It is not the first time that this same writer has taunted us in the same way with the same expression. What better confirmation could be asked that we rightly appreciated the spirit and motive of the letter?

For *Dwight's Journal of Music*.

MR. EDITOR:—I observe that the Editor of the *New York Musical Review* seems to feel aggrieved because I did not accompany my observations upon "The Letter from Boston" with extracts from that letter, or failing this, animadvert upon the remarks which called forth my communication, point by point. I feel bound to magnify my own forbearance by a statement of reasons. The "criticism" upon Mr. Dresel was no criticism at all. It amounted to this: that Mr. Dresel was an exceedingly poor performer. If a man should say of Mr. Longfellow, that he had no knowledge of metres and no sense of rhythm; that his versification was unequal and his expressions unapt; that his similes were inappropriate and his figures meaningless; that multitudes of young gentlemen daily wrote better verses in the Albums of Lalage and Chloris,—it would certainly be a very silly and superfluous thing to follow up these allegations with specific denials. A wise friend of Mr. Longfellow would content himself with saying that, all these things being so, it was at least odd that intelligent people should buy Mr. Longfellow's books, read and enjoy them. Just so, there was nothing to be said in the way of comment upon the letter writer's demolition of Dresel, excepting that Mr. Dresel was and is listened to with pleasure by large audiences of the best cultivated people in "the most musical community in America." Had the letter writer been present at Mr. Dresel's concert, he probably would have selected some other victim. The N. Y. M. R. will see that nothing could have been more good-natured than my conduct in sparing its correspondent the republication of his remarks. And I hope the Editor of that *Journal* will receive the assurance of an unprofessional scribe, that a hearty detestation of vague and vulgar criticism, which traffics in praise and blame, was my only motive for noticing the communication at all.

H.

Concerts of the Week.

The concerts in this city, since our last, have been the following:

EIGHTH OF THE GERMANIA SERIES. This led off the new order of "light" and "classical" programmes for alternate Saturday evenings. It was one of the light description, and gave great satisfaction to an audience only slightly inferior in numbers to those of previous evenings. We did not stay through the whole; not, however, from any classical exclusiveness, for we should be sorry wholly to outlive the mood and the capacity to experience pleasure from such a sparkling miscellany of pieces, admirably performed. The Lindpaintner overture, to be sure, which is so full of martial drums, and which so tortures and bedevils "God save the Queen," was not much to our taste. The "Pholomelen Waltz," by Strauss, was delicious. It is one of those early Strauss waltzes, which we have always thought superior to anything in the waltz kind;—real genial little poems in their way. Mr. ROBERT HELLER played Mendelssohn's *Rondo Brillante*, for piano, with orchestra, with great brilliancy and clearness, though not as it was played by Jaell. The "Storm" from Beethoven's *Pastorale*, gave the true *feeling* of a summer storm, even if it does not daguerreotype the thing as literally as the composer of *Santa Claus* would like. It

was a mistake, however, to clip round the storm so close, and not let it conclude itself, as it does almost perforce in the symphony, by the warm and beautiful finale. Mrs. WENTWORTH sang as pleasingly as ever.

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY. We own to having enjoyed the music of "Moses in Egypt" exceedingly last Sunday evening, although it is absurd to make an oratorio of it, and although many of the military, triumphal strains are anything but sacred. But Rosini, in this opera, is so surpassingly elegant and graceful and inventive in melody; the duos, trios, quartets, &c., are so finely wrought up; and the instrumentation throughout has such a Titian glow and lusciousness of color, that it could not but be a pleasure, after a long interval, to recall all the music once more in its order, as thus vividly and delicately brought out. The orchestral parts alone, as played by the Germanians, were a rare feast; but the singing too was generally quite beyond what we had deemed reasonable expectations. The choruses, especially the "Prayer," were very impressive. Miss STONE and Mrs. WENTWORTH achieved great successes in the parts of Nicaule and Esther; and the new voice (Miss S. E. BROWN) by its freshness and purity gave excellent promise. Mr. ARTHURSON's tenor, in Osiris, was sweet and true, and highly satisfactory, save in the weakness of a few of the highest tones. Mr. WHEAT, too, ably sustained the part of Aaron. Messrs. BALL and AIKEN, in the two bass rôles of Pharaoh and Moses, sang extremely well, but lacked (what perhaps it was hardly fair to expect in such a representation) dramatic fire and energy. The organ (played by Mr. MÜLLER) told with fine effect, wherever it was used.

The Sixth concert of the MENDELSSOHN QUINETTE CLUB was a great success; enthusiastically enjoyed by the largest and best audience we have yet seen at any Chamber Concert. The Quartet in A (op. 29) by Schubert was less striking than we expect always from that name, except in a remarkable and beautiful modulation in the Minuet. The Prelude to the Fugue in C, by Bach, arranged for piano with violin *obligato*, and quartet accompaniment, by Chas. Gounod, of Paris, and played by Messrs. TRENKLE and AUGUST FRIES, was most satisfying music and capitally rendered. It had to be repeated. Mr. TRENKLE "covered himself with glory" in his really masterly performance of Mendelssohn's first Trio, and again in the Introduction and brilliant Polacca by Chopin (op. 2), for piano and violoncello, the latter played with his usual artistic feeling by WULF FRIES. This too was encored. The Song from *Tannhäuser* found favor again; and the B flat Quartet (No. 6 of op. 15) of Beethoven was played uncommonly well.

Mr. APTOMMAS's "Harp Soirée" was charming. Of course he played well; HELLER played well; and Sig. CAMOENZ sang, not only in tune, but with good style and effect, a barcarole, a tarantella and a monk's song, that suited his bluff voice and manner. The second "Harp Soirée" will be next Monday, and we commend it to our readers.

Mlle. DE LA MOTTE's first Private Soirée took place at Chickering's, Thursday Evening. Previous engagements deprived us of the pleasure of hearing her in a rich programme, including parts of Trios by Beethoven and Mendelssohn, Thalberg's *Maise* fantasia, Liszt's *Galop Chromatique*, &c. She had the assistance of the brothers FRIES in the Trios.

Foreign Items.

The autumn season at La Scala closed with Verdi's *Travatore*, given with proud éclat. Two pieces, the *Miserere*, and the duo between the soprano and barytone, were encored. The *Travatore* has been performed 21 times during the season, and *Ernani* nine times. At

the theatre Carcano, in less than three weeks, *Rigoletto* attained to 13 representations.

The following is the programme of the second concert of the Société Saint Cécile, extra from the subscription. This concert is every year consecrated to the execution of works of contemporary composers:

1. Overture,.....M. Th. Gouvy.
2. The Flight into Egypt, (fragment of a mystery in the old style),.....H. Berlioz.
3. Andante-scherzo, from symphony,.....Mathias.
4. Peter the Hermit, (scene for lary tone, chorus, and orchestra),.....Gounod.
5. Symphony,.....M. Seghers.
- Director of Orchestra,.....M. Seghers.
- " " Chorus,.....Wekerlin.

Bosio makes her rentrée at the opera in *Betty*, by Donizetti. *La Muette* has been laid aside for the present.

Cruvelli will make her debut in *Les Huguenots*. *La Vestale* will follow; her third role will be that of *Hélène* in *Jerusalem*.

The first representation of the new opera-comique of M. Reber, which was to have taken place on the 21st December, was postponed on account of the indisposition of Mme. Miolan Carvalho. It is entitled: *Les Papillottes de M. Benoît*. The libretto (in 1 act) is by Messrs. Barbier and Carre.

At the Italian opera, M. Ragani has engaged a German basso who will make his debut in *Don Giovanni*.

Leopold de Meyer gives a series of concerts in Vienna during the month of February. He has not performed in that city for over six years.

Balfe's new opera, *La Kenanthe*, was performed at Vienna with success.

Benedict, the eminent composer, and most illustrious pupil of Weber, has gone to Munich, to direct the first performance of his new opera: *The Crusaders*, which is to inaugurate the opening of the Grand Theatre of that Capital.

Mr. Bonnehé is reaping well deserved laurels in *La Favorite* at the grand opera, Paris.

Advertisements.

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The Music by Rossini,

With Words adapted expressly for this Society,
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On Sunday Evening, Feb. 5, 1854,

AT THE
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Organist,.....Mr. F. F. MÜLLER.

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Until the 18th of March inclusive,

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Jan. 28

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On Saturday Evening, Feb. 4th,

ASSISTED BY

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PROGRAMME.

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1. Overture, "Medea,".....Cherubini.
2. Concerto No. 4 for Piano, in G major, op. 58,....Beethoven. with Orchestral accompaniment. Allegro moderato. Andante con moto. Rondo vivace. Performed by ROBERT HELLER.
3. Overture, "Das Märchen von der schönen Melusine," (The fair Melusine),.....Mendelssohn.

PART II.

4. Concerto in E minor, op. 64, for Violin with Orchestral accompaniment,.....Mendelssohn. Allegro molto appassionato. Andante. Allegro molto vivace. Performed by WILLIAM SCHULTZE.
5. Symphony No. 7 in A major, op. 92,.....Beethoven. Poco sostenuto and vivace. Allegretto. Presto. Allegro con brio.

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NO. 19.

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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Beethoven and his Three Styles.

BY M. W. DE LENZ.

[From the French of HECTOR BÉLIOTZ.]

(Concluded from last Number.)

He felt, himself, both the force and the grandeur of his mission; the whims which escaped him in many instances leave no doubt upon this subject. One day his pupil, Ries, having ventured to call his attention to a harmonic progression in one of his new works, declared faulty by theoreticians, Beethoven replied: "Who forbids this?" "Who?"

why, Fuchs, Allrechtsberger, all the professors." "Well, I permit it." In another instance, he said, with naïveté: "I am of an electric nature, that is why my music is so admirable."

The celebrated Bettine relates in her correspondence, that Beethoven said to her one day: "I have no friend: I must live with myself alone, but I well know that God is nearer to me in my art than to others; I commune with him without dread; I have ever acknowledged and understood him; neither have I any fear for my music, it can meet no evil fate; he to whom it makes itself intelligible must become free from all the wretchedness which others drag about with them."*

Mr. de Lenz, in recounting the singularities of Beethoven in his social relations, says that he was not always so savage as in the last years of his life; that he often figured in balls, and *did not dance in time*. This is rather too much, and I will permit myself to doubt it. Beethoven possessed in the highest degree the appreciation of rhythm; his works bear witness to this; and if it was really said that he did not dance in time, it must have been because it was thought piquant to make this puerile observation, and to consign it as a curious anomaly. Some persons pretend that Newton knew nothing at all about arithmetic, and do not believe in the bravery of Napoleon.

It appears, however, if we believe a great number of German musicians who have played the symphonies of Beethoven under his direction, that he conducted indifferently the execution even of his own works. This is by no means incredible; the talent of the leader of an orchestra is special, like that of a violinist; it is acquired by long practice, and by very pronounced natural dispositions. Beethoven was a skilful pianist, but a detestable violinist, although he studied the instrument in his youth. He might have been a most wretched performer on both, or no performer at all, without being any the less a prodigious composer.

It is generally believed that he composed with great rapidity. In fact, he composed one of his masterpieces, the overture to *Coriolanus*, in one night; but generally he worked up, turned and moulded his ideas in such a manner, that their first jet bore but a slight resemblance to their ultimate form. To have a good idea of this, one should see his manuscript. He re-wrote three times the first piece of his seventh symphony (in A). He searched for several days, wandering in

the fields around Vienna, for the theme of his *Ode to Joy*, which commences the finale of his choral symphony. The sketch of this page still exists.

After the first phrase which presented itself to the mind of Beethoven, we find written in French the word "*mawais*," bad. The melody, modified, re-appears a few lines below, accompanied by this observation, always in French: "*Ceci est mieux*," this is better. Finally we find it, clothed in the form which we are accustomed to admire, and decidedly elected by these two syllables which the persevering seeker evidently traced with joy: "*C'est ca!*"

He worked during a considerable period at his Mass in D. He re-wrote two or three times his opera of *Fidelio*, for which, as we well know, he composed four overtures. A recital of what he had to endure to bring forth this opera, from the ill-will and opposition of all the performers, from the first tenor to the contra-basso, would be of sad interest to us, but would lead us too far. As varied as the vicissitudes of this work may have been at first, it remains and will remain in the repertory of more than thirty European theatres, and its success would be greater, despite the numerous difficulties of execution which it presents, were it not for the incontestible inconveniences of a doleful drama, the entire action of which takes place in a prison.

Beethoven, in his ardor for the subject of *Leonora*, or *l'amour conjugal*, only saw the sentiment which it gave him to express, and made no account of the sombre monotony of the spectacle which is so closely allied to it. This libretto, of French origin, had been set to music, at first in Paris, by Gavanx; afterwards it was changed into an Italian opera for Paër; and it was after having heard at Vienna the music of the *Leonora* of this latter, that Beethoven had the simple cruelty to say to him: "The subject of your opera pleases me, I must set it to music."

It would be curious now to hear successively the three scores.

I will now close; I have said sufficient, I hope, to inspire the admirers of Beethoven with the desire to learn more of the book of Mr. de Lenz. I will merely add that, beside the excellent qualities of a critic and biographer which he has displayed, they will find in the catalogue and classification of the works of the maestro a proof of the religious care with which Mr. de Lenz has studied all that concerns it, and of the knowledge that has guided him in his investigations.

* Bettine to Goethe, Vienna, May 28, 1810.

[From the New York Musical World and Times.]

Reply of Mr. Willis to Mr. Fry.

MY DEAR FRY:—As you have addressed me personally in your letter of last week, I shall adopt the same genial form of address in reply to you. I have carefully read your interesting and, certainly, in some respects, remarkable letter, and have pondered its contents. After a careful analysis of the same, I find it to consist of, 1st. Various opinions of your musical works, and an extended analysis of the same; 2d. Various opinions of the works of others; 3d. Various opinions on Art in general. In their order, I will now quote some of these opinions:

"I give the public a symphony, as an instrumental work corresponding in rank and magnitude with the *Prophet* as an operatic work."

"For *Santa Claus* I claim that it possesses the unities, which in the classic symphonies have no existence whatever, notwithstanding the folios of ink shed concerning them."

"If I did not think that I could make a school for myself, I would not write at all; for so has done every man who has made any name. But every such composer has considered it beneath the dignity of his mission, servilely to copy pre-existing forms, as the critics always and invariably would have him do, ramming authorities down his throat, when he feels that he could teach those authorities."

"Haydn's *Winter*, in his *Seasons*, utterly disappointed me. It had no truth or poetry. So the *Storm* of the *Pastoral Symphony*, as I heard it at the Conservatory of Paris, only excited similar feelings. I determined, as soon as the opportunity offered, to write two *storms*, one summer and the other winter."

"If Haydn, in *The Seasons*, Beethoven, in *The Pastoral*, and Rossini, in *William Tell* had not made dismal botches in attempting to describe a storm, I would not have picked out one for delineation."

"I think I can invent as good forms as Corelli or the others, and if I did not, I would consider myself out of place before the public."

"Fairly aloft, the classical modulations are followed, besides some that they did not use, but which I intend to render classical."

"But especially as I have heard Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony* praised to the skies, while I consider it, as descriptive or suggestive music, with certain exceptions, very bad, (mind I don't speak of it as a composition apart, but as a *Pastoral* symphony), I determined to write some music of nature as it ought to be written."

"In that symphony I would have introduced a summer storm as it ought to be."

"Europe has given us no Shakespeare in music, both Beethoven and Mozart being but half made up—Beethoven being incapable of gaiety and Mozart destitute of comedy."

"A piece (*Santa Claus*) which puts the *Lord's Prayer* to music, not with the drawl of monks a la Palestrina, or the frizzle of eunuchs a la Farinelli."

"Which draws children as they ought to be—poetically—toys in hand on a Christmas morn,—not as Haydn has done in his *Toy Symphony*, where the idea is so 'run into the ground' that it was hissed in London."

"Their highest notes, too, are in lovely contrast with the flute written as it ought to be, the classics not understanding this instrument."

"I divide my violins into six or eight parts, and portray the sex by pitch. If the classics did not do so, it was because they did not know how."

Now, my dear Fry, I consider any man who honestly entertains (as I really think you do) such truly pleasant opinions of himself as are herein contained, a fortunate fellow. If anything can make a man happy in this world, it is just such self-convictions as these.

On the other hand, I do not envy you your opinions of others. I think it would qualify my own happiness were I to think, as you do, that Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Rossini, Palestrina, Farinelli, Corelli, and all the rest of those old blunderers, had made such "dismal botches" in Art, as you attribute to them:—or even if I thought that my friend WILLIS were still groping in that "dreary ignorance of what is music," which you ascribe to him.

These however, are mere moral reflections—not opinions in reply to yours. Now, Fry, as you have spoken very plainly with me, I think that you might be disappointed, perhaps, were I not equally plain spoken.

I do not at all agree with you—either in your opinion of yourself, or your opinion of others. Your opinion of me, and my dreary ignorance, I hope to modify one of these days. So we will say nothing more about that. Our mutual opinions of Art, (selves aside) are, as I understand it, what we wish chiefly to exchange in a corres-

pondence like this. Confining myself, therefore, to these, I shall briefly touch upon some points of Art upon which we differ.

1st. You call your composition of *Santa Claus* a "symphony." But *Santa Claus* is not a symphony. You might just as well call it an oratorio. By this, I suppose you speak as an artist: according to the universally received significance of terms among artists. If you speak as an outsider, exterior to the sphere of Art, why then you can call musical productions by any name you choose—it is all the same. One term will be as unintelligible and inappropriate as another. The word symphony, in large instrumental music, has, among musicians, a definite application. It is applied to instrumental compositions of four distinct movements. Four movements, however, are not always indispensable: for there are symphonies consisting of only three movements: just as there are sonatas of three movements. These movements, however, of whatever number, are independent, complete in themselves, and have each a distinct character—like *Allegro*, *Andante*, *Scherzo*, *Finale*. But a "symphony" of one movement I think has never been heard of, this side of *Santa Claus*.

What is *Santa Claus*?—It is a *Fantasia*. It is a one movement piece, of irregular construction, and comes under the regular, by-all-artists-acknowledged-and-accepted, category, of *Fantasias*. Mozart's world-renowned *Fantasia* in C minor, is an instance of this style of composition. *Santa Claus*, therefore, is an orchestral *Fantasia*. To call it a symphony, where terms have, among artists, so definite a signification, is like calling a cat a dog, or a house a barn. You can do so, but nobody will understand you.

2nd. You take the position, that classical "unity" of composition consists in a certain number of musical movements, and this you vigorously combat. My dear FRY, you must excuse me, but you do not know what classical unity is. Who ever before heard of such an absurd proposition, as that the unity of a symphony, opera, or play, depended upon its number of movements, acts or scenes.

To confine ourselves to the symphony. I have already stated, that we have symphonies with three movements; as we have sonatas with less than four. Leaving out of the question then, your dramatic unity, with which we have here nothing to do, our subject being a musical one, what is symphonic unity?

This unity is embodied in each separate movement. It implies some distinct musical theme, or themes, clearly and intelligently developed. For instance: in Beethoven's symphony in C minor we have this theme:



Out of this one melodic design the composer has created almost the entire first movement of his symphony. This is a marked case of symphonic unity; most movements, however, consist of two musical themes, "Haupt and Mittel-Satz," about equally developed. Again this unity consists in the choice of keys—certain keys predominating throughout the whole piece; the passage to, and through, these keys, and return to the original key at the close, being fixed by determinate laws in Art. The only play-ground for the fancy in respect of keys, is that at the commencement of the second part of any movement, where the so-called *Fantasia* has its place, and where the composer is at liberty to wander vaguely for a while, through what keys he chooses—a capital chance always for you, FRY. Symphonic unity, then, implies unity of musical (not dramatic) design, and unity of key: in other words, an intelligent, consecutive, proportional work of Art: a work that has a beginning, a consequent middle, and an inevitable end:—not a vague, disconnected, illogical, plan-less composition, like a *Fantasia*, where the only unity ever attempted is that of ending in the same key in which one began. *Santa Claus* is a *Fantasia*, and *Santa Claus* has no musical unity. There may be literary unity in the story which you connect in your own mind

with the music, and which you distribute on printed programmes among the audience. But there is no musical unity; such as is requisite to every composition which is anything else than a *Fantasia*.

Now, you may attack this musical unity as much as you please, FRY. It is a principle deep-seated in the human mind, and you can never displace or ride over it. It is only another name for musical coherence. It is that which shows design in the composer—design, the attribute of reason. It is that which distinguishes a perfectly sound and coherent mind from an unclear and incoherent one. This continual introduction of new musical themes and ideas, is a thing that no audience can long stand, any more than the disconnected vagaries of a crazy man. It is the recurrence of the themes, once heard, which pleases. It is the working-up of a clearly-pronounced subject, which arrests and keeps attention—equally with the unlearned as the learned. This is the great fault, if you will allow me to say so, in all the compositions of yours which I have ever heard. It is the peculiarity of your style. You are all *Fantasia*, from beginning to end. Even in your writing—as you are, amusingly, peculiarly, and strikingly so in your talking. I say in your writing. Take a singular instance in the very letter you wrote me. There you commence a sentence thus:

"It is because there is no real view taken of the philosophy of Art—of musical Art—that a piece which begins as mine does in Heaven," &c.—then—(follows a sentence)—"puts"—(follows another)—"which," &c.—"which," (&c.) "which," (&c.) "which," &c., "which," (&c.) "which," (&c.) "not," (&c.)—"but," (&c.) "which," (&c.) "the latter," (&c.).

Now after continuing in this way through a sentence extending over more than half a column of *nonpareil* type, you close thus:

"This all I think worth more than the passing paragraph given to it in your journal."

Now this is no conclusion at all. There is no unity in the sentence. The mind expects, breathlessly, through that long sentence, to bring up, after all these "which's," upon some grammatical and logical conclusion—vainly, however. And thus is it with such of your compositions as I have heard: they lack sequence, connectedness, logical arrangement, musical coherence. You will excuse me, my friend, for being thus plain spoken, but you were plain with me; and I must "have at you" a little, now I am about it.

3d. You say, in defining the term music, that "music is the original mode of expressing an original idea." And yet, in the very same breath, two lines afterward, you say, that "all music is imitative, or it is good for nothing."

Now this is nonsense. It is almost as bad as my "dreary ignorance." Imitativeness is not originality. If music be imitative it is certainly not original. If I imitate, in music, the bleat of a sheep, that bleat has no originality about it—if it be a good bleat. The more successful I am in the imitation, the less original I am. The more I am a sheep, the less I am a musician. You say, that music, in painting passion or emotion, imitates the tones of the voice, &c. Now suppose that the tones of a lover were actually imitated in a composition. Monotonous music enough it would be. In fact, no music at all, if the imitation were true: it would simply be a lover talking earnestly to his mistress. Nothing more.

And you say, that "music is the original mode of expressing an original idea." Now music, aside from words, cannot express ideas. Music never expressed an idea. It only suggests ideas, through the emotions which it excites, and to which it alone appeals.

My dear FRY, you are entirely wrong. Music is a perfectly independent language: not a whit an imitative language: unless it forcibly be made so. It begins where ordinary, spoken language ends. It is the subtle and refined language of the emotions. If I wish to express the passion of love in music, I express it *musically*,—not spoken-ly. I imitate no one, and nothing. The musical tones gush out—the speaking language is forgotten—I revel in a delicious tone-language, which expresses the feeling of love far better, and more completely

than I can possibly do it by tones of the speaking voice. Some similarity there doubtless will be, between the tones of love when told, and love when sung; because the passion is the same. And, in moments of great excitement, the speaking tone rises oftentimes, and attains unto, the musical tone; the voice sings with emotion, as the voice of a fine orator sometimes does. But making music imitative is reversing the pyramid. It is inverting the climax. Music does not descend to the spoken tone—the spoken tone must ascend to music. Making music imitative, is materializing and demeaning music. It is making a parrot of that which is a nightingale—a wretched tone-slave of what is a glorious tone-master.

You have queer ideas about music. You say your composition of the *Breaking Heart* "represents a tragedy in a cathedral." You "take an educated, delicately-reared young lady, and put her to die of love in a cathedral." Now although you may do such a thing as this practically, (your attractive qualities, my friend, making this supposable,) I venture to say, that you cannot do it musically. When you tell us what you mean by your music, (as now,) why then we can understand what your music means—but not before. After knowing this, we can listen to the music as expressing the painful emotions of the young lady, (if you will) or the jolly emotions of the swain—but the action, itself, no music can "represent." A stage cathedral, and you and the young lady in it, and a little pantomime, could alone give us this idea of the "cathedral," and the architecture; or, on the other hand, a veritable field and the "short petticoated peasant girls, the grinning swain," &c. In the same manner, when, in the "symphony" of *Santa Claus* you distribute among the audience a lengthy document, telling what you mean to "imitate" in the music, why then they know what the music imitates—not before. The "symphony" *per se*, without this explanation, might just as well imitate the wrecking of the *San Francisco*, as what you ascribe to it. Even that blowing of penny trumpets, and buzzing of rattles and the general shout, might be understood as representing the joy of the passengers, (or at all events, the passengers' children,) when that gallant Captain Creighton came to their rescue.

4th. "It is a fact, which must not be overlooked," you say, "that the purity and eloquence of the tone of every performer are in exact ratio of his mastery over mechanical difficulties: witness all the solo players in Jullien's orchestra; and Liszt, Thalberg, Gottschalk," &c.

Now Liszt, Thalberg and Gottschalk, play upon the piano—an instrument of fixed tone. Of violinists, and other instrumentalists, the tone of whose instruments is not fixed, your remark may be true. But how can any conquest over mechanical difficulties improve the tone of a piano?

5th. "*Santa Claus*," you say, "is the longest instrumental composition ever written on a single subject." Again—"I am aware that it may excite your surprise, that *Santa Claus* is the longest unique symphony ever written, as we all know that few of the classical symphonies require over three quarters of an hour to perform." Again—" *Santa Claus* opens with a movement seven minutes long, being as long as the model piece of Weber, *Der Freischütz* overture."

Now the length of a piece of music is novel ground, certainly, upon which to base its musical excellence, or its requirement for a very long criticism; just as much so, as that its correspondence, in the length of time taken to perform it, with that of some piece by a great master, is very exact. This argument does not appeal to me. What has the length of a piece to do with its merits?—any further, truly than that the longer the piece, or the longer the article, the less likely people are to hear or to read it. For this reason, I am beginning to be very suspicious of the length of the "reply" I am writing at this present.

6th. You are very severe upon me, for saying in my notice of *Santa Claus*, that I thought it was hardly to be criticized as an earnest work of Art. Every composer certainly, knows best whether he was in earnest, even in the handling of children's rattles and playthings. You protest

you were thoroughly in earnest. I believe you. Your four pages of *nonpareil*, my friend, in reply to my very short article, entirely convinces me of it. I take the remark back.

7th. Another error I hasten to correct, relative to the fact, which was first composed: the *Breaking Heart* or the *Day in the Country*; the *Day in the Country* or the *Breaking Heart*. You say the *Breaking Heart* was composed first. You know best, my friend, and as you say so—it certainly must have been composed first. But I am not bound to know much about this, (except so far as the music certainly indicated the contrary) unless you tell me: any more than I am bound to guess what you imitate in the music of *Santa Claus* unless you print it all out for me. There is such a thing as improving backward, it seems—that is, falling off in musical excellence. The *Breaking Heart* is a better thing than the *Day in the Country*—though it was composed first. Hence my mistake.

But I must stop. I have now answered the most essential points of your letter. Were I to reply to all you have written, I should write an opposing line-for-line, nearly, to your four-page communication. We differ entirely, and utterly; we *unspeakably* differ in our estimate of the honored names in Art, you have so recklessly tossed about in that extraordinary letter. The heart of every true and intelligent musician must stand still, at the relative value you put upon them and—upon yourself.

My dear FRY, I admire your genius, but it is genius astray. You are wrong in your views of Art; as I think you are in your views of handling what is sacred, in secular discussion. You are a splendid frigate at sea, without a helm. But, differing from you, as I entirely do, I think we can "agree to differ." Your qualities of heart are such as must attach every one to you who knows you—as they attach me; while your unquestioned innate capacities must compel the admiration of all—of none more than your friend at the artistic antipodes.

RICHARD STORRS WILLIS.

Punch on Variations.

Friday last, Punch had the satisfaction of being present at Signor Sivioli's farewell concert. He was exceedingly diverted by the performances of the clever violinist, which also reminded him of an idea that has occasionally occurred to him before, on hearing Ole Bull, Liszt, and other professors of musical gymnastics.

He perceived that the talents of these gentlemen lay principally in executing variations on certain favorite airs; that is, in disjoining their different portions, and filling up the intervals with divers fantastical and eccentric movements of their own—runs, shakes, and so forth; thus interspersing the original music, which was expressive of some sentiment, feeling, or state of mind, with passages which, having no meaning at all, formed an agreeable contrast to the melodies wherewith they are blended.

Now, the idea that occurred to Mr. Punch was, that the principle (so greatly to the gratification of the public) acted upon by the musicians, might be advantageously applied to the sister art of poetry. He thinks that Shakspeare with variations would very probably be received with great applause. The variations, of course, should correspond in expressiveness and intellectuality to those above alluded to. For instance, let the line to be varied be—

"To be or not to be; that is the question."

The theme might first be recited entire, and then treated as follows:

To be or not, fiddle; to be,iddle; that, tooral; is, rooral; the question, lay.

Fiddle, fiddle,iddle,iddle, tooral, looral, lay.

Tooral, to be; looral, or not; lay, to be; that is,iddle; the question,iddle de dee.

To, yoddle; be, doodle; or,fol; not, dol; to, de; be, rol; that, ri; is, tol; the, lol; question, de rido.

Yoddle doodle fol de rol, to be; hey, down derry diddle dum, or not; whack rum ti oodity, to be;

ho down, that; chip chow cherry chow, is; tra la la la, the question.

Dong, dong, harum, scarum dive, question.

Right fol de riddy, oody, bow, wow, wow!

Drowning men will catch at a straw; and considering the present declining state of the drama, Punch seriously recommends his suggestion to the notice of the managers.—Its adoption will doubtless astonish the weak minds of many, to whom Shakspeare's sense, at present, too strong for them, will be rendered more palatable by dilution.—*London Punch*.

Mendelssohn.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY, the son of Abraham Mendelssohn, a banker of some consequence at Hamburg, in Germany, and grandson of the great philosopher and Hebraist, Moses Mendelssohn, was born at Hamburg, on the 3d of February, 1809. The house in which he was born is close adjoining the Church of St. Michael. Hamburg is remarkable as the native place of another musician, Ferdinand David, for many years the friend and brother artist of the subject of this memoir. Felix was the second in age of a family of four children. He had an elder sister, Fanny (the late Madame Henselt), a younger brother, Paul, and a second sister, Rebecca. His mother, whose maiden name was Bartholdy, watched with anxious affection the development of the boy's mind, and in after years he repaid this motherly care with a love and tenderness which the caresses of the world never once weakened or abated.

When the boy had completed his third year, his parents changed their place of residence, and moved to Berlin. Here, under that favorable star, which from the hour of his birth had never suffered him to come in contact with anything common-place or ordinary, his wonderful talents unfolded, and early promised a brilliant future. When only eight years old he played the piano with great facility and execution, and at this tender age he acquired a fine sense of musical criticism, an intuitive power which Zelter called Mendelssohn's "Luchsauge." "He discovered," (said that artist) "six pure fifths, consecutively, in a movement of Sebastian Bach's, which I should never have found." His ear for music was extraordinary. He detected in a moment the dissonance of an instrument, or the false intonation of a voice, at a time when the music was loudest, and the great body of sound most likely to drown the discordant part. All these qualities proved him to be in possession of powers quite uncommon to youths of his age, and he was placed under the care of Zelter and Berger, two plain German artists, to be taught his first lessons in composition and pianoforte playing. Zelter called him his best and most promising pupil, when only twelve years old, and his correspondence with Goethe on the boy's progress bears honorable testimony to the warm interest he took in the education of Felix, though it tells of a rather strict and uncompromising management of a very sensitive disposition. The consequence of these letters was a fortunate one for Felix, who was brought to Goethe's especial notice. An introduction to this great man was invaluable, and we cannot doubt that this circumstance contributed in no small degree to strengthen Mendelssohn's love for all that is great, solid and classical, and his contempt for anything weak or second-rate. It may here be remarked that the publication of Mendelssohn's correspondence with Goethe would be of deep interest to the admirers of musician and poet; at present we must be content to quote short extracts from Zelter's and Goethe's letters, which allude to the mutual interest which the writers took in the boy's progress. Zelter's letters are full of such expressions as, "the youngster plays the piano like the deuce," or, "Felix is still the head man here;" and we find him writing to Goethe in the autumn of 1812, announcing his intention of a visit, and a wish to introduce his pupil to the poet—"Before I leave the world I should like to show your face to my Doris, and my best pupil." Accordingly, in the November of the same year, he actually introduced his young favorite to the poet. On the

5th of February, Goethe writes, "Say a good word to Felix, and to his parents. Since you left me my piano is speechless; one solitary attempt to restore it again would be a failure." A friendship once started was destined to be yet more and more influential over Mendelssohn; for from this time Zelter constantly related to Goethe stories of the boy's wonderful powers and application, and the poet's interest in the young musician became daily more intense. On the 8th of February Zelter writes, "Yesterday evening Felix completed his fourth opera, with the dialogues, and it was performed in our presence. I must confess my own weakness in attempting to restrain wonder at the amazing progress made by a boy only fifteen years old. There are three acts, which, with two ballets, occupy some two hours and a half in the performance. The work has fairly met with its meed of applause. Original ideas, beautifully expressed, are to be found throughout; there is no want of rhythm, dramatic power, and flow of harmony; it is scored apparently by experienced hands; the orchestral parts are not overloaded, so as to fatigue; nor, on the other hand, can I complain of a mere accompaniment and poverty of instrumentation; the band played it *con amore*, and yet it is not music to be trifled with. Nothing is omitted, out of place, disjointed or fragmentary; passion, tenderness, love, and joy, are all in their turn expressed. The overture is a strange production. You would fancy a painter, who, after dashing a quantity of color indiscriminately on the canvass, and gradually clearing it away from the surface with the finger and brush, produces at last a defined and distinct picture; so that the one is the more astonished that anything truthful should appear, after being subjected to such a process." Such is the eulogy of Zelter, and it must be said to his praise, that he seems to have appreciated, from the very first, that variety of thought and expression, so splendidly concentrated in after years, in such poetical overtures, as that to the Hebrides and others of equal excellence.

"Certainly," continues Zelter, "I speak as a grandfather, who sports his pet grand-child; still I know what I say, and will not expatiate on ideal excellence which I cannot prove. Applause, liberally given by the orchestral and vocal performers, is a sure criterion; and it is easy to see if an indifference and coldness, or a real earnest satisfaction carries the executants through their work where the composer gives the members of an orchestra something worth interpreting, both parties mutually succeed, and each helps to enjoy the laurels." How entirely have the words of Zelter been realized in the subsequent career of Mendelssohn! It is impossible to forget the enthusiasm shared by the vocal and orchestral members of the Leipsic Society, at the rehearsals of *St. Paul* and the *Hymn of Praise*; or the patience shown in conquering the extreme difficulties of his overtures, and the music adapted to the *Midsummer Night's Dream* of Shakspeare. There never lived Mendelssohn's rival, as a conductor; at times he praised sincerely, at others blamed, but, whether he smiled or frowned, the orchestra invariably acted in accordance with his suggestion, and the suggestion, and the results were sure to justify the wisdom of his choice, and their good sense in adopting it.

In the year 1823, Abraham Mendelssohn travelled, with his son, to Paris, for the express purpose of introducing him to Cherubini. This step showed an honorable distrust in popular praise, the object being to inquire, of an undoubted authority, if the son possessed so decided a genius for the art, as to make it worth while to cultivate these powers to a still greater extent. Cherubini encouraged the father to future sacrifices and efforts for the advancement of his son's welfare, and acknowledged unhesitatingly the youth's great ability. On their journey back, the travellers paid Goethe a visit. He writes to Zelter, on the 25th of May, 1825, "Felix brought out his first quartet; everybody was thunderstruck; to hear the first performance of a work dedicated to me enhances the pleasure I feel at the compliment; it has done me much good too." In the month of June, he wrote to Mendelssohn himself a "*Schönes Liebeschreiben*," as Zelter called it, and, in re-

turn, Felix presented Goethe with a translation of the *Andria* of Terence, which he had written under the guidance of his private tutor, Heyse. On the 11th of October, 1826, Goethe writes to Zelter, "Thank the excellent, active Felix for his example of earnest practical study; his production, I expect, will be a source of amusement and usefulness to the artists of Weimar, in the long winter evenings before us." In the April of 1829, Moscheles induced Mendelssohn to take a tour through parts of England and Scotland. He had the misfortune, in London, to meet with a trifling accident scarcely worthy note, except as proving how deep an interest was taken in his welfare by one of the greatest men of those days. He happened to be driving through the streets of London with a friend; the gig upset and Mendelssohn, who was thrown out, received a contusion of the knee. Zelter wrote an account of the accident to Goethe, who answered in a letter full of sympathy, "I should like to hear if favourable reports can be given of the worthy Felix; the interest I take in him is great; it is painful to see a man, who has already done so much, endangered, or at least prevented from active work, by an untoward accident, such as you tell me of. Let me hear a more comforting account."

It was now determined that Mendelssohn should journey to Italy; but, before starting, he was honored by Goethe's hospitality, who entertained him for a whole fortnight. Golden moments those few days must have been to the youthful guest, who was sent on his way rejoicing by the bard himself, who sang of "The land where the citrons bloom." From a letter of Goethe's to Zelter, we see what enjoyment he had derived from Mendelssohn's visit. It is dated June 3rd, 1830. "At half-past five o'clock this morning, with a cloudless sky, and in the most lovely sunshine, the excellent Felix left my house. Ottilia (Goethe's wife), Ulrika (Madame von Poggenwisch), and the children (Walter Goethe, the present composer, etc.) were with him. Felix charmed us here a whole fortnight, and played delightfully. He is now on his way to Jena, there to bind his friends by the same delicious spell. His name, I assure you, will be always remembered with honor amongst us. His society has been of great advantage to me, for my interest and better feelings are always excited when I am listening to music. All historical associations connected with the art are valuable in my judgment; and Felix deserves great praise for his thorough knowledge of the gradations, and several periods in music. From the fact of his possessing a retentive memory, he can perform the *chef-d'œuvre* of all the different schools at his own time and pleasure. He first gave specimens from the Bach epoch, and then brought me back again to Haydn, Mozart, and Gluck, finishing with the great composers of the present day, including his own productions, which make me feel and meditate. He leaves me under the auspices of my best wishes and blessings. Present my respects and congratulations to the worthy parents of this extraordinary young artist." From this time both poet and musician kept up a correspondence, until the death of the former. Goethe constantly alludes to the delightfully-interesting letters of Felix. 4th January, 1831—"You announce to me Felix's visit to Rome, and his prosperous sojourn in that city. Wherever he goes, he must of course meet with the same favorable reception, he unites great powers with such an amiable nature." And on the 31st of March, in the same year: "My chief news is that I have just received a delightful letter from Felix, dated from Rome, 5th of March. It gives me a lively picture of that remarkable young man. I feel quite sure of the success of his coming years: his genius will serve him as a "swimming jacket," to carry him safely over the breakers and stormy seas that always threaten rising greatness." The prophecy of the old king of poets was verified: for at a time when Art was on the decline, and weeds growing luxuriously over the ruins, with what an inspired energy did Felix restore what had fallen, and raise a pure classical style on the base of his own original erections. I have laid great stress in the early part of my memoir on Goethe's friendship with

Mendelssohn, for it was, as we before stated, a most important period in his career; and (strange to say) most of those who have sketched outlines of his life have neglected the mention of it. Felix was the last scion of an age when German artists of any pretensions acquired excellence, in partially modelling from antiquity, without sacrificing their original power. Goethe, in whom the Grecian element so happily blended with the native German, influenced his friend in this direction by precept and example. The details of Mendelssohn's career will prove the truth of our statement. Let us look at the development of his genius, and return to that period when we left him as a boy under the care of Zelter and Ludwig Berger.

[To be continued.]

DIMENSIONS OF ENGLISH PUBLIC BUILDINGS. The following may be interesting, as affording the means of judging of the capacity of various public edifices:

	Length. Feet.	Width. Feet.	Height. Feet.
Westminster Hall.....	228	66	92
Leeds New Town Hall.....	190	72	72
St. George's Hall, Bradford.....	152	72	—
St. George's Hall, Liverpool.....	169	74	75
Town Hall, Birmingham.....	145	65	65
Concert Hall, Liverpool.....	135	102	63
Guild Hall, London.....	153	40	55
Exeter Hall, London.....	130	72	—
New Free-trade Hall, Manchester (inclusive of 14 feet recess).....	137	78	64

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Voice, as an Instrument.

MR. EDITOR:—As it is obvious that the abuse to which that noblest, most beautiful and difficult of musical instruments, the human voice, is so generally subjected among us, arises from the ignorance so universally prevailing, concerning the difficulty of its development and cultivation, allow me to offer a few suggestions upon the subject, which I hope may find a place in your interesting and instructive journal.

Little need be said of the nobleness of the voice as an instrument, when we remember that its organs are formed and perfected by the great Creator, and are a part of the human frame which is "fearfully and wonderfully made." It is also a model for imitation in the construction of other instruments; and those are considered most superior and perfect, that in their tones resemble most nearly the human voice. Less is necessary to be said of its beauty, especially to those who have listened to the thrilling voices and wonderful execution of Caradori, Sontag or Lind; but that more respect may be had for it, with regard to the manner of its development and cultivation, let us examine a little more closely the difficulties that attend them. None will deny that the piano is a difficult instrument, and the violin much more so, and yet every tone in the former is fixed, and can be produced at will, and beyond a doubt, by striking the right key; the violin, having but four fixed tones, is, with regard to intonation alone, proportionally more difficult. As the voice has no fixed tone at the command of the will, the difficulty of correct intonation is therefore proportionate. As an imperfect illustration of this, let us suppose the white keys on the piano-forte to be equal, and the black keys hidden from sight; then let a person endeavor to produce any particular tone he may desire, and he will soon see the difficulty in finding immediately the right one. How much more then is it difficult with the voice, when correct intonation depends entirely upon the power which long practice may enable one to acquire, in seizing upon the relation between the will and the vocal organs, as communicated to the mind through the ear by means of some in-

strument, or, after some cultivation, through the eye by means of notes! With some, the faculty to do this is in some degree natural, though it is none the less wonderful. It should be attained by every one, so that, as Pauseron has said, "the voice can be put down upon every note, purely, distinctly, and with ease. This may be done without effort, roughness or violence, without diminution of sweetness and liquidity of tone; and until it can be done, the pupil should undertake little else than vocal exercises."

Many persons labor under the mistaken notion that the art of singing can be pursued successfully by practice in classes; but, says the same author, "every pupil should be trained *alone*, at least until perfect in vocalization." Knowing, as we do, that no two voices are alike, no two cases present the same impediments, natural or acquired, how apparent is the folly of ranging a dozen or more singers in a row, all to be set to screaming upon the same general plan, without any reference to the peculiar necessities of each voice! A physician has the advantage of a teacher of singing, in the respect that he can look at the tongue, and feel the pulse, which may assist him in forming his opinion and making his consequent prescription; but what sick person would consent to stand up with any number of others, without any particular inquiry into his case, and be dosed and physicked on a wholesale system? And yet would it not be more just than in the case of vocal patients? Nevertheless it is *possible* that *pleasing results* may follow instruction in *small* classes, where there is not the ability or means for private tuition, with *special care* and consideration on the part of the teacher. "Though the introduction of singing into our public schools may also be regarded with pleasure, yet some danger is to be apprehended from disregard to the peculiar changes that the human system undergoes at an early period of life, on account of which the vocal organs should be used with great caution. Many a fine voice has been destroyed, and probably, too, the general health greatly impaired, by inattention to, or ignorance on this subject."

Let then every one who wishes to sing well, first decide if he have the time and means to pursue the cultivation of the voice properly, and then procure the services of an educated and conscientious master,—one who will teach him to sing the notes as *they are written*,—to give each note its *full length*—to make *no pauses* unless indicated by the author,—to make *no portamento* unless it is written, and to distinguish between the proper *portamento*, and the detestable *sliding* and *moaning*, which is become so common and fashionable,—a master who will select such songs as are suitable for him to sing, and for the place in which they are to be sung. The modern Italian Opera music, in the performance of which professional singers astonish by their execution, is frequently attempted by amateurs, who can only imitate them in a most imperfect and unskilful manner, rendering themselves ridiculous, in the effort to perform that which requires the most perfect command of the voice, and long perseverance and application in its cultivation. Let, therefore, opera music be left for the opera and professional artists, with the exception, perhaps, of some of the more simple songs, &c.; and also, leave negro melodies for those for whom they are intended,—the colored race, or such as are willing to blacken themselves in imitation of their unfor-

tunate brethren—and let our young people, who wish to please by their vocal performances, *study* the beautiful ballads and songs of Schubert, Mendelssohn, and many other German, Italian and English authors.

When these matters are properly considered and attended to, and not until then, we may have good singing in our private circles. O*****

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEB. 11, 1854.

Ninth Germania Concert.

Last Saturday evening the exclusively "classical" music took its first turn under the new arrangement. A purer and a richer programme never was presented to an American audience. We may also add, a more felicitously *varied* programme. For it is childish to suppose an incoherent medley, of symphony and polka, Beethoven and sable minstrelsy, the sublime and the frivolous, the delicately ideal and the boisterously rowdy, essential to variety. There really is more effective variety, more stimulating contrast, between the different movements of the same good symphony, for instance, than there is between the different pieces of the most miscellaneous "popular" programme: just as a select society of persons, who have real wit and character, and whose meeting proceeds from a certain key-note to a certain end, offers far less monotony and far more entertaining contrast of true individuality, than a great miscellaneous assemblage, which is aimless, light and frivolous. And of all monotones to which soul and sense are liable, save us from the confused Babel in the brain, the torpor of stunned nerves and feelings, which results from listening to a purely heterogeneous succession of songs, dances, overtures, solos with variations, &c, &c., where one impression is recklessly trodden out by another, until hearing everything and hearing nothing come to be pretty nearly equivalent. Contrast is all-essential, but it amounts to nothing, when there is *no* relation between the things contrasted.

The lovers of "light" music of course complain of music that is "heavy." But heaviness and dullness do not alone or necessarily pertain to solemn subjects and to learned treatment. On the contrary, what heaviness can be compared to the effect upon the mind of an interminable series of flashy flute variations, or a whole evening of pretty waltzes, polkas, &c, which with all their brilliancy, and their coquettish gracefulness of rhythm, sound like changes rung upon one theme, until passages from all of them will haunt you in the memory of each! If you want wit and sprightliness, can not Shakspeare give it to you in as full a measure as Dion Bourciquault, or the author of the Pillicoddy farces? If you crave grotesque and fantastic recreation in your music, is not a Beethoven Scherzo, or a Mendelssohn Capriccio or overture, as daintily refreshing as a Jullien quadrille? Or do you like the glitter best without the gold?

We are no exclusive sticklers for one style of music. There is as wide room for difference of style within, as there is without, the so-called "classical" boundaries, if any one can tell just where they run. We cheerfully compromise a

good deal to get a good thing, and do not mind taking quite a quantity of sand, if we are assured there is a diamond somewhere in the midst of it. Mixed programmes we have always willingly accepted, and indeed they have been the necessary policy of concert-givers thus far. But the earnest music-lovers are more tolerant of a few light things in a programme, than the party who go to talk and be amused are of a symphony. The Germanians do well, therefore, to try the experiment of an entire distinction. Let them not give purely classical programmes to a ruinous extent, in a business point of view; but it is quite well, so long as their whole season's business can afford, that *some* unique opportunities of this sort should exist; that there should be some *purely* musical occasions, as well as mixed entertainments, where music only accompanies and fills the pauses of small talk, or hints the pleasurable excitements of the ball room and the military parade.

The audience of Saturday was certainly not so large, by a few hundreds, as that of the Saturday preceding; and if that fell short of the previous standard, when there were mixed programmes, this exhibited a still wider difference. It was to be expected. Yet it was a very large audience to be gathered for a whole evening of purely orchestral performances of Beethoven, Mendelssohn and Cherubini. The Music Hall *looked* more than two-thirds full; at the lowest mark, there must have been twelve hundred auditors. And an audience so attentive, so delighted, so sympathetic, so discriminating in its applause we have never before seen, save in a small Chamber Concert. It is settled beyond a doubt that over a thousand people can be relied upon in Boston, at any time not positively unfavorable, for a concert made up of the best music and of nothing else. One thing we are sure of; the more this string is played upon, the more responsive and the stronger will it become. The thousand of last Saturday are guaranty of twice that number, when the custom of such programmes shall once be fairly established.

Of the performances themselves we shall not enter into much detail. Cherubini's overture to "Medea" impressed us as extremely beautiful, full of fire and nobleness, relieved with passages of tender gracefulness; and always clear, significant and earnest, as one would expect from the composer of "*Les deux Journées*." We doubt not it will become a favorite in our better class of concerts. The fourth piano-forte Concerto, (in G major, op. 58), by Beethoven, was also new to us. We gathered enough from the performance to convince us of its rare beauty, depth, fertility of musical invention, logical development, effective contrast and yet true intimate relationship in its different movements—in short, of all the great Beethoven characteristics. But Mr. ROBERT HELLER was not up to that kind of work; his rendering was mechanical and lifeless; so that with that great majority of listeners, who have not the eagerness to try to decipher the outlines of a composition from a mere approximation to a perfect rendering, the thing must have been rather a damper upon the lively progress of the evening's entertainment. The long orchestral introduction was very beautiful, the entrance of the piano-forte beautifully prepared, and everything excited the finest expectations, until these defects in the main figure of the foreground grew to be too obvious. Yet our desire was piqued to have this Concerto

brought more fully home to us, under more favorable auspices. Mendelssohn's delightful, dreamy, fascinating overture, which takes its title from the old German mermaid story of "The fair Melusina," instantly set all right again, and brought us through the first part with an appetite.

Mendelssohn again opened the second part. His admirable violin Concerto, in E minor, was performed entire by WILLIAM SCHULTZE. Many times we have heard it, but not before with so much pleasure. Possibly Joseph Burke, at the New York Philharmonic, put more fire into it:—we did not hear him. But here there was no feebleness, no lack of earnestness; while all was chaste and finished, pure in intonation, sweet and rich in tone, and satisfactory in expression. Beethoven's glorious seventh symphony, in A, requires no comment as a composition; it has grown so familiar to Boston ears, that it speaks for itself whenever it is decently played. We do not remember that we ever before heard it from the Germania orchestra, at least since BERGMANN has been their conductor. Truly we may say we never heard it done so well; never with such unbroken purity of outline; such fiery precision or delicate shading, as the passage might require; such sympathetic coöperation on the part of every instrument. Nothing but greater mass and breadth was wanted. The strings were not quite up to the usual mark in number, and could have borne trebling. But we were astonished at the power and largeness that were realized even with such thinness of material. It was vastly more effective than a blurred copy upon twice the scale; and the only regret is that a larger orchestra is not yet found to pay. Let the Germanians persist in high endeavors, with unflinching faith in the capacity of human nature to accept what is best, and this fault will ere long be remedied. To the public we may safely say: as your attendance grows, so grows the orchestra.

Since writing the above, we have received the following, from which the Germanians, and those who sympathize with their best efforts, may certainly derive a crumb of comfort. We could point, if it were necessary, to many just such crumbs.

DEAR DWIGHT:—The attraction of last Saturday's programme brought me in from the country to an evening concert for the first time this winter, and I cannot help expressing the great satisfaction and pleasure I received. I will engage, for one, to come in to all such concerts which the Germanians may give. I trust that Mr. Bergmann and his orchestra will consider their experiment a success, as I think it undoubtedly was, even though the Hall was not completely full and they might have missed the rustle and flutter of all the butterflies who come to hear their "Pickpocket Quadrilles." The great charm of the performances was to me their uniformity of character, or rather of *grade*. The impression of the whole was harmonious. The effect of a beautiful and elevated piece was not marred, as in their miscellaneous concerts, by the necessity of descending in the next to the tone of some waltz or polka, very well in its way no doubt, but sometimes sadly out of harmony with the character of its predecessor. It seems to me that they have now hit upon the true principle. Let them serve up syllabub and solid fare alternately, and let each have its appropriate audience. If the more sober audience is the smaller in the beginning, it will be the surest to grow and the largest in the end; and our friends are bound to do something for our instruction as well as amusement.

Even though it should be putting some of their efforts out at interest, as it were, it is an investment that will be sure to pay in the end. I am no musician and don't know A flat from B sharp—you see I don't—but I have listened to good music till I have gained a real relish for much of the most elevated and beautiful that is offered us, and a corresponding distaste for mere flummery. This is the case I think with a large class of the Germanians' auditors, and their wants, as well as those of really musical people, are exactly met by such concerts as Saturday's. I trust they may be continued.

The repetition of the Seventh Symphony brought vividly back to my memory those times, which people as old as you and I are getting to be, Mr. Dwight, so well remember, when by special favor we used to hear it rehearsed, for the first time in Boston, in that dark old Odeon, in the gray of a winter afternoon. It was a brave attempt to play Beethoven's symphonies then, but it succeeded, and has borne fruit which the Germanians have inherited. Let them imitate the faith of their predecessors, and not allow the standard, which was set so high when there was so little encouragement to be lowered now when there is so much.

Handel and Haydn Society.

The second performance of "Moses in Egypt" was an improvement on the first; and, considering that it was the most elaborate and florid kind of Italian opera music, was highly creditable to a large amateur choral society. Miss ANNA STONE surpassed herself in her brilliant, bold, at times impassioned rendering of the solos of the queen and anxious mother, Nicaule. The air of Esther: "All is about me smiling" was beautifully sung by Mrs. WENTWORTH, and the following recitative and duet between her and Nicaule was capitally given. The duet, too, between Esther and Osiris (Mr. ARTHURSON) was highly finished and expressive, the tenor and soprano tones blending very sweetly. We were again favorably impressed by the fresh, clear, penetrating voice, and unaffected manner of Miss BROWN in the quartet "Oh, hear me;" and one was inclined to regret that the part of Almatea contained so little. Mr. ARKEN put more fire and elasticity into his solos than before, and his delivery of several passages was really fine. The second tenor, Mr. WHEAT, has good material, which with more culture may do excellent service.

The Canon for five voices, the Sestet, Quartet, &c. with their graceful interweavings of florid and luxurious melody, pleased universally, as they were quite neatly and, with few exceptions, expressively sung. The choruses were effective, and the orchestral accompaniments ran like a bright and beautiful arabesque throughout the whole.

The audience was very large, in spite of the cold and driving snow storm. To-morrow night the "Moses" will be given for the third time and conclude the six subscription nights.

The Midsummer Night's Dream with Mendelssohn Music.

This most difficult and delicate of theatrical tasks has actually been accomplished, with no small degree of success, at two of the New York theatres during the past week. The example was first set by Burton, whose refined taste as a manager displayed itself in the early days of his nice little theatre by the production of Milton's "Comus." The papers report favorably, even enthusiastically, of the rare beauty of the scenery

and the entire getting up; of the acting, particularly Puck, Titania, and Burton's "Bottom"; and of the careful rendering of the entire music of Mendelssohn by an orchestra limited of course in numbers to the small size of the theatre. The house has been crowded, and the play is announced for repetition every night until further notice.

It is also having a run at the Broadway Theatre. We quote some sentences from an extended notice of the first performance in the *Mirror*.

First and foremost, of the scenery. We feel that if we were to exhaust the language of praise, we could but half express its gorgeous beauty. It elicited the most tumultuous plaudits, and *must* be seen to be appreciated. We will therefore attempt no description. The panoramic scene, where Oberon travels through the fairy land, surpasses everything we have ever seen upon any stage. The dropping of treble gauzes to represent mist and darkness, produced a fine and *mystical* effect. The machinery all worked well, and reflected great credit upon the artists. The *corps de ballet* was well drilled, and Mlle Leeder danced exceedingly well, and looked charmingly. The costuming was correct; the scallop shell, drawn by swans, the magnificent galley of the Amazonian Queen, and all the other appointments and accessories, were beautiful and appropriate.

Of the acting we cannot speak at length, though we should like to. A general fault was the strange liberties taken with the text. This might do ordinarily, but it is inexcusable in one of Shakespeare's plays, especially a poetical one, where the rhythm was destroyed and the beauties marred by transpositions, omissions and interpolations. The performers must study their parts more carefully if they hope to please Shakspearean critics. This fault was particularly noticeable in the chief character, who gave us too much of "Davidge" and too little of "Bottom."

In the overture each individual started off on his own account, as if he were playing "Hail Columbia," and ingeniously persevered until half through the piece before they got together in perfect time and tune. This surprised us not a little, as a major part of the orchestra was composed of the best Philharmonic players. The fact that they did better later in the evening, and rendered some of the music with classic elegance and faultless precision, showed that it was the result of carelessness or want of sufficient rehearsal. This fault we do not expect to see repeated, and as they gave ample proof of what they can do with Mendelssohn's music, the public will not excuse any shortcomings in future. . . . Puck's solo, "Up and down," was very well sung, the choruses were tolerably effective, and when rendered more smoothly (as we doubt not it will be) the music will constitute one of the greatest charms of the play.

We cannot refrain from saying that the management did not have the proper conception of the character of Puck. This was personated by a mere child—"La Petite Viola"—who repeated the part with a closer adherence to the text than most of the other performers, it is true, and who had been well schooled in regard to delivery and emphasis; but the audience could not avoid regarding it as a mere recitation. Puck is one of the most cunning and important personages of the drama, upon whose action most of the plot hinges, and should not be entrusted to a child, no matter how precocious. And then again, Puck was represented as a beautiful and interesting fairy, with a fair form and perfect figure. This was not Shakspeare's creation.

GERMANIA REHEARSAL. Snow, suddenly changed to floods of rain, last Wednesday afternoon, reduced the audience to a few scattered shivering groups of people, who had all to themselves a choicer selection of music than has before been given of an afternoon. First was played Beethoven's Seventh Symphony entire. Then the overture to "Medea," which marvellously improved upon acquaintance. Then came one of Strass's graceful and poetic waltzes. Then Mr. W. R. Babcock's Funeral March, in memory of JONAS CHICKERING, arranged for orchestra by Bergmann, which was quite solemn and effective. And lastly a finale from Rossini's "Siege of Corinth."

Musical Intelligence.

Paris.

SOPHIE CRUVELLI.—The debut of this lady at the Grand Opera, (Jan. 16th,) is thus described by "A German in Paris," in a letter to the *London Musical World*:

The house was crammed to the ceiling. I have rarely

witnessed a scene of such excitement. The audience were literally palpitating with expectation in the interval which preceded the rise of the curtain. So great had been the curiosity to be present on the occasion, that, a fortnight in advance, orchestra stalls were sold as high as 200 francs, and the best places in the boxes were scarcely to be had at any price. On the evening of the performance the mere privilege of the *entrée*, without fixed places, was selling at the doors of the theatre for twenty and twenty-five francs, and finding greedy purchasers. The *foyer*, and all the lobbies, were crowded with persons unable to get seats. You are aware that there is no "standing room," as at our London theatres, in the Grand Opera here.

The Emperor and Empress arrived some time before the hour of commencement. The number of notabilities among the audience was so great that I shall not think of naming them. Among others, however, I must mention the celebrated Meyerbeer, whose interest in the success of Sophie Cruvelli must have been urged by two influences—the first, a real desire for the young singer's welfare; the next, the renewed impetuous given to the attraction of his *Huguenots*—which, I am told, among all his operas, is his chief favorite. There was Auber, too—looking young and vigorous enough to compose another *Muette di Portici*, and vivacious enough for another score of *Black Dominoes*. Benedict, just arrived from Munich, where he had assisted at his own success, was now anxious to witness that of his interesting friend and compatriot; but, as he came too late to get a place at any price, he was gallant enough to risk his neck in the heated and thronged *parterre*. Vivier, of course, was there—for what *événement* can be regarded as complete without the presence of the humoristico-spirituesque horn-player—a self-constituted, but not the less a satisfactory *arbitre d'équité*? To conclude, Alboni, "the inimitable," the intellectual Pauline Viardot Garcia, Mario, Tamburini, and a host of artistic celebrities, with Jules Janin, Hector Berlioz, Théophile Gautier, Fiorentino, and all the authorities of the Parisian press, were observed in the crowd; and, in short, it was scarcely possible to direct an opera glass to any part of the house without bringing the face and figure of some notable person into view.

I have no time to enter into details of the performance; but I may sum up by assuring you that, by unanimous verdict, it was agreed that such a Valentine had never been seen or heard before. Had Maria been the Raoul I think the public would have gone mad. The reception given to Cruvelli on her entrance was deafening; but this was pale when compared with what followed. The first scene established her success. Her costume was in exquisite taste, and I never saw her look more fascinating and beautiful. The voice—and what a voice is Sophie's!—vibrated through the house in such a manner as to give almost a fresh musical sensation. The duet with Marcel in the scene of the *Pré aux Clercs* produced a *furor*. The applause and cheering of the organized *claque*—the crying nuisance of the French theatres—was utterly drowned by the thunders of approval that came direct from the audience. The *claque* had lost its voice, and its office was a derision. Where truth speaks out, the cry of the mere hireling is suffocated. After the great scene, the duet between Valentine and Raoul, which follows the Benediction of the Poignards (the dramatic triumph of Meyerbeer)—the enthusiasm that ensued surpasses my powers to describe.

Miscellaneous.

The minister of state has granted a pension of 1200 francs to Mlle. Sedaine, the last descendant of the author of *Richard Cœur de Lion*.

Mr. Andreoli, formerly director of the Chapel of Ferdinand VII, and author of several much esteemed religious compositions, died at Barcelona, last month, in his 68th year.

Mme. Boieldieu, who died lately in Paris, was daughter of Jean Baptiste Philis, a celebrated professor of the guitar, and the younger sister of Jeanne Philis, one of the most brilliant cantatrices of the Opera-Comique.

Vienxtemps and Servais will arrive in Paris towards the end of January, or at the commencement of Feb'y.

On the 26th of Dec., Rosati was to make her debut in a new ballet at the theatre Reggias at Turin.

Since the opening of the theatre *Don Carlos*, at Lisbon, the Italian troupe, composed of Mmes. Castellau, Angles, Fortani, M. M. Miraglia and Bartollini, have played *Masnadieri*, of Verdi, 5 times; *Sonnambula*, of Bellini, 3 times; *Luisa Miller*, Verdi, 6 times; *Maria d'Inghilterra*, Pacini, twice; *Don Pasquale*, Donizetti, twice; and *Ernani* once. Her Majesty Donna Maria II. was present at the six representations of *Luisa Miller*, and that of *Ernani*. They announce for the reopening *Ernani*, to be followed by *Rigoletto*, and the *Travatore* of Verdi, and *The Huguenots*, of Meyerbeer.

Donizetti's new opera in 3 acts: *Elizabeth, ou la Fille du Proscrit*, was announced for the 28th Dec. It will be performed by Messrs. Laurent, Tallon, Junca, Cabel, &c., and by Mmes. Colson, Petit, Briere, Girard, and Vade. The studies of the score have been directed by M. Fontana, a pupil of Donizetti. From the immense effect of the rehearsals a long success is anticipated.

Advertisements.

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PART I.

1. Overture to "La Gazza Ladra,"Rossini.
2. Waltz, "Kroll's Ball Dances,"Lumbye.
3. Solo for Trumpet, a Fantasia on the German Air, "Liebend gedenk' ich Dein,"Krebs. Performed by HENRY AHERN.
4. Annon Polka,Joh. Strauss.
5. Fantasia for Piano, "Don Giovanni,"Thalberg. Performed by ROBERT HELLER.
6. Grand Potpourri, "Die Traumbilder," (Dream Pictures),Lumbye.

PART II.

7. Overture, "Robespierre," (by request) representing a Scene in the French Revolution,Littolf.
8. Introduction, Air, and Variations for Guitar, on Themes from "Romeo and Juliet,"Juliani. Performed by SIGNORA BAUSCH.
9. Echo Galep,Bergmann.
10. Adagio and Variations Brillantes for two Flutes, on Themes from "Semiramis,"Furstenau. Performed by CARL ZERRAEN and ROMELUS KOPFIZ.
11. A—Nocturne, No. 2, } for Piano,
B—Valse Brillante, } Composed and Performed by ROBERT HELLER.
12. Sextette and Finale, from "Lucia,"Donizetti.

Doors open at 6½. Concert to commence at 7½.
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Apr. 10.

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References—Professor Henry W. Longfellow, of Cambridge; Doct. Wesselhoef, Bernard Roelker, Esq. John S. Dwight, Esq. Nov. 12. tf

L. H. SOUTHARD,

TEACHER OF MUSIC,

265 Washington Street, Boston.

Oct. 16.

3m

F. SUCK,

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and pupils that he has removed to
No. 352 TREMONT STREET.

A. W. FRENZEL

RESPECTFULLY gives notice to his friends and all who wish to receive instruction from him in music, that he is just commencing a new course of lessons for three months, which will conclude in April, since it is his intention at that time to visit his old home in Germany. Orders may be left at Richardson's Musical Exchange, 282 Washington Street, at G. P. Reed's or T. T. Barker's Music Stores, or at his residence,
No. 4 Pine St., Boston.

Mr. F. is permitted to name the following references:
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MUSIC-ROOM, No. 17 GRAY'S BLOCK, corner of Washington and Summer Streets.

References.

Messrs. CHICKERING, J. P. JEWETT, GEO. PUNCHARD, Boston.
Messrs. GEORGE PEABODY, B. H. SILSBEE, Salem.
Jan. 21. 3m.

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Yours truly,

GEORGE J. WEBB.

From GEORGE F. ROOT.

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I have the honor to be, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

GEORGE F. ROOT.

From WM. B. BRADBURY.

New York, Jan. 14, 1854.

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Rossini.

GIACOMO ROSSINI was born February, 1792, at Pesaro, a small town in the papal states, situated on the gulf of Venice. His father was an inferior performer on the French horn, and belonged to one of those strolling companies of actors and musicians, who, to gain a livelihood, attend the fairs of the small towns in Italy; his mother, who passed for one of the prettiest women of Romagna, was a *seconda donna*, of passable talents. Their son of course accompanied them in these excursions. In 1799, Rossini's father took him to Bologna, where he began to study music in 1802; his first master being D. Angelo Tesei. In the course

of a few months, the young Giacomo already earned *paoli* by singing in the churches. His pleasing soprano voice, and the vivacity of his youthful manners, gained him many friends among the priests who directed the *Funzioni*. Under professor Angelo Tesei, Rossini became a tolerable proficient in singing, in the art of accompanying, and in the rules of counterpoint. In 1806, he was capable of singing at first sight any piece of music put before him, and great hopes were conceived of his future excellence: it was augured from his growth, and the quality of his voice, that he would make an excellent tenor.

On the 27th of August, 1806, he quitted Bologna to make the musical tour of Romagna. He took his place at the piano, as director of the orchestra at Lugo, Ferrara, Forli, Sinigaglia, and other little towns. It was only in 1807 that the young Rossini gave up singing in the church. The 20th of March, in the same year, he entered the Lyceum of Bologna, and received lessons in music from Padre Stanislaw Mattei.

A year after, (the 11th of August, 1808) he made so considerable a progress, as to be qualified to compose a symphony, and a cantata entitled "*Il Pianto d'Armonia*." This was his first essay in vocal music. Immediately after this, he was chosen director of the academy of the *Concordi*, a musical society at that time existing in the bosom of the Lyceum at Bologna. "*Demetrio e Polibio*" is the first opera composed by Rossini. It is said to have been written in 1809, but it was not performed till 1812, in the Teatro Valle at Rome. Some have imagined that it was rewritten by the master for this representation; but there is no proof of the fact. His known indolence, and the active duties he was obliged to perform this year, would rather tell against such a supposition.

Such was the progress Rossini had made at 19, that he was chosen to direct, as head of the orchestra, the "*Four Seasons*" of Haydn, which was executed at Bologna: the "*Creation*," which was given on the same occasion, (May 1811) was directed by the celebrated soprano Marchesi. When the parents of Rossini had no engagement, they returned to their residence at Pesaro. Some rich amateurs of this town, we believe of the family Peticari, took the young Rossini under their protection. A young lady, of considerable beauty and fortune, formed the happy idea of sending him to Venice: he there composed, for the Teatro San Mosè, a little opera in one act, entitled "*La Cambiale del Matrimonio*," 1810. This was the first opera of Rossini performed upon the stage. After a success very flattering to a beginner, he returned to Bologna; and, in the autumn of the following year, (1811) produced "*L'Equivoco Stravagante*." The following year he returned to Venice, and composed for the carnival "*L'Inganno Felice*."

In this piece genius shines forth in every part. An experienced eye will at once recognize in this opera in one act, the parent ideas of fifteen or twenty pieces, which at a latter period contributed

to decide the fortune of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of Rossini.

The "*Inganno Felice*" resembles the first pictures of Raphael, which he painted in the school of Perrugino, and which display all the faults and all the timidity of early youth. Rossini not venturing to assume the master at twenty, was fearful as yet to attempt to please himself only. The same year his patrons procured him an engagement at Ferrara; and, during the last season, he composed an oratorio entitled "*Ciro in Babilonia*;" a work containing many beauties, but considered by critics as inferior in energy to the "*Inganno Felice*." After this, he was again summoned to Venice; but the *impresario* of San Mosè not content with gaining, for a few *sequini*, the talents of a pleasing composer, who was patronized by the ladies, and whose rising genius was destined to bring new honors to his theatre, thought that, as he was poor, he might treat him cavalierly with impunity. Rossini at once gave him a proof of that independence of character, by which he has since been always distinguished. In quality of composer, Rossini's power over the orchestra was absolute, and he could oblige them to execute whatever he composed. In the new opera, therefore, of "*La Scala di Seta*," which he made for the insolent *impresario*, he brought together an assemblage of all the extravagances and whimsical combinations, in which, it may well be supposed, a head like his is sufficiently fertile. For instance, in the allegro of the overture, the violins are made to break off at the end of every bar, in order to give a rap with the bow upon the tin shades of the candlesticks. It would be difficult to imagine the astonishment and indignation of an immense concourse of people, assembled from every quarter of Venice, and even from the *Terra Firma*, to hear the new opera of the young *maestro*. This public, who, during the greater part of the afternoon, had besieged the doors, who had been forced to wait whole hours in the passages, and at last to endure the "tug of war" at the opening of the doors, thought themselves personally insulted, and hissed with all the vengeance of an enraged Italian public. Rossini, not in the least moved by all this uproar, coolly asked the trembling *impresario*, with a smile, what he had gained by treating him so cavalierly. He then quitted the theatre, and started at once for Milan, where his friends had procured him an engagement. However, a month after, he made his peace with the humbled manager; and, returning to Venice, successfully produced two *farze* (operas in one act) at the Teatro San Mosè: "*L'Occasione fa il Ladro*," 1812, and "*Il Figlio per Azzardo*," in the carnival of 1813. It was also during this carnival that Rossini composed his "*Tancredi*."

No adequate idea can be formed of the success which this delightful opera obtained at Venice. Suffice it to say, that the presence of Napoleon himself, who honored the Venetians with a visit, was unable to call off their attention from Rossini. All was enthusiasm! *tutto furore*, to use the terms

of that expressive language, which seems to have been created for the use of the arts. From the gondolier to the patrician, everybody was repeating "*Mi rivedrai, ti rivedrai*." In the very courts of law, the judges were obliged to impose silence on the auditory, who were ceaselessly humming "*Ti rivedrai*."

The delightful opera of "*Tancredi*" made the tour of Europe, in the short space of four years.

It may well be supposed that, in such a place as Venice, Rossini was not less happy as a man, than celebrated as a composer. The fame of his reputation, aided by the agreeableness of his manners, won him the heart of the charming *cantatrice buffa*, the signora Marcolini, then in the flower of her beauty and her talents. Her charms were all-powerful, and she succeeded in estranging his affections from his former fair patrons.

It was for Marcolini,—it was for her delicious contralto voice, and admirable comic powers, that he composed the gay and animated part of the *Italiana in Algeri*, which at once placed the youthful composer in the first rank of *maestri*.

Such was the run that this new piece obtained, that Rossini had leisure to indulge for some time in his natural indolence, for indolent he was to excess. This the following anecdote will serve to prove.

During his residence in Venice this year, (1813) he lodged in a little room at one of the small inns. When the weather was cold he used to lie and write his music in bed, in order to save the expense of firing. On one of these occasions, a duet, which he had just finished for a new opera, "*Il Figlio per Azzardo*," slipped from the bed, and fell on the floor. Rossini peeped for it in vain from under the bedclothes, it had fallen under the bed. After many a painful effort, he crept from his snug place, and leaned over the side of the bed to look for it. He sees it, but it lies beyond the reach of his arm; he makes one or two ineffectual efforts to reach it; he is half frozen with cold; and, wrapping himself up in the coverlid, exclaims, "Curse the duet, I will write it over again; there will be nothing difficult in this, since I know it by heart." He began again, but not a single idea could he retrace; he fidgets about for some time—he scrawls—but not a note can he recal. Still his indolence will not let him get out of bed to reach the unfortunate paper. "Well," he exclaims, in a fit of impatience, "I will rewrite the whole duet. Let such composers as are rich enough keep fires in their chambers. I cannot afford it. There let the confounded paper lie. It has fallen, and it would not be lucky to pick it up again."

He had scarcely finished the second duet, when one of his friends entered. "Have the goodness to reach me the duet that lies under the bed." The friend poked it out with his cane, and gave it to Rossini. "Come," says the composer, snuggling close in his bed, "I will sing you these two duets, and do you tell me which pleases you the best." The friend gave the preference to the first; the second was too rapid and too lively for the situation in which it was to stand. Another thought came into Rossini's head; he seized his pen, and, without loss of time, worked it up into a terzetto for the same opera. The relater of this anecdote states, that there was not the slightest resemblance between the two duets. The terzetto finished, Rossini dressed himself in haste, cursing the cold the whole time, and set off with his friend to the *casino*, to warm himself and take a cup of coffee. After this, he sent the lad of the *casino* with the duet and the terzetto to the copyist of San Mosè, to be inserted in the score. In the autumn of the same year, (1812) Rossini was engaged at Milan, when, for the Scala, he composed "*La Pietra del Paragone*." He had now attained his twentieth year. His opera had the good fortune to be sustained by the talents of signora Marcolini, Galli, Bonoldi, and Parlamagni, who were in the flower of their fame, and obtained a success for this piece which was little short of extravagance.

"*La Pietra del Paragone*" (the Touch-stone) is considered by some critics as the *chef-d'œuvre* of Rossini in the *buffa* style. After obtaining

such distinguished success at Milan, Rossini revisited Pesaro and his family, to whom he is warmly attached. The only person with whom he has been known to correspond is his mother, and his letters to her are thus singularly addressed: "*All' Ornatissima Signora Rossini, Madre del celebre Maestro in Bologna*."

Such is the character of a man, who, half in jest, half in earnest, scruples not to make an avowal of the glory that surrounds him, and laughs at the modest prudery of the academy. Deriving happiness from the effects produced by his genius upon a people the most sensitive upon earth, and intoxicated with the voice of praise from his very cradle, he believes implicitly in his own celebrity, and cannot see why a man, gifted like Rossini, should not rank in the same degree as a general of division or a minister of state. They have gained a grand prize in the lottery of ambition, he has gained a grand prize in the lottery of nature. This is one of Rossini's own phrases. I heard it from his own lips, says one of his biographers, at a party given by Prince Ghigi at Rome, in 1819.

About the time of his journey to Pesaro, an attention was shown him as honorable as it was rare, and which is equally creditable to the giver and the receiver; his genius proved the means of his exemption from the almost universal operation of the miserable conscription laws. The minister of the interior ventured to propose to Prince Eugene, the Viceroy of Italy, an exception in his favor. The prince at first hesitated, through fear of a reprimand from head quarters at Paris, the daily advices from which were most pressing and most vigorous upon this point; but he at length yielded to the decided feelings of the public.

After this narrow escape from being sent for a soldier, Rossini went to Bologna, where the same adventure awaited him as at Milan—the enthusiasm of the public, and the more grateful meed of the smiles of beauty.

The rigorists of Bologna, so celebrated in Italy for the severity of their critical taste, and who exercised the same dictatorship over music as the members of the French Academy did over the three unities, reproached him, and not without reason, with having sometimes transgressed against the rules of composition. Rossini did not deny the justice of the charge. "I should not have so many faults to reproach myself with," was his reply, "if I had leisure to read my manuscript twice over; but you know very well, that scarcely six weeks are allowed me to compose an opera. I take my pleasure during the first month; and pray when would you have me take my pleasure, if not at my present age, and with my present success? Would you have me wait till I am grown old and full of spleen? At length the two last weeks arrive; I compose every morning a duo or air, which is to be rehearsed that very evening. How then would you have me detect little faults of grammar in the accompaniment? (*l'instrumentazione?*)"

Notwithstanding the candor of this excuse, a great bustle was made in the musical circles of Bologna respecting those faults of grammar. This is the same complaint that the pedants of his time made against Voltaire, whom they accused of not knowing orthography. So much the worse for orthography, was the dry remark of Rivarol.

After listening as patiently as possible to the declamation of these pedants against Rossini for violating the rules of composition, a celebrated critic made this reply: "Pray, who laid down these rules? Were they made by persons superior in genius to the author of '*Tancredi*'? Does stupidity cease to be stupidity because sanctioned by antiquity and the usages of the schools? Let us examine these pretended rules a little more closely; and pray what are we to say of rules that can be infringed without the public perceiving it, and without our pleasure being in the least diminished?"

M. Berton, of the institute, renewed this dispute at Paris. The fact is, that the faults here complained of are scarcely perceptible while listening to the operas of Rossini. It is like object-

ing as a crime to Voltaire, that he does not employ the same phrases and terms of expression as La Bruyère and Montesquieu. The second of these great writers has this memorable sentence: "A member of the French Academy writes as they write; a man of wit writes as he writes."

Rossini is full of grammatical faults: well, be it so; and yet there is not a village in Italy which could not furnish a dozen of critics upon notes, who, for a single sequin, would undertake to correct the errors in any one of his operas.

After his success at Bologna, which is considered as the head-quarters of Italian music, Rossini received offers from almost every town in Italy. Every *impresario* was required, as a *sine qua non*, to furnish his theatre with an opera from the pen of Rossini. The consideration he generally received for an opera was a thousand francs, (about forty pounds) and he generally wrote from four to five in a year.

From 1810 to 1816, Rossini visited in succession all the principal towns of Italy, remaining from three to four months in each. Wherever he arrived he was received with acclamations, and *fêted* by the dilettanti of the place. The first fifteen or twenty days were passed with his friends, dining out, and shrugging up his shoulders at the nonsense of the *libretto* which was given him to set to music. For, besides the fire of his own natural genius, Rossini was inspired with a good taste by his first admirer, the countess P—— of Pesaro. She had read with him the works of Ariosto and Metastasio, as well as the comedies of Machiavel, the *Fiabe* of Gozzi, and the poems of Burati; he was therefore fully competent to judge of the worthlessness of these *libretti*. "*Tu mi hai dato versi, ma non situazioni*," he had been heard frequently to repeat to an unhappy votary of the nine, who stammered out a thousand excuses, and two hours after came to salute him in a sonnet, "*umiliato alla gloria del più gran maestro d'Italia e del mondo*."

After two or three weeks spent in this dissipated manner, Rossini begins to refuse invitations to dinners and musical *soirées*, and falls to work in good earnest. He occupies himself in studying the voices of the performers; he makes them sing at the piano; and, on more than one occasion, he has been driven to the mortifying necessity of mutilating and "curtailing of their fair proportions," some of his most brilliant and happy ideas, because the tenor could not reach the note which was necessary to express the composer's feeling, or because the *prima donna* always sang false in some particular tone. Sometimes, in a whole company, he could find no one but a bass who could sing at all. At length, about three weeks before the first representation, having acquired a competent knowledge of the voices, he begins to write. He rises late, and passes the day in composing, in the midst of the conversation of his new friends; who with the most provoking politeness, will not quit him for a single instant. The day of the first representation is now rapidly approaching, and yet he cannot resist the pressing solicitations of these friends to dine with them at *l'Osteria*. This of course leads to a supper; the sparkling Champagne circulates freely; the hours of morning steal on apace. At length a compunctious visiting shoots across the mind of the truant *maestro*; he rises abruptly; his friends will see him to his own door: they parade the silent streets unbonneted, shouting some musical impromptu, perhaps a portion of a *Miserere*, to the great scandal and annoyance of the good Catholics in their beds. At length he reaches his house, and shuts himself up in his chamber; and it is at this, to every-day mortals, most ungenial hour, that he is visited by some of the most brilliant of his inspirations. These he hastily scratches down upon odds and ends of paper, and next morning arranges them, amidst the same interruptions of conversation as before. Figure to yourself a quick and ardent mind, susceptible of every impression, and capable of turning to advantage the most trifling occurrence or passing observation. When composing his "*Mosè*," some one said to him, "What, you are going to make the Hebrew sing! do you mean to make them *twang* it as they do in the syna-

gogue?" The idea struck him at once, and he sketched out on the spot a rough draught of the magnificent chorus so much admired in this opera, and which is observed to begin with a kind of nasal twang peculiar to the synagogue.

But let us return to our little Italian town, which we left in our anxiety, or rather in the agitation, that precedes the day of the first representation of an opera. At length the most important of evenings arrives. The *maestro* takes his place at the piano; the theatre overflows; people have flocked from ten leagues distance. The curious form an encampment around the theatre in their calashes; all the inns are filled to excess, where insolence reigns at its height. All occupations have ceased; at the moment of the performance, the town has the aspect of a desert. All the passions, all the solitudes, all the life of a whole population, is concentrated in the theatre.

The overture commences; so intense is the attention, that the buzzing of a fly could be heard. On its conclusion the most tremendous uproar ensues. It is either applauded to the clouds, or hissed, or rather howled at without mercy. It is not in Italy as in other countries, where the first representation is seldom decisive, and where either vanity or timidity prevents each man from intruding his individual opinion, lest it should be found in discordance with the opinions of the majority. In an Italian theatre, they shout, they scream, they stamp, they belabor the backs of the seats with their canes, with all the violence of persons possessed. It is thus that they force upon others the judgment which they have formed, and strive to prove that it is the only sound one; for, strange to say, there is no intolerance equal to that of the eminently sensitive. When you see a man moderate and reasonable in what regards the arts, begin to talk to him of history, politics, or political economy; such a man will make a distinguished magistrate, a good physician, a sound lawyer, an excellent academician, in a word, whatever you will, except an enthusiast in music or painting.

At the close of each air the same terrific uproar ensues; the bellows of an angry sea could give but a faint idea of its fury.

Such at the time, is the taste of an Italian audience, that they at once distinguish whether the merit of an air belongs to the singer or the composer. The cry is *Bravo David! Bravo Pisaroni!* or the whole theatre resounds with *Bravo maestro!* Rossini then rises from his place at the piano, his countenance wearing an air of gravity, a thing very unusual with him; he makes three obeisances, which are followed by salvos of applause, mingled with a variety of short and panegyric phrases. This done, they proceed to the next piece.

Rossini presides at the piano during the three first representations, after which he receives his eight hundred or a thousand francs, is invited to a grand parting dinner, given by his friends, that is to say, by the whole town, and then he starts in his *veturino*, with his portmanteau much fuller of music paper than of other effects, to commence a similar course, in some other town forty miles distant. It is usual with him to write to his mother after the first three representations, and send her and his aged father two thirds of the little sum he has received. He sets off with ten or twelve sequins in his pocket, the happiest of men, and doubly happy if chance should throw some fellow traveller in his way, whom he can quiz in good earnest. On one occasion, as he was travelling in *veturino*, from Ancona to Reggio, he passed himself off for a master of music, a mortal enemy of Rossini, and filled up the time by singing the most execrable music imaginable, to some of the words of his own best airs, to show his superiority to that animal Rossini, whom ignorant pretenders to taste had the folly to extol to the skies.

After terminating his engagements at Bologna, Rossini accepted an offer made him at Milan, whither he repaired in the spring of 1814. It was at the Scala that he composed "*Aureliano in Palmira*." In spite of many beauties, and particularly the duet "*Se tu m'ami, O mia regina*," which some critics have considered as the

most beautiful thing of the kind that has proceeded from our composer's pen, it proved unsuccessful. It was Rossini's first failure: it annoyed him not a little, and he at once determined on changing his style.

Unsuccessful in "*Aureliano in Palmira*," which Rossini had composed for the carnival season, he made another effort in the autumn of the same year, (1814) and produced the "*Turco in Italia*," which was considered as a kind of sequel to the "*Italiana in Algeri*." Incessant cries resounded of *Bravo Galli!* (the celebrated bass singer) but not a single *Bravo maestro!* for, as we have before observed, on the first representations of an opera, the applauses bestowed on the singers and the master are things perfectly distinct. Trifling as this circumstance may appear, it had its decided influence upon the fate of the opera; for although some of the pieces, particularly the piquant duet, "*E un bel uso di Turchia*," and the celebrated quintetto, "*Oh! guardate, che accidente*," met with such applause, yet the opera, upon the whole, was coolly received. The national pride was wounded. They declared that Rossini had copied himself. He might take this liberty with little towns; but for the Scala, the first theatre in the world! repeated the Milanese with peculiar emphasis, he must take pains to produce something new. That the fate of this opera was determined by some local circumstances, is evident from the fact, that, four years after, the "*Turco in Italia*" was reproduced in Milan, and received with the greatest enthusiasm.

[To be continued.]

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Mendelssohn and Shakspeare.

According to the Stationers' Hall entries, "A booke called A Mydsomer Nyghte Dreame," was entered by one Thomas Fisher, Bookseller, Oct. 8, 1600. Authorities now seem to fix on the year 1594 as the probable date of its composition. "The Comedy of Errors," "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," "Love's Labor Lost," and "The Taming of the Shrew," composed whilst Shakspeare performed the duties of tending horses at the Theatre door, have been assigned on sufficient reason an earlier date than this. Mr. Hallam (Lit. of Europe, vol. ii. p. 387), after mentioning the above Comedies, remarks of "A Midsummer Night's Dream:" "Its superiority to those we have already mentioned affords some presumption that it was written after them." It was certainly written in or before his thirtieth year.

It was obviously written with all that *abandon*, which is so strenuously maintained by the Poet against the Manager in the Prologue of "Faust," and fulfils his prophecy that thus a Poem becomes "the dower of coming years." No Manager would ever have encouraged or undertaken such dramatic and scenic effects as are here presented! And thus it has never been* and cannot be acted. It is a literary work, and no one who loves it would love to see it mangled by any, the best machinery, which the stage has ever produced. On this point we may quote the words of Hazlitt, who witnessed an attempt in his day to act it. "The 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' when acted, is converted from a delightful fiction into a dull pantomime. All that is finest in the play is lost in the representation. The spectacle was grand; but the spirit was evaporated, the genius was fled. Poetry and the stage do not agree well together. The attempt to reconcile them in this instance fails not only of effect, but of decorum. The

*It has been acted repeatedly in Germany; and at this present time is drawing crowded houses at two theatres in New York.—Ed.

ideal can have no place upon the stage, which is a picture without perspective: everything there is in the foreground. That which was merely an airy shape, a dream, a passing thought, immediately becomes an unmanageable reality. Where all is left to the imagination (as is the case in reality), every circumstance near or remote has an equal chance of being kept in the mind, and according to the mixed impression of all that has been suggested. But the imagination cannot sufficiently qualify the actual impressions of the senses. Any offence given to the eye is not to be got rid of by explanation. Thus Bottom's head in the play is a fantastic illusion, produced by magic spells: on the stage it is an ass's head and nothing more; certainly a very strange costume for a gentleman to appear in. Fancy cannot be embodied any more than a simile can be painted; and it is as idle to attempt it as to personate *Wall*, or *Moonshine*."

In this point of view one can almost tolerate the honest note in the Diary of old Pepys, who depended on his eyesight rather than his imagination,—"*To the King's Theatre, where we saw 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' which I had never seen before, nor shall ever again, for it is the most insipid, ridiculous play that ever I saw in my life.*"

The real desideratum in such a case was felt by Mendelssohn; and in his incidental music of *Sommernachtstraum*, we have the only coloring fit for this

Wild weird clime that lieth, sublime,
Out of space, out of time.

We could have forgiven M. Jullien his many grave offences; not expecting much Shaksperian scholarship from him, we had given a not ill-natured smile when he deliberately, on his Mendelssohn Nights, replaced *Hermia* with *Hermione* of the *Winter's Tale*; but surely next to his representation of the third movement of Beethoven's Symphony in C minor as "descriptive of an advancing army," come the definitions of the various parts of this work, in degree of folly and absurdity. Mendelssohn did not write music descriptive of the incidents in the poem, in the sense Jullien has conceived. These pieces are simply descriptions of *poetic impressions*, and are in no wise tied to the incident or expression of the drama. If Jullien and others wish to devote grand orchestras to the imitation of sleigh-rides and the like, let us at least preserve Mendelssohn from sanction of such ideas of Art. Verily we should have to be told by history, and not by his interpretations, that Jullien was a musical *protegé* of Cherubini.

This music does border on the proper gulf that must forever divide the perceptions and the impressions of the soul. If the poem itself had been less a dream of the realm of *Faerie*, Mendelssohn would not, *could* not have written the music. But all things which enter the mind from without must partake of its conditions, and hence are really ideas; and so this music is the poetry of Shakspeare transformed into the conditions which a musical soul must needs impose on all things.

If any proof were needed that Mendelssohn gave his own *Titania*, *Oberon*, *Puck*, &c., and not Shakspeare's, we might make out a fair case of Mendelssohn's *Hermia* vs. Shakspeare's. We can scarcely imagine one of sensitive ear listening to a fine reader, such as Fanny Kemble, in Act. III.,

and afterwards hearing the *Notturmo* well performed, without finding it necessary to relieve himself of something in the former. Take, for instance, this from the 2d scene of the Act, bearing in mind the noble responses and dignified refinement with which *Hermia* is introduced to us in the Play.

Her. O me, you juggler! you canker-blossom!
You thief of love! What, have you come by night,
And stolen my love's heart from him?

Hel. Fine, i' faith!
Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulness? What, will you tear
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet, you!

Her. Puppet! Why so? Ay, that way goes the game.
Now I perceive that she hath made compare
Between our statures; she hath urged her height,
And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevailed with him.
And are you grown so high in his esteem
Because I am so dwarfish and so low?
How low am I, thou painted May-pole? Speak;
How low am I? I am not yet so low,
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

And more of the same sort, until this "loving cherry" exit pursuing her twin sister; for according to *Helena*, (amended by Mr. Collyer's MS.)

We grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted;
But yet a union in partition,
Two loving berries moulded on one stem.

But such coarseness is impossible to our Mendelssohnian *Hermia*, the wonderful Löstiswitzian combinations not being then known. We have a simple Nocturne, a twilight worthy to enfold the sleeping, wearied and distracted *Hermia*; but in it we discover nothing more distinct than the dream that trembles on her mind, and which grows into the pleasing reality brought about by the friendly office of Puck;—when lo! the music ceases!

In the *Intermezzo* in A minor, we find that this great composer has selected the very part not covered by any incident for this "song without words." *Hermia* awakes from her terrible dream, calls on Lysander, finds herself alone and goes forth to seek him. Then as the scene closes, comes the interlude. The *Scherzo* is only a Fairy-piece, and could apply as well to the thousand and one fancies of German Fable, to the elves of Tieck or Novalis, as to the Fairies of Shakspeare. Certainly it would do as well to perform after a reading of Goethe's *Walpurgisnachtstraum*. The same may be said of the free and glorious movement of the *Hochzeitmarsch*. These are independent of anything out of Mendelssohn, and are affected by Shakspeare's poem, only as the culture of his century and the scenery of Italy might have influenced his music elsewhere. As Emerson has sung,

So waved the pine-tree through my thought,
And fanned the dreams it never brought.

C.

Kean and Booth.

A remarkable article with the above title, too long for insertion in our columns, appeared recently in the New York *Sunday Atlas*, and was copied into the *Home Journal*, with a note of commendation by the editors.

The excellence of the article consists in an admiring, and in many respects judicious estimate of the theatrical genius of Edmund Kean; and the wonder of it lies in a systematic comparative depreciation of Junius Brutus Booth.

The tone of its criticism is physical and superficial; and as a specimen of the conclusiveness of

its reasoning, we quote the following passage, alluding to Booth, and wish the reader to bear in mind that Kean died twenty years before him.

"Thousands of course who had never seen Kean, but of whose fame they were familiar, were naturally anxious to behold one who was constantly proclaimed to be his equal; and to this desire on their part, and on that of the rising generation, may be imputed the reason of his success in starr-ing it to the very end of his days."

After this we are prepared to learn, that "Booth's style of acting was a very bad style;" and to find the absence of male talent on our stage ascribed to "the very bad copy we kept inconsiderately praising." Farther on occurs this passage: "When a young man, emulous of rivalling Kean, he never was any thing else but a jointed stick; if he improved as he grew older, we cannot say, for his acting at that period (1823) impressed us so unfavorably, that we never had the curiosity to go once to see him, during his long career afterwards."

We read this admission with "special wonder," as in our view it renders the writer's opinion in the premises completely nugatory; for it was precisely during these twenty-seven years, that Booth's genius developed its cumulative grace and vigor; and established a power which he never lost, at once over the popular and the cultivated audiences of America.

It was never our good fortune to see Edmund Kean. His star had set before our day. The admirable paper on Kean's acting by Mr. Dana, himself a poet, and imaginative critic of a high and delicate order of genius, is probably the only permanent form in which the visionary and vanishing fame of the actor will survive.

But with the acting of Booth we have been familiar for twenty years, in all his widely varied range of characters. And to our eye he appeared never a "jointed stick," but always a model of spontaneous energy and grace;—a grace proceeding not, as our critic would have it, from "accuracy of joint," but from the sway of an informing mind. His voice too, so far from suggesting any thing like a "wheezy ruin," or being, as the writer avers with coarse and ignorant injustice, "as hard and hoarse as a clam-man's," seemed, ever to our ears a marvel of massive, melodious, and subtle intonation;—an intonation proceeding, not alone as our critic would have it, from "the formation of the mouth," but mainly from unseen fountains of imaginative thought and feeling.

Did the writer of this comparative criticism ever see Booth enact Lear, or Hamlet, or Othello? If he did, were his "eyes holden," and his senses shut against the infinite pathos and tenderness of expression, blended in feature, voice, and action, which breathed through certain passages—so that he can now say "it was quite beyond his power to depict any of the gentle emotions of our nature?"

It would seem as if the acting of Kean, grand and satisfactory as it must have been, had filled the continent of the writer's dramatic conception, so as to leave no room for the apprehension of another form of genius. But we thank him for his article, for two reasons; first, for the implicit testimony it yields, by a comparative eye witness, to the fact that Booth was considered, even in his youth, as in no respect an imitator of Kean; and secondly, that it has awakened a slumbering purpose in our own mind, to render unto Booth a recognition of his genius, as ample and exact as lies within the measure of our ability. This we propose to do in a future number.

G.

ADELAIDE PHILLIPS. Extract from a private letter written by a Boston lady, dated Rome, Dec. 14th, 1853. "Adelaide Phillips made her

debut on the 27th of November, and made a complete triumph; she evidently 'took the town by storm.' We met in Florence, a few days after, two Italian singers, who told us some of the particulars. They said it was one of the most successful debuts ever made in Italy; that she could now make engagements any where in Italy, on her own terms. They said also, that she pronounced the language *finely*, that there was not a fault to be found. They said, moreover, that Rossini's music had been laid aside for a long time, for want of a *Contralto*, and that they were now going to bring it up again. Think of that for Addie Phillips! She is one of the most joyous creatures I ever saw, and has most wonderful perseverance. I cut from a Florence newspaper a little notice of her, which I translate and enclose:

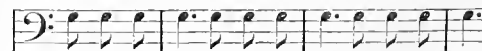
A published letter from Brescia, in regard to the performance of *Semiramide*, says:

"All was successful, and the actors were applauded from the beginning to the end of this divine work; but that which most called forth the enthusiasm of the public of Brescia, was the performance of *Arsace*, by the beautiful and graceful Adelaide Phillips, who has a very sweet voice, strong, rich, a genuine *contralto*, and who has been trained in the school of the distinguished Garcia. She sings like an angel, and I assure you that in a short time this charming creature will be the brightest star in the Italian dramatic heaven."—[*Transcript*.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

From my Diary. No. XXXIX.

ERIE, PA. Feb. 9. American voices forever! A few evenings since I was present at a common school exhibition in this place, at which the usual declamations and reading of compositions were interspersed with calisthenic exercises by a band of girls, to the music of their own songs. None, I should think, were over twelve or fourteen years of age, and some not more than eight or nine. Yet, in all the popular songs, which succeeded each other in rapid succession, varying with each change of figure and movement, the ease with which they passed from one to another, their firmness in pitch, and the general purity and sweetness of tone, were quite remarkable. I was surprised to learn that their only instruction in music was what they obtained from the teachers of the school at odd intervals, in the regular exercises of the school. Hearing these little folks sing thus, seeing what a good foundation is already laid for future improvement, it was really sad to think of the little probability there is that any of them will ever have their musical capacities properly developed. One thing however might be done for them now which would bring out the voice to a certain degree, and prepare them for better instruction—when they can get it. Besides the popular songs of the day, such children should be taught a few solid chorals, the long drawn notes of which in slow, measured time, give opportunity to the singer to take pains with the tones of the voice. I find by repeated observation that most children, when they have once acquired confidence to sing out naturally, utter long notes gracefully and correctly, as instinctively as they dance and walk with grace. It is a pity that our school songs are so generally of a rhythm, which gives little opportunity for cultivating the voice. It is a great mistake. There should be a judicious variety of style; the namby-pamby, chant-like things so much in vogue just now, do well enough in their place, but the idea of making singers by the practice of them is simply absurd. The child might as well be kept on simple addition to make him a mathematician. My ideas on this matter were strengthened on going to one of the churches here and hearing the performance of the choir. Now this choir is not mentioned as being worse than others—it is just what I have found all the way from Boston to the Mississippi. All sing the same sort of tunes; all sing them just alike; all make the same ineffectual attempts to strike a note correctly which draws near the top of the staff, flattening and sharpening and feeling round for it; all break down alike upon any long note, which may happen to break the dreary nothingness of



&c.; all alike degenerate into a feeble, sickly, half senti-

mental, snuffing sort of chant. I am putting this rather strongly; there are leaders who know better, there are choirs which have tastes for something better; but let any one traverse the Northern States as much as I have for the last two years, go to as many different churches as I have attended in that time, and see if he would not have the same feeling, that namby-pamby is universal—that "motley's the only wear."

For my own part, I am exceedingly fond of psalm tunes, and am not ashamed to confess that an evening with half a dozen friends over the old Handel and Haydn Collection, or one of Zeuner's books, is a source of about as much enjoyment as a concert of much higher pretensions. It is this very love for psalmody that makes me regret the gradual ignoring of flowing melodies, for *this* sort of thing, which I *compose* (?) for the occasion:



Put some common chords to this and the tune is done! We have so many hymns utterly devoid of all lyric style, that a few of these pseudo-chants are a valuable addition to our psalm tunes, and it was a stroke of genius on the part of Zeuner to invent them—but the thing is most decidedly "run into the ground" now-a-days. I had as lief hear Yankee Doodle at a funeral, as to hear some grand ascription of praise, which should be sung to Old Hundred, or York, or London, or St. Ann's, lisped out with a sickly Dodge-like sentimentality to such fiddle-faddle. This by the way. Let the question of taste pass. I affirm that this sort of thing has higher disadvantages than the cultivation of a taste for French and German drinking, student, and soldier songs in church; it ruins the singing. I can remember when the book above mentioned (H. & H. Coll.) was alone used in the country villages where my childhood was spent, and the sensations which used to thrill me to hear the full clear tones of the trebles in New Sabbath, 97th Psalm Tune, Effingham, and the like. I can hear nothing of the sort in those same villages now, alas! All that requires sustained tones, has gone to the tomb. *Cantabile* is forgotten.

I can but think however that the evil has had its day. There are to be seen in the latest collections, indications of a return to healthy and beautiful melody, and some of the "Professors" may yet possibly sink into deserved contempt. Let us pray that the day come speedily!

A circumstance which occurred one evening makes me hope that Richardson's Piano-Forte book will get into general use. A lady where I called played finely, but her stock of music was confined to the thousand and one Waltzes, Schottisches, Polkas and other trash of the day, with which, however, she expressed herself dissatisfied, and wished for something of a higher order.

"Have you no Sonatas?"

"Sonatas! what are they?"

In fact her teachers had never made known to her that anything better than the last new waltz for the Piano-Forte was to be had! I recommended a Sonata or two by Beethoven, or Mendelssohn's songs without words. They will be a new and glorious revelation. Shame on such teachers!

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEB. 18, 1854.

Music in Paris.

We are happy to lay before our readers the following intelligent and sprightly letter about musical matters in Paris, which we have received by the last steamer. The writer is a resident in that metropolis, and evidently good authority in the matters whereof he speaks. The letter was in French, and in the process of translation, owing to the obscurity of some parts of the manuscript,

may have suffered some in sense as well as style. But the main tone and scope of its criticism are clear and unmistakable; and we doubt not its soundness. It will suggest (what we have long suspected) the wisdom of accepting with some caution what is called the stamp of a Parisian reputation for all the world in musical Art.

Correspondence of Dwight's Journal of Music.

PARIS, JAN. 26, 1854.

Paris is proud of the task it takes upon itself, not to say arrogates to itself, of making the musical glories of Europe. "The capital of civilization and of taste" cites with incredulity any European celebrities who have disdained the suffrage of the modern Athens, and there are even people here who question the immense talent of Jenny Lind: since, if she really were the great singer that all the capitals of Europe and all the great cities of the New World have proclaimed her, why has she not *dared* to appear before the public of France! We are so infatuated with our prerogative as distributors of the brevets of celebrity, that for us an artist, who has any reasons whatsoever for not coming to Paris, or who has no reasons for coming, is one who dares not show himself before the judges *par excellence* of all the known arts and the arts to come.

One would imagine, after all this, that Paris was the temple of the veritable good music; one would feel bound to believe that they waste no incense upon false gods in Paris. Unfortunately it is no such thing; and if this city, full of movement and activity, has the privilege of creating reputations for the rest of Europe, it is because they understand at Paris, better than anywhere else, the grand art of *puffing*. It is not for nothing that we are the inventors of the *claque*, an institution which is to success what the restricted suffrage is to elections; he that pays the best gets the most votes. Besides, your Parisian is of a benevolent nature, and, rather than be too much *ennuyé*, willingly puts a good face on a bad play (no pun intended). Finally the Parisian has not enough taste for music to pay for it; and what more natural than to remunerate those poor artists, who every year defray the expenses of our most fashionable saloons, with brevets of celebrity!

Good music accommodates itself but poorly to this state of things; and if we except a few valiant artists who for some years have made praiseworthy efforts for the propagation of good music; if we except the Société de St. Cecile, and finally if we except the concerts of the Conservatoire, our concert programmes are composed almost always of ephemeral works, which flatter the bad taste of the artistic populace. One goes away from these exhibitions commonly more astonished at what he has seen, than edified by what he has heard.

The concerts of the Conservatoire enjoy such great favor because they are *a la mode*, and because it is *de bon ton*, and above all, pretty difficult, to have one's box or stall there. As for the programmes of these concerts, they are stereotyped enough, and since after all they perform there only the *chefs-d'œuvre* which we have few opportunities of hearing elsewhere, it would be wrong to complain. Yet we could desire that this areopagus, which has undertaken to judge of musical creations and to direct the public taste,

were really at the head of public opinion and not towed on in the wake of that. Thus Mendelssohn was not acknowledged by these gentlemen, by no means too exclusive, until his reputation in Germany and in England had become so great that it was necessary to play his music and open the gates to this indiscreet genius. Since the death of the lamented master the thing has seemed more easy, for Messieurs of the Conservatoire have a great weakness for the dead. But the fact is, (we own it to our shame,) Mendelssohn is not yet sufficiently known in France. I shall tell you nothing new, then, when I say that Schumann and Gade are names entirely strange to the musical world of Paris, and, to speak only of French authors, it is only at very long intervals that we have the pleasure of hearing one of the works of Berlioz or Reber. This latter, who now occupies the seat of the late Onslow, will perhaps appear more frequently before the French public. It goes against the grain with the Conservatoire to step out of the circle it has traced for itself, and in which it keeps itself shut up surrounded by Gluck, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. And if we were only allowed to hear *all* the masterpieces of these geniuses!—but they are quite as exclusive in the choice of works as they are with regard to composers. You may imagine how difficult it is to conquer a foot of ground in the opinion of Messieurs of the Conservatoire, when I tell you that a personage of considerable influence in that learned body expresses great astonishment at the enormous success of some fragments of Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream." M. Seghers, who directs the musical Société de St. Cecile, would fain supply the defects of the concerts of the Conservatoire. He exerts him to vary the programmes of his concerts without resorting to bad music; but he is not sufficiently encouraged by the public. This circumstance is to us an incontestable proof that Paris is not a musical city in the best sense of the word; otherwise would not the Parisians go eagerly to hear the *chefs-d'œuvre* of this sublime art which they cannot hear elsewhere? The orchestra of M. Seghers is good enough to lend no pretext to this lamentable apathy, and (thanks to the devotion, above all praise, of this valiant *chef d'orchestre*!) the musicians of the St. Cecile are evidently in the way of progress.

Our few societies for chamber music:—those of Alard, Franc-homme, &c.—of Maurel, Chevillard, Sabatier, &c., &c.,—are not more fortunate. You see there always the same faces, which proves that the public for this sort of music, which is so numerous in Germany and England, is comparatively very limited as yet in Paris.

Of *virtuoso* concerts I shall tell you very little this time. Thanks to the Muses, the scourge of *concertanti*, and especially pianists, is somewhat abated this year, at least for the present; and we know not whether it be to the Eastern question or the famine that we are indebted for this amelioration. If one must choose between two evils, we for our part would rather pay more dearly for our bread, and swallow all the Menchikoffian notes and all the pacific discourses of Aberdeen, than undertake the piano question. The only pianist who could console us for the others, M^{lle}. Wilhelmina Clauss, has left us after a solemn farewell concert, to go and charm her native Germany and all the Russias, where the ravishing artiste will doubtless share the enthusiasm, which

at present is exclusively reserved to the fair deserter from the French theatre, the *tragedienne par excellence* of our times. Mlle. Clauss is the more deserving of the interest she has excited in so high a degree at Paris and at London, that this artist has comprehended the duty imposed upon her by her art. Arriving here without friends, losing her sole support, a mother whom she dearly loved, this young girl, scarcely out of the age of childhood, has had the energy to put away from her little fingers all the bad compositions which the musical charlatans tried so hard to slip into her programmes. She devotes herself to the master-pieces of Handel, Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Mendelssohn: to the exceptional creations of Chopin, and to the ravishing musical poesies of Stephen Heller. To her we owe it, if for four years past our virtuosos have modified their programmes somewhat. Since the altogether extraordinary success of this young Bohemian with good music, no one dares any longer to present himself before us with those insipid fantasias, those stupid variations, those showers and water-falls of pearls, dreams of fairies, cascades, sighs of love, &c., &c., which before her composed the entire language of our modern executants. To succeed, the young artiste has used a very clever stratagem; she has played from time to time the most difficult works of Liszt and Thalberg, to show that it was no lack of *prestidigitation* that dictated her choice, but really her admiration for good music. Since then she has put all these false miracles away from her, and has chosen from the numerous works of these two creators of the modern piano-playing only those which can bear serious criticism.

We feel great gratitude to this young *musicienne*, for awakening an interest in those little poems of our maestro, Stephen Heller, which it had been supposed were only to be appreciated in an intimate circle. Mlle. Clauss has proved to us, that these charming compositions, which under a modest title conceal treasures of harmony and sentiment and musical science, can excite a great public even to enthusiasm, only let this spiritual and deep-felt music be rendered as it has been by our artiste. Stephen Heller, that genuine favorite of the Muses, has shown us in his *Pre-ludes* and by his last work *Les — blanches*, that his talent gains in power with every creation that he undertakes.

Our lyric theatres are not very busy this year, and in the way of novelties we have only promises. Meyerbeer's *L'etoile du Nord* is a promise which seems soon likely to be realized. So much the better; we shall hail with interest the first comic opera which the author of *Robert le Diable* has brought out in Paris.

The Theatre Lyrique, since the *congé* of M^{me} Cabel, is like a virtuous wife who causes nothing to be said about her. The Opera Italien is in the same situation that it has been for several years. Some few brilliant evenings excepted, the Italians cannot complain of any too much vogue. Alboni and Maria, in operas like *Figaro*, which one always hears with a new pleasure, form a happy exception to the common run of representations at that theatre, so void of attraction or prestige.

The French Opera, which was out of favor quite as badly as the Italians, is endeavoring to raise itself up again by the engagement of Mlle

Cruvelli. If you consult our journals, you will be convinced that she had success such as was never before heard of; if you ask a stranger, uninitiated in the secrets of our theatrical successes, he will repeat to you the sounding phrases of our *feuilletons*; and yet the success of Mlle Cruvelli in the rôle of Valentine, in *Les Huguenots*, is very much contested. Mlle Cruvelli however has all the elements which go to make up a great singer; she has an admirable beauty. Her physiognomy, to be sure, has not enough mobility in its features; but her eyes are very beautiful and full of passion. And with all this, Mlle Cruvelli thus far (and we have heard her every time she has appeared in Paris) has had only happy moments; she does not know how to create a rôle, which shall captivate and carry away the public from the beginning to the end.

Mlle. Cruvelli has been reproached with not following in the rôle of Valentine the tradition commenced in so brilliant a manner by Mlle. Falcon. We believe this reproach to be in itself unjust. An artist has not to consult what others have done; she has only to follow her own inspirations. But if Mlle. Cruvelli by her manner of playing Valentine has shocked the sentiments of good judges, it is not because she has not done like so many good and bad singers before her, but because the creation which she has put in the place of the old one was not complete enough to justify her way of seeing and of feeling. For this artiste's own sake, possessed as she is of such powerful means, and with an incontestable future before her, we rejoice that, by the side of a success great enough not to discourage her, she has also experienced some warnings, which reach her even through the praises of her admirers. These warnings, we hope, will lead her to think; for the fault we find in her above all is, that she does not take seriously enough her task of artist and the duties imposed on her by her extraordinary talent.

Concerts of the Week.

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY. The last night of the subscription series, and last night of "Moses in Egypt," crowded the Music Hall beyond parallel, if that were possible. A late comer was happy to get even a peep through the group of standers that blockaded each balcony door. But the attentive silence of the crowd made amends for that. Rossini's sparkling, fascinating music was evidently popular, and has its charm for the earnest music-lover, as well as for the frivolous. We heard only the middle portion, which was uncommonly well performed. The solos, quartets, &c., received such justice as it is hardly reasonable to expect from amateur and native singers. Mr. ARTHURSON's sweet, flexible voice, pure method and expressive style, made the florid tenor melodies peculiarly acceptable. There was unity and spirit in the choruses, too, and the Germania orchestra, under BERGMANN's sure and untiring lead, co-operated with its usual ability and good will.

The rare success of "Moses" has made a repetition imperative. We are glad to see it announced once more, for an *extra* concert to-morrow evening. We trust the hall will be as well filled by tickets freshly bought, as it was last time, when of course the crowd was greatly swelled by the influx of all the outstanding tickets for the series. Notwithstanding several overflowing houses, the Handel and Haydn Society have had the ill luck of a majority of stormy nights, and the season has not been a paying one. The losses fall upon the members, who are

mostly young amateurs; the gains, should there be any, do not accrue to the individuals. It is a matter of honor, therefore, with the music-lovers of Boston not to let our excellent old oratorio society find anything discouraging in the result of its brave efforts.

GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY. As we had not the pleasure of hearing the tenth concert (second of the "light" series) on Saturday evening, we copy a graphic description of it from the *Daily Advertiser*, which certainly should please all parties:

The Germanians were fully justified, under the new arrangement, in their programme of Saturday evening, in which there was nothing to task the mind of the shallowest listeners: to prove that they exercised the utmost discretion we have only to say that the hall was full, and that far from feeling insulted, the audience were highly gratified and applauded every piece more or less loudly. We thought the applause savored of a partisan spirit, which was very proper and a fit rebuke to those who pretend to control public taste; they may understand that we can support a mild and innocent concert if we choose, and have moreover the inalienable right of sinking in music as well as in any other art; and if after the turmoil of the week we like compositions which soothe by their dulness or tickle the imagination by their transparent absurdity, we are the many (empty) headed, and will have them every one, and our excellent Germanians will have the good sense to furnish them for us.

We consider this concert one of the most judicious we have ever heard on a Saturday evening; excepting in the first and last pieces the music suggested scarcely an idea which was not triteness itself; it was a wilderness of harmless sound, and we should judge that the audience enjoyed, on an average, thirty-nine yawns apiece, or three and a quarter for each of the twelve pieces. We were so much gratified indeed, that we will be at the pains to notice every one of the twelve, in the hope that mediocrity may feel properly appreciated and continue, as it hath ever done, to look down on excellence.

(1) The *Gazza Ladra* overture is charming music, and was played so perfectly as to defy criticism; we could pause a long while to praise so admirable a bit of execution; the outlines of each theme were exquisitely distinct and the whole performance faultless. (2) Waltz, tolerably pleasant. (3) Trumpet solo, pretty theme, played inoffensively and encored. (4) Polka of Strauss, delicious dance-music, the long-drawn, expectant chords which prefaced each change of key breathing the very spirit of the German quadrille—Strauss is irresistible. (5) Mr. Heller's Thalberg's *Giovanni* was tantalizing. * * *

The *fantasie* itself with its introduction was both clever and brilliant, and many portions of it were played effectively. (6) The Grand Potpourri *Die Traumbilder* of Lumbye was as ordinary as it could possibly be, and nothing could be more preposterous than the introduction of *Old Hundred*, the only strain during the whole evening suggestive of tomorrow, and impudently interpolated we must believe for the purpose of throwing the concert into unenviable contrast with that of the previous Saturday evening; yes, it must have been an invention of the enemy, for the universe of music would not afford an air more out of character with the piece itself, and with the tone of the whole performance, and the feeling it occasioned was one of keen mortification; coming from the organ too it was a fine satire, and seemed generally appreciated. (7) The *Robespierre* overture, by request (probably of the hundred and fifty anonymites) belongs with that class of productions which may be styled unjustifiable; Littol's mistake lay in supposing that any one could enjoy a scene of discordant dreary brutality from the French revolution represented in music, with nothing about it capable of communicating a pleasant sensation, its only effect being to stun and disgust one at the moment, and probably appear in a hideous nightmare some hours later in the evening. (8) Signora Bruschi's debut in a guitar performance was unexceptionably destitute of any trait which could be called exciting, although we do not assert that the air, &c., was not strummed as it should have been. (9) Echo Galop, *nil*. (10) *Adagio* &c., duet for flutes—a clever performance, by which no one was seriously injured. (11) *Notturmo* and *Valse*, composed and performed by Heller; the former a pleasing composition and well played, the latter too indistinct to be made anything of. (12) *Finale of Lucia*, full of precious strains reminding us of Bettini, and welcome as taking the taste of the other airs out of our mouths.

We must not omit to mention that when we reached the hall we supposed, from the gross darkness, that the concert must have been postponed; but on the door-keeper's assurance that it would come off, we kept hold of hands, and groped our way to what we were confident

was a grand seat near the stage: but when the gas was turned on with reckless extravagance at exactly fifteen minutes to half past seven, we discovered to our deep disgust that we were under the gallery near the very back of the hall, which *contretemps* alone had the effect of preparing us to be delighted with everything.

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.—The Seventh Concert opened with the second Quintet of Mozart, (in C.) The Allegro and Minnetto were beautiful and striking; but the Andante, and the Finale, though not lacking the infallible grace and clearness of Mozart, seemed to us comparatively level and uninteresting. The Quintet was smoothly and delicately played.

2. The "Meditation," by Gounod, (a Parisian composer of some recent note,) on Bach's Prelude in C. was again performed with violin obligato, and quartet accompaniment. The piano part, being chiefly an arpeggio accompaniment to the violin, was neatly and clearly played by Mr. CARL HAUSE. The melody (expressively sung by Mr. A. FRIES' violin) has rather a modern sound; and still more so the entrance and crescendo of the other strings, giving an effect that reminded one of some of the concerted finales in the Italian operas. It was Bach modernized undoubtedly, yet there was something rich and noble in the expression of the piece.

3. The Piano Quartet, in E flat, Op. 16, by Beethoven is an arrangement by himself from its original form of a Quintet for piano and wind instruments; you continually felt that here should come in a horn and here an oboe. Yet the vigorous Beethoven characteristics told throughout, as they always do whether the intrinsic force and beauty of his ideas be clothed with more or less instrumental coloring. Mr. HAUSE played the piano part with masterly skill and certainty. All is clear, distinct, euphonious, well accented in his execution; only it is a little mechanical and hard; a conscientious, rather than an inspired performance.

4. The fifth Quartet (for strings) of Mendelssohn (E flat, Op. 44), has become a well known friend in these concerts. The profound sentiment of the Adagio, and the humming elfin revelry of the Scherzo, are always sure to charm in contrasted ways. 5. Adagio from the first clarinet Concert of Spohr, played by Mr. Ryan. Short and sweet.

6. Mr. HAUSE proved himself one of the most brilliant bravura players in the swift and difficult first movement of Hummel's Concerto in A minor. We have rarely heard anything of that kind done so well. We can congratulate the citizens of Salem on the acquisition of such a musician and teacher among them as CARL HAUSE.

We had the pleasure of listening last Monday evening to the first concert, this season, of the **ROXBURY BEETHOVEN SOCIETY**, under the direction of Mr. L. H. SOUTHARD. This Society of amateurs comprises nearly thirty members. The parts were judiciously balanced; and the unity, precision and delicate gradations of light and shade, which marked their performances, gave ample proof that their discipline has been thorough and unremitting. The excellence of their chorus singing was not their only merit; solos, duets and trios were performed with taste and expression. Their voices, especially sopranos and baritones, are unusually full, pure and sympathetic. The music consisted principally of selections from opera choruses; we are informed that their future programmes will contain something to please severer tastes. The accompaniments were played by Mr. BAUMBACH, a true artist, aiming at no dazzling effects, but rendering every note with purity and simplicity.

We ought also to mention the assistance rendered to the society by Miss BOTHAMLY and her sister Mrs. EMMONS. We were especially pleased with their rendering of *Quis est homo*, from the *Stabat Mater*; we were not prepared to listen to such finished vocalization from singers so young, and for so short a time before the public. We were not so well satisfied with the cavatina from *Ernani*. That demands a flexibility and power of voice which none but singers of the very highest rank can claim. It was not a failure, but it was not a very decided success. The scales lacked evenness, and, too often were *slid* over, without recognizing their exact steps. We believe Miss Bothamly, if she will have the courage and perseverance to go through the proper training, may become, at no distant day, a very eminent singer.

Advertisements.

BOSTON MUSIC HALL.

The Germania Musical Society,

WILL GIVE THEIR

Eleventh Grand Subscription Concert,

On Saturday Evening, Feb. 18th,

ASSISTED BY

Mr. ROBERT HELLER, Pianist.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

1. Grand Symphony, "Jupiter," in C Major, Op. 34...Mozart.
 - i. Allegro vivace.
 - ii. Andante cantabile.
 - iii. Menuetto, Allegretto.
 - iv. Finale, Allegro molto.
 (Contains the Celebrated Fugue.)
2. Concerto for Piano, No. 4, in G Major, Op. 58...Beethoven.
 With Orchestral Accompaniment.
 Allegro moderato.
 Andante con moto.
 Rondo vivace.

Performed by ROBERT HELLER.

PART II.

3. Overture to "Die Hebriden," (Fingal's Cave), Mendelssohn.
 4. Andante and variations from the Septetto in E flat Major, Op. 20...Beethoven.
- Performed by W. SCHULTZE, W. BOCHHEISTER, H. LURDE, W. BALCKE, J. SCHULZ, H. KUESTENMACHER, and F. THIEDE.
5. Adagio Religioso, from the Symphony Cantata, "Song of Praise," Op. 52...Mendelssohn.
 6. Overture to "Der Freischütz," Weber.

Doors open at 6½. Concert to commence at 7½.

Single tickets, 50 cents. For sale at the Music Stores, Hotels, and at the Door on the evening of the Concert.

NOTICE.—Our patrons are respectfully notified that we shall give a Concert on EVERY SATURDAY EVENING, until the 18th of March, inclusive, making the Programme alternately, one composed of light, and one of classical music.

Subscription Tickets taken at ALL the Saturday Concerts. Additional sets and half sets of Subscription Tickets, can be secured at Wade's Music Store, every day from 11 to 2 o'clock.

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY.

THIS Society having completed its Series of Subscription Concerts, they trust with satisfaction to their Subscribers and the Public,—the Government now propose a repetition of

MOSES IN EGYPT,

FOR THE LAST TIME,

On Sunday Evening, Feb. 19, 1854,

AT THE

BOSTON MUSIC HALL,

With the vocal assistance of Miss Anna Stone, Mrs. E. A. Wentworth, Miss S. E. Brown, Messrs. Arthurson, Thos. Ball, H. M. Aiken, and B. Wheat, with Orchestral Accompaniment by the

GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY.

Doors open at 6: Performance to commence at 7 o'clock.

Tickets for this Concert, at 50 cents each, may be obtained on Friday and Saturday at the store of the Secretary, No. 136 Washington St., where applications for parties from the neighboring cities for tickets may also be made.

Tickets will also be sold at the principal Hotels and Music Stores on Saturday and Sunday, and at the doors of the Hall on the evening of performance.

J. L. FAIRBANKS, SECRETARY.

Mlle. Gabrielle De la Motte's SECOND PRIVATE MUSICAL SOIRÉE,

Will take place

On Monday Evening, Feb. 20th,

AT THE ROOMS OF THE MESSRS. CHICKERING,

MASONIC TEMPLE,

On which occasion Mlle. G. D. will play a selection of Beethoven L. De Meyer, Osborn and De Beriot, Thalberg, &c., and will be assisted by Mr. W. SCHULTZE, Violin.

To commence at 8 o'clock. Tickets, \$1, to be had at Messrs. Chickering's to-day and Monday.

The Third Soirée will take place on Monday, March 6.

MUSICAL EDUCATION SOCIETY.

THE SECOND PUBLIC REHEARSAL of the Society will be held at the MELOTEON, on MONDAY EVENING, Feb. 20th, commencing at 7½ o'clock. Select Choruses from the works of Handel, Haydn and Mendelssohn, by the Society, with Solos and Duets by Miss LUCY A. DOANE and Mr. A. ARTHURSON.

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Apr. 10.

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Jan. 21. 3m.

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THE GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY will give PUBLIC REHEARSALS at the Boston Music Hall every WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, at 3 o'clock, commencing Oct. 26. The full Orchestra will perform at the Rehearsals.

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From GEORGE F. ROOT.

New York, Jan. 12, 1854.

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I have the honor to be, Sir,

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GEORGE F. ROOT.

From WM. B. BRADBURY.

New York, Jan. 14, 1854.

NATHAN RICHARDSON, Esq.:

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But he was most agreeably disappointed. Never was a piece received with such enthusiasm; *furor* would be the energetic term an Italian would employ. At every instant, the pit arose *en masse*, to hail Rossini with acclamations. At the close of the performance, the composer was heard to declare, in the *café dell' academia*, that, independent of the exertions of the evening, he was overcome with fatigue at the innumerable obeisances he was called on to make to the public, who were every

moment interrupting the performance with *Bravo maestro! Viva Rossini!*

Crowned with fresh laurels, Rossini returned to Naples in the autumn of 1817, and immediately gave his *Armida*. On the day of its first representation, the public visited him with the sins of Signora Colbran's voice. Besides, they were piqued at the extraordinary success of the *Gazza Ladra* at Milan, and could not understand why Rossini should produce anything inferior for themselves. There is nothing so dangerous to disappoint a public in, as in the expectation of their pleasures. *Armida* was very coldly received, in spite of its magnificent duet, *Amor possente nume*; perhaps the most celebrated that ever proceeded from this composer's pen.

Of the opera, *Adina, ossia il Califfo di Bagdad*, the only particulars we are able to collect are that it was written for the opera at Lisbon, and performed there in 1818, at the Theatre San Carlo, in that city.

Mosè in Egitto was produced at Naples the same year, in the Theatre San Carlo, and performed, in the first instance, as a kind of oratorio during the Lent season. The success of this opera was immense.

In the autumn of 1818, Rossini produced at San Carlo his serious opera of *Ricciardo e Zoraida*; the principal characters of which were sustained by Signora Colbran, Nozzari, Davide, Benedetti, and Signora Pisoni.

This, like several of this composer's operas, has no overture. Rossini has often tried to convince the managers and his friends, by a number of very specious arguments, that overtures are not only unnecessary, but very absurd things; but we believe the true secret is, that Rossini does not like the labor of composing them, and that his reasonings serve only as a pretext for his natural indolence.

On the 20th of February, 1819, he brought out a cantata written in honor of his majesty the king of Naples, and sung by Signora Colbran, at the Theatre San Carlo. It was full of grace and expression, and the simple and appropriate accompaniment was much admired.

During the Lent of the same year, he produced his serious opera of *Ermione*. It was so coldly received as to amount almost to a failure; only a very few parts of it were applauded.

On the 9th of May following, he produced a cantata, which was composed on occasion of a visit made by his majesty Francis I., of Austria, to the Theatre San Carlo. It was sung by Colbran, Davide, and Rubini, and honored by the gracious notice of the sovereign.

Rossini was very active this year, 1819. Besides the works above-mentioned, he also composed an opera, entitled *Odoardo e Cristina*, which was performed in the spring, at the Theatre San Benedetto at Venice. This opera introduced to the public Carolina Cortesi, one of the prettiest actresses that had appeared upon the stage for some years.

On the 4th of October, 1819, Rossini produced the *Donna del Lago*, which was sung at the Theatre San Carlo by Signora Pisoni, (one of the least handsome figures that could be imagined) Signora Colbran, Nozzari, Davide, and Benedetti. It may be said that, after the *Elisabetta*, Rossini succeeded only by the force of his genius. His principal merit lay in his style, which was altogether different from that of Mayer and his other contemporaries, and in the wide range of his ideas, which possessed a character entirely new to the public. He enlivened the tediousness of the opera seria, and imparted to it a life and animation to which it had before been a stranger. But then the public could not separate Rossini from the general discontent that was felt against M. Barbaja and the Signora Colbran. Impatience at last rose to its height, and made itself heard in a manner that could not be misunderstood. Rossini has been known to become quite ill with the hisses that resounded from this vast interior. This, in a man of his natural indifference, and who feels a perfect confidence in his merits, speaks volumes. It took place at the first representation of the *Donna del Lago*.

This first representation took place on a gala-

day; the theatre was illuminated, and the court was not present to place any restraint on the uproarious spirit of the audience. Nothing could equal the extreme hilarity of a number of young officers, who filled, *per privilegio*, the first five rows of the pit, and who had drunk deeply to the health of their king, as all good and loyal subjects should do. One of these gentry, at the first sound of the trumpets, began to imitate, with his cane, the noise of a horse in full gallop. The public were struck with the facetiousness of the idea, and, in an instant, the pit is full of five hundred imitators, who join in this novel accompaniment. The ears of the poor *maestro* found neither novelty nor pleasure in such an addition to his music; it was but too ominous of the issue that awaited his opera, and he sat upon thorns in expectation of the fate that was prepared for him.

The same night he had to set off post for Milan, to fulfil an engagement which had for some time been contracted there. On the following day, the public at Naples was too candid not to acknowledge the act of injustice into which they had been betrayed; and accordingly the next evening, the opera was hailed with all the applause which it so justly merits. The trumpet accompaniment was softened down by diminishing the number of instruments, which on the first evening was really deafening.

Rossini has devoted but little attention to sacred music; however, this year we find him composing a grand mass at Naples. It took him three or four days to give the character of church music to some of his most beautiful *motivos*. The Neapolitans found it a delicious treat; they saw pass successively before their eyes, and under a little different form, all the sublime airs of their favorite composer. One of the priests exclaimed, in a serious tone, "Rossini, if thou dost but knock at the gate of Paradise with this mass, in spite of all thy sins, St. Peter will not have the heart to refuse thee an entrance." This phrase is delicious in the Neapolitan dialect, on account of its grotesque energy.

We saw Rossini quit Naples on the night of the 4th of October, amidst a storm of hisses; on the 26th of December following, we find him bringing out his *Bianca e Faliero*, in the Scala at Milan. The music was full of reminiscences, and its reception was so cold, as to amount to little short of a failure.

In the carnival of 1821, Rossini gave his *Matilda di Sabran*, at the Theatre d'Apollone at Rome, which was built by the French, and was the only tolerable theatre in that city. This opera introduced to the public the pretty and favorite singer, Catharina Lipparini. The opinion of the public was, that the *libretto* was execrable, but the music charming.

In the spring of 1822, Rossini returned to Naples, and brought out his *Zelmira*, which was sung at San Carlo, by signora Colbran, Nozzari, Davide, Ambroggi, Benedetti, and signora Cecconi.

Rossini also composed a *pastorale* for four voices, entitled *La Riconoscenza*, which was performed at San Carlo, on the 27th of December, for his own benefit. It was sung by the signoras Dardanelli and Cornelli, with Rubini and Benedetti. Rossini quitted Naples the following morning, and departed for Bologna. On the 15th of March following, he was married to signora Colbran. The ceremony took place at Castenaso, near Bologna, where the lady had a country seat. Meanwhile Davide, Nozzari, and Ambroggi arrived from Naples, and a few days after they all started together to Vienna, where Rossini had accepted an engagement, and where he was to make his *début* with *Zelmira*.

(Conclusion next week.)

Mendelssohn.

(Continued from p. 148.)

Ludwig Berger, then, had planted the youthful sapling: Zelter had dug about and fenced it against the adverse wind and storm, which, if they raged against it, seemed only to make the

roots strike deeper. But another was wanted, one who, like a head gardener, should protect the tender buds from blight and frost and present the first fruits of such a tree to the anxious world. In the year 1824, Moscheles was prevailed upon to accept this responsible office. I cannot refrain from paying my humble tribute of praise to one who, to this day, is honored among the circle of the best and greatest musicians of the time, though such a tribute is comparatively worthless at my hands, when I remember that Felix himself constantly acknowledged his obligations to him. Moscheles has allowed me to quote from his own diary some characteristic remarks on Mendelssohn. "In the autumn of 1824, I gave my first concerts in Berlin. I then became acquainted with Mendelssohn's family, and soon my visits ripened into intimacy. As I called every day at the house, I soon learned to know and love their wonderful boy Felix. At this time, his youthful studies were a safe guarantee of a splendid future. His parents repeatedly asked me to give him lessons on the piano-forte, and, although his earlier master, Ludwig Berger, had agreed to the proposals, I hesitated at first to undertake so serious a charge, and to direct so decided a genius, thinking I might possibly cause him to go astray from a path which his own intuitive power might have pointed out to him as the one he should walk in. But father and mother grew importunate; I gave in, and commenced a course of lessons forthwith. Felix played at that time any thing I myself could execute, and mastered, with wonderful rapidity, all such improvements as I could suggest. My concerto in E major, he played from the manuscript almost at first sight; and I remember how admirably he rendered the *Sonata Mélancolique*." These papers of Moscheles go on to show us an interesting view of the domestic life of the Mendelssohns, whose house was the constant resort of the best musicians of the place. On the 14th of November in the same year, we read of Moscheles accepting an invitation to a party given in honor of Fanny Mendelssohn's birthday. A symphony by her brother Felix was first given, followed by Mozart's concerto in C minor, and a piano-forte duet, played by the author and his sister. Zelter, and several members of the Royal Chapel choir, were present. Another performance took place on the 28th of the same month, when Mendelssohn's symphony in D major, (?) his quartet in C minor, and a concerto of Sebastian Bach's made up the programme. On the 5th of December, the anniversary of Mozart's funeral was solemnized, the Privy Councillor (Geheimrath), Crelle, delivered an oration, and the requiem was afterwards given entirely, Mendelssohn himself accompanying on the piano-forte. On the 12th of December, Felix assisted in his own quartet in F minor, and Moscheles in the now celebrated *Hommage à Handel*. On the following day, Moscheles presented him with an *Allegro di bravura*, which he played at first sight.

Soon after this month, if I mistake not, Moscheles left for England, but we find him again at Berlin on the 14th of November, 1826. The 19th of this month must be marked as a red letter day in the period of Mendelssohn's career of which we are now treating. For the first time he produced the overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream" as a duet for the piano-forte. His sister assisted him in the trial of a work which bore the unmistakeable marks of genius, and helped as much as any one composition to give him an enduring name. On the 23d of November, Moscheles published the first number of his *Studies*, and about the same time, a symphony of Mendelssohn's appeared, in which the leading idea was expressed by trumpet accompaniments. This was followed by a capriccio, to which, in a jovial spirit, he gave the name of *Absurdité*. We shall offer no apology for details, dry and uninteresting as they may appear to the ordinary reader. The lives of great men are doubly valuable to the world they leave behind them, if their just celebrity, which is patent to all, be not marred by the recollection of moral and domestic duty forgotten and abandoned in the pursuit of fame. The great musician is, after

all, scarce worthy the name of artist, if his powers be mainly directed to the achievement of popularity at the expense and sacrifice of a genuine love of his art, which should not yield to the caprice and questionable judgment of would-be critics and connoisseurs. It is that disinterested love of the beautiful and good that actuated Mendelssohn in his short and brilliant career, that elasticity of mind which raised him above prejudices so common to the ordinary run of artists, which claim for their owner so high a place in the ranks of the greatest men of the present day; and the smallest facts connected with such an artist are not to be passed over as unimportant, if they help to form a more complete picture of the man.

It will be seen from the short extracts from Moscheles' diary that the musical world found a genial atmosphere in the house of Mendelssohn's parents. This must have materially aided the progress and activity of Felix, who so often enriched the programme with his own compositions; and it is but fair to add that the influence of Moscheles at this time, his judicious training and encouragement, contributed in no small degree to the elegance and *aplomb* of Felix's playing, which were his peculiar gifts and rewards for early availing himself of Moscheles' tuition. But the master soon changed into the close friend; age and experience of the world were generously devoted to furthering the fame of one hitherto little known, save among a select few of his own country; and it was Moscheles who first introduced Felix to a discerning public, by persuading him to come to London. It has been said with truth that Germany did not acknowledge the greatness of her son, until England had first welcomed him and sounded his praises. I am sure that before this time, he was not recognized as anything extraordinary, either in Hamburg, where he was born, or in Berlin, the scene of his later triumphs. It is difficult to suggest reasons and excuses for Germany's being so dull of hearing. Beethoven, the intellectual giant, the Michael Angelo of music, was still alive; the author of *Der Freischütz* was in the full blaze of celebrity. Were not these absorbing influences? We only throw it out by way of a suggestion. But this is certain, that Moscheles warmly encouraged his pupil, whose courage never failed him under the cheering auspices of his friend, and Felix never forgot the kind words spoken to him, then an ardent and youthful but comparatively unknown artist. "You were always," he writes to Moscheles, "my hearty supporter and well wisher, at a time, too, when the *Dii minorum gentium* used to make faces at me." It is almost needless for us to state that Felix was welcomed in England by his friend and master, and we shall find that their introduction to each other at Berlin laid the foundation of a firm friendship honorable to both.

In the earlier years of his manhood, Felix was not so absorbed in the study of his favorite pursuit as to deny himself the pleasures and recreations common to youths of his age and standing. As a lad of seventeen, he was known for his activity; he rode well, and was an excellent swimmer. We are now speaking of him in the year 1827, as a young student in the University of Berlin. Zelter gives amusing stories of Hegel, one of the lecturers of whose instruction Felix availed himself, but whose oddity and peculiar style formed an incessant subject of Mendelssohn's mimicry. In the February of this year, he conducted some of his latest compositions at Stettin; and shortly afterwards the members of the Berlin Academy entrusted him with the direction of Bach's Passion Music. It had originally been one of his studies under Zelter; but even allowing this previous insight into a work of such difficulty, we are not the less astonished at the fact of a young man of twenty conducting successfully this complicated music. The performance seems to have more than answered popular expectation, for it was repeated by general desire shortly afterwards. Moscheles advised the elder Mendelssohn to send his son abroad on the completion of his university studies; and Felix, after his college life in the spring of 1829, became gra-

dually more independent of parental surveillance. Before, however, we follow the traveller on his journeys, let us take a brief glance at what has already passed, and we shall find that the number and excellence of his works up to this period amply testify his activity and progress. He had written three quartets, two sonatas, two symphonies, an overture, several operettas (among them *Die Hochzeit des Camacho*, which has been preserved), two volumes of songs, and, to crown all, the noble overtures to *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and *The Calm at Sea and Prosperous Voyage*. These last two works, we are told, were composed within a short time of each other. If it be true that he wrote the latter work, so exquisitely descriptive and powerful of its kind, before he had ever seen the sea, we must allow him a fancy as vivid as that of Schiller, who painted so faithfully the Alpine scenery in his *William Tell*, scenery which had been present only to the keen eye of his imagination. How intense is the anxiety of the crew at the protracted calm, followed by the joyous welcome of the breeze and safe return of the ship to harbor! We almost feel on board ourselves. To inflict a catalogue of Mendelssohn's other pieces on our readers would be unfair. (?) They will agree with us already that he worked zealously, and that versatile and productive are not lying epithets when attached to the name of this gifted composer.

[To be continued.]

SONNETS.

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

THE SOUL'S EXPRESSION.

With stammering lips and insufficient sound,
I strive and struggle to deliver right
That music of my nature, day and night
With dream and thought and feeling interwound,
And inly answering all the senses round
With octaves of a mystic depth and height
Which steps out grandly to the infinite
From the dark edges of the sensual ground!
This song of soul I struggle to outbear
Through portals of the sense, sublime and whole,
And utter all myself into the air.
But if I did it,—as the thunder-roll
Breaks its own cloud,—my flesh would perish there,
Before that dread apocalypse of soul.

WORK AND CONTEMPLATION.

The woman singeth at her spinning-wheel
A pleasant chant, ballad or barcarole.
She thinketh of her song, upon the whole,
Far more than of her flax; and yet the reel
Is full, and artfully her fingers feel
With quick adjustment, provident control,
The lines too subtly twisted to unroll,
Out to a perfect thread. I hence appeal
To the dear Christian church—that we may do
Our Father's business in these temples mirk;
Thus, swift and steadfast,—thus, intent and strong;
While, thus, apart from toil, our souls pursue
Some high, calm, spheric tune, and prove our work
The better for the sweetness of our song.

[From the New York Musical World and Times.]

Mr. Fry's Rejoinder to Mr. Willis.

NEW YORK TRIBUNE OFFICE,
February 6th, 1854.

MY DEAR WILLIS:—Being out of town when your reply appeared, I could not answer it at the moment: allow me to do so now. Your article, besides some prefatory remarks, is divided into seven heads: upon these, in their order, I shall touch as laconically as possible, considering that my first long communication was conclusive, and if I had to analyze at length all your fresh assertions, it would absorb too much of your journal and of my time.

I did not apply the words "dreary ignorance" to you, as my communication shows. I knew nothing of your opinions upon the philosophy of "imitative music," in connection with which these words occur, and only learned of your opinions through your rejoinder. Besides, I am incapable of employing such words to a gentleman in a discussion.

To your first head I reply: *Fantasia* means a piece

written at the unchecked will of the composer: *Santa Claus* is written according to a musico-dramatic plan, as to time, places, persons and progress; no other word but *symphony* will do: I qualified its *spécialité* by calling it a CHRISTMAS SYMPHONY. The word *extravaganza* will not answer for it; though strictly applicable to the classical symphony with its four disjointed movements, having as much connection in music, as in literature have *Robinson Crusoe*, *Smith's Wealth of Nations*, *Marshall's Life of Washington* and *Hot Corn*. The exception to the four disjointed movements, three disjointed movements, which, precisely as you state, do sometimes form a classical symphony, I did not touch upon, as *exceptio regulam probat*. *Santa Claus* has six movements, all connected,—with beginning, middle, end,—like a tragedy or oratorio, possessing above all musico-dramatic progress. After all, the four movement business is mere matter of fashion, and fashion sanctifies any stupidity. In music I am guided by those rules which are founded in reason.

The opening point of your second head I now convert by simply quoting these words from my communication: "The classical unities, in a word, exist in the movements separately, but the four movements are not united as a whole." You quote a phrase from Beethoven, and then say that "*Santa Claus* has no musical unity" growing out of the art of developing primary ideas or themes. There cannot be a cruder error than this, which could be contradicted by every page of the hundred or two of the score, if published—the "recurrence of theme," a knowledge of the value of which you deny me, was a thing I exhibited in the first Rondo I wrote at ten years of age, and I have so composed ever since;—and I can show your statement on this head to be wrong by arithmetical figures, as follows: *Santa Claus*: 1st slow movement—one recurrence of the theme (not usually done in such introductions). 2d movement, six recurrences of main theme. 3d movement, three of the theme. 4th movement, two recurrences of the theme. 5th movement, two recurrences of the theme: and the rest is musical "Episode"—and developments of primary ideas, as recommended in the text books.—I did not, as you say, "attack musical unity!" I only wish to define what it ought to be.

My communication occupied some forty pages, of manuscript, written against time, and out of those forty pages you pick one solitary sentence—necessarily long, because synoptical—and find an inconsequential ending to it. A verbal change would make sense, and then the sentence would be in length, as regards my style, an exception, and as regards the sentences of the elegant Mr. Choate, a rule. "The looming of the orator" is necessary according to Cicero. I would remark, that I do not remember to have read any communication of the same length as mine published in an American newspaper, which is freer from merely literal errors. I can take the scores of Beethoven and Mozart, published half a century since, and show blunders as great in music as that inconsequential sentence of mine is in literature: these I do not attribute to the composer's ignorance (though yet played by orchestras), any more than I would attribute radical ignorance to a book-keeper because in an Account Current he makes an error. Knowing that he may make an error, however, the book-keeper adds the deprecatory letters "E. E." (errors excepted): a proceeding, it seems, if you be right, necessary likewise for literary men.

My phrase—"Music is the original mode of expressing an original idea," means, of course, an original musical idea (see Reicha on musical "ideas or phrases"):—it did not mean an idea or phrase on chemistry or Ohio sixes. And the word "original" in Art does not forbid but includes "imitation." *Non nobis, domine*. I showed all this by parallelisms of Art, in an argument beginning with these words: "Now it is a rule in Art—all Art—that its value and interest depend upon its near but not precise resemblance to nature." Music is not, as you assert, an independent language. The Jury on musical instruments in the Crystal Palace—of which you were a member—instructed me to report at length their proceedings. These are now published in pamphlet form, and in that pamphlet occur these words:—"The highest quality of any instrument fabricated by man is its resemblance to God's great musical production, the eloquent singing voice." Thus you and I agree that the singing voice is the basis of musical tones, and that the skill of instrument makers lies in the approaches they can make to it. But this singing voice is not an independent voice. Its notes are formed in the same way with the same organs as are those of speech: they both include purity, pitch, sonorosity, pathos; the weight of course being vastly in favor of the singing voice in extent and duration. But melody as expressed by this singing voice is allied to language; to words; to metres; to phrases and inflections of tone defined by commas, semicolons, colons, admirations, interrogations, dashes, and full points. I gave, last winter, a course of Lectures in this city, one of which was on the connection of music and poetry, or vocal music and its interlinkings with speech,—of how poetry shaped melody, which Haydn truly pronounces the soul of music. This lecture at your request was published (as far as I could give it, omitting many musically notated examples) in your journal. I would refer you to it, and also to Rush, *On the Human Voice*, for matter explanatory on this head, too copious to insert here. It is because I understand the connection between music and words, and the common properties between speaking and singing, that I was able to compose for the first time in the history of music and of English literature, a grand opera—a technically grand opera—rendered most successfully on the stage and proving all the arguments of

the British writers, during a century past, on the impossibility of artistically dispensing with spoken language on the English operatic stage—to be baseless. And I have equal public success on the question of symphonic forms.

I am not surprised that I am attacked as having "queer ideas about music," because I consider it chiefly the language of passion and emotion, and endeavor to describe scenes in music so that the hearer may suppose they pass artistically before him. But Beethoven has done the same thing in his *Pastorale*; Weber in *Der Freischütz* overture; Mendelssohn in his *Midsummer Night's Dream* music; Spohr in his *Dedication of Sound*; and so does modern Germany generally. And my synopsis of *Santa Claus*, which I assert thousands are ready to affirm, enabled them to trace as perfectly the music as if the same things had been presented on the stage,—is objected to by you! Objected to, though you know that the Philharmonic Society of this city habitually publishes synopses of the descriptive symphonies of Spohr, Mendelssohn, Gade, and other German composers! But being an American I am of course to be deprived of the privileges accorded Europeans.

And I do assert likewise that if Mendelssohn had introduced (to paint joyous childhood on a Christmas morn) into a symphony of half an hour's duration, peany trumpets during a few seconds, it would have been applauded to the skies by the men who condemn it, or affect to condemn it in me. It would have been considered equivalent to saying, "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." In the same way a queer orchestral combination by Mendelssohn, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, paints correctly the comic death of Pyramus, by Nick Bottom, as no composer would write in ordinary.

To your fourth head I repeat, as I said casually before, the piano has not a fixed tone, but is varied from loud to soft by the touch of the player. The organ, however, has a fixed tone,—because only alterable by the mechanical agency of stops.

As to your fifth head, it is hardly necessary for me to deny what you say—that I urged notice in favor of my symphony on account of its length: that would, indeed, be "nonsense." But as a cathedral must have size, so a symphony for grand orchestra must have length; and if the ideas (of course the musical ideas) are such as to interest the audience during its entire performance, and to cause them to enquire it every time it is played in public, it deserved a longer notice at the hands of a professed critic, who gives his life and his living to that object, than the same professed critic bestows every week on a bad piano arrangement of a bad polka. In stating that the opening movement of *Santa Claus* was as long as *Der Freischütz* overture, I did so, to show that one portion of the piece, the scene of which, oratorio-like, was laid in Heaven, might at least be considered serious, even omitting a tragedy musically depicted by the most wonderful artist in the world—Bottesini.

Your heads six and seven, call for no notice except that in seven you should not attack me and attempt to ridicule me for simply calling your attention to your errors which you acknowledge were such.

Mr. Dwight, the editor of the *Boston Journal of Music*, I perceive has done me the honor to copy, with certain important excisions, my long communication; and adds thereto several columns of editorial remark. There are two of his sentences which seem to call for comment from me, as he may copy this present communication of mine in following up the discussion,—which, as far as I am concerned, ends here.—The phrases of Mr. Dwight are, first—

"And Mr. Fry and Mr. Bristow, and 'Herr Lostwitz' himself, whose programme rivals Fry's, are sure to be accepted just so soon as the world shall see that they have done what they themselves suppose they have:—just so soon as their audiences shall feel that there is genius, inspiration, beauty, poetry of music in their symphonies, at all proportioned to the audacity and oddness of their designs."

Now Mr. Bristow has been refused a hearing by the Philharmonic Society of this city, (some parties turning up their nose at him because he is an American) and he would not have been heard this winter at all, but that M. Jullien, in accordance with his own perceptions and listening perhaps also to my opinion, played his symphonies. Mr. Bristow has attempted "no odd design"; his forms are strictly classic. And Mr. Dwight was fully aware—from a publication already made in his paper—that my compositions were not even looked at in manuscript by the director of the Opera in Paris, and the only reason assigned was that "the people would consider him crazy to play an opera by an American." If Mr. Dwight finds any pleasure in attempting witticisms at the supposed expense of Mr. Bristow and the pioneer dramatic and symphonic composer in this country—which is myself—I make no objections. As to such attacks I have thus far beaten them all down, for on the only occasions when I could get a hearing for one of the different grand operas I have written, it had a triumphant success; so too had all the choruses and concerted pieces extracted from my different operas and performed last winter at Metropolitan Hall, and so have my symphonies played by Jullien.

Mr. Dwight's second phrase which I wish to notice is this—"The appreciative music-lovers, learned or unlearned, professional or amateur, who love Beethoven's music, and do not love Fry's, &c." I suppose by this Mr. Dwight speaks of Boston, where his comparative experience on these authors must exist.

Now for the facts: I know that my symphony in one slow movement, excited in Boston as profound a sensation as any instrumental piece ever presented by M. Jullien. And *Santa Claus* experienced nearly a double encore on the only time of its performance in Boston. So what is the meaning of learned or unlearned not liking my music? If the repeated applause of the élite of an intellectual city is no test, what is? Is it the opinion of a critic who gives no analysis of anything American, and whose argument sifted would make this country, in music, a Hessian colony? How are Americans to win their way in composition, unless their compositions are played?—and who plays them except a stranger, who being himself a composer, like Jullien, can read a full score and tell how it sounds before he hears a note of it? How are people to commit to memory by frequent hearing, and hence appreciate compositions unless they are repeatedly played? What Society plays orchestral American compositions in Boston, or here, or anywhere? The Philharmonic Society has given here during eleven years, forty-four concerts, and never did, and never would play an American instrumental piece; and theirs is the only grand orchestra permanently established in America.

Now, supposing there may be a score or two of these "appreciative music-lovers" in Boston, who draw distinctions before they can form an opinion, are they to judge between me or anybody else and Beethoven until they hear us several times, side by side? I have no fear of having my symphonies played side by side with Beethoven's—it is just what I ask. It has been done here repeatedly, and I am satisfied with the result. *Santa Claus* has already been played many times in New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Baltimore, and I know that in the three first named cities it has on every occasion received not only a partial, but a universal encore. Its success South and West is also unsurpassed. And this, too, with hardly a line of newspaper notice, for not only does the anti-American feeling seem to pervade the musical journals, but the daily papers. And it is my firm belief that if there were not some one like myself, determined that American Musical Art should not be beaten down and extinguished, it would be.

All I ask for is fair criticism from the Press. As to any amount of newspaper abuse or ridicule affecting me, it cannot do so; for as you say, I have too good an opinion of myself. That good opinion is founded on the fact, that with the public—the audiences, I have had as great success with every piece I ever had the opportunity to present, as any composer ever did or could have, and no piece I ever presented has been by the public or audience considered a failure in any degree. As to my egotism, which seems to surprise and amuse you, it is the necessity of the exceptional position in which I am placed. If an astronomer by instruments and methods of calculation of his own invention, should discover a new planet, he would publish the discovery as his own; and if the only scientific papers of the city or country of his nativity should deny his discovery, and ridicule and misrepresent him, he, of course, would defend himself, and produce his processes and his proofs; even though he should have occasion in so doing, to question the authenticity, or prove the falsity of facts, assumed before as such, from their endorsement by the names of great men, their sanctity by age, or their blind adoption by fashion. The parallel to this case is mine with regard to the position of original American Art.

I have discovered in musical composition the falsity of some old modes and the processes of correcting them. My discovery is denied and I am held up to ridicule by the only journals devoted in this country to the musical Art. Of course I defend myself, prove myself in the right, and in so doing use just as much egotism as the necessities of the case demand.

Besides, this question of egotism as opposed to modesty is all nonsense. In social intercourse egotism is intolerable; but when a man sets up for a Teacher he must prove his claims, if questioned. In doing so he may be forced to be egotistical. When an old stager gets up to address a public meeting on a subject with which he is familiar, and, as usually is done, prefaces his speech with the remark that he regrets some one older and fitter than himself were not in his place, he generally hes. He has sought to address and instruct people because he thought he knew more of the special subject in question than they did; unless he be really egotistical or selfish.

You say, my dear Willis, that I must excuse you, but I do not know what classical unity is." I do excuse you, for I claim and expect the largest liberty in discussion, and assume nothing that I am not ready to prove before any audience in the world. Now it seems a pity if I do not know what classical unity is, especially as I have studied it as closely as any one, dead or alive, ever did, besides doing what the old composers could not do as they had not the literature, going to the roots of musical ideas from their oldest forms in China, India, Egypt, through mediæval Europe, up to the last innovation. I thought I knew classical unity when at the age of eighteen I received publicly from the Philharmonic Society of Philadelphia a medal made in my honor; a society, I would remark, which habitually performed my instrumental music written with classical unity; containing among its members some as profound contrapuntists as Europe can show, including Mr. Meignen, at present conductor, by acclamation, of the Musical Fund Society of Philadelphia, who was, too, I need not remind you, one of our Crystal Palace Jury. But, to settle this matter, if you will cause a symphony of mine, in four movements, to be played by the New York Philharmonic

Society and by M. Jullien, I will undertake to produce one in from four to six days, though sometimes composers give from four to six months to the task; and I have no objection to have a symphony so performed, sandwiched between any two classical symphonies played on the same evening. I need not remind you that the composition of such a symphony, within such a time, would be, as regards mere writing, as fast as any experienced copyist could blacken the paper. "The appreciative few," whom Mr. Dwight mentions, might also judge of it along with the public, although the same "appreciative few" have condemned every composer during his life time. "The appreciative few" in Germany caused Handel and Haydn to seek England for a livelihood; "the appreciative few" drove Mozart to Paris, where the same "appreciative few" forced him to tune pianos for a living; "the appreciative few" in Paris called the model comic opera, *The Barber of Rossini*, *tapage*, in the leading gazette of the Continent, *The Journal des Débats*; "the appreciative few" habitually denounced him, and Meyerbeer, and Bellini, and Donizetti in London, the *London Morning Chronicle* in the anti-Bellini department leading the way; "the appreciative few" doomed Beethoven to a garret which no Irish emigrant just cleaned from the smell of bilge-water would live in, and after his death, dragged by Listz's pen and pocket, put up a statue to his memory; "the appreciative few" in this city and Boston would never, if Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti and Beethoven were now alive and born in this country, know of their existence, except through some high-souled man like Jullien, who can tell Hercules from his foot—and after reading eight measures of a symphony, would pronounce on the composer who wrote it—and bring his works before the American public, spite of a threatening Press, and put them among his pieces for European performances on his return. Yours truly, WM. HENRY FRY.

Hector Berlioz.

M. HECTOR BERLIOZ corrects an error which has been circulated in some of the papers relative to him, elf, in the following letter addressed to the director of the *Revue et Gazette Musicale de Paris*:—

"MY DEAR BRANDUS,—Several of the Paris papers announce my approaching departure for some town in Germany, where, according to them, I have been lately appointed *maitre-de-chapelle*. I can easily imagine what a cruel blow my definite absence from France would be to a great many persons and how difficult a task they would find it to believe and put into circulation so important a piece of news.

"I should, therefore, be extremely delighted were it in my power flatly to contradict it, by saying, with the hero of a celebrated drama—

"Je te reste, France chérie, rassure toi!"

Respect for truth, however, obliges me to rectify a slight error in the report now current. The fact is, *I am* going to leave France some day or other, in a few years; but the orchestra confided to my direction is not in Germany; and, since everything becomes known, sooner or later, in this diabolical city of Paris, I may as well tell you at once the place of my future residence. I am appointed director-general of the concerts of the Queen of the Ovas in Madagascar. Her Ovaish Majesty's orchestra is composed of very distinguished Malay artists, and a few Malgachees of the highest talent. They do not, it is true, like white men, and I should, consequently, have had, at first, to suffer a great deal in my new home, had not so many friends in Europe taken such trouble to paint me as black as possible. I hope, therefore, that I shall be thoroughly bronzed against the ill-will of my future comrades when I come among them. Meanwhile, be kind enough to inform your readers that I shall continue to reside in Paris as much as I can, and to go to the theatres as little as I can, although I certainly shall go sometimes, and perform my duty as critic as much as ever—in fact more than ever. I am determined before I go to have my fling in the way of criticisms, since there are no papers in Madagascar.

"Believe me, etc."

"H. BERLIOZ,
"Librarian of the Conservatoire."

The *Musical World* (London) congratulates Hector Berlioz on his appointment. "He will doubtless find some new and curious instruments to add to his already unprecedented scores."

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

From my Diary. No. XL.

NEW YORK, Feb. 17.—Quite an excitement in the tone-realm! For one, I enjoy it hugely. This throwing of stones into the stagnant waters is not a bad idea, and as no bad gasses are thrown up in consequence in this case, the results must be unmixt good. The great trouble has been to get up discussion on musical matters, that is, discussions upon something higher than matters of personal hostility, or the choice between 1, 2, 3, and do, re, mi. As matters stand now, the Fry-Willis correspondence seems to be quite a pretty controversy, and it is really a matter of regret that the "Rejoinder" to the "Reply" to "the Letter" of Fry is announced as the closing word of the latter. These articles form as good reading for this season of the year, when we want something warm and spicy, as the cool, breezy letters from "Up the River" do for the lazy, sweltering afternoons of summer. There is a champagne sparkle and effervescence about this correspondence, that really exhilarates—unlike champagne, however, this rejoinder grows more sparkling and bright the nearer we get to the bottom of the last column; but is there not doubt enough in regard to the historic accuracy of what is said about the "appreciative few" to enable us, who rather admire that small portion of the musical world, to hold our opinions a little longer notwithstanding all this brilliancy?

"The appreciative few in Germany advised Handel and Haydn to seek England for a livelihood." Now as to Handel, before he was twenty years of age he divided the lead of the Hamburg Opera with Mattheson and soon drove him from the field: on his return from his triumphant progress through Italy he was made Kapellmeister at the Court of Hanover, nor did he leave for England permanently until his royal master became king of that country. As to Haydn, he was so well satisfied with the appreciative few at Vienna and with the rewards of his labors, that Solomon could never prevail upon him to visit London until after the death of Prince Esterhazy, whose Kapellmeister he had been for thirty years. As to Mozart, he was in Paris twice, once as a "wonder-child," and again when a young man of twenty-two—and this time just at the moment when the veteran Gluck was astonishing the musical world with his "Armida!" Mozart gave some lessons on the piano-forte, but as to tuning the instrument for a living——! He had several situations offered him as a great organist and pianist, but before he reached the goal of his ambition, a Kapellmeistership, he lost his mother and his father called him home to Salzburg. The works by which he is now known were not then composed—the "appreciative few" in Paris very naturally were thinking more of the author of *Orpheus*, *Alceste*, and *Armida* than of a young German pianist. Beethoven's garret! Truly "no Irish emigrant just cleaned from the smell of bilge-water would" be likely to live in such an one! Rather, however, from the want of means than the will. The composer died in the third story of a fine large four-story building, overlooking the broad, beautiful glacié and the finest part of Vienna. As he, from 1816, "kept house" and necessarily had a servant or two, his garret was necessarily rather spacious—at the house of Baron Pasqualati, where were his headquarters for many seasons, particularly so;—not very circumscribed when he lived in house "1055, Sailer-Stradt, third story," nor when in the house with Stephen von Breuning, nor in any other case that I can find in his history—save in the year 1823, when his brother procured him a cheap lodging, on his return from the country—certainly not in his summer residences at Toeplitz and Baden (German Saratogas) at Mödling, Hetzendorf, Heiligenstadt, et cætera. If our Irish friend and prospective free and enlightened native American citizen would not live in these garrets, it would seem to argue not that he loved the garret less but his "parental halls" more. Och! Erin go bragh! Though Beethoven was a sort of Harold Skimpole in money matters, throwing it away—paying for a house in advance for a whole summer in the country and leaving it in three weeks because the landlord bowed to him too much, still he left some two or three thousand dollars to his nephew.

The Italian composers mentioned can take care of themselves.—An ounce of historic accuracy is better than a pound of rhetorical flourish.

FEB. 19. Sunday afternoon, and the congregation is just coming out of Dr. Tyng's church; a military company is marching down Third Avenue, one block from the church, with a fine brass band. I guess there is a military funeral, for it is a fine lively tune they are playing. Quite a godsend to the bands is a military funeral on the Sabbath; the city is still, and the people as they come out of the churches have nothing to do but listen. So, blow away, brass. Spread yourselves, there's nothing to hinder!

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEB. 25, 1854.

Eleventh Germania Concert.

A most refreshing, satisfying, and in the best sense classical concert was the last. Such music stimulates the nobler, finer elements in our nature, and lifts us above the barren commonplace of life. In literature, say in poetry especially, any one would think it poor fare to be bidden to a feast, where only the rhymed sentimentalities and witticisms of third and tenth-rate newspaper poetsasters were to be served up in most miscellaneous abundance. Yet this is just what the anti-"classical" (anti-serious, anti-ideal, anti-excellent) "many," are clamoring for and triumphantly enjoying in the matter of their musical entertainments. They have a right to like what they please, or what pleases them, and the good Germanians have a right to seek their immediate interest in gratifying them.

Moreover, there are many very clever things which come under the category of light music; indeed there is sometimes even genius in a waltz. What we would see more widely recognized and practiced upon is, the notion that it is quite possible to preserve all the vivacity and sparkle of the waltz, all the "Begone dull Care," the buoyancy, the variety, the *lightness* of "light music," within the limits of a choice selection almost wholly from the works of genius. There should be a distinction drawn between *light*, in the true sense, as opposed to grave, contemplative, and solemn, and "light" in the sense now applied to music, and which means merely promiscuous, miscellaneous, in the scale of excellence as well as in the scale of character variety, and which is made to include in its programme much that is dreary and stupid; much that is military and noisy; much that is heavy and overwhelming, without the least suggestion of grandeur; much that is sickishly sentimental, hacknied, "flat, stale and unprofitable." And the reason why a whole evening's medley of such things is called "light" is, as everybody knows, because they do not tax the mind's attention, do not bespeak a quiet and harmonious attitude on the part of the audience; do not interfere much with talking and laughing and all sorts of extra-musical amusements. Those who go to a concert merely to be amused, of course cannot be contented with a pure concert; they cannot comply with the conditions of a purely musical evening; they want an orchestra for accompaniment, interlude or prelude to their own social jollity; a singer to gossip about, to ogle through a lorgnette, to like or to dislike (for personal curiosity is two-thirds of the charm.) In a word they want music, as people in a great, promiscuous, full-dress ball, or "jam" want music; or as promenaders on the Battery or Common want it, as something to make the world

seem gay and rhythmical, which they may heed or not, as conversation or flirtation wanes or waxes. Light music, in this sense, is something for the unmusical; and a concert so made up may lack the essential element of music, the essential character of a concert, as much as clever and ingenious rhyming may lack any spark of poetry.

Now we consider Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" light music;—light in the good sense;—its airy, fairy fancies certainly are light; Puck and Pease-blossom are light, and Nick Bottom, likewise, in the sense of funny. The graceful Allegretto to Beethoven's eighth symphony, so often played by Jullien, is light; so is the Saltarello in Mendelssohn's fourth, and the Scherzo in his third symphony; so is much of the *Pastorale*. These things require neither a grave and solemn mood, nor learned preparation and attention, to be enjoyed; while their charm teaches the common listener to detect and disrelish the false charm of inferior clap-trap. That overture of Mendelssohn is properly as light as the humdrum overture to "Martha," so much played. The former is good music, the other is bad; who that has heard it over and over, but is thoroughly convinced that it is *bad*: now a doleful slow tune, on the horns, like that the old cow died by, and now the most jingling emptiness, and now a senseless solo of the drum, and finally a swelling *tutti fortissimo*, that counterfeits grandeur and makes not the faintest impression thereof! (This too is *German* music; so don't accuse us of blind partiality, O Italians and O natives!)

Is it not rational to presume that light *good* music (light with the airy play of true soul and imagination), may be made as captivating to the general audience, as light *bad* music, (light because there is nothing in it)? May not a well-contrasted variety of good pieces be made as fascinating and as entertaining as anything else? We recall the earliest musical excitement of our boyhood, when "Der Freyschütz" used to be played at our old Federal street theatre—not as an opera, to be sure, but with much of the music, probably imperfectly enough rendered; and we remember that many of its melodies, at all events the Hunters' and the Bridesmaids' choruses, used to be hummed and whistled about the streets as commonly as negro melodies are now. Does it not prove that good music is in itself intrinsically as "catching" as the namby-pamby, vulgar tunes that every now and then infect the tuneful atmosphere?

The Germania Musical Society have made the present division of their concerts into alternate "light" and "classical," with the best will and intention. The measure is in many respects a good one, but in the carrying out it suffers necessarily from one cause. It was a *measure of despair*. Perplexed between the criticisms of the earnest and the importunities of the frivolous, they could see nothing to do but to spread separate tables for the parties; on one they place all the roast meats, game, &c., and all the sauces, sweet-meats and preserves upon the other. Now great as may be the crowd of sweet teeth, flies, &c., about the latter, it is very certain that many possessed by a real musical hunger and thirst will not go there to satisfy it. In plain words the matter of the *light* programmes is considerably overdone; there is a kind of unseemly desperation about it. These programmes, (taking that of a fortnight ago as a specimen), are really be-

low the level of the popular appreciation. The vote of the "largest number" would sanction the interspersing of several oases in such wildernesses of trash. The success of the Germanians hitherto with mixed programmes has abundantly proved this. And we do believe their own pecuniary interest dictates, that no programme, however light in the main, should be so light as to include *nothing* that can attract an earnest music-lover. Secure the amusement-seekers, if you please, on evenings set apart for them; but secure also, if possible, at the same time additions to their number from the ranks of those who also go to hear good music, and who care for the composition as much as they do for the performance. The largest Germania audiences are at the afternoon Rehearsals, where the mixture of both light and classical has its influence, as well as the cheap prices.

The present division, modified somewhat in the matter of the *light* programmes, would, we fancy, be quite unexceptionable. What was wanted was a continuation of mixed programmes, as before, only with a somewhat reduced measure of symphonies, &c.; and then, as the beginning of a new era in the history of musical taste among us, the creation of stated opportunities, not too frequent, where those who have learned to love it, may have *pure* musical evenings, listen to programmes in which *all* shall be excellent, and all have the artistic unity in variety which makes a connected drama so much more satisfying than a medley of selections. It has been seen that there is a very goodly number of supporters for this class of concerts; while of this number there are very few who would entirely forsake more miscellaneous concerts, so long as they offered *some* food to the soul's appetite for real, spiritual products of true poetry and genius.

The two classical programmes, thus far given, have been admirable; especially the last, to which we now return after so much unintentional digression. Only a few notes can we offer, however, upon each of its six pieces.

1. Mozart's exquisite, grand, perfect Symphony in C major, (which the English, before Beethoven, elected to the throne of "Jupiter" and king among symphonies),—exquisite in its Andante and Minuetto, and grand, as it is profoundly learned and skilful, in the close contrapuntal interweaving of the four subjects of its fugue finale; and perfect in the complete development of its motives, the clear expression of its design, the harmonious contrast of its four intimately related movements, and the faultless bloom and beauty of the whole, as if it had sprung into being whole and perfect, by the operation of divine laws, like a flower,—seemed to be drunk in with silent ecstasy by the audience. We will risk this, or the G minor, symphony of Mozart with the largest audience the Music Hall can hold. It will enchain attention at the least as well as a long string of flute variations, or Edgardo dying for the thousandth time in an orchestrated finale from *Lucia*, or a piano-forte *quasi impromptu* fantasia, of the sky-rockety and slam-bang order, which seems always about to end, but never ending, and as it were patched together out of scale exercises and innumerable finales to all sorts of pieces. There is the buoyant, sensuous hilarity of the Don Juan music in the loud and triumphant portions of the *Allegro vivace*; and, as if by the same natural reaction, you trace a like analogy between the

startling and mysterious passage, which crosses as with a fateful shadow the tender spiritual light of the Andante, and the supernatural statue music in that opera. By these traits we recognize Mozart in all his music; like almost every great genius he writes, himself, whatever subject he may write upon. The Minuetto is more in the sunny, clear and childlike manner of Haydn. The Finale with its fugue absorbs and conceals its contrapuntal learning in a beautiful and living whole, which the uneducated can enjoy and feel, as they can the beauty of the flower, without suspecting the chemistry concealed in its exquisite organization. And throughout the whole symphony, in the mere respect of euphony, or delicious, soul-intoxicating beauty of sound, what could excel the exquisite commingling of the various instrumental colors? Think of those flowing passages for bassoons, oboes, &c.!

The largest audience the Music Hall can hold *did* listen, and with delight apparently, to the "Jupiter symphony, at last Wednesday's Rehearsal.

2. We were glad of a repetition of Beethoven's piano-forte Concerto, No. 4, in G, as enabling us to get better acquainted with a work so characteristic and full of matter. Mr. HELLER played several portions of it quite effectively, and throughout was more successful than the first time. The second movement, that brief Andante con Moto, with its alternation of impatient unison outbursts from the strings in the orchestra and sweet *cantabile* passages from the piano, is in the truest vein of Beethoven. The bright and, as they at first seem, trivial themes of the Rondo finale, are developed with all that logical pertinacity of Beethoven, through all kinds of marvellous modulations, into really a wonderfully interesting tone-poem.

3. Part Second opened with perhaps the most strikingly imaginative of Mendelssohn's overtures, that called *Die Hebriden*, or "Fingal's Cave." The broad sea, with its waves sparkling in the sun, and anon its storms and shadows, seems really translated into music. It was finely played too.

4. The Andante and Variations from Beethoven's delightful Septet,—one of the pet compositions of his early manhood, and the prototype of Hummel's—was exceedingly acceptable to the audience, and had to be repeated. *Such* variations have character and meaning in them, and seem not made to show off the players; yet how they interested you in the peculiar expression of each instrument!

5. The Adagio Religioso, from Mendelssohn's Symphony Cantata, "Song of Praise," was new to us, and certainly it breathes the tenderest and deepest inspiration of "Seraphael."

6. The overture to *Der Freyschütz* is emphatically an *opening* overture, a summons and a preparation for something marvellous and grand; and it has nothing of the character of a splendid finale to a feast, except we take the brilliant last half, after the pause, by itself. Besides, the Adagio of Mendelssohn, in long 4-4 time, had just concluded; the Septuor, before that, was also in 4-4 time; and now when the long opening note of *Freyschutz*, also in 4-4 time, began to sound, there was not only a feeling of monotony, but a sense of false relation to the preceding piece, which it required some little time to overcome. The last half of the overture was most admirably played.

We are glad to see that the Germanians have

engaged Mlle. CAROLINE LEHMANN for their remaining concerts. She will add character to the light programme of this evening, while the next classical concert may be quite felicitously relieved and enriched by her voice in some noble German songs, that shall be in true relation with the symphony and overtures.

WILLIAM H. FRY. The "Rejoinder" of the "pioneer dramatic and symphonic composer in this country," which we copy, will be read with eagerness by all who have read his letter and the reply of Mr. Willis. Certainly there is something quite fresh and inspiring in the talk of a man, who holds himself in readiness to write a grand symphony *in four days*, that is, as fast as pen can blacken paper,—which symphony he is willing to have "sandwiched" between any two symphonies of Beethoven, or Mozart, or of whomsoever, in the same concert! We like that. It is not every day that one has an opportunity to admire such valor.

The rejoinder has a word or two for us; to which we reply:

1. We disclaim any attempt of "witticism at the expense of Mr. Bristow and the pioneer composer." Of Mr. Bristow's music we have never heard a note, and therefore did not mean to be understood as accusing it of "odd designs." We coupled his name with Mr. Fry's, (perhaps too thoughtlessly), simply because we found the two names coupled in Mr. Fry's extraordinary claim, while Mr. Fry's own works were put forward as the type of the sort of thing he wished to have admired. In the same connection we alluded to 'Herr Löstiswitz,' because we could not help feeling the accidental analogy—as most of our readers doubtless felt it—between the burlesque claims of that clever fiction and the serious claims of Mr. Fry in behalf of his *Santa Claus*. Poetically, dramatically viewed, (to come upon Mr. Fry's own ground of symphonic unity), the symphonies of the "Merchant's Life" and of "*Santa Claus*," appeared to us to belong about equally well to the category of *extravaganzas*. But all this, if playful, was meant in the friendliest spirit and implied not a particle of disrespect.

2. As to the comparative numbers of persons, in Boston particularly, who love Beethoven's or Fry's music best, we care not to argue. But we are sorry to disturb the pleasant illusion he is under with regard to the supposed unsurpassed effect of his symphony, "The Breaking Heart," in Boston. We are still afraid that Beethoven would draw the best, and we have our serious doubts whether it was "the *élite*,"—as we know it was not the majority—of Boston music-lovers who doubly encored "*Santa Claus*."

3. As to the "appreciative few," our Diarist, happily, has saved us the trouble of setting that matter right historically. But, unfortunately for Mr. Fry's consistency, he appeals now from the *un-appreciating* few to the many; and now from the many to the "appreciative few," viz., to M. Jullien, himself, and we know not whom besides. Why do not the concert directors, the Philharmonic Societies, the unappreciative few, perform his symphonies? Because the many do not call for them; because they cannot trust the many to remunerate them; because, whether intrinsically meritorious or not, whether rightly appreciated or not, the fact is that they are not called for and

have not yet got to be a "sure card." What then becomes of the testimony of the many, of the alleged "public success," as opposed to the negative or indifferent criticism of the "appreciative few?" Managers and orchestral societies know well enough that the amiable applause of a native effort by a miscellaneous audience, is not to be taken as establishing the merit of a composition. Who does not know that many a time and oft the most specious, empty, clap-trap overture or fantasia gets applauded to the echo, while it is a new thing, and yet the charm so fades on repetition that it can add no attraction to a programme?

After all, heavily as he belabors the backs of poor editors and critics, we do believe the real quarrel of Mr. Fry is with the public, the people, and not with the critics. Critics and editors and managers have sins enough; but we shall be happy to learn that their chief and characteristic sin is that of too much independence of the public will and liking.

4. Mr. Fry alludes to some "important excursions" in our copy of his very long letter. Those were dictated solely by the necessity of shortening the piece somewhat, in order to get it in at all; and of course we omitted (with regret) only what seemed to us the least essential to our readers' understanding of Mr. Fry's position.

Auber.

Newburyport, Feb. 9, 1854.

SIR:—Will you give us a little knowledge of D. F. E. Auber, and oblige a

SUBSCRIBER.

We refer our correspondent to the *Journal of Music*, Vol. II. page 179.

Musical Intelligence.

Local.

The GERMANIA programme for to-night is considerably better than the last light programme. The beautiful Adagio by Mendelssohn, and the songs by Miss Lehmann, will be relished by the most classical in taste.

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.—Our Chamber music is coming to an end! The eighth and last concert is announced for Tuesday. The programme, it will be seen, is uncommonly rich, and we trust the audience will be such and so pleased as to dispute the "finality" of this announcement of its being the last one.

OTTO DRESEL gives the last of his delightful Soirées on Thursday evening next. We trust, however, that, although the last of the series, it will not prove the last of the season. Miss LEHMANN has returned to Boston, and may we not hope some of those choice songs of Schubert, Franz, &c., which added so much attraction to these concerts last year?

MR. APTOMMAS, it will be seen, has reduced the price for his second series of "Harp Soirées" to fifty cents, and moreover offers a largely increased list of attractions.

ERRATA.—Our Paris letter last week suffered from hurried proof-reading. Thus Mario was transformed into plain "Maria;" and in speaking of Crivelli the words enclosed in brackets in the following sentence were omitted: "She has an admirable [voice and a figure of remarkable] beauty."

EDWARD L. BALCH,
MUSIC AND JOB PRINTER,
Office Dwight's Journal of Music.

Advertisements.

BOSTON MUSIC HALL.

The Germania Musical Society,

WILL GIVE THEIR

Twelfth Grand Subscription Concert,
On Saturday Evening, Feb. 25th,

ASSISTED BY

Mlle. CAROLINE LEHMANN,

AND BY

Mr. ROBERT HELLER, Pianist.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

1. Overture to "Die Felsenmühle,".....Reissiger.
2. Soldatentänze, (Warriors' Dances,).....Lauder.
3. Bel raggio lusinghier, "Semiramis,".....Rossini.
Sung by Mlle. CAROLINE LEHMANN.
4. Adagio Religioso, from the Symphony Cantata, "Song of Praise,".....Mendelssohn.
5. Andante, for Piano,.....Thalberg.
Mazurka, No. 3,.....R. Heller.
Performed by ROBERT HELLER.
6. Finale to the Opera "Martha,".....Flotow.

PART II.

7. Overture to the "Merry Wives of Windsor,".....Nicolai.
8. Duo Concertante for Two Violins,.....Kalliwoda.
Performed by Wm. SCHULTZE and CARL MEISSEL.
9. Paulinen Polka,.....Gungl.
10. Grand Potpourri, "Die Traumbilder," (Visions in a Dream,) *By general desire*,.....Lumbye.
11. Trockne Blumen,.....Schubert.
Sung by Mlle. CAROLINE LEHMANN.
12. Overture to "Fra Diavolo,".....Auber.

Doors open at 6½. Concert to commence at 7½.
Single tickets, 50 cents. For sale at the Music Stores, Hotels, and at the Door on the evening of the Concert.

NOTICE.—Our patrons are respectfully notified that we shall give a Concert on EVERY SATURDAY EVENING, until the 18th of March, inclusive, making the Programme alternately, one composed of light, and one of classical music.

Subscription Tickets taken at ALL the Saturday Concerts. Additional sets and half sets of Subscription Tickets, can be secured at Wade's Music Store, every day from 11 to 2 o'clock.

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY.

MOSES IN EGYPT,

WILL BE PRESENTED

On Sunday Evening, Feb. 26, 1854,

AT THE

BOSTON MUSIC HALL,

With the vocal assistance of Miss Anna Stone, Mrs. E. A. Wentworth, Miss S. E. Brown, Messrs. Arthurson, Thos Ball, H. M. Aiken, and B. Wheat, with Orchestral Accompaniment by the

GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY.

The Government are induced to present this beautiful Oratorio again, by the demands of friends, and the requests of many residing out of the city, who have been prevented from attending its performance by the severity of the weather.

The patronage bestowed upon it will govern the Trustees in their future action.

The Brookline Train will run on this occasion.

Doors open at 6: Performance to commence at 7 o'clock.

Tickets for this Concert, at 50 cents each, may be obtained on Friday and Saturday at the store of the Secretary, No. 136 Washington St., where applications for parties from the neighboring cities for tickets may also be made.

Tickets will also be sold at the principal Hotels and Music Stores on Saturday and Sunday, and at the doors of the Hall on the evening of performance.

J. L. FAIRBANKS, SECRETARY.

MR. APTOMMAS,

THE CELEBRATED EUROPEAN HARPIST,

Begs to announce that his

SECOND SERIES OF HARP SOIRÉES,

Will commence on MONDAY EVENING next, Feb. 27th, at Messrs. CHICKERING'S ROOMS, Masonic Temple. The following eminent Artists will appear at the Soirées:

VOCAL—Soprano, Mrs. Wentworth; Tenor, Mr. Arthurson; Bass, Mr. Camoenz.

INSTRUMENTAL—Grand Piano-Forte, Mrs. Aptommas, (who will perform, with Mr. Aptommas, one Duet upon National melodies, at each Soirée,) and Mr. Robert Heller.

Guitar, Madame Isabella Brusch.

L'Orgue Expressif, by a distinguished lady amateur, (who has kindly consented to perform at these Soirées upon this new Instrument, which has never before been heard in America).

Harp, Madame Isabella Brusch and Mr. Aptommas, who will perform Duets upon two Harps.

In order to afford every one an opportunity of hearing him previous to his departure from Boston, Mr. Aptommas has been induced to fix the price of admission at half a dollar.

Tickets and Programmes at the Music Stores, and at Messrs. Chickering's Pianoforte Rooms.

CHAMBER CONCERTS.

The Mendelssohn Quintette Club

Respectfully inform the Musical Public of Boston that their

EIGHTH AND LAST CONCERT

WILL TAKE PLACE

On Tuesday Evening, Feb. 28, 1854,

At the MEIIONAON, Tremont Street,

ASSISTED BY

Mrs. EMMA A. WENTWORTH, and

CARL HAUSE, Pianist.

Mrs. Wentworth will sing a song of Schubert's, and a Canzonette with Clarinette obligato, composed expressly for her by T. Ryan. Mr. Hause will perform Beethoven's Grand Piano Trio in G, and Chopin's Concerto in E minor, and two Lieder ohne Worte. The Club will present Mendelssohn's Quintette in A, and Mozart's Quartette in C, No. 6, etc.

Single Tickets, 50 cents each. Packages of Eight tickets which may be used at pleasure. Three Dollars.

Doors open at 7. Concert to commence at 7½ precisely.

OTTO DRESEL'S

Fourth and Last Concert

Will take place

ON THURSDAY EVENING, MARCH 2nd,

AT THE ROOMS OF THE MESSRS. CHICKERING,

MASONIC TEMPLE,

To commence at half past 7 o'clock.

Mlle. GABRIELLE DE LA MOTTE

GIVES

INSTRUCTION ON THE PIANO,

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Feb. 4 3m

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COMPILED BY JOHN W. MOORE,

With the assistance of other distinguished men in the musical world. The intention of the author is to make a most complete and thorough work of the above, which will be a desideratum in the world of music. It will be published in one elegant Royal Octavo volume of about 900 pages, double columns, and will contain a complete

Dictionary of Musical Terms,

A HISTORY OF THE SCIENCE OF MUSIC, from the earliest time to the present, a

Treatise on Harmony and Thorough Bass,

a description of all known Musical Instruments, with the names of the most distinguished makers, and a complete Musical Biography of over three thousand of the most distinguished Composers and Musicians who have ever lived. Mr. Moore has spent several years in compiling this valuable work. It is now going through the press as rapidly as will comport with accuracy.

P. S.—The above splendid work, which will prove invaluable to every professional musician, and to every amateur, will be ready this spring; we hope in the month of March. It has been delayed on account of the immense labor bestowed upon it, and the difficulty of stereotyping a work so full of examples. The delay, however, will enhance the value of the work.

The price, bound in cloth, will be....\$3 50.

The price, bound in half calf, will be....4 00.

JOHN P. JEWETT, & Co.,

Publishers, 17 and 19 Cornhill, Boston;

JEWETT, PROCTOR & WORTHINGTON,

Cleveland.

Will be for sale by all the book and music dealers in the country.

2m

Feb. 11.

COPARTNERSHIP NOTICE.

THE subscribers having formed a Copartnership under the name of CHICKERING & SONS, for the purpose of continuing the Piano-Forte Business, trust by their attention and promptness to merit the patronage heretofore extended to the late Jonas Chickering.

THO'S F. CHICKERING,
CHAS' F. CHICKERING,
GEO. H. CHICKERING.

Dec. 24.

MISS MARIA FRIES, lately arrived from Germany, respectfully announces her intention of giving instruction in the GERMAN LANGUAGE, either in private lessons or in classes. Communications addressed to her, or to her brothers, August or Wulf Fries, No 17 Franklin place, will receive immediate attention.

References—Professor Henry W. Longfellow, of Cambridge; Doct. Wesselhoeft, Bernard Roelker, Esq. John S. Dwight, Esq. Nov. 12. tf

MARTIN'S GUITARS.

THE subscribers are sole agents for this city, for the sale of those justly celebrated Guitars. Prices from \$30 to \$80. Every instrument is warranted to stand this climate.

GEO. P. REED & CO., 13 Tremont Street.

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Gives Instruction on the Piano, and may be addressed at the WINTHROP HOUSE. Terms:—\$50 per quarter of 24 lessons, two a week; \$30 per quarter of 12 lessons, one a week.

Nov. 12,

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Rossini.

(Continued from p. 162.)

On the 30th of March, Rossini made his *début* at Vienna, with the opera of *Cenerentola*. *Zelmira* had been promised, but as the former opera had already been adapted to German words, and performed at Vienna under the title of *Die Aschenbrödel*, Rossini wished to pay a compliment to the German taste, and expressed a wish that this opera should take the precedence, and be given by the German company. At the rehearsal, he desired the music to be performed in a quicker time than had usually been done; which, however, did not very well accord with the ponderous nature of the German language.

Rossini was not allowed to remain neutral during this scene. He was assailed by the angry manager; and, to remedy an evil, which it appeared impossible not to impute, in some degree, to him, he proposed the representation of *Macmetto*, which we have seen condemned at Naples, but whose fame he promised to reestablish by re-

Rossini endeavored to make his peace with the Venetians the following carnival, by calling his talents into action in the opera of *Semiramide*, which was performed at the Theatre Della Fenice, and sung by Madame Colbran Rossini, Rosa Mariani, (a delightful contralto) Sinclair, Galli, and Lucio Mariani. A passage in the overture tended much to conciliate the audience, and obliterate the former unfavorable impression, and this feeling was strengthened by an air of Mariani's, full of beauty and sweetness. The next piece that called forth applause was a duet between this lady and Madame Colbran Rossini; besides which an air of Galli, and a terzetto between him and the two above mentioned ladies, were received with tumultuous applause. Rossini was called for at the end of the second act,

and came forward with a humble obeisance to receive this token of reconciliation.

After having received the homages of the lovers of music in Paris, we find Rossini fulfilling his engagements in London. The following is a chronological list of his works: 1. *Demetrio e Polibio*. This is Rossini's first opera. It is said to have been written in the spring of 1809, though not performed till 1812, at the Theatre Valle in Rome. 2. *La Cambiale di Matrimonio*, 1810, *farza*, (by *farza*, is understood an opera in one act) written at Venice, for the Stagione dell'Autunno. 3. *L'Equivoco Stravagante*, 1811, *autunno*, composed at Bologna, for the Theatre del Corso. 4. *L'Inganno Felice*, 1812, *carnivale*, written for the Theatre San Mosé at Venice. This is the only one of Rossini's early works that has retained its place on the stage. 5. *La Scala di Seta*, *farza*, 1812, *primavera*, performed in the San Mosé at Venice. 6. *La Pietra del Paragone*, 1812, *autunno*, at the Scala in Milan. 7. *L'Occasione fa il Ladro*, *farza*, 1812, *autunno*, in the Theatre San Mosé at Venice. 8. *Il Figlio per Azzardo*, *farza*, 1813, *carnivale*, at the same theatre. 9. *Il Tancredi*, 1813, *carnivale*, at the grand theatre Della Fenice at Venice. 10. *L'Italiana in Algeri*, 1813, *estate*, performed at the Theatre San Benedetto at Venice. 11. *Aureliano in Palmira*, 1814, *carnivale*, sung in the Theatre of La Scala at Milan. 12. *Il Turco in Italia*, 1814, *autunno*, at the Theatre of La Scala at Milan. 13. *Sigismondo*, 1814, in the Theatre Della Fenice at Venice. 14. *Elisabetta*, 1815, *autunno*, Naples, sung at San Carlo. 15. *Torvaldo e Dorlisca*, 1816, *carnivale*, at the Theatre Valle at Rome. 16. *Il Barbiere di Sevilgia*, the same season, at the Theatre Argentina in the same city. 17. *La Gazetta*, 1816, *estate*, performed at the Theatre Dei Fiorentini at Naples. 18. *L'Otello*, 1816, *inverno*, sung in the Theatre del Fondo, (a handsome round theatre, which is subsidiary to that of San Carlo.) 19. *La Cenerentola*, 1817, *carnivale*, performed in the Theatre Valle at Rome. 20. *La Gazza Ladra*, 1817, *primavera*, Milan, sung in the Scala. 21. *Armida*, 1817, *autunno*, Naples, sung at the Theatre San Carlo. 22. *Adelaide di Borgogna*, 1818, *carnivale*, Rome, performed in the Theatre Argentina. 23. *Adina, ossia il Califfo di Bagdad*. Rossini composed this piece for the opera at Lisbon, where it was performed in the Theatre San Carlo. 24. *Mosé in Egitto*, 1818, sung, during Lent, in the Theatre San Carlo. 25. *Ricciardo e Zoraide*, 1818, Naples, sung, during the *autunno*, at San Carlo. 26. *Ermione*, 1819, Naples, sung, during the Lent season, at San Carlo. The *libretto* is an imitation of the *Andromaque* of Racine. Rossini aimed at an imitation of the style of Gluck. 27. *Odoardo e Cristina*, 1819, *primavera*, Venice, sung at the Theatre San Benedetto. 28. *La Donna del Lago*, 4th of October, 1819, Naples, sung in the Theatre San Carlo. 29. *Bianca e Faliero*, 1820, *carnivale*, Milan, performed at the Scala. 30. *Maometto Secondo*, 1820, *carnivale*, Naples, at the Theatre San Carlo. 31. *Matilda di Shabran*, 1821, *carnivale*, Rome, at the Theatre d'Apollone. 32. *Zelmira*, 1822, *inverno*, sung at the Theatre San Carlo. 33. *Semiramide*, 1823, *carnivale*, at the grand Theatre Della Fenice. 34. *Il Viaggio a Rheims*, at the Theatre Italien at Paris, in the summer of 1825. 35. *Le Siege de Corinthe*, at the opera, Paris, October, 1826. 36. *Moise*, at the same theatre in 1827. 37. *Le Comte Ory*, at the same theatre in 1828. 38. *Gillaume Tell*, at the same theatre in 1829.

Rossini has devoted but little attention to sacred composition; we know of no others than the two following: 1. *Ciro in Babilonia*, an oratorio, 1812, composed at Ferrara for the Lent season, and performed at the Teatro Comunale. 2. A Grand Mass, composed in 1819 at Naples. Rossini has composed many cantatas, but we know of no others than the nine following: 1. *Il Pianto d'Armonia*, 1808, performed in the Lyceum of Bologna. This is Rossini's first attempt. The style resembles the weaker parts of *L'Inganno Felice*. 2. *Didone Abbandonata*, 1811. 3. *Eglo e Irene*, 1814. 4. *Tei e Peleo*, 1816, composed for the occasion of the nuptials of her

royal highness the Duchess of Berri, sung at the Theatre Del Fonda at Naples. 5. *A Cantata*, for a single voice, composed in honor of his majesty the King of Naples, 1819. 6. *A Cantata*, performed before his majesty Francis I., Emperor of Austria, the 9th of May, 1819, when this prince appeared for the first time at the Theatre San Carlo. 7. "A Patriotic Hymn," composed at Naples in 1820. Another hymn of the same kind, but of very opposite politics, composed at Bologna in 1815. For the same offence Cimarosa had, a few years before, been thrown into prison. 8. *La Riconoscenza*, a *pastorale*, for four voices, performed at San Carlo, the 27th of December, 1821, for Rossini's benefit. 9. *Il vero Omaggio*, a cantata, executed at Verona, during the congress, in honor of his majesty the Emperor of Austria.

Rossini also composed a Mass, which was performed at a country town near Paris in 1832; and subsequently to this his celebrated *Stabat Mater* in 1838, for grand orchestra and chorus, which is now so well known. Since this he has composed nothing except a hymn to Pio Nino, at the time of the recent Roman political troubles. He is still living (1854) in luxurious retirement, principally at Bologna.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

An American Prima Donna.

PARIS, FEB. 1854.

The somewhat indiscriminate manner in which "golden opinions" have been lavished on foreign artists in the United States has exposed Americans to ridicule. But it has also revealed their almost universal susceptibility to the charms of music. It has proved that Yankees have ears for other sounds than the jingling of dollars. Jenny Lind, although the most conspicuous, is by no means a solitary example of the enthusiasm with which musical genius from the old world is welcomed in the new. But few celebrated names are missing on the list of European artists who have sought a California of "rocks" and renown beyond the Atlantic. Those few will not long be absent. Thanks to the progress of musical education, as well as the prodigious development of musical taste, in the United States, a truly great artist may now expect to be appreciated there no less intelligently than heartily. New York is now as decidedly a musical capital as either Paris or London.

Nor has New York been content with offering to foreign artists such hospitality as rarely awaits them in any European city. In its turn it has sent artists to Europe.

I do not refer to the increasing number of young Americans who are availing themselves of the facilities afforded by Italy, Germany and France for the cultivation of musical talent. Nor yet to the Alboni, the Tedesco, the Parodi, whom it has lately sent back to enchant the Parisians with redoubled attractions—for a musical tour in the United States has become an excellent school for the matured talent.

But I shall surprise some of my readers, perhaps, by informing them that the Grand Opera at Paris is indebted to New York for one of the brightest stars in its galaxy of illustrious names. DOLORÈS NAU has shone there—a planet of first magnitude—until her admirers have almost forgotten that she "had her rising" (or, as they say in Alabama, "was raised") elsewhere than at Paris. However, she is a "native American," despite her foreign name. And brilliantly has she repaid the comet-like visits of "larger and lesser lights" to our western skies.

Dolorès Nau was born at New York. In that city, where her parents had found refuge after the slave insurrection at St. Domingo, she passed her childhood and early youth. The fine instinct of her mother first divined her astonishing natural

gift for music. But while her mother herself taught her infant fingers to play on the piano-forte and the harp, she wisely respected that celestial instrument, her voice, and guarded it against the perils of premature exercise. The honor of developing and training this voice of admirable flexibility and power was reserved for the best school in the world, the Conservatoire at Paris. How rapidly the young American profited by the encouragement which her rare aptitude won from teachers like Mme. Cinti-Damoreau, may be judged from the facts that nine months after she entered the Conservatoire, she received the first prize for vocalization, and a year later the first prize for singing. Mme. Damoreau did not cease to bestow on her pet pupil her fostering care, and it was not long before Rossini himself eagerly extended a kind hand to the youthful laureate, shedding the light of his glory on the roses of her crown. Under his direction, Dolorès Nau diligently and thoroughly prepared herself for the Italian stage. And it was at his suggestion that she was induced to accept *en attendant*, an engagement offered to her by the Royal Academy of Music.

She was busily occupied in studying with the excellent Nourrit her three *roles de début*,* when, one evening, at an extraordinary representation of the *Huguenots*, she was unexpectedly called upon to take the part of Urbain, the Page, in place of Mlle. Flecheux, who had suddenly fallen sick. She boldly assumed the part, which is by no means an easy one, and sustained it so admirably as to achieve a success all the more legitimate, that she had had but a few hours of special preparation for it, and that the applause she excited was as spontaneous as it has since been frequent and enduring.

The public of the Opera, which welcomed so warmly her first appearance, has never ceased to manifest its full satisfaction, from her *roles de début* to those of Isabelle in *Robert*, of the Page in *Gustave*, Eudoxie in *La Juive*, Teresina in the *Philire*, Zerlina in *Don Juan*, Ninka in *Dieu et la Bayadere*, Ramira in the *Siege de Corinthe*, in which she has seized with admirable intelligence the diverse shades of character that she has had to represent.

None who have been so fortunate as to have heard her in company with Duprez, can forget how, electrified by the great artist, her black eye flashed, her forehead beamed, and her bosom swelled with emotion. It was at such moments that she was rapturously hailed as beautiful, doubly beautiful, as artist and as woman. Her slender but graceful and commanding form seemed to dilate. Her voice spread its wings above the surging masses of the orchestra, and soared, but without once losing its way, amidst the dizzy and capricious heights of vocalization. Anon it folded its wings gently and subsided into a plaintive and delicious *tremolo*.

A French critic says that one of the "creations" of Dolorès Nau, "her Zeila in the *Lac des Fées*, sufficed to define the nature of her vocal resources—a high soprano, complete, of a severity full of grace, which warbles and lets fall the notes in pearls fine and delicately moulded. Its tone, usually tempered, sometimes piercing, but ever shunning the false *éclat* and the embroideries of the decadence, has a certain sonorous and silvery sound, and, through all its registers, is of incomparable purity and celestial sweetness. Dolorès," he continues, "even when she speaks, has in her inflexions delicious analogies with the voice of Mlle. Mars at eighteen."

English critics have rivalled with their brothers across the channel in eulogizing Mlle. Nau. The *furore* excited by her appearance at the Princess's

* Marguerite in the *Huguenots*, Mathilde in *Guillaume Tell* and la Comtesse in the *Comte Ory*.

Theatre, in *Lucia di Lammermoor* and in *La Sirène*, will long be remembered at London. She made her *début* in the opera of *Lucia di Lammermoor*, "and never," said the *Sun*, "have we witnessed a more successful *début* than that of Mlle. Nau. Her person is fine and commanding, and features well formed and expressive. Her voice is high soprano, of the Persiani character; it has great power, and is cultivated to the highest pitch of excellence. Her opening cavatina, "*Ancor non giunse*," was a perfect triumph of Art, and at once stamped her as the *prima donna assoluta*. Expression, power of voice, taste, cultivation, musical knowledge, and immense power of execution, all these were exhibited by Mlle. Nau. It was quite equal to Persiani, in her best days. The "*Perche non ho*" was given with sound judgment and taste, and exhibited the same marvellous powers of execution. The audience was in raptures, and the applause was most enthusiastic. . . . The concluding scena was also magnificently given, both as a musical and a histrionic effect; it was of the very highest order. The powers of execution she had exhibited were marvellous. Her *floritura* was brilliant in the extreme, but introduced with the most exquisite taste." The same journal says of the production of Anber's opera, *La Sirène*, with Mlle. Nau as the Syren, "It cannot be matter of surprise that such a syren should attract crowds, and accordingly the house was crammed to the ceiling long before the commencement of the performance." The singing of Mlle. Nau as the *prima donna* in the second act was beyond all praise—it was a magnificent exhibition of power and science. . . . The audience, by their repeated and enthusiastic plaudits, ratified the decision of the Duke—"Beyond all question she's a *prima donna*." The other London journals were not less enthusiastic in her praise than the *Sun*.

The *Times* said—"In the first act, when the Syren does not appear, but is only heard singing behind the scenes, joining in a concerted piece, the effect of Mlle. Nau's voice was charming. Such was the brilliancy and perspicuity of her upper notes, as they sounded above those of the singers in the front of the stage, that we felt at once that an invisible power was exerting an irresistible influence. . . . In the last song, where the Syren effects the escape of her brother by hiring the guards to listen to her song, Mlle. Nau seemed to revel in the accomplishment of her *roulades*, and nothing could be more perfect than her execution." The *Age* and *Argus* said of Mlle. Nau, "This accomplished vocalist has achieved a great triumph in her Syren—her execution being perfectly astonishing. Her runs and other feats, which have little to do with serious delivery, come admirably into use in this character, and the profusion of effects with which she delighted the house was actually bewildering. The Manager talks of a limit to her engagement; but unless he desires a "Nau row," which will utterly blot out the memory of the celebrated Tamburini demonstration, he will abstain from all such tampering with the affections of the public. Mere eulogiums of the press but echoed the voice of the public. The following couplet, entitled "One Negative equal to an Affirmative," was on everybody's lips:

"If to the Princess's it is one's wish to go,
Is there a *prima donna*? Maddox thunders, 'Nau!'"

Even the cautious critic of the *Spectator* caught the prevailing contagion of enthusiasm, and declared that "the Syren was produced in very effective style. The great attraction of the piece," continued the writer, "was unquestionably Mlle. Nau; who came out in far greater force than we had ever before heard her, exhibited the most tasteful vocalization, and many feats of such successful audacity in the bravura as we could scarcely have

believed possible since the days of Malibran. One of these—trenching nearly on the incredible—was a very well made shake on C sharp and D above the staff. She is evidently a singer most arduous in practice: a good method has been given her, and now, under the fostering opinion of an audience whose plaudits are enthusiastically and judiciously bestowed, she is carrying it to perfection, and displaying more than had been anticipated. Her excellence in passages produces a certain smoothness in her intervals, which is nearly allied to expression in performance; and we believe few could hear her execute the pretty romance, 'I will not deem thee faultless,' without perceiving that she combines elegance of style with perfect mechanism and intonation."

Dress—that indispensable accessory of feminine attractions, both on and off the stage—has attained the highest dignity of art at Paris. But the ladies of New York have won the reputation of seizing intuitively and of improving upon the secret of that ineffable charm which the ladies of Paris impart to silks, velvets, laces, and other "dry goods fixings" that mysteriously compose the female wardrobe. The exquisite taste in dress displayed by Mlle. Nau, while attesting her American origin, has contributed not a little to her success as an artist. Nor has her peculiar style of beauty been ineffectual to the same end. Her French adorers have exhausted the complimentary terms of their language in celebrating her raven tresses and the double arch of her Spanish eyebrows. They swear that she must have stepped forth into life from the canvas of Murillo or of Ribeira.

We are glad to learn that before she steps back into any picture-frame of either of these Spanish masters, Dolorés Nau intends to revisit her native shores. In musical circles we have heard regrets expressed that Paris must ere long resign—at least for a season—its adopted favorite to her mother city, New York. "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country," saith the proverb. But Americans have never been chary of sympathy even with native talent, when it has been stamped with the seal of transatlantic success. It may be confidently predicted, then, that in September next they will give a generous welcome to Mlle. Nau. The New World must be proud of the cordial recognition of this child of Song in the Old World.

c.

[From the New York Musical World and Times.]

Reply to Mr. Fry of the Tribune.

NUMBER II.

MY DEAR FRY:—One of the pleasantest things in our musical controversy, to me, is, that, despite our appertaining, both of us, (as I suppose we do) to the artistic race of *irritables*, we maintain our philosophy: in other words—we keep our temper. And over that last dinner we ate together, I silently congratulated myself thereupon.

Let us now return, then, to—our definitions. In my last reply to you, I pronounced *Santa Claus* a fantasia—not a symphony. You rejoice as follows:—

"Fantasia means a piece written at the unchecked will of the composer: *Santa Claus* is written according to a musico-dramatic plan, as to time, places, persons and progress: no other word but symphony will do."

Now, was not *Santa Claus* written at your "unchecked will?" Is not any composition written, if written at all, at a composer's "unchecked will?" If the will be "checked," the composition is, verily, not written—is it?

If you had said unchecked *fancy*, or imagination, I should have understood you. Perhaps you meant this. If so, we agree in our definition.

You take the position, then, that *Santa Claus* being written according to the "checked will" (*faucy*?) and not the unchecked will of its com-

poser, and having a "musico-dramatic plan," it is *therefore*, a symphony. But, I say again, a symphony is written according to a definite *musical* plan—not a definite "musico-dramatic" plan. A "musico-dramatic" plan has very little of a *musical* plan about it—certainly, if we take *Santa Claus* as an illustration of this definition. For instance, you imagine a Christmas story, which *has* a plan, and then you prepare a musical composition which has *not* a plan, and which *can* have no musical plan, because it runs parallel with the story, which story is progressive, never returning to the same point. This you call a "musico-dramatic" plan. Why not, simply, *dramatic* plan?—there is nothing "musico" about it.

A person might say, indeed, that his *plan*, in such music, was to have *no* plan. If so, I understand him. But, a symphony is not a *plan-less* composition. It has a very decided and definite musical plan. A plan which entitles it to the name of "symphony;" and which renders it impossible to call *Santa Claus* a symphony—unless you wish one and the same word to signify two very different things.

You close your remarks on the subject of musical "unity" with the words, "I only wish to define what it *ought* to be." Ah—but this is not what it *is*—what all the world understand it. Here, again, just as you use the word symphony in an entirely new sense, you use "unity" in an entirely new sense—in an "ought-to-be" sense; but not in a sense that *is*—or that we know anything about.

With regard to "recurrence of musical idea" in *Santa Claus*, I have not the score to refer to, but of course I entirely believe what you say. The composition you state has six movements. I certainly heard but one, the evening I listened to it. But, perhaps, here again, you interpret the word "movement" in your own way. You mean *cadence*, I dare say. If not, I don't know what you mean. But, every time we come to a full cadence in music, it does not constitute a "movement." If this were the case, every *Allegro*, which embraces in its two distinct divisions two formal cadences, would be understood as comprising two musical movements. In the classic symphony, the entire *allegro* is the first movement. The entire *andante* is the second movement. The entire *scherso* is the third movement, and the entire *finale* is the fourth. Between each of these movements there is the pause of performance, which isolates and individualizes each movement. I need not tell you all this. Such isolation and individualization does not occur, unless I very much mistake, in *Santa Claus*. The "progressive" subject forbids it—the music cannot well pause. It is, in fact, a *one-movement* piece—that is, according to the artistic acceptance of the word "movement."

With regard to that long and "inconsequent" period of yours, I did not reprint it for a grammatical or literary purpose. Grammar and literature are not the subjects of our discussion. I cited it for a musical purpose. And it was a curiously apt illustration of what I had to express with regard to your musical style.

You observe, that you intended to say, that "music is the original mode of expressing an original musical idea"—the word musical having been omitted. Now I surely could not be expected to guess at this. But we will take it, then, as it is: "music is the original mode of expressing an original musical idea." And yet you say, "all music is imitative, or it is good for nothing." Now, how in the name of all that is intelligible can you reconcile these two statements. I cannot. I can only return to the remark made in my former article, "If music be imitative, it is certainly not original. If I imitate the bleat of a sheep, that bleat has no originality about it—if it be a good bleat. The more successful I am in the imitation, the less original I am. The more I am a sheep, the less I am a musician."

With considerable emphasis you quote also the following artistic canon of your own, used on a former occasion:—"Now, it is a rule in Art—all Art—that its value and interest depend upon its near, but not precise resemblance to nature." This canon is quite opposed to my belief.

There are arts which are imitative—which copy nature. For instance, when I paint a landscape, I copy nature: when I paint a portrait, I copy nature. Again, when I make a statue, I copy nature: when I produce the Laocöon, I invent, perhaps, the grouping, but I copy nature. Once more, when I build an edifice, I copy nature: for, as an architect, in following any one of the different styles of architecture, I but construct my pillars and my capitals from models, which are doubtless based on the superb forest architecture and ornament of nature. Painting—sculpture—architecture—these are imitative Arts. But what does music imitate? Nothing—unless it *forcibly* be made to imitate natural sounds; thus degrading it from its eminent and commanding position above all the arts, as a *perfectly independent* and self-sustained language—the language of the heart. In expressing emotions, I do not *imitate* emotions. In expressing an idea in poetry, I do not *imitate* an idea: unless, as in that art of poetry sometimes resorted to, I write a line, (if I could) as,

Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum,
and thus, to the delight of all school-boys, imitate in my metre the gallop of horses.

I have sometimes thought, that music will be our *language* in that fairer and better world we read of. Music is certainly the only language and the only Art, which we have any revealed testimony we shall take out of the world with us. If our future life be one (to so great an extent) of *love*, and that emotion be even in this world so beautifully and subtly expressed by music, what may we not hope, at least dream, as to its ultimate perfection in the smiling *Hereafter*? Why may we not converse in music?—limited as that language now is, in its power of expressing aught terrestrial.

No—of all Arts, painting is perhaps the most imitative: sculpture next to painting (haply on the same level)—architecture, third on the pyramid, and less imitative than either. But music—music floats *above* the pyramid, like a celestial cloud, independent of all sustaining basis, resting upon no earthly foundation. A cloud, I say—for from its bosom there steals a voice, seemingly not of this world—angelic; heavenly; the echo of a distant Heaven.

I am now to speak of a subject which I have been considering much of late. You refer to a certain jury report, which, while we were members of the Musical Jury of the Crystal Palace, was drawn up by yourself at our request. In that report the principle is laid down, that a musical instrument is more perfect, the more it possesses *vocality* of tone: that is, the more closely that tone resemble the human voice. When you first broached this idea (and you did broach it—carrying out your favorite views of *imitation*) at one of our jury gatherings at the Palace, I liked it much. There was something very appealing in it to my nature. It was flattering, I suppose, to my *human* nature to feel assured, that I, in common with my kind, possessed in myself, the *most perfect musical instrument*. I still believe, that the voice is the most perfect musical instrument. But your application of this fact (in the report) to pianos, &c., I am now very much inclined to consider—a *fallacy*. If the report had been previously submitted to the jury before publication (which, I believe something unavoidable prevented, but which was certainly expected on the part of the jurors) I for one, should have combatted this idea of the desirable *vocality* of instruments—at least I should have wished to discuss it.

Now, if there be anything admirable in this world, it is the infinite and exquisite *variety* in the resources of nature. If there be anything admirable in an orchestra, it is the exquisite *variety* in the tone of the instruments. If all instruments were alike, in quality of tone, where were the charming *piquancy* and richness of the great tone-mass, (as well as the individuality of each instrument) a richness which results alone from the combination of *many* different qualities of tone: just as richness of color is the result of *many* colors combined. Why, let me ask, destroy, or labor to destroy, this variety—this idiosyncrasy of tone, peculiar to each instrument. Why should every instrument be made *vocal*, or, to

resemble the human voice? Better take, I contend, the tone of the instrument *just as we find it*, and improve upon that tone: securing if possible, the *best tone of its kind*: whether it be the violin tone—the violoncello—the hautboy—the clarionet—the horn—the flute, or—the *pianoforte*.

There are certain *qualities* of tone, which we may certainly always aim at in all cases: like *volume*, *purity*, *roundness*, &c., &c. But, all this does not, and need not imply, *vocality* of tone. Let the voice be the voice—preëminent; commanding; incomparable. Let the violin be the violin—the horn, the horn—the violoncello, the violoncello. As regards the pianoforte, the tone is perhaps more varied than that of any other instrument. Let it be varied. Let manufacturers and artists exhaust their resources upon pianoforte tone. Let it always be *pure* of its kind (not brassy or jingling)—full of its kind—*musical* of its kind. We found Erard's a very beautiful tone: it is. But its *vocality*, or extraordinary resemblance to the human voice, is a point, I think, open for discussion. That which most characterizes the human voice is its exquisite *transition* from tone to tone and its innate passion:—which no instrument of *fixed* tone can imitate. But suppose it does imitate the human voice:—then, the less idiosyncrasy has it—the more is it an *imitative* instrument. In accompanying the voice, certainly, we do not so much wish an instrument that *resembles* the voice, as one that *contrasts* with it.

My dear FRY, to argue for *vocality* of tone in all instruments, or to insist that the tone of every instrument shall be made to resemble the human voice, is like a lover's insisting that all colors in the world, or all combination of colors, should resemble the hue on the cheek of his lady fair,—he can hardly expect it.

As I now view it, then, I do not at all agree with you on the subject of *vocality* of tone in instruments. You say:

"I am surprised that I am attacked as having 'queer ideas about music,' because I consider it chiefly the language of passion and emotion, and endeavor to describe scenes in music so that the hearer may suppose they pass artistically before him."

But "describing scenes in music so that they pass artistically before one," is neither *passional* nor *emotional* music: it is *descriptive* music. The two members of this sentence are irreconcilable again.

Once more you say:

"To your fourth head I repeat, as I said casually before, the piano has not a fixed tone, but is varied from loud to soft by the touch of the player. The organ, however, has a fixed tone,—because only alterable by the mechanical agency of stops."

Now, even admitting your definition of "fixed tone," and considering a "fixed tone" as one which cannot be made *louder* or *softer*, how can an organ be called an instrument of "fixed tone?" You remark, "because only alterable by the mechanism of stops."—But, what do you say, then, to that comprehensive department of the organ called the "swell:" where the force of the tones can be varied at pleasure, *without the slightest reference to the stops*. According to your own definition of "fixed tone," the organ is certainly no illustration of it.

But what is "fixed tone?" A tone is "fixed" because it has a *fixed position in the scale*—fixed in respect of *pitch*—not of *force*. Interpreting it by the sense of *force*, is one of those "queer ideas about music" which you so resent my having ascribed to you.

At the close of your letter, my dear Fry, you reply to an article which appeared on this controversy in the journal of our accomplished friend Dwight. Dwight is so much better able to speak for himself than I (or anybody else) to speak for him, that I will not attempt to respond at length to that portion of your remarks. He, no doubt, will himself respond, and I shall take the liberty when he does so, to enliven my columns with his reply. But there is one remark you make, which I cannot but briefly refer to.

You have severely alluded, in the course of these and other articles from your pen in the *Tribune*, to the *Philharmonic Society* of this city. I

believe that I once wrote an article with regard to this Society, caused by a similar attack upon it, on your part. I think you are unjust towards this prosperous and talented instrumental corps. For instance, I will quote from your last article:

"Now, Mr. Bristow has been refused a hearing by the Philharmonic Society of this city, some parties turning up their noses at him because he is an American."

Again, in the former article you say:

"The Philharmonic Society of this city, consecrated to Foreign music, is an incubus on Art, never having asked for, or performed an American instrumental composition during the eleven years of its existence: which, too, never would play Mr. Bristow's symphonies, that I caused to be brought for the first time before the public last winter."

Now, in reply, I beg you will read the following communication, which I chance to have received this week:

THE NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MUSICAL WORLD & TIMES:—DEAR SIR,—It has been stated a number of times of late in your journal and elsewhere, that the Philharmonic Society had never performed any compositions written in this country, or by Americans. In looking over their programmes a few days since, I find that such is not the fact. Mr. George Loder's overture, *Mormion*, has been performed twice, and Mr. G. F. Bristow's Concert Overture, Op. 3, once. On each occasion the composer directed his own piece. In addition, the writer remembers a number of public and private rehearsals which have been devoted wholly or in part to the performance of new and original pieces, and at one of the former, the well known symphony by Mr. G. F. Bristow, was brought out after several rehearsals, all under the direction of Mr. B.

Will you please state the above facts in your next issue, as I see the error again repeated in your paper of last week.

Yours very truly,

A MEMBER OF THE N. Y. P. S.

NEW YORK, Feb. 20, 1854.

The fact is, Fry, I *believe* in the Philharmonic Society. I have so good an opinion of them as to think, that if any instrumental piece were presented to them, which they thought *worthy of performance*—that is, at all on an equality with that music which their cultivated audience is accustomed, and rightly demand, to hear, *they would perform it*. I know the officers, and I am sure, that men like Scharfenberg and Timm and Eisfeld, and our Americans, Hill and Ensign and Bristow, are men quite above any narrow prejudices of nation; and if they *had* such prejudices they would be in favor of their own country, America, if the musical genius of that country produced anything instrumental of decided and unmistakable merit. *You must come up to their high standard of Art*, if you, or any one else, expect to be heard. The Temple of Art is an *universal* temple: and that you are an American is no reason that you should have free admission there, and be privileged to come and go as you list. I really think, that, unconsciously to yourself, (for you are, naturally, noble throughout) you are guilty of the very illiberality which you ascribe to others. You insist much more vehemently and exclusively for the performance of *American Art*, than the Philharmonic Society or anybody else can do for German or Italian Art. Nothing surely could be more determined and persevering, than your championship for American Art, and simply, as it strikes me, because it is American Art.

This is a wrong view of Art—decidedly so. It is one-sided and contracted. Let us strive for Art—*universal* Art. And, for myself, Fry, and as your sincere friend, I wish, with all my heart, that you would retire from the angry arena of antagonism in Art-matters and, in the sequestered seclusion of your own Art-world, calmly and earnestly work—strive—woo the divine Muse *herself*—do the best by yourself and your musical gifts: and be sure, that what is successfully and well done will find that recognition which you say (and I am most happy to hear you say) has already been the case with your compositions. The great aim of all art is to *please*, not to instruct. If you please, you will succeed: no matter whether you call your composition a *Symphony*, or a *Fantasia*, or *Santa Claus*, or a *Day in the Country*, or whether I, or any other man, wrangle with you about names and terms, which, after all, are very insignificant things—the great world cares very little about them, and knows less. It is best and most natural, and most healthful, I am

sure, for an artist to overleap all discussions about Art, and, regardless of critics and grumbling editors, to address the universal heart—and see if it will not respond to his touch.

Cordially yours,

RICHARD STORRS WILLIS.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Pronunciation in Singing.

Pure intonation and correct execution are not the only requisites in singing even a simple song or ballad. After these are attained, a faulty pronunciation will much impair, if not entirely destroy the happy effects which they might otherwise produce. The flagrant abuses that prevail in this department, arise, probably, not so much from ignorance, as from thoughtlessness.

We sing with the intention of making music—hence, the words employed must be subservient to the music; that is, no effort at distinct enunciation should interfere with the correct rendering of the notes of the melody as they are written.

Nor on the other hand is there any reason why language should be mutilated, as is too often done, so as to make it so entirely different in singing from what it is in conversation. Words should be pronounced in singing, as in correct and elegant declamation, and unquestionably *can be*, so as not to interfere with any established rule of vocal art, and yet be perfectly intelligible to every listener.

As one example among many of the abuses of language here referred to, may be mentioned the abominable corruption of the word *the*, into *thur* and *thah*. Is not the word analogous in construction as well as pronunciation, to *she*, *me*, *he*, *be*, &c.? And yet who would think of calling either of these *shur* or *shah*, *mur* or *mah*, &c.? I am well aware that some popular psalm-book manufacturers, finding this general abuse of the word *the*, (a relic of old times and fashions) in practice, have, in teaching, sought to make a rule for its justifiable continuance, instead of correcting the error. But the universality of an evil makes it no less an evil, and common sense should be the guide in forming, as well as adopting rules. The difference even in this small item, in choirs that are directed by well-educated and tasteful leaders, is gratefully perceptible; and though it must be acknowledged that such choirs are few and far between, yet one may have occasionally the pleasure of hearing them.

A few additional examples may be mentioned, wherein our already too complicated vowel pronunciation is made odious.

The word *my* is often sung as if written *my-ee*, the tone being mostly given upon the *ee*; it should be sung as if spelt *mah-e*, (the *a* having the broad sound as in *ah*;) the tone being prolonged upon the first vowel, and the *e* sounded but slightly at the end; so also with *thy*, so commonly sung *thi-ee*. The words *thou*, *now*, &c., mispronounced in singing *naou*, *thaou*, should be sung as if written *thah-u*, *nah-u*, (*u* as in *rule*;) making the first vowel the longer as before. Also, *night*, *light* and *smile*, are too often sung as if written *ni-eete*, *li-eete*, *smi-eete*; but should be sung *nah-ete*, *lah-ete*, *smah-ete*, always preserving the broad sound of *a*, and prolonging the tone upon that, touching the *e* but slightly before the last consonant.

Again the carrying forward of the dentals *d*, and *t*, before *y*, converting them into *j*, *dg*, *ch*, &c.; for example the lines:

"Around yon fountain's brim—"
"Did you haste to me—"
"Bright youth now faintly sees—"
"Light your dreary path—"

are all sung as if written

Aroun-jon &c.
Bidge-u &c.
Bright-tehouth &c.
Ligh-tehour &c.

Also the unfortunate *a* and *e*, in the words *dis-tant*, *moment*, *contentment*, &c., are sung as if written,

"When along the distant rays"
"—how life's moments are fading."

These last two perversions of language are quite as often heard in speaking as in singing.

The above rules are applicable in all cases of words similarly formed, and though many other instances of abuse in singing might be cited, I will present but one more, viz: that of dwelling upon the nasal *ng*, instead of the vowel, in such words as *morning*, *rising*, &c. The correction of these, as well as all the previously mentioned faults in pronunciation, will be greatly assisted by opening the mouth properly, that the voice may have free passage, rather than force its way through the nose or against the teeth.

As remarked at first, these habits probably arise more from thoughtlessness than intention, or ignorance, as there is no reason why language in singing should not be pronounced as properly as in speaking.

An eminent master has remarked that "all that is necessary for the formation of a good pianist, is a good pair of hands and common sense." Would not the sentiment of this apply to singing? viz: that a good voice, of which few are deprived, and common sense, are all that is necessary, with industry and perseverance, to form a good singer.

Therefore, let those who think they have good voices, and are doubtless not mistaken, exercise their common sense; first in procuring a competent person to instruct and direct them, and afterwards in the performance of the duties assigned them, and we shall not only have good singing among us, but good pronunciation in singing.

O*****

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MARCH 4, 1854.

NEW VOLUME. On the Eighth of April our Journal will enter upon its third year, and with new assurances of public favor and success. Of course new subscriptions will be now in order. The majority of our subscribers will please bear in mind that their present subscription expires with four more numbers. We trust they will all notify us, before the month is out, of their intention to *renew*, and that subscribers at a distance will see the reasonableness of our terms as advertised, viz: two dollars per annum in advance.

☞ We have enclosed bills to a large number of subscribers who have not yet paid for the year now closing, and beg that they will promptly remit by mail or otherwise.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS IN NEW YORK. Your attention is particularly requested to the above.

The Fry and Willis Controversy.

We could not resist the fair claim of our readers for the sequel of this racy and good-humored musical discussion. If appetites are sharp for each response in the polemical antiphony, we have done our part in stimulating them by echoing so much of it in these our columns. Many will

be sorry that on Mr. Fry's part it seems to have come to a final cadence, and the themes will not be resumed. The pleasant reply of Mr. Willis, number two, we give to-day.

We know not whether to be most pleased or dismayed by his complimentary anticipation of a reply on our part to so much as concerned us in Mr. Fry's rejoinder, and his avowed intention of "enlivening the columns" of his *Musical World* with said imaginary reply. Had we dreamed of such an honor we might have attempted to make more of a figure; but we are taken by surprise; we did not dress for company, and if it be not too late would fain beg our friend Willis not to expose us farther than we have done ourselves. In truth there were no points for us to reply to, which seemed to call for or to justify any extended discussion. 1. As to whether we had attempted any "witticism" at the expense of Mr. F. and his friends:—that was answered in a word. 2. As to whether Mr. Fry's symphonies did or did not establish a rival claim to Boston musical enthusiasm with those of Beethoven:—how could we discuss that? and what could be proved by the decision one way or the other?—3. As to the comparative justice done to rising genius by "the appreciative few" and by "the many":—that presented quite too vague an issue upon which to try conclusions; while the best answer lay in our Diarist's solid facts, which we trust Mr. Willis will copy, if he copies anything. So we said only the little that seemed necessary, and there let the matter rest.

The real, vital Art questions, involved in the controversy, were already and most properly in our friend Willis's own hands, and receiving such able and satisfactory treatment, that it behoved us, as it was indeed entirely preferable and most pleasant to us, simply to look on and enjoy and learn.

One thing we may consider certain, and let all parties derive peace and comfort therefrom: If our friend Fry is inspired with true musical genius, if his symphonies and opera have the real, soul-magnetizing, immortal stuff in them, the world will sooner or later find it out and give due credit. It is only a question of genius on the one hand, and of time upon the other. Beethoven did not have to take up the pen of the journalist and write his symphonies into the world's admiration. Neither did Handel, Mozart, Weber, Rossini, Donizetti, nor anybody else who has ever been the great man of a day or of whole centuries. Surely no one is at fault for not admiring, where he cannot admire; for not kindling, when no spark has chanced to lodge in any combustible region of his nature. One fulfils all righteousness in such a case, if he keeps still and does not over-confidently deny existences of which time and better opportunity may yet give him proof. But a man unkindly places you in a false and awkward position, when he would compel you to argue with him the question of his own genius. One does not care to be so peremptorily summoned before the bar of all the world's opinion, to show cause why he did not wax enthusiastic about a neighbor's symphony, or other work of Art or handicraft. Every earnest person must be mainly anxious that he *do* a good thing, and not that he get credit for it. And if he be truly conscious and persuaded in his own mind that he *has* done a good thing, nay, many and excellent things, and that he has the God-given faculty in

himself so thoroughly at his command, that he can produce these excellent things as often as they are called for, at a day's or four days' warning, as Mr. Fry seems to be,—why, what more could a man ask to make him inwardly the serenest and blissest of mortals? How can the world's opinion, or any outward irrecognition cloud such inward sunshine? Out of the serene rapture of such an undimmed consciousness of power, who could even see a critic, or not find the blackest newspapers printless and blank amid the general transparency? Give us the power of writing a grand symphony in four days, or in four months, and we do not think we shall be long in shaking off the editorial harness!

A New Use for Music.

A correspondent sends us the following programme printed for a recent gathering in one of the interior towns of New Hampshire, thinking that we may like to publish it "as a proof of the large musical culture of the present generation. The proof being in the fact that even an old fashioned 'Donation Party' cannot be given without a triple chorus and a full orchestra." Our friend assures us "that the performances were of a high order, and that the programme was not the ideal of a vivid imagination, but an actual live fact."

Truly music is a very serviceable sort of familiar sprite in these days, and men invoke her charm to help them out in every sort of questionable work at which the better part of us relucts. Thus how could men turn themselves into devils in time of war, if it were not for music, making the bloody charge seem glorious? And here we have it brought into country parishes, to help charm the people into a little formal extra generosity towards their half-paid pastors. Henceforth, we suppose, the village pastor, who would get decently supported in his labors, must organize a good brass band to work upon the tender feelings of his congregation, not in the house of God, but in the town hall. But let the programme speak for itself:

Programme of the Donation Visit, at the Town Hall, Tuesday evening, January 31, 1854, for the benefit of the Rev. Mr. —.

1. Voluntary, from the united choirs.
2. Invocation, by Rev. Mr. —.
3. Musical Concert—Vocal and Instrumental. (Violoncello, two flutes and a post horn.)
4. Social Interview.
5. Address on the social benefits of Donation Visits, by Rev. Mr. —.
6. SINGING.
7. Enlogio, on dispensing with table luxuries at Donation Visits,—by Rev. Mr. —.
8. Music.
9. Address of thanks, by Rev. Mr. —.
10. Voluntary from the Choirs.
11. Prayer by Rev. Mr. —.
12. Benediction, by Rev. Mr. —.
13. SINGING.
14. In leaving the House the Assembly will have an opportunity to pass Rev. Mr. — and Lady, to take the usual "good night," and leave with them the "Widow's mite."

By order of the Committee.

—, N. H., Jan. 31, 1854.

Musical Review.

A Practical Text-Book of Music, as connected with the Art of playing the Piano-Forte. By EDWARD B. OLIVER. Boston: O. Ditson.

This is a neat little duodecimo of sixty pages, in which those essentials of a musical knowledge, which every student of the piano or of any instrument must possess as the conditions of intelligent practice, are well thought out, and presented with an admirable

consistency and clearness. Among the multitudes of attempts to state the rudiments of music in a popular form, it is indeed seldom that we find so much real thought and judgment brought to the task. The matter is thoroughly digested and the topics placed in their true relations. The definitions are philosophical, precise and satisfactory. It is not a book of exercises, a "School" or "Method" for the Piano-forte; but it conveys in the form of question and answer, a very convenient and intelligent solution of those theoretic questions which arise to puzzle every young beginner in the practice of the Art. It helps him to understand the materials he is to use. Then the spirit of the book is admirable; it inspires to earnest practice, keeping in sight the higher ends of Music; while at the same time it is practical and cautious about forcing upon the pupil higher things than he is prepared to appreciate.

Six Two-Part Songs, by MENDELSSOHN, arranged for the piano by OTTO DRESEL. (Nathan Richardson; Musical Exchange.)

These beautiful duets, with words, have for several years been cherished in many of our musical homes, as among the choicest gems of parlor music. In this piano-forte arrangement they are scarcely less interesting as songs without words. Mr. Dresel has happily combined every essential feature both of the voice parts and accompaniment into true little poems for the piano. They are of quite moderate difficulty, and will form capital lessons in style and musical expression. Three of the series have appeared: namely, No. 1. "I would that my Love," which our concert-goers have frequently enjoyed also in orchestral arrangements; No. 2. "The Passage Bird's Farewell," and No. 3, "Greeting." The remainder, namely: "Autumn Song," "O wert thou in the cauld blast," and "The Maybells and the Flowers," will soon follow.

DANCE MUSIC. The same publisher also sends us:

1. *Sphären Polka*, by F. MOLLENAUER, of Julien's orchestra. A polka of the spheres is a fancy that would seem rather to compromise the dignity of those grand bodies in their heavenly orbits. But higher spheres apart, and measured by the commonplace sphere of mortal waltzing and polking, this is a very clever polka, more graceful and ideal than the most of them, and with a gentle dash of sentiment, beginning in the minor mood of G, but ending in the relative major.

2. *Boston Belles: Polka de Salon*. By CARL HAUSE. A more elaborate, bravura sort of polka, that runs into variations and requires a degree of what the French critics happily term *prestidigitation*. Those who possess a modicum of that and who love polkas, will doubtless find it interesting.

3. *Chromatic Gallop*. By ADOLPH KIEBLOCK. Not the fiery thing that Liszt's *Gallop Chromatique* is, but child's play to the difficulties of that. Yet it is worth a turn or two and will start the blood a little.

4. *La Capricieuse; Tarantelle*. Op. 6. By HENRY MASON. This is the whirling tarantella reduced, we should think, to its simplest form. It it cleverly managed, but does not impress us as having much of the caprice of fancy, or of the wild *delirium* of the dance.

Vocal Duets. With words German and English. Music by F. KUCKEN. (G. P. Reed & Co.)

No. 1. is a graceful and pleasing *Barcarole*. No 2. "I think of thee" (*Ich denke dein*), is one of the best duets we have seen for some time. It is an Andante in flowing 4-4 measure, each quarter note in the somewhat elaborate and rich accompaniment being divided into triplets, after the type of Beethoven's *Adelaide*.

THE "HALLELUJAH."—MR. LOWELL MASON, the eminent composer of Psalmody, is preparing a new

book of Church Music, to be called *The Hallelujah*. Mr. Mason has not brought out any book (except his *Musical Letters*,) of which he was the sole author, since the publication of *Carmina Sacra* in 1841. Over three hundred and fifty thousand copies of *Carmina Sacra* have been sold, and it has been more highly valued and more extensively used than any similar publication. The books which in their day came nearest to a similar popularity were the Handel and Haydn Society's Collection, and the Boston Academy's Collection—both by Mr. Mason. The first legitimate successor of such works must come before the public with peculiar interest; and such is to be the new book now completed by Mr. Mason. He has for several years devoted the most of his time to its preparation, during which he has spent eighteen months in Europe, under auspicious circumstances. It is understood that *The Hallelujah* will not follow in the beaten track of its predecessors, but that it will be new in something more than the name.—*New York Tribune*.

Concerts of the Week.

GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY.—The twelfth subscription concert, which took place last Saturday evening, was of the light complexion, and a very pleasant entertainment of its kind. It derived new interest from the appearance of Mlle. CAROLINE LEHMANN, whose return to Boston was welcomed with hearty and repeated rounds of applause. She sang in the first part the *Bel raggio*, from "Semiramide," with orchestra. We cannot think it of the kind of music best adapted to her voice and nature; yet it was executed with great ease and fluency, and with good style and expression. Miss Lehmann's singing never can lack fervor, yet we thought she sang with hardly as much animation as we remember in some of her last year's efforts. In finish and delicacy of execution, in the power of sustaining, swelling and diminishing her tones, especially the high tones (which seem to us her most beautiful tones), she has gained not a little since that time.—In the second part, instead of Schubert's *Trockne Blumen*, set down in the programme, she gave us (in consequence, we understand, of late arrival from Philadelphia and hurried preparation) the "Birdling" of Jenny Lind. Again, we must think, an unwise selection. It was sung beautifully, finely; but its brightness dimmed before the mere memory of its prototype. The same thing must be said of her "Comin' thro' the Rye," with which she answered the encore, and in which she followed essentially the Lind version, and with more sympathetically close resemblance than perhaps any other singer could have done it; yet it was flying too near the sun.

Nevertheless it was a great satisfaction to hear this lady again. There has seldom been a singer among us who seemed to possess so much of the true artist spirit,—so much of the religion of her art. And we wish that there were a dozen, instead of three more Germania concerts, to be enriched and enlivened by her voice. Especially would we be glad to hear her in every classical concert that remains to us, from those in Chickering's saloon, to the great oratorios.

The instrumental pieces were apparently well relished by an audience, not filling the Music Hall, but yet very large. The overture to *Die Felsenmühle* commended itself at least by the precision and delicacy with which it was played:—we mean the lighter parts, of course; the *fandara* with which it opens and closes might be played about as well on drums alone as any way. Lanner's waltz, *Soldatentänze*, was very spirited and graceful.

Then came *Bel Raggio*. Then a reminiscence

of the classical;—the serenely deep and beautiful religious Adagio from Mendelssohn's "Song of Praise;" and we thought nothing in the whole evening commanded such attention or was followed by such hearty and unanimous applause.

Mr. ROBERT HELLER, the pianist, played Thalberg's *Andante*, which is one of the New School pieces that have character and feeling as well as bravura and brilliancy; and a pretty enough Mazurka of his own. Of the finale to Flotow's *Martha*, which concluded the first part, we can only say that it was worthy of the overture to that same.

Part second opened with Nicolai's overture to "Merry Wives of Windsor," and ended with Auber's to *Fra Diavolo*; which require no comment. There was a violin duet, by Kalliwooda, performed by Messrs. SCHULTZE and MEISEL in quite a masterly manner; it had the sweet-flowing, melodious character of Kalliwooda, but was too much lengthened out by such variations as really add nothing. The Potpourri "*Die Traumbilder*," is certainly a feeble affair; and the introduction or rather intrusion of "Old Hundred" on the organ, was more startling than edifying. We are told that in Worcester, where the Germanians "astonished the natives" with these remarkable "dream images," when they came to this passage some native professor of psalmody stood up and called upon the audience to rise and join in singing the old psalm, which was done to the great edification of the Germanians, who certainly left Worcester with one new idea more than they carried there.

At the Rehearsal on Wednesday, the Germanians played the C minor symphony of Beethoven and the overture to *Freyschutz*:—two pieces more associated than any others with the first dawning of a taste for great orchestral music in this community. A plenty of light music followed, and the hall was gaily crowded.

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.—The "Meisonaon," Tuesday night, was absolutely crowded for the eighth and last concert. Never before have we seen so many people at a Chamber Concert; there must have been six hundred at the lowest figure. Do not say that the lovers, at any rate the friends, of classical music are few and far between! The concert passed off in the main quite satisfactorily.

1. Mendelssohn's first Quintet (in A. op. 18), is not so rich or deep as many of his chamber compositions; but it has become well-known to many here, and is an ever welcome favorite, principally on account of the fine play of fairy fantasy that sparkles through it. It presents the Mendelssohnian features in their boyish simplicity and freshness. The quick and delicate *staccato* of the Scherzo was very neatly rendered.

Schubert's song, "Thou art the rest" (*Du bist die Ruh*) was sung in English. This is one of the very purest, lofliest, sweetest, serenest melodies that Schubert has bequeathed to us; it is infinitely removed from all taint of commonplace or sentimentality, full of passion but of high and holy faith; and requires a religious and poetic nature fully to appreciate and render it. Mrs. WENTWORTH sang it chastely, with good taste, and considerable expression. But it suffered in the accompaniment, which was taken now faster and now slower in the interludic passages, as if its very simplicity puzzled the pianist as to its true intention.

3. One of Beethoven's three earliest Trios, and first set of published works, the one in G, was played by CARL HAUSE, pianist, and the brothers FRIES. One might hear much of it without suspecting Beethoven, it is so clear and bright and sunny, and so much in the manner of Haydn, except here and there in passages where the deeper and stronger individuality reveals

itself. It was a fine piece of reading on the part of the pianist and was altogether well performed.

4. The *Andante Cantabile* from the Sixth Quartet of Mozart, was to our feeling the most interesting piece in the concert; it is profoundly beautiful. It was followed by the *Finale Allegro Molto* of the same quartet.

5. Two "Songs without Words," composed and played by Mr. HAUSE. The first, a flowing duet in thirds and sixths, in a rather Italian *cantabile* style; the other sparkling and rapid, reminding one a little of Kücken's "She is mine;"—both quite clever.

6. "The Fisher's Canzonette," composed by Mr. RYAN, and sung by Mrs. WENTWORTH, with clarinet *obligato*, and quartet accompaniment. A pretty thing, but hardly of pretension enough for such a concert.

7. The first movement (a very long, very varied, and very difficult one, and extremely interesting withal) of Chopin's Concerto in E minor, was played with astonishing power of bravura execution by Mr. HAUSE. Almost incredible feats of digital dexterity and force were achieved with masterly ease and certainty. A mere quintet accompaniment was not very efficient in this case.

The Club had every reason to feel cheered and flattered by the audience of that night, and the announcement that the Messrs. CHICKERING had kindly offered their beautiful saloon for an extra concert on Tuesday, the 14th, was received with general satisfaction.

ROXBURY BEETHOVEN ASSOCIATION.—The Second Concert was attended by a large audience. The choruses were well given, though not so successfully, as at the first concert; and the solos by Miss BOTHAMLY, Miss BROWN, Mrs. EMMONS and Mrs. LITTLE were remarkably well done. We have spoken formerly of the chorus glee, "*When thou, Oh Stone,*" by Mr. SOUTHARD, (the Conductor), as a composition of remarkable excellence, and were glad to hear it again. The MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB took part in the concert, giving some of their light music. There is the material in every town in New England for such concerts. We have the *voices*; a competent conductor and careful practice will do the rest.

Advertisements.

BOSTON MUSIC HALL. GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY.

PUBLIC REHEARSAL THIS (Saturday) AFTERNOON, MARCH 4.

MISS LEHMANN
Will rehearse for the EVENING CONCERT.
The usual Rehearsal Tickets will be admitted.
To commence at 3 o'clock.

BOSTON MUSIC HALL. The Germania Musical Society, WILL GIVE THEIR Thirteenth Grand Subscription Concert On Saturday Evening, March 4th, ASSISTED BY Mlle. CAROLINE LEHMANN, AND BY Mr. ROBERT HELLER, Pianist.

PROGRAMME.

- PART I.
1. Overture to "Magic Flute,".....Mozart.
 2. Concerto No. 5, in E flat major, op. 73, with orchestral accompaniment,.....Beethoven.
Allegro.—Adagio.—Rondo, Allegro.
Performed by ROBERT HELLER.
 3. Scherzo,.....Schumann.
 4. Aria from Der Freischütz, "Wie nahe mir der Schlummer,".....Weber.
Sung by Mlle. CAROLINE LEHMANN.
- PART II.
5. Symphony No. 3, in A minor, op. 56,.....Mendelssohn.
1. Introduction and Allegro agitato.
2. Scherzo assai vivace.
3. Adagio cantabile.
4. Allegro guerriero e Finale maestoso.
- Doors open at 6½. Concert to commence at 7½.
Single tickets, 50 cents. For sale at the Music Stores, Hotels, and at the Door on the evening of the Concert.

NOTICE.—Our patrons are respectfully notified that we shall give a Concert on EVERY SATURDAY EVENING, until the 18th of March, inclusive, making the Programme alternately, one composed of light, and one of classical music.

Subscription Tickets taken at ALL the Saturday Concerts.
Additional sets and half sets of Subscription Tickets, can be secured at Wade's Music Store, every day from 11 to 2 o'clock.

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY.

MOSES IN EGYPT,

WILL BE PRESENTED

On Sunday Evening, March 4, 1854,

AT THE

BOSTON MUSIC HALL,

With the vocal assistance of Miss Anna Stone, Mrs. E. A. Wentworth, Miss S. E. Brown, Messrs. Arthurson, Thos. Ball, H. M. Aiken, and B. Wheat, with Orchestral Accompaniment by the

GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY.

Conductor,.....Mr. CARL BERGMANN.
Organist,.....Mr. F. F. MÜLLER.

The storm of last Sunday made it expedient to postpone the performance. Tickets taken for that occasion will be received.

Trains are expected from Brookline and Newton.

Doors open at 6; Performance to commence at 7 o'clock.

Tickets for this Concert, at 50 cents each, may be obtained at the principal Hotels and Music Stores, at the doors on the evening of performance, and of

J. L. FAIRBANKS, SECRETARY,
No. 136 Washington St.

Mlle. Gabrielle De la Motte

WILL GIVE HER

THIRD MUSICAL SOIRÉE, AT THE SALOON OF THE MESSRS. CHICKERING, MASONIC TEMPLE,

On Monday Evening, March 6th,

Assisted by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club.

A Selection of Haydn, Reber, Beethoven, Weber, Mendelssohn, Liszt, &c. will be played. For full particulars, see the programme.

To commence at 8 o'clock.—Tickets, One Dollar, to be had at the door on the evening of the Concert.

GREAT BOOK IN PRESS.

MOORE'S ENCYCLOPEDIA OF MUSIC:

COMPILED BY JOHN W. MOORE,

With the assistance of other distinguished men in the musical world. The intention of the author is to make a most complete and thorough work of the above, which will be a desideratum in the world of music. It will be published in one elegant Royal Octavo volume of about 900 pages, double columns, and will contain a complete

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A HISTORY OF THE SCIENCE OF MUSIC,
from the earliest time to the present, a

Treatise on Harmony and Thorough Bass,

a description of all known MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, with the names of the most distinguished makers, and a complete Musical Biography of over three thousand of the most distinguished Composers and Musicians who have ever lived. Mr. Moore has spent several years in compiling this valuable work. It is now going through the press as rapidly as will comport with accuracy.

P. S.—The above splendid work, which will prove invaluable to every professional musician, and to every amateur, will be ready this spring; we hope in the month of March. It has been delayed on account of the immense labor bestowed upon it, and the difficulty of stereotyping a work so full of examples. The delay, however, will enhance the value of the work.

The price, bound in cloth, will be,....\$3 50.

The price, bound in half calf, will be,....\$4 00.

JOHN P. JEWETT, & Co.,

Publishers, 17 and 19 Cornhill, Boston:

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Cleveland.

Will be for sale by all the book and music dealers in the country.

2m

Feb. 11.

COPARTNERSHIP NOTICE.

THE subscribers having formed a Copartnership under the name of CHICKERING & SONS, for the purpose of continuing the *Piano-Forte Business*, trust by their attention and promptness to merit the patronage heretofore extended to the late Jonas Chickering.

Dec. 24.

THOS. F. CHICKERING,
CHAS. F. CHICKERING,
GEO. H. CHICKERING.

MARTIN'S GUITARS.

THE subscribers are sole agents for this city, for the sale of those justly celebrated Guitars. Prices from \$30 to \$60. Every instrument is warranted to stand this climate.
GEO. P. REED & CO., 13 Tremont Street.

OTTO DRESEL

Gives Instruction on the Piano, and may be addressed at the WINTHROP HOUSE. Terms—\$50 per quarter of 24 lessons, two a week; \$30 per quarter of 12 lessons, one a week.
Nov. 12, tf

Mlle. GABRIELLE DE LA MOTTE

GIVES

INSTRUCTION ON THE PIANO,

AND MAY BE ADDRESSED AT

Feb. 4 3m

56 SUMMER STREET.

A. W. FRENZEL

RESPECTFULLY gives notice to his friends and all who wish to receive instruction from him in music, that he is just commencing a new course of lessons on the PIANO-FORTE. Orders may be left at Richardson's Musical Exchange, 282 Washington Street, at G. P. Reed's, or T. T. Barker's Music Stores, or at his residence,

No. 6 Acorn St., (between Chestnut and Mt. Vernon Sts.)

Mr. F. is permitted to name the following references:
Judge GEO. TYLE BIGELOW, 126 Tremont St.
Mrs. SMITH, 46 Mt. Vernon St.
Mr. NATHAN APPLETON, Winter St.
Dr. WINSLOW LEWIS, Boylston St.

TERMS—\$30 per quarter, at the residence of the scholar.
Feb. 18.

ADOLPH KIELBLOCK,**Teacher of Music,**

DESIRES to receive a few more pupils on the PIANO-FORTE and in SINGING. Terms, \$24 per quarter of 24 lessons.

Mr. K. will be found at his residence, No. 5 Franklin Street, from 10 to 11 A. M. and from 2 to 3 P. M.; also at Mr. Ditson's music store, 115 Washington St. at 5 o'clock, P. M. tf

MANUEL FENOLLOSA,**PROFESSOR OF MUSIC.**

MUSIC-ROOM, No. 17 GRAY'S BLOCK, corner of Washington and Summer Streets.

References.

Messrs. CHICKERING, J. P. JEWETT, GEO. PUNCHARD, Boston.
Messrs. GEORGE PEABODY, B. H. SILSBEE, Salem.
Jan. 21. 3m.

PUBLIC REHEARSALS.

THE GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY will give PUBLIC REHEARSALS at the Boston Music Hall every WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, at 3 o'clock, commencing Oct. 26.

The full Orchestra will perform at the Rehearsals.
Admission:—Packages containing eight tickets \$1, to be had at the Music Stores, and at the door. Single tickets 25 cents.
Oct. 29

CARL HAUSE,**PIANIST AND TEACHER OF MUSIC,**

OFFERS his services as an Instructor in the higher branches of Piano playing. Mr. H. may be addressed at the music stores of NATHAN RICHARDSON, 282 Washington St. or G. P. REED & Co. 17 Tremont Row.

REFERENCES:—Mrs. C. W. Loring, 33 Mt. Vernon St.
Miss K. E. Prince, Salem.
Miss Nichols, 20 South St.
Miss May, 5 Franklin Place.
Feb. 18.

LESSONS IN SINGING.**FREDERIC RUDOLPH**

RESPECTFULLY announces his intention to remain in Boston and give instructions in the art of Singing.

Orders may be addressed to him at his residence (United States Hotel), or at the music store of Mr. Wade or Mr. Richardson.
3m Feb. 11.

JUST PUBLISHED.

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CHORUS PARTS to Handel's Oratorio of the MESSIAH.
CLASSICAL CHORUS BOOK, by BAER & SOUTHARD.
PESTALOZZIAN SCHOOL SONG BOOK, by GEO. W. PRATT.

George P. Reed & Co., Publishers,
13 Tremont Street.
nov 5

PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION.**G. A. SCHMITT, (From Germany,) TEACHER OF THE PIANO-FORTE.**

IS now prepared to give lessons at the residence of pupils or at his own residence, No. 7 Haymarket Place.
Mr. S. may be addressed at the music stores of Oliver Ditson or Nathan Richardson.

Refers to the following gentlemen: JOHN S. DWIGHT, Esq., HALLETT, DAVIS & Co., OLIVER DITSON, NATHAN RICHARDSON.
Oct. 8.

D. B. NEWHALL,**MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN PIANO FORTES,**

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Feb 19 6m

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Oct. 16.

F. F. MÜLLER,

DIRECTOR OF MUSIC AND ORGANIST at the Old South Church; ORGANIST of the Handel and Haydn Society; ORGANIST of the Musical Education Society, &c. &c. &c.

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D W I G H T ' S

Journal of Music.

A Paper of Art and Literature.

VOL. IV.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1854.

NO. 23.

Dwight's Journal of Music, PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

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Salvator Rosa.

This celebrated musician, painter and poet was born at Renessa, near Naples, in the year 1615. He was originally intended for the church, and was educated in accordance with that intention; but his mind, of all others, was ill calculated for a monkish life, and at an early age he abandoned his probationary habit, and returned to his father's house. We now first hear of him in connection with music, and cannot resist giving an account of his progress in this science, in the very entertaining words of Lady Morgan.

"The contumacious student of the Padri Somaschi escaped from the restraints of their cloister, and the horrid howl of their *laude spirituali*, to

all the intoxication of sound and sight, with every sense in full accordance with the musical passion of the day. It is little wonderful if, at this epoch of his life, Salvator gave himself up unresistingly to the pursuit of a science, which he cultivated with ardor, even when time had preached his tumultuous pulse to rest; or if the floating capital of genius, which was as yet unappropriated, was in part applied to that species of composition which, in the youth of a man, as of nations, precedes deeper and more important studies, and for which, in either, there is but one age. All poetry and passion, his young muse 'dallied with the innocence of love,' and inspired strains which, though the simple breathings of an ardent temperament, the exuberance of youthful excitement and an overteeming sensibility, were assigning him a place among the first Italian lyrists of his age. Little did he then dream that posterity would apply the rigid rules of criticism to the 'idle visions' of his boyish fancy; or that his bars and basses would be analyzed by the learned umpires of future ages, declared 'not only admirable for a dilettante,' but, 'in point of melody, superior to that of most of the masters of his time.'

"His musical productions became so popular, that the '*spinners and knitters in the sun did use to chant them*;' (an image which every street in Naples, during the winter season, daily exhibits); and there was in some of these short lyric poems, which he set to music, a softness and delicacy that rendered them even worthy to be sung

'By some fair queen in summer bower
With ravishing divisions of her lute'

still, however, they are more curious as compared to that stern strain of harp invective which runs through all his maturer compositions, and to that dark, deep, and indignant feeling which pervades all his satires.

"Having acquired considerable mastery on the lute, (for which, like Petrarch, he preserved a passion till the last year of his life,) he soon became one of the most brilliant and successful serenaders of Naples. Many of those gay and *galliard* figures which, in after life, escaped from his graphic pencil and rapid graver, with hair and feather floating in the breeze, are said to have been but copies of himself, as he stood niched under the shadow of a balcony, or reclined on the prow of a felucca, singing to his lute the charms or cruelty of some listening Irene or Cloris of the moment.

"This mode of life, of course, could not last very long; it was necessary that he should turn his serious exertions to some profession; and a family connection drew them to that of painting. From this time, Rosa advanced rapidly in reputation and in wealth; and his house became the resort of some of the most intellectual and cultivated men in Rome.

"His pathetic cantatas, and their plaintive compositions, drew tears from the brightest eyes in Rome; the 'potent, grave, and reverend signors' of the conclave did not disdain to solicit

admission to those evening *conversazioni* of the *Via Babuina*, where the comic muse alone presided, but where, under the guise of national *naïveté*, veiled in a rustic dialect, and set off by the most humorous gesticulations, truths were let drop with impunity, more perilous than those for translating which from the pages of Lucian a *protégé* of the Grand Duke de' Medici was at the same moment confined by the Inquisition.

"The manner of the daring *improvisatore*, as left on record by his chroniclers, or handed down by tradition, was no less singular and attractive than the matter which inspired him. The apartment in which he received his company was affectedly simple. The walls, hung with faded tapestry, exhibited none of his beautiful pictures, which might well have attracted attention from the actor to his works. A few rows of seats included all the furniture; and they were secured at an early hour by the impatience of an audience, select and exclusive, either invited by himself or introduced by his friends. When the company were assembled, and not before, Salvator appeared in the circle, but with the air of a host rather than that of a exhibitor, until the desire to hear him recite his poetry, or to *improvvisare*, expressed by some individual, produced a general acclamation of entreaty. It was a part of his coquetry to require much solicitation; and when at last he consented, he rose with an air of timidity and confusion, and presented himself with his lute or a roll of paper containing the heads of his subject. After some graceful hesitation, a few preluding chords, or a slight hem! to clear his full, deep voice, the scene changed; the elegant, the sublime Salvator disappeared, and was replaced by the gesticulating and grimacing Coviello, who, long before he spoke, excited such bursts of merriment, *con le più ridicole smorfie al suo modo Napolitano*, (with the most laughable grimaces in the true Neapolitan style,) that even the gravest of his audience were ready to hurst. When the adroit *improvisatore* had thus wound up his auditory to a certain pitch of exaltation, and prepared them at least to receive with good humor whatever he might hazard, he suddenly stepped forth and exclaimed with great energy, in the broad Neapolitan of the Largo di Castello, '*Siente chisso vè, anza gli uocci*—a Neapolitan idiom, meaning 'Awaken, and heed me,' but literally translated, 'Listen, and open your eyes.' He then began his recitation. 'Whatever were its faults of composition,' says one of his biographers, 'it was impossible to detect them, as long as he recited; nor could their charm be understood by those who did not hear them recited by himself. When some of these productions were published after his death, it was supposed that they would lose much of their apparent merit, because his fervid and abundant genius, rich in its natural fertility, despised the trammels of art, as submitting talent to mean and slavish rules. The contrary, however, was the fact; for they excited universal admiration.'

"With a thirst of praise which scarcely any

applause could satisfy, Salvator united a quickness of perception that rendered him suspicious of pleasing, even at the moment he was most successful. A gaping mouth, a closing lid, a languid look, or an impatient hem! threw him into utter confusion, and deprived him of all presence of mind, of all power of concealing his mortification. When he perceived that some witty sally had fallen lifeless, that some epigrammatic point had escaped the notice of his auditors, he was wont to exclaim to his particular friends, when the strangers were departed: 'What folly to lose my time and talent in reading before these beasts of burden, who feel nothing, and have no intellect beyond what is necessary to understand the street ballads of the blind band!'

"Observing the manners of an age in which he deemed it an indignity to have been born, with the deep and philosophic view which distinguished all he thought and produced, Salvator perceived that the church was making the same monopoly of music as she had done of painting, and would, in the end, degrade one art (as she had already deteriorated the other) to the worst purposes. The finest singers were now shut up in the Roman monasteries; and all Rome was then resorting to the *Spirito Santo*, to hear the sister Veronica, a beautiful nun, who awakened emotions in her auditors that did not all belong to heaven.

"It was in the palaces of the *Porporati* that the first musical dramas were given, which bore any resemblance to the modern opera by which they are now succeeded in the *Argentina*; and the choir of the Pontifical Chapel (which gave the musical tone to all the churches of Christendom, while it engrossed all the patronage of the government) was gradually abandoning those learned combinations, and that solemn and affecting simplicity, which were calculated to answer the purposes of a passionate devotion, and to satisfy, at the same moment, the taste of the amateur and the enthusiasm of the devotee.

"The first attempt at a regular drama was made at Rome in one of these palaces, as early as 1632, three years before Salvator's first arrival there. It was called '*Il Ritorno di Angelica nella India*,' and was composed by the then fashionable secular composer Tignali. Public operas were at this time performing in Venice and Bologna.

"It may be curious to observe, that the instruments which were then found in the secular orchestras of Italy, were the organ, viol, viol da gamba, harp, lute, guitar, spinet, harpsichord, theorbo, and trumpet: while the court band of Louis XIII. and XIV. only consisted of the far-famed '*four-and-twenty fiddlers all in a row*,' and even they were imported from Italy. The first and the most distinguished was Baptiste Lulli, brought from Florence by Maria de' Medici, at the age of fourteen. From a simple *violonier*, he became the founder of the French opera, and the model upon which Cambra, Destouches, and other French composers founded their braying monotonies. At the same period in England, the music of Lawes and Bird was laid aside as profane, and replaced by those pious discords,

'Such as from lab'ring lungs enthusiast blows,
High sounds attempted through the vocal nose.'

Vicenzio Galileo (the father of the celebrated astronomer) remarks, however, in his '*Dialogo della Musica*,' that the best Italian lyres were made for the English market.

"While the music of the church was gradually assuming an effeminate character, the palaces of the great were filled with the most worthless of the profession, of both sexes. The genius which went to the composition of the finest music was then, as now, less prized and rewarded than the voice which executed it; and the profligacy of the public singers in Italy was no impediment to their reception into the first families of the country. Upon this shameless laxity of manners, and the visible degradation of ecclesiastical music, Salvator fell with a Puritan's severity, scarcely surpassed by the anathemas of Calvin, or the vituperations of Erasmus. He attacked the style of singing in the Pontifical Chapel. He attacked the vices of a profession which now, beyond every other, received the special patronage of the

lords of the conclave; and though his efforts at reformation were as yet confined to his recitations, and to the frank utterance of opinions over which he held no control, yet these philippics increased the number of his enemies, even more than an attack on religion itself would have done.

"While, however, all the singers in Rome, with their patrons and partisans, took the field against the satirist, the great composers, distinguished alike for their genius and their morals, rallied round him; and the musical album of Salvator, brought a century after his death into England, (the land which has always been true to his merits, and in sympathy with his genius,) is a record that he offended none but those whose enmity was distinction."

"Among the musical manuscripts purchased at Rome in 1770," says Dr. Burney, in his "History of Music," "one that ranks the highest in my own favor was the music book of Salvator Rosa, the painter; in which are contained, not only the airs and cantatas set by Carissimi, Cesti, Luigi, (Rossi,) Cavalli, Legrenze, Capellino, Pasqualini, and Bandini, of which the words of several are by Salvator Rosa, but eight entire cantatas, written, set, and transcribed by the celebrated painter himself. The book was purchased of his granddaughter, who occupied the house in which her ancestor had lived and died. The handwriting was ascertained by collation with his letters and satires, of which the originals are preserved by his descendants. The historians of Italian poetry, though they often mention Salvator as a satirist, seem never to have heard of his lyrical productions. Other single airs by Luigi and Legrenze, the words by Salvator Rosa, fill up the volume, in which there is nothing so precious as the musical and poetical compositions of Rosa." It is enough to establish the musical genius of Salvator Rosa, that his compositions were pronounced by the most learned and elegant musical professors of the last century to be, "in point of melody, superior to most of the masters of his time." Rosa died at Rome in 1673.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

An Earnest Master.

When a boy, he was obliged to assist his father in giving music lessons, and in playing the organ at church. All who observed the earnestness and eagerness with which he did it, foresaw that he would one day become an excellent master. At nineteen he appeared before the public with his first work, three sonatas for the piano-forte, the skill and genius evinced in which attracted great attention on the part of critics and artists, who watched his further course with interest.

Thus encouraged he came out, with one work after another, all worthy of the author of those fine sonatas. He gained a reputation too, as an excellent performer on the piano-forte and organ; and as one equally at home in wielding the conductor's baton. In a few years he was an acknowledged master, notwithstanding all the obstacles inseparably connected with the career of a young and struggling composer without fortune. (Among other signs of acknowledgement he received the title of "Doctor of Music," a compliment that has only been paid in Germany to musicians of the very highest order, such as Mendelssohn, Spohr, Liszt, Marx, and a few others.) Especially did he distinguish himself in the composition of oratorios, so that many pronounced him the worthiest successor of Handel. Next came many overtures, songs, sonatas, etc. etc., all bearing the stamp of a manly, vigorous spirit, thoroughly trained in every branch of the tone-art, particularly in counterpoint.

It is said he has never tried the composition of an opera or any other theatrical work: The reason thereof may be found, as we think, in his

character. He had too high an opinion of the Art, to sacrifice a title of it to the caprices and follies of stage singers, and the arrogance of stage managers, as the dramatic composer is generally obliged to do. Besides, he was too honest to pay flattering compliments, and give undeserved praise; he spoke right out just what he thought; his frankness and uprightness were proverbial among musicians. When the dignity of the Art or of artists was to be defended, he showed an imposing courage, firmness, and self-confidence, and he cared little whether it was a prince or any other man with whom he had to deal. At the princely court of Dessau, where he was chapel-master, he has given frequent evidences of this; which, by the way, never impaired the regard and affection of the music-loving duke and family towards him. On the other hand his modesty towards real merit and real greatness was touching. This was illustrated in two instances, as follows.

At the Hamburg musical festival in 1841 he was invited to conduct the sacred concert, in which Handel's "Messiah" was to be performed. The performance being over, a laurel wreath was solemnly presented to him. This manifestation of esteem and regard on the part of more than six hundred musicians and amateurs, among whom were Marschner, Liszt, David, and others, evidently touched him; however, when he held the wreath in his hands he exclaimed: "No, not I have deserved the laurels, but Handel!" and then placed the wreath on Handel's bust, which stood there.

Another time, a few days after the 4th of November, 1847, we find him, then an old man of above sixty, with some friends, in the midnight hour, at the depot of the city in which he resided, waiting for the arrival of the train from Leipsic to Berlin, which bore the mortal remains of that excellent master in the tone-art,* who in the prime of his life, in the midst of his glorious career, had been so suddenly called hence. The train having arrived, he went to see the coffin, on which, after some appropriate words, he put a laurel wreath; his old, true face impressed with the sincerest grief.

In his later years, when the Art had taken a direction that was against his convictions, he wrought only in silence; in the city of his residence, however, they had still opportunity to witness his mastery in conducting choros and orchestra, and hear his really wonderful organ playing. Moreover, he continued to advise and assist young composers, to the training of whom he had formerly, for many years, chiefly devoted himself. Some instructive works published at that time, for instance: "Instruction in the Art of Musical composition;" "Instruction in Singing for Public Schools;" "The Perfect Organist;" "Organ School," &c., show that he must have been a master in teaching, likewise. It is now about four years since he published an advertisement throughout Germany, inviting any young composers of symphonies and overtures, who wished to hear their works, to come to Dessau; as he would, provided the score showed skill and talent, have them performed by his orchestra.

There is perhaps no author so little encouraged as the composer, who is not world-renowned. Only to have the reward of *hearing* the work which he has written, sometimes with the sacri-

* Mendelssohn.

fice of time, money, even of health, he must frequently beg and humble himself to arrogant and jealous conductors, and hardly once in ten cases does he succeed. One might ask: "Why does he not rather tear his score to pieces and fling his pen out of the window, to write never a note more?" But it is a well-established fact that a gifted composer cannot leave off writing; as the bird upon the twig sometimes cannot leave off singing, though it be driven from one tree to another.

This our honest master knew from personal experience; he tried therefore, as it seemed, to give an impulse toward mitigating this cruel fact; which, by the way, has always been a chief obstacle to the progress of the art. That advertisement was received, as one may easily imagine, with great pleasure, by our young composing friends, who instantly, with their scores under their arms, commenced the pilgrimage to the city of promise. Whether the crowd became so large that it annoyed him, or whether it was from some other cause which he could not control, a few months afterwards appeared another advertisement, stating briefly, that he was obliged to discontinue these performances.

We believe this was the last time he was heard from by the public at large. Some weeks ago his friends this side of the ocean were surprised and pained by the announcement in the papers of the death of FRIEDRICH SCHNEIDER (the reader will undoubtedly have recognized that master as the subject of our sketch), in November 1853, at the age of sixty-seven.

ADOLPH KIELBLOCK.

NOTE. To the above we may add: that the "Philharmonic Society" in New York announce for their next rehearsal a symphony (No. 20, in B), written expressly for the society by Friedrich Schneider, of Dessau, and received only a short time before his death.—ED.

Our New Opera House.

The *Atlas* of Tuesday presents the following satisfactory information, which may serve, (for the present at least) as an answer to the thousand anxious inquiries which we have heard on all sides.

THE BOSTON THEATRE.—Our readers may be already aware that, in 1852, a number of gentlemen of our city applied to the Legislature, and obtained an act of incorporation, under the name of the Boston Theatre. As soon as their charter was secured, a subscription was opened, and the entire stock of two hundred and fifty shares, of the par value of one thousand dollars each, was all taken up by persons interested in giving to our city a reputation for the excellence of its public amusements. Much of the stock was taken by our most eminent merchants, with the hope that, by so doing, they would not only be contributing towards raising the standard of public amusements of their city, but would, at the same time, be creating an inducement for strangers to visit Boston, and by giving it an additional attraction, make their visits both pleasant and frequent. Our city was at that time, and still is, in want of a much higher class of public amusements than it has for many years possessed. There is not at present a *first class* theatre in our city. But such a want will not remain long unsupplied. Managers would not furnish what was wanted, and our own people at last, in self defence, commenced an undertaking which is now almost completed. The Boston Theatre, which is, with the single exception of the new opera house in New York, the largest and most convenient theatre in the world, will be finished in a few months, and will be opened

at the commencement of the next season, when an impetus will be given to the drama in our city, from which, we believe, it will not soon recover. Under the management of Mr. Barry, a gentleman of the greatest experience in theatrical matters, and who will be, at the same time, lessee and stage manager, the Boston Theatre will acquire a popularity heretofore unknown in our city. Mr. Barry will soon leave for England, and has, as we may say, a *carte blanche* to obtain the best talent that can be found. No doubt an excellent stock company can be obtained in our own country, but Mr. Barry wishes to avail himself of the time and opportunity to secure none but the best. The generous conditions of his agreement with the directors of the company, warrant him in securing the services of none but the most talented performers. We have understood that Mr. Barry will *not* adhere to the old fashioned *star system*, but will place his principal dependence upon his stock company.

Knowing that there exists a considerable desire in the community to learn some facts connected with the new theatre, we have taken pains to make inquiries concerning the present state of the structure and the probability of its early completion; and having learned something of the plans upon which it is constructed, now present the result for the information of our readers. The lot upon which the theatre has been built, fronts on the rear of the stores on Washington street, next north of the Melodeon; the rear of the estate is on Mason street. The directors of the company, in order to secure a proper lot for the erection of the theatre, were compelled to purchase a much larger piece of ground than could possibly be needed for their purposes. The remainder, embracing the entire lot upon which the Melodeon hall is situated will doubtless be disposed of at some future time, or may be leased on advantageous terms. The main entrance is at the southern corner on Washington street, at the narrow passage next north of the Melodeon. This passageway will soon be widened by the removal of a portion of the Melodeon building, not including, however, the favorite hall, when a passageway of about thirty feet in width will be presented, making one of the most excellent entrances that could be formed. This passageway will be built over, and will then resemble in general appearance the entrance to Niblo's Theatre in New York. This main entrance will conduct the spectator to the parquette and all the galleries, with the exception of the upper, to which there is a separate entrance at the northern corner on Washington street, where there is now a narrow passageway, which will also be covered. There are also two entrances to the parquette and lower galleries at each end of the Mason street side of the building. These two entrances are both firmly arched and will always afford a safe and sure mode of exit to an audience. Carriages can reach the building, either on Mason or Washington street, but the entrance on the former street will be found the most convenient in bad weather, for the doorways will there be protected by awnings, under which carriages may be driven, so that visitors can alight therefrom without soiling a garment or experiencing the slightest inconvenience from the weather.

The main entrance from Washington street will be by a gentle ascent, without steps of any kind, to the main door, where a most imposing sight will greet the spectator. The spacious entrance hall is on a level with the parquette, and will be handsomely decorated and finished. From this point a splendid carved oaken staircase, which will rival in magnificence the famous ones of olden times, will conduct to the upper rows. Space seemed to be no object with the designers of the building, for there is ample room for every object. The corridors are wide and extensive, and will be fitted with all conveniences. Beyond the entrance hall there is a corridor of about nine feet in width, extending entirely around the parquette, which is intended to serve, not as a place for promenading, to the annoyance of the audience, but for the convenience of those who may wish to pass in or out.

The general appearance of the theatre bears a

great resemblance, in respect to corridors, to the Music Hall. Those who may wish to witness a performance must enter the hall, to which twenty-four doors open from the corridors. This plan is opposed to that of the Howard and National, where great annoyance is sometimes felt from the continued noise in the lobbies. In this respect the new theatre bears considerable resemblance to the old Tremont, above the pit. The adoption of this plan we consider as one of the best features of the house. It certainly will contribute much to the comfort, convenience, and pleasure of the audience.

The theatre hall or auditorium, is in a circular form; its exact shape may be understood by our mentioning that the interior walls of the parquette enclose an entire circle, with a diameter of 90 feet, with a portion, six feet deep, cut off at the curtain. The audience will have a good view of the stage, and as regards this respect we do not think the shape of the hall could be improved. The parquette embraces the entire lower floor, including that portion which in the Howard is devoted to the *dress circle*, and is ninety feet wide, from side to side. The distance from the front of the stage to the back of the parquette, is sixty-six feet. The stage projects in front eighteen feet, making the entire distance from the curtain to the back of the parquette, eighty-four feet. The outer seats of the parquette, to the extent of twelve feet from the wall, will be arranged in a circular form, and will be raised about one foot above the remainder of the seats. Those seats in this circle directly opposite the stage, corresponding in position to the private boxes at the Howard, will be divided into boxes for the convenience of parties and families. Owing to the peculiar construction of the house these seats will be no more desirable than others in the parquette, and will therefore be considered a portion of the parquette, with the same charge for admittance. The remaining parquette seats will be arranged in the usual form, with an aisle on each side of the above mentioned boxes, and one at each side near the stage. There are six small proscenium or stage boxes, three on each side.

The first gallery above the parquette will form the *dress circle*, and is in the same relative position as the family circle at the Howard. This dress circle will extend about twelve feet from the wall, and will contain four rows of seats. In front of the dress circle, two feet below it, and around the entire theatre, there will be a *balcony*, two seats deep on a level, in no way interfering with the sight of those in the dress circle behind. This balcony is a new feature in our country, and has, we believe, never before been introduced here, although common in the French theatres, under the name of *stalle-de-balcon*. The second tier will be of the same width as the dress circle, and will have, probably, a balcony, one seat deep. The third or upper gallery will extend back and include the corridors, and will also extend opposite the stage some distance. This latter portion may be closed up if not needed, or may be used as occasion may require. The height of the auditorium, from the parquette to the ceiling, will be about fifty-three feet.

Seats.	
The parquette will contain.....	1233.
The dress circle will contain.....	516.
The dress circle balcony will contain.....	200.
The second tier will contain.....	516.
The second tier balcony will contain.....	100.
Making in all, not including the gallery.....	2565.
The gallery will contain.....	833.
Total number.....	3398.

If the seats should be placed as close together as in some of our places of amusement, many hundreds more could easily be accommodated; but the directors prefer accommodating a smaller number rather than cramming their house to general inconvenience, for the purpose of making a little more money.

Some five or six months since, the directors offered a premium of one hundred dollars for the best seat suited to their wants. The seat selected is the one that will, with some improvements,

be used in the theatre, and is the most convenient and comfortable chair that we have ever seen. The frame will be of iron, and the seat will be covered with enamelled cloth, well stuffed. Each arm will answer for two chairs, will be sufficiently wide to be used, and will also be well cushioned. The backs will be so arranged with springs that they can be used in any position desired, and the seat portion, being placed upon pivots and loaded at the back, will rise up itself as soon as a person may quit it, thus giving ample room to pass in front between the seats. A space of thirty-one inches long and nineteen wide, will be allowed each spectator, and the sitting portion of the seats will be eighteen inches wide, from arm to arm, and twenty inches deep, from back to front.

At the northern end, on Washington street, back of the parquette, and on a level with the corridor, is a large saloon, forty-four by sixteen feet, and also a ladies' dressing room, eighteen by sixteen feet; also, on the same floor, a gentlemen's room, thirteen by eight feet. These rooms will be fitted up in a most magnificent style. On the dress circle floor there is a grand promenade saloon, twenty-six by forty-six feet, and twenty-six feet high. This saloon will be one of the most magnificent drawing rooms in the country, and will be beautifully fitted and decorated. There are also on this floor ladies' and gentlemen's dressing rooms, of the same size as those below. The second tier floor contains the dressing rooms but not the saloon; the gallery has a large retiring room. All the floors are amply furnished with cloak rooms, water and water closets.

The building will be lighted with gas upon a new plan. The ceiling of the auditorium will be but a false ceiling, in the centre of which will be a capacious metal inverted basin, in which the burners will be placed. This plan has been found not only pleasing to the eyes, but is at the same time a portion of the ventilating system of Prof. Wyman, whose aid has been sought in the erection of this beautiful building. There will also be burners beneath the galleries; but to prevent the great heat usually arising therefrom, flues have been constructed from the burners, through which the heat will pass off, and thus obviate the great objection against lights of the kind. The foot-lights will be arranged in the same manner. The entire theatre will be heated by steam, the apparatus for generating which will be placed in a cellar separate from the main building.

The stage is forty-seven feet wide at the proscenium opening, and the curtain will be thirty-five feet high. The distance from the curtain to the last flat is about forty-nine feet. At the back of the flat there is an open space for perspective, of about seventeen feet in depth, making the whole distance from the curtain to the back of the stage sixty-six feet, and from the front of the stage to the back of the stage about eighty-four feet. Behind the curtain the stage is from one hundred and ten to one hundred and twenty feet wide. This stage is supposed to be the best in the world as regards its machinery, size and other excellencies. Particular attention has been paid to the mechanical department, and all the recent improvements of the French and English theatres have been here introduced. Mr. Jacob Johnson, late of the Museum, is the machinist, and under his direction these improvements have been made. Mr. Johnson has had thirty years experience in the mechanical department of the stage, and will render the stage of the new theatre a wonder to all intimate with theatrical matters. There are upon the stage seven rows of side scenes, or wings, as they are technically termed. There are also traps, blocks, wheels, and other machinery innumerable about the stage, of which none but one accustomed to such things can tell even the use. There is one large trap about fifteen by twenty feet. Water has been introduced upon the stage, in such a way that real water-falls, fountains and cascades can be represented at any time; and below the stage are two cellars, through which scenery can be passed, should occasion require. At the back of the stage is a door on Mason street, for the introduction of machinery, through which, if needed, a coach and horses

could be easily driven. Should "Cinderella" ever be produced here, we may expect to see *Pedro's* pumpkin change to a real carriage and live horses. Mr. Charles Lehr, probably the best scene painter in the country, and the painter of the drop at the Museum, has been engaged, and is hard at work upon the scenery. Trees, houses, castles, rocks, and shrubbery are all appearing at his magic command. Behind the stage are ample dressing rooms, for almost any number of performers, which will be furnished with all the necessary conveniences.

The auditorium will be decorated in a most gorgeous manner, with oriental magnificence; but as the arrangements for this department have not been completed, we shall take a further opportunity to refer to them.

The directors have taken every precaution to guard against fire. We have already referred to the fireproof arched passage ways in Mason street. The staircase leading to the gallery from Washington street will be built of brick and iron, and can never be destroyed by fire. The entire building will be furnished with iron shutters, and the main walls are fire proof, being built of the best brick, laid in mortar made of equal proportions of cement and lime, in two thicknesses, of one foot each, with a space of four inches between, for the circulation of air. The peculiar method of constructing this wall will render the theatre warm in winter and cool in summer. Co-tituate water has been introduced into the theatre, by means of pipes four inches in diameter, to which hose of the ordinary size used with fire engines will always be attached, ready for immediate use at eight different points behind the curtain, both on the stage and above the scenery. Hand hose will be placed at convenient points throughout the building. A thick iron wire curtain, upon the principle of the safety lamp, will always be ready to close the connection between the audience and the stage. Smoke may pass through the interstices of this curtain, but from its nature it will be impervious to flame. This curtain or screen will be in sight of the audience every evening, and will be raised a few moments before the commencement of the performances. In addition to these arrangements to guard against fire, watchmen will be on duty throughout the building, both day and night, and the most important parts of it will be furnished with factory watch clocks, which must be visited at stated intervals, or in case of a neglect of duty, the fact will be recorded by the peculiar working of the clock. The building has been constructed in such a manner, that it seems as if danger from fire would be almost impossible. Great attention has also been paid to strength and durability. The roof is strongly arched, with trusses of the most durable appearance, and the whole building has been erected in the most substantial and workmanlike manner, and is highly creditable to all concerned.

We understand that the price of admission has been fixed at fifty cents to the parquette and first tier or dress circle, and twenty-five cents to the remainder of the house.

It will yet be some time before the interior of the Boston Theatre can assume a cheerful aspect. Masons, carpenters, plasterers, plumbers, gas-fitters, and machinists are all hard at work, endeavoring to leave everything in readiness for opening early next fall. We shall endeavor to keep our readers constantly informed in regard to the progress of the work upon the structure; and meanwhile shall await patiently for the evening that will commence a new era in Boston theatricals.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

From my Diary. No. XLI.

NEW YORK, Feb. 21.—Now who is wrong? Here is an article by Rochlitz, published in his *Musikalische Zeitung* in 1815, upon popular songs, with a *Beilage* containing five examples. "The first," he says, "is Venetian. This in the highest degree simple song, executed very slowly and *legato*, was sung by the gondoliers in Venice on the morning of Assumption day; that is in those days when

they had not been taught that this sort of thing was good for nothing, and made ashamed of it. The effect of this song, especially when given by a numerous chorus in the open air, to a gentle heating of the time by the oars, was to touch the very bottom of the heart. Indeed it must have been irresistible to every one, save such as opposed its influence upon them by mockery or brutality."

The piece referred to is none other than the well known "Sicilian Mariners' Hymn," as it is called in our old books of forty years since. In the early editions of the Handel and Haydn Collection, it is called "Sicilian Hymn," and now-a-days we find it in books, as "Sicily." Now I do not recollect that the name of its supposed author stands over the tune in any of the old books, certainly not in those of Mr. Mason, which I have by me. But Zeuner, in the *Ancient Lyre*, says, "A Latin hymn by Mozart," and since then most of our singing books place Mozart's name over it.

Is Zeuner right or Rochlitz? Who knows?

Feb. 26.—I have been looking over my various catalogues of Beethoven's works, with reference to the question of a friend as to the authenticity of the multitude of Waltzes attributed to him. But, the idea of doubting their authenticity! True, very few of them are to be found even in that magnificent 'Thematic Catalogue' published in 1851, by Breitkopf and Härtel of Leipzig; but it only shows that the compiler of that catalogue—was not posted up! Now everybody—in this country—knows that Beethoven composed that exquisite little thing, the "Spirit Waltz," but it is not in this catalogue; nor those popular works, the *Tabitha*, the *Judy*, and the *Cabbage Waltzes*, so expressive of the yearnings of sentimental spirits. Who could have manufactured them, except Beethoven? If anybody else, would he have dared put that composer's name to them? Of course not. Therefore the authors of the catalogues are mistaken, and must have some American catalogues of music sent them before their next edition. Among the best known and most popular Waltzes which we have under the name of Beethoven, are the following:

No. 1. *Le Desir*.



No. 2. *La Douleur*.



No. 3. *L'Espoir*.



No. 4.



No. 5.



No. 6.



Of these Waltzes, No. 2 and No. 3 were published in the London 'Harmonicon' as Beethoven's, before the death of the composer, and all have been published again and again as being from his hand. No. 1 has also been published as being by Franz Schubert—yet Jullien gave it on his Beethoven nights as being the work of that composer. Now, in the 'Thematic Catalogue' they are given as being in a publication of Schott of Mayence, entitled "Sonvenir à L. v. Beethoven: Sechs Walzer und ein Trauermarsch"—the funeral march being that in the Sonata, op. 26, transposed to A minor. This *Souvenir* is contained in Part III of the catalogue, which is an "Anhang," [appendix] to the work, and the first division of which contains "*Tonstücke angeblich von Beethoven*," that is, "*Pieces attributed to Beethoven*." Now turning to the catalogue in the new edition of Beethoven's *Studien*, which is evidently made up from the Thematic, I find that these six waltzes are omitted altogether—proving that Pierson, the editor, gave them no credit as being the work of Beethoven.

Another appendix to the Thematic Catalogue, is a systematic list of the master's compositions, and in this these are not given. No wonder that they have passed as being Beethoven's, for they are exquisite. But we must give up that idea, as we have had to give the pleasing associations connected with that lovely thing called "Von Weber's last Waltz," which is now attributed to Reissiger. As to the dance music really composed by Beethoven, it consists of the following works, which however the author did not think worthy of being numbered among his *opera*.

1. 6 *landlerische Tänze*. Arranged for piano-forte by Czerny and published in the great collection of Waltzes which he edited. 2. 7 do. Arranged and published do. 3. 12 *Deutsche Tänze*, which were written for two violins and bass and originally performed in the Hall known as the *Klein Redoutensaal* at Vienna. Also in Czerny's collection. 4. 6 *Contretänze*. 5. Minuet in E♭. 6. 6 *Menuetten*. 7. 12 *Menuetten*.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MARCH 11, 1854.

NEW VOLUME. On the *Eighth of April* our Journal will enter upon its third year, and with new assurances of public favor and success. Of course new subscriptions will be now in order. The majority of our subscribers will please bear in mind that their present subscription expires with three more numbers. We trust they will all notify us, before the month is out, of their intention to *renew*, and that subscribers at a distance will see the reasonableness of our terms as advertised, viz: two dollars per annum in *advance*.

☞ We have enclosed bills to a large number of subscribers who have not yet paid for the year now closing, and beg that they will promptly remit by mail or otherwise.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS IN NEW YORK. Your attention is particularly requested to the above.

New York Philharmonic Society.

NEW YORK, March 6, 1854.

DEAR DWIGHT:—On Saturday evening the Philharmonic Society gave its third concert, of this its 12th season, according to the programme hereto appended. Gade's Symphony is unmistakably his. The same feeling which seems to run through all old modern Literature, whether Pict, Scot, or Scandinavian—in the Sagas of the Skalds and in the poems of Gaelic bards, tints and pervades that work as it does all the others of Gade which I have happened to hear. This was only

a second hearing and I can hardly venture to speak very decidedly upon it. On the whole, I was rather disappointed in it. The Scherzo is a very original and beautiful movement, and the close, dying away so delicately, is most finely conceived. The Andante, with all its rich coloring, wanted melody to my ear and proved rather heavy. We are destined, I think, to find Gade less of a composer than his first works led us to hope. He seems to have but one vein; each work, like each succeeding poem of Macpherson's "Ossian," is the same thing in sentiment. How differently the great symphonists wrought. Compare any two of Mozart's, or any two of Beethoven's, or even of Mendelssohn, and you have a new train of feeling, a new sentiment expressed. I fear Gade will prove a sort of Ik Marvel in music.

Mr. Schumann's two songs, especially the very injudicious selection from "St. Paul," fell dead on the audience. An Aria from "Paul" must come in its regular connection in the oratorio to be effective, and must moreover be sung with much dramatic force and in tune.

Spohr's Concertino is a very interesting piece of music, and with Burke's excellent playing gave high satisfaction. You will find in the programme a word or two about its design. The overture, by the same composer, to "Faust"—not Goethe's drama, but a poor opera of the same title—has never pleased me. It is much played abroad and considered classic, but to me it has always seemed to be little else than noise and confusion.

The Romance and Rondo from Chopin's Concerto are lovely in the highest degree. Nothing can surpass the *Chopin-ism* of the Romance, with its æolian delicacy, and the dreamy, delicious feeling which flows all through it. You should have heard Hoffman play it! Why it is that we hear so little of that artist I cannot imagine. Is he not one of the *great* performers? In answer to the continued applause which followed the Concerto, he treated the audience to some great finger-work—pity we could not have had part of the romance again.

Beethoven's first Symphony, with its Mozartish and Haydnish effects, was very well played, and being easy of comprehension was listened to with marked attention to the end of the third movement, when a large portion of the audience left. Most of the remainder stayed through. As to the audience, upon the whole it was quite attentive—for New York. I say "for New York," because usually the number is very limited, who can go home from one of these concerts and say with truth: "This evening I have listened to the music; this evening has not been spent in indifferent (yes, *very* indifferent) conversation with my neighbors; this evening I have not been guilty of utterly destroying the pleasure of some poor fellow to whom a Philharmonic concert is a costly and ill afforded gratification; this evening *I* for once have not made the judicious weep by exposing my ignorance of music, my want of musical taste, and my utter destitution of good manners." From brainless fops and dandies we expect nothing and hope nothing. But there is a set of young women, who attend all the rehearsals and concerts, whose conduct is utterly beyond excuse. In selecting a seat avoid them as you would a pestilence. They, and a set of free ticket ninny-hammers, are always there—to meet each other probably—for what pretensions they have to be considered lovers of music, when never by any accident do they listen

to any, is past finding out. I missed some of these too well known faces Saturday evening, and have some hopes that my prayers are answered, and they were kept at home by sickness or were lost in the profound depths of the streets. If the audience is gradually becoming musical, Heaven be praised!

The Philharmonic appears to be unusually flourishing. Well, it has certainly been a patient waiter for success! Whether it might not have achieved it sooner by adopting a scale of prices of admission which would have called out many who do not now feel able to attend, especially as the music performed is of a character which requires considerable cultivation of taste for its enjoyment, is a matter for those concerned to decide. People who know nothing of orchestral music can hardly be expected to pay a high price to hear it. However, the number of auditors is very fair this winter. Those who really have a taste for great music, attend these concerts, or go without.

You will have noticed the premonitory symptoms of a musical revolution—a declaration of independence is expected soon—America is on the point of throwing off allegiance to Germany. In vocal music the victory is already achieved. Three negro minstrel bands draw nightly crowds of devotees to their temples, while a German four-part *Lied*, or an old English Glee, is unknown. And now the strong fortress of Symphony is to be attacked. Exactly how the war is to be carried on, since of the sixty-three names on the Philharmonic list, all but some seven or eight read with a German sound, I do not see. If the Society originated in the desire of the German resident musicians to keep up their knowledge of and taste for the music of their native land, and in the wish of Americans to know the music of which they had heard and read so much—and this I take to have been its origin, and this principle to have been followed thus far in its management—a discontented one or two will probably find up-hill work in arraying their forces and attacking the citadel. The fifty odd Germans will be very likely to stick to Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Mendelssohn and so on, and that with right. So far from the Society's not giving novelties enough, it ought to make it a standing rule, as many such societies abroad do, that of the two symphonies at each concert, one *shall* be either Mozart, Haydn or Beethoven. Again, as the present audience of the Philharmonic—in so far as it cares for music at all—has been indebted for its musical culture to that society, and its taste formed upon its models, it is difficult to see how their strength is to be turned into the ranks of the attacking party. As the matter now stands, the whole force of the brass and wood instruments, together with those of percussion, and a great majority of the strings are arrayed on one side, while as yet the other party has but a fiddle or two—a slender chance for the latter, truly! Imagine the conflict; the Teutonic army drawn up in martial array, furnished with ammunition by Captain Mozart, and on the other side one or two violins, perhaps reinforced by some of our *American* instruments. *Nun geht's los!* With an awful shock the quadruple fugue in Mozart's C major Symphony meets in mid air a strain from—from—but we will not specify.

No, no, this will never do. We must wait until an orchestra is formed of American, native,

free and enlightened citizens, who shall play nothing that comes across the water. And lest our French and Italian friends should be aggrieved, they shall also have their societies for the performance of *French* and *Italian* symphonies; and that all may have fair play, the lovers of music will combine to assist those eminent performers—now, alas, selling tobacco and cigars, or distributing advertisements in the streets—who came hither not long since from China, in starting again in the national music business. I shall go strong for the latter—blessed be their long queues!—and besides, they if anybody are the victims of the Philharmonic; not a piece of theirs has that exclusive society seen fit to rehearse—much less produce in public! Chan Yong, who has the cigar stand at the Park gate, vows he will compose a piece in two evenings, which he will challenge the Philharmonic to produce, “sandwiched” as they please. So they say,—rather doubtful though.—Chan Yong is a good fellow, and those who deal with him like him, and hardly will believe that he will do it.

Seriously, the society in question I understand to be formed upon the basis of the great orchestral societies abroad, and like them its performances are to be of music by composers of high and acknowledged standing. We need, and it is devoutly to be hoped that some time we may have, a society where popular music and the compositions of new men, may receive a calm and unbiassed hearing. In a city like this it argues a low state of musical taste, if an orchestra of some thirty or forty members could not exist by a series of weekly afternoon concerts. PEGAN.

PROGRAMME, (referred to above.)

PART I.

Symphony No. 4, in B flat, op. 20, (first time),Niels W. Gade.
1. Andantino, Allegro vivace e grazioso.—2. Andante con moto.
—3. Scherzo, Allegro ma non troppo.—4. Finale, Allegro molto vivace.

Song of the Czar, from the Opera, ‘Peter the Great,’ Lortzinger.
Mr. JULIUS SCHUMANN.

Concertino No. 3, in A, op. 110, (first time), ‘Past and Present,’ for Violin,L. Spohr.
Mr. JOSEPH BURKE.

The author would seem to have endeavored in this composition to show, to a limited extent, the peculiar characteristics of a certain style of music which was much in vogue in Germany some fifty years ago, as distinguished from that kind of music which superseded this style at a later period. He has sought to render the former by adopting as his theme the movement of an old-fashioned slow “Minuetto,” while he represents the latter by a fresh and lively melody in 2-4 time. Both the themes are introduced several times alternately, and interwoven in that ingenious manner for which the composer, as a master spirit of the art of modulation, is so justly celebrated.

PART II.

Overture to ‘Faust,’ in C, (first time),Louis Spohr.
Romance and Rondo Vivace, from the Concerto in E,
op. 11, for Piano, (first time),F. Chopin.
Mr. RICHARD HOFFMAN.

Aria from Oratorio of ‘St. Paul,’F. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.
Mr. JULIUS SCHUMANN.

Symphony No. 1, in C, op. 21, (first time),L. van Beethoven.
1. Adagio molto, Allegro con brio.—2. Andante con moto.—
3. Scherzo, Allegro molto vivace.—4. Finale, Allegro molto e vivace.

Acknowledgements.

1. Mr. F. F. MUELLER writes us an epistle (which might amuse the curious reader, were we authorized to print it), touching certain strictures in our last upon the piano accompaniment to Schubert's song: “Thou art the rest,” as sung at the Mendelssohn Quintette Concert by Mrs. Wentworth, and regretting that we did not name himself as the accompanist. Naturally he does this out of pure concern for the good name of Mr. Hause, the only pianist mentioned in the programme, but who did not play the accompaniment in question. We owe Mr. Hause an apology for even seeming to refer to him, and we hereby cheerfully make it. And as to Mr. Müller, we shall most cheerfully stand corrected if

we have done him wrong. But in what we said of that performance we had no thought of him or any person; we but compared (too hurriedly and briefly perhaps) the rendering of a favorite song with our own notion of it; thinking it more profitable to judge facts and things, than persons. His rendering of the accompaniment was at variance with what we believed the true conception of it; we did not blame him for it, nor intimate that it was at all impossible for one generally a good musician to mistake the character of a given work in a given instance. We felt it would be unfair to name him, because he was not named in the programme, and very probably (as it occurred to us) was kindly volunteering his aid to others at perhaps a moment's notice; and because we never wish to bring any person into questionable prominence, if we can righteously avoid it. Can we not dissent from a professor's reading of a piece of music, without wrong to him!

2. Mr. GEORGE F. BRISTOW, an American composer of symphonies, overtures, &c., and a director of the New York Philharmonic Society, addresses a letter to Willis's *Musical World* anent the Fry controversy, bitterly endorsing his (Fry's) statement of grievances experienced by American musical Art,—particularly at the hands of said Philharmonic Society, which Mr. Bristow proposes hereafter to convict of a “systematized effort for the extinction of American music.” At the end of his letter, Mr. Bristow “respectfully requests Mr. Dwight to copy this and let America have one word to say in his paper where Germany has had ten thousand.”

We must set some limit to the entertainment of this, as of all other controversies and of all other topics, in these columns, and therefore respectfully decline to copy the letter entire, feeling justified in the fact that, spirited as it is, it adds little besides rhetoric and feeling to the statements of Mr. Fry. Yet, to show the gist and style of it, we extract some of the pithiest sentences, including one for our own benefit.

As it is possible to miss a needle in a hay-stack, I am not surprised that Mr. Fry has missed the fact, that during the eleven years the Philharmonic Society has been in operation in this city, it played once, either by mistake or accident, one single American composition, an overture of mine. As one exception makes a rule stronger, so this single stray fact shows that the Philharmonic Society has been an anti-American as if it had been located in London during the revolutionary war, and composed of native born English Tories. Your anonymous correspondent who is not worthy of notice except that you endorse him, says that a symphony of mine, also, was rehearsed, and not played in public. So Uncle Toby says—“Our army swore terribly at Flanders”—but that army did not fight. It appears the Society's eleven years of promoting American Art, have embraced one whole performance of one whole American overture, one whole rehearsal of one whole American symphony, and the performance of an overture by an Englishman stopping here—Mr. Loder—(whom your beautiful correspondent would infer is an American) who, happening to be conductor of the Philharmonic here, had the influence to have it played. Now, in the name of the nine Muses, what is the Philharmonic Society—or Harmony-lovers' Society—in this country? Is it to play exclusively the works of German masters, especially if they be dead, in order that our critics may translate their ready-made praises from German? Or, is it to stimulate original Art on the spot? Is there a Philharmonic Society in Germany for the encouragement solely of American music?

It is very bad taste, to say the least, for men to bite the hands that feed them. If all their artistic affections are unalterably German, let them pack back to Germany and enjoy the police and bayonets and aristocratic kicks and cuffs of that land, where an artist is a serf to a nobleman, as the history of all their great composers shows. America has made the political revolution which illumines the world, while Germany is still besodden with a pall of feudal darkness. While America has been thus far able to do the chief things for the dignity of man, forsooth she must be denied the brains for original Art, and

must stand like a beggar, deferentially cap in hand, when she comes to compete with the ability of any dirty German village. Mr. Fry has taken the right ground. Against fearful odds, he has, as a classical composer, through you and your journal challenged all Germany to meet him before the audiences of the Philharmonic and Mr. Jullien; and the challenged has not been accepted.

Mr. Dwight, too, the editor of *Dwight's Journal of Music*, published in Boston, has found my “forms” in symphonic writing “odd.”—I beg to tell him they are not quite so odd as his critical forms when he gave an opinion on my music, as he now acknowledges “hastily,” and without having heard a note of it.

Excuse us, Mr. Bristow; we gave no opinion of your music. After reading our disclaimer of any intention of charging you with “odd designs,” why will you still find fault with us, instead of Mr. Fry, for coupling you together. Complaint was made that American composers (specifying the names of Fry and Bristow) had not received fair recognition. We simply said that Mr. Fry, and Mr. Bristow, and Mr. any body else, even the oddest claimant of originality, “are sure to be accepted just so soon as the world shall see that they have done what they themselves suppose they have.” A safe enough general assertion, one would think!

3. We have received a long and interesting communication from Mr. FRY, chiefly in answer to the historical statements of our “Diarist,” and also touching the true grounds and method of comparison between his symphonies and those of Beethoven, for which we hope to find room next week.

Otto Dresel's Fourth and Last Soiree.

We must not omit to chronicle the richest of these truly and thoroughly artistic occasions, which took place on Thursday evening, 2nd instant, too late for notice in our last. The audience was as large as usual, in spite of diversions especially affecting many of Mr. Dresel's subscribers; and the beautiful saloon received new interest from the presence of a noble and speaking bust (by our townsman, Thomas Ball) of one still felt as the presiding genius of the place, though bodily removed from us; in its placid and benignant smile we read, as of old, his sympathetic, genuine enjoyment of such music. Mr. Dresel gave us a heaped and overflowing measure of good things.

1. His own Trio, for piano, violin and violoncello, so much liked last year, was even more successful, because more appreciated, this time. It is a work that wears well; full of imagination, full of delicate touches, full of fire. Both in the ideas, which are individual and interesting, and in the working up, which is skilful, complex and yet clear, preserving the most satisfying unity amid great wealth of contrast to the end, it rewards attention and excites the desire for a more intimate acquaintance, scarcely less than the immortal compositions in this form (not very numerous, it is true) by the grander masters.—Strange to say, however, it suffered somewhat in the energetic and impassioned first movement from the nervousness of the composer pianist himself, who struck the chords out,—or rather in,—with that excess of force that chokes the tone it would set freely and boldly vibrating. But soon the instrument grew more genially responsive to a more confiding touch, and not again throughout the evening was the enjoyment marred by that or any cause. It is peculiarly the finest nature who are thus sometimes weaker than themselves, weakest in that which they possess most perfectly. Messrs. SCHULTZE and BERGMANN did unexceptionably their parts, true artists as they are; and the composition has passages that rather fondly favor the genius of the violoncello, as one finds also in the works of Mendelssohn.

2. Piano Solos by Mr. Dresel First, a brilliant

and unique *Etude*, by Ferdinand Hiller, one of the most genial and in many forms productive composers of the day, too little known among us. Then an *Etude*, called *Kindermärchen* (children's story), by Moscheles, which we confess we have forgotten. And finally a march,—enthusiastic, earnest, sad, Hungarian enough,—from the *Divertissement Hongrois* of Schubert, a piece originally for four hands. All three together formed a pleasant, dainty *divertissement*, fit to lead from such a Trio to

3. The master Trio of all Trios, the magnificent one by Beethoven, in B flat. This was admirably played by the three artists, and we know of no work that is more sure to inspire its interpreters, if at all equal to the task in soul and fingers. It took the deepest, firmest hold upon the audience, from the first measures of the bold and buoyant Allegro, which, beginning as it were with a careless, glorious sense of power, grows ever more and more elated and in earnest in its play. The Scherzo, led off by the violoncello, whirls your thoughts away with the momentary of one of those wayward, unique, exquisite, freakish fancies, such as inspire only a Beethoven;—in the episodic part, or *trio*, opening darker depths which make you shudder, as you irresistibly bend forward over the very verge to look in. The Adagio, with its large, swelling, harmonies, comes as near to the sublime as any music can do on no larger scale; the soul is filled, expanded, strengthened, solemnized, when it becomes the receiver of such music. Such a trio, and so rendered, would ensure the success of any Chamber Concert, were it to occur every week, we might say almost every evening, in the concert season.

4. Another bouquet of most delicately aromatic flowers of piano-forte music. A song without words, by Mendelssohn, played as only Mr. Dresel plays them, who makes the composer's thought so sing itself to us that we forget all mechanism. Then a Notturmo (in B), and an *Etude* (in E flat) by Chopin; and then, best of all, the heavenly Adagio from Chopin's second Concerto, which, as then rendered, seemed to us a miracle of tender, delicate and soul-fraught expression.

5. A string Quartet, by Messrs. SCHULTZE, SENTZ, MEISEL and BERGMANN, who gave us a neat rendering of a characteristic Andante with variations from a posthumous Quartet by Schubert.

6. Finally the great Quintet (piano, violin, &c.) of Robert Schumann, which has continually improved upon acquaintance, ever since it was first produced with the Mendelssohn Club by our friend SCHARFENBERG.

No concerts in our city have given such unalloyed satisfaction to those who have been fortunate enough to hear them, as these of Mr. Dresel. His success has exceeded that of last year; and there can be no doubt of a permanent and growing audience for his music every winter, if he should remain with us. For the present we may say, it is the unanimous and earnest wish, amounting to an expectation, that he will give an extra concert as soon as arrangements can be made.

CROWDED OUT. We have unwittingly left ourselves no room for a multitude of matters which entered into the plan of this day's paper; and must even postpone till next week any notice of the last Germania Concert,—decidedly the best orchestral concert of the season. Their to-night's "light" programme includes not a few good things. The "MÄNNERCHOR," as well as Miss LEHMANN, will add great attraction.

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.—The lovers of classical chamber music surely do not need to be reminded of the extra concert, to be given at the Messrs. Chickering's rooms next Tuesday evening. See advertisement for a splendid programme.

Advertisements.

EXTRA CONCERT.

The Mendelssohn Quintette Club

Respectfully inform the Musical Public that they will give
AN EXTRA CONCERT

At Messrs. Chickering's Rooms, Masonic Temple,
On Tuesday Evening, March 14th,

ASSISTED BY

Mrs. EMMA A. WENTWORTH, and
CARL HAUSE, Pianist.

A Piano Quintette by F. Ries, a Concerto by Hummel, Beethoven's Septett, and a Quartette by Mendelssohn will be presented.

Tickets, 50 cents each, may be had at the usual places.
Doors open at 7. Concert to commence at 7½ precisely.
No subscription or old complimentary tickets good for this concert.

BOSTON MUSIC HALL.

The Germania Musical Society,

WILL GIVE THEIR

Fourteenth Grand Subscription Concert

On Saturday Evening, March 11th,

ASSISTED BY

Mlle. CAROLINE LEHMANN,
Mr. ROBERT HELLER, Pianist,

AND BY THE

GERMAN MÄNNERCHOR,

The latter under the direction of Mr. A. KREISSMANN.

PROGRAMME.

Part I.

1. Overture to "Le Bal Masqué,".....Auber.
2. Waltz: "Hoffnungsstrahlen," (Rays of Hope),...Wittmann.
3. Scherzo, from Symphony No. 3,.....Mendelssohn.
4. Aria, from Norma: "Casta Diva,".....Bellini.
Sung by Mlle. CAROLINE LEHMANN.
5. Terzetto and Finale from "Lucresia,".....Donizetti.
6. Gebet vor der Schlacht, (Prayer before the Battle),...Weber.
Sung by the Männerchor.

Part II.

7. Grand Overture to "Struensee,".....Meyerbeer.
8. Annen Polka, (by request),.....Strauss.
9. Reiter's Morgenlied,.....N. W. Gade.
Sung by the Männerchor.
10. Andante Capriccioso, for the Piano,.....Mendelssohn.
Performed by ROBERT HELLER.
11. Romanza from "Don Sebastian,".....Donizetti.
12. Swiss Song,.....Eckert.
Sung by Mlle. CAROLINE LEHMANN.
13. Overture to "Lestocque,".....Herold.

Doors open at 6½. Concert to commence at 7½.
Single tickets, 50 cents. For sale at the Music Stores, Hotels, and at the Door on the evening of the Concert.

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Conductor,.....Mr. CARL BERGMANN.
Organist,.....Mr. F. F. MÜLLER.

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Violin.....CARL GARTNER.
Piano.....Mme. APTOMMAS and Mr. R. HELLER.
Harp.....Mr. APTOMMAS.
Conductor.....Mr. ROBERT HELLER.

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NO. 24.

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Handel's "Acis and Galatea."

The following account of this work, and of a concert of the Harmonic Union, (Feb. 13), at which it was performed, is from a London paper:

Of all the secular works of Handel the most beautiful is *Acis and Galatea*. The story was twice used by him as a vehicle for music—at Naples, where, in 1710, by desire of a certain Spanish Princess, he composed a pastoral under the title of *Acis, Galatea e Polifemo* (or, according to the copy existing in the Queen's Library, *Galatea, Acigi e Polifemo*), and in London, where, nine years later, he wrote the masque of *Acis and Galatea*, to words attributed to Gay and others, for his friend and patron, the Duke of

Chandos, at whose place of Cannons it was first performed in 1724. There is no resemblance between the Italian version and the English; and, while the former is forgotten, the latter is almost as familiar to musicians, and in its particular way as highly esteemed, as the *Messiah* itself. *Acis and Galatea* is the most exquisite of musical pastorals. The subject was eminently favorable; and, though the off-hand manner in which the shepherdess, Galatea, allows herself to be consoled for the death of her devoted Acis—whom the giant, Polyphemus, in a fit of jealousy, kills with a rock—somewhat weakens our sympathy for the fate of the ill-starred lovers, the music of Handel would cause even greater discrepancies to be overlooked. The love songs of Acis, "Where shall I seek my charming Fair?" and "Love in her Eyes sits playing," are unsurpassed by Mozart himself, and unequalled by any one else. The uncontrollable passion of Polyphemus is described with a not less masterly hand, and "O ruddier than the Cherry" has yet to find a rival as a "monster" love song. Galatea is painted more delicately. Her love, like that of the heroines of the Spanish and Italian pastorals, is half real and half coquetry; and this mixed feeling is most charmingly developed in the air, "As when the Dove laments her Love." The choruses "Oh! the Pleasures of the Plains," and "Happy, happy, happy we," are redolent of pastoral life; while "Wretched Lovers" (where the shepherds bewail the approaching fate of Acis and Galatea), in which occurs the celebrated passage, descriptive of the giant Polyphemus, who is about to wreak his vengeance on one of them—

"See what ample strides he takes,
The mountain nods, the forest shakes"—

is among the most strikingly dramatic and powerful of all the choruses of Handel.

Acis and Galatea has been frequently performed in London and in other parts of England. At Drury-lane Theatre, under the management of Mr. Macready, it was produced, with great success, as a dramatic piece, the effect of which was materially aided by the beautiful scenery of Mr. Stanfield. On that occasion, additional orchestral accompaniments (and, in some cases, additional music) were provided by the late Mr. T. Cooke. Handel wrote the music for a very small orchestra—how small may be guessed from the facts that the overture is scored for first and second violins, two oboes and basses—and that, except in the chorus, "Wretched Lovers," there is no viola part in the orchestra, and no *alto* part in the voices. Although it was known that Mozart had written additional accompaniments to *Acis and Galatea*, as well as to *Alexander's Feast* and the *Messiah*, no advantage had ever previously been taken of them in this country. Had Mr. Macready been aware of it, he would doubtless have spared Mr. T. Cooke his pains. Mozart's additional accompaniments were used on Monday night for the first time, at the suggestion of Mr. Benedict, who managed to obtain one of the very few copies in existence; and it was

this which gave a more than ordinary interest to the performance. What Mozart has done may be stated in a very few words. He has added a viola part, and, by judicious employment of the wood and brass instruments, has supplied what Handel (as he did with his oratorios) used to supply himself, on the organ or harpsichord. That no effect produced by an organ or harpsichord, in however skilful hands, could equal what Mozart has obtained by filling up the score, may well be imagined; and it is reasonable to hope that Handel's *Acis and Galatea*, like his *Messiah* and *Alexander's Feast*, will be henceforth inseparable from Mozart's additional accompaniments. As in the *Messiah*, it must be admitted that in some instances Mozart—doubtless carried away by a love for the task in which he was engaged—has gone beyond bounds, and (especially in his use of clarinets and bassoons) made Handel appear more like Mozart than like himself—an oversight which nothing but the exceeding beauty of what has been added could have excused.

The performance on Monday night was on the whole highly creditable to the Harmonic Union, and to Mr. Benedict, its able and accomplished conductor. The choruses, as far as "Wretched Lovers," were extremely well executed: and it was only in the somewhat difficult one, in F minor, "Mourn, all ye Muses," that the intonation of the singers began to be uncertain, and their precision equivocal. The two last—"Cease, Galatea," and "Galatea, dry thy Tears"—were open to the same objections. As far as the *tempi* were concerned, we thought the first two last choruses of the first part—"Oh! the Pleasures of the Plains," and "Happy, happy, happy we"—were too slow. The vocal solo parts were filled with great efficiency. Miss Stabbach and Miss Thirlwall shared the part of Galatea between them, and both young ladies accomplished their duties in a praiseworthy manner. Miss Stabbach was especially successful in the lovely air, "As when the Dove." It was, nevertheless, a mistake to divide the music of the principal *soprano* character, which should always be allotted to one singer. The part of Damon, though written for a tenor, was, in Handel's time, sung as treble, by a boy. It was entrusted on Monday night to Mr. Suchet Champion, who had evidently made himself well acquainted with the music. The two principal male parts, Acis and Polyphemus, were supported by Signor Belletti and Mr. Sims Reeves. Signor Belletti's success was unequivocal. He sang the recitatives exceedingly well, and the second song of the giant—"Cease to Beauty to be suing," one of the most magnificent of Handel's airs—allowing for his foreign accent, to perfection. But it was not to these that he owed his triumph. The famous song of Polyphemus, "O ruddier than the Cherry," was the signal for one of those uproarious demonstrations which are a sure sign that the feelings of a whole crowd have been aroused. We never heard a more unanimous *encore*. And yet—while, as far as mere vocalisation was concerned, Signor Bel-

letti was beyond reproach, and while, at the same time, he infused a remarkable degree of spirit into the air—in regard to musical declamation and the absolute intentions of Handel, this was the least meritorious of Signor Belletti's efforts. Constrained, no doubt, by the difficulty of the language, he sang the whole *staccato*, which in a great degree robbed the music of its character and the words of their signification. This clever and deservedly popular singer must not be induced, by the applause of the multitude, to relax in his endeavors at acquiring a thorough command of the new style of music in which he has already made such marked progress. Much as he has done, he has a great deal more to achieve. The most unexceptionable, and the most thoroughly "Handelian" singing of the evening was that of Mr. Sims Reeves, who gave the varied and beautiful music of *Acis* as, probably, it has never been given till now, in England or elsewhere. The two languishing apostrophes of the love-sick shepherd, "Where shall I seek?" and "Love in her Eyes," were delivered with a truthful and passionate expression, which realized all that could have been imagined by the composer. These, however, not belonging to the "*ad captandum*" style, were less warmly appreciated than the more stirring and boisterous "Love sounds the Alarm," where *Acis*, in despair, sets his rival, Polyphemus, at defiance. This well known air, declaimed by Mr. Sims Reeves with a power and energy that could hardly be surpassed, brought down an *encore* of the same tumultuous character as that accorded to Signor Belletti, in "O ruddier than the Cherry." The performance of *Acis and Galatea* was altogether most gratifying; and Mr. Benedict, the conductor, was not less entitled to praise for his exertions than any who were concerned in its success. With Mozart's additional accompaniments, it will now inevitably become a stock piece.

After Handel's "Masque," Mr. W. Rea, organist to the Harmonic Union, played Mr. Sterndale Bennett's beautiful *Caprice* in E major, for piano-forte and orchestra, with great and well-merited applause. Mr. Rea is a pianist of more than ordinary talent, and his performance of this very elaborate and difficult composition was equally remarkable for good taste and fluent execution. The second part begun with a new MS. symphony in G minor, by Mr. C. E. Stephens, which, though not distinguished by a profusion of original ideas, is the work of a thoughtful and well-intending musician, who aims at emulating the best models. The symphony was given with unfailing spirit and precision by the orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Benedict. The best movement is the *finale*, a kind of *tarantella*. In the minuet there are two trios—just one too many. The concert terminated, at an unusually late hour, with the overture and music to the *Ruins of Athens*, by Beethoven, in which Miss Stabbach and Signor Belletti sang the principal vocal parts. The Hall was very full, and, in consequence of its great success, *Acis and Galatea* is to be repeated forthwith, in conjunction with Mendelssohn's *Walpurgis Night*.

Letter from W. H. Fry.

NEW YORK TRIBUNE OFFICE, March 6, 1854.

DEAR SIR: Towards the conclusion of my second communication to R. S. Willis Esq., republished in your journal of the 25th ultimo, there are a few words of a merely allusive character as to the career of certain composers, which do not form properly of themselves sufficient matter for comment. But as you give in two editorials, one of which is copied into the *Musical World*, your sanction to a correspondent's strictures on these trifles, and make it the occasion to reflect on my general accuracy, I feel impelled, against my will, to notice the matter, and show that I was right.

Without going in detail into the lives of those composers which have been so often given, the

following positions and facts may be set forth:—When a composer is duly appreciated in his own country he does not expatriate himself or reside permanently abroad: by this I mean, when he receives "pudding as well as praise." Handel chanced to be patronized by the King of Hanover, owing to the accident of his Majesty's musical tastes: notwithstanding this, whenever he could get off on leave, he went to England, making protracted visits. The king going there as sovereign, enabled him to expatriate himself to advantage, as he considered "the king's name a tower of strength." Whether many millions of Germans could afford to lose such a composer, is a question I need not treat, nor will I mention the furious cabal against him in England, or the empty benches at his oratorios.

Haydn was a good easy sort of man, satisfied to be a domestic of Prince Esterhazy. "He was," says his biographer, M. Fétis, "treated as a servant, and behaved himself with due humility." Whether as a servant he ate with the scullions we are not informed, though the fact that the excellent archbishop who hired Mozart for his amusement, insisted on that artistico-culinary arrangement from the author of *Don Giovanni*, would lead us to an affirmative opinion. We know what a filthy commodity genius is in the Fatherland, alongside of thirty-two quarterings duly recorded in the cathedral chapter and blessed by the Holy Trinity. Before going to London, says his biographer,—"Haydn, after thirty years of labor," or "fifty-four thousand hours of work" (for he was "singularly methodical in appropriating five hours every day to composition, beginning at six o'clock in the morning") he had laid by the sum of "five thousand francs," \$1000. He was then fifty-nine, and a beggar—as this would produce, at German rates of interest, 62½ cents a week. The man who hired him having died, we find him obliged to seek a livelihood in a foreign land, where he was appreciated and rewarded. His biographer says, speaking of his return to Vienna at the age of 62, when doubtless the well filled purse which he had obtained in England had its mellowing influences: "The éclat of Haydn's success in England, much more perhaps than the beauty of the twelve great symphonies, augmented vastly his renown in Germany. Many times he himself declared that it was only since then that his person and his works excited interest in Vienna, and the envy of the musicians of that capital seemed to cease." Of course these musicians belonged to "the appreciative few" who require foreign endorsement for "native talent."

Mozart, in the plenitude of his genius, expatriated himself to Paris; but Gluck there had the field; and it is a rule with a certain class of minds that young men cannot do things as well as old ones, and that genius in a composer does not lie in the mute eloquence of the manuscript score, but in being bruited through opera companies or orchestral societies. Mozart, accordingly, finding "brutes," as he expresses himself of the company he found himself in, turned his hand to any thing that offered, and, like men of genius, being versatile, tuned pianos. Of this fact there can be no doubt. I had it from a venerable ex-professor of the *Conservatoire*, who knows all about it. If it does not appear in print, it is simply another proof that the worst straits of men of genius are not known, until they are sometimes discovered by the body of an Otway, dead from starvation; or that of the best song-writer in Europe, Schubert,—as some say, though I do not vouch for the fact, that he died of starvation. Mozart, however, returned to Germany, and his arrest for a debt of some five dollars shows the great appreciation in which he was held. "The appreciative few"—a cabal

against his genius—induced the Austrian government to take away from his widow and children the beggarly (beggarly even for Germany) pension it first accorded to them, on the death of that great man,—but this is of "no consequence."

In regard to Beethoven I was likewise beyond correction. That composer worked hard for thirty years; and at his death, after the cup of his glory had overflowed, his name resounding through Christendom, he left in all a beggarly sum of "two or three thousand dollars," having lived, as any one acquainted with his career knows, a penurious life, fitted to his poverty and his servile position as composer in Vienna. "Two or three thousand dollars"—which a first tenor in France or England sometimes spends in two or three months. The Philharmonic Society of London, upon the first trial, threw aside at rehearsal one of his best symphonies as the work of a man who had "lost his wits;" and this composition lay despised as waste paper on their shelves for years. As it was the C minor, which not even the deluge of critical speculation—owing to its transparency—has been able to obscure, we may infer that the judgments of Philharmonic Societies are capable of occasional revision. Had they played this symphony,—which is so plain any promising boy should understand it—instead of rejecting it, perhaps Beethoven, likewise, could have expatriated himself to England. Saul, however, became one of the prophets, and before Beethoven died, the London Philharmonic began to understand that a true composer is necessarily individualized, although the "appreciative few" of their body at first denied the fact. Beethoven—his *status* having been judicially decided in the Vienna courts of justice to be that of plebeian—*Anglicé*, snob and flunkey rolled into one—and living in one of those apartments that you vouch for overlooking sights in the same way an immigrant hole overlooks the Battery and the finest Bay in the world,—sent to the London Philharmonic Society a symphony, beseeching them to give him a little return of some few hundred dollars. Pitying "the sorrows of a poor old man" they did so. When this fact came out at his death, the Viennese were ashamed of it, and the trumpety sum he left behind him was paraded as an evidence of his not being in want. Beethoven knew better: he saw age approaching, and wished for a little independence when he could no longer have inspirations to gain him daily bread; and that was the means he sought to secure something. If after he had toiled thirty years and was at the head of his craft, he had sought retirement, the interest of his capital in three per cent consols would have been about \$1.50 a week. I give these particulars merely to show you how accurate I am in what I say of all even the most trivial matters. We think even in America that a man who has worked for thirty years ably and successfully, is entitled to some such little comforts as a house of his own, a carriage and so forth. But, perhaps, the particular splendor of Beethoven's apartments and the manner in which his genius was substantially cherished by his countrymen may be better described in the words of Madame Sontag, who paid him a visit when his fame was at its acme. I give the words of that lady as she gave them to me, in a general conversation I had with her: "Beethoven lived miserably. In a sort of cupboard was a sort of pie, which was the style of his dinner. He rang a bell: I observed that the bell-rope was a clothes line, which quite matched the other details of the room. * * * Such is the fate of genius." Now pardon me for saying it, as you never visited Beethoven and Madame Sontag did, I must take her testimony. If New England were to treat her

most eminent son as did Vienna Beethoven, we should say the depths of rhetoric could not sound her baseness.

My statements about the "Italians" were equally correct. So far as the "appreciative few" controlling the press in France, but especially in England, could crush every composer—without exception—they did it. I refer you to the "Musical Dictionary" of Mr. Hogarth, the noted critic also of the *London Morning Chronicle*, for the spirit of the press in the concrete, of the slashing order. If any Italian composer, Meyerbeer included, who has come before the public for fifteen years or more, has not been extinguished, it was not for the want of the efforts of the *London Times*, *Chronicle*, *Post*, *Herald*, *Examiner*, *Atlas*, *Athenæum*, &c. &c. &c., to kill him at the outset. I was, being an editor, a subscriber to and reader of all these journals, and I speak by the card. I wonder there is any music at all when I reflect that a composer's works are in MSS. as dead as Psammethicus unless performed; and that is not done unless he is able to propitiate variously from one to five hundred persons; conductors, managers, singers, players, &c., generally giving an opinion, though not one of them can read his score any more than if it were the sarcophagus of the above named monarch. I do not hesitate to say that High Art in musical composition, above all in this country, stands alone for the difficulties which beset it. And when I reflect that composition in this country is pursued in a desert of trade and politics, without any 'Change or Capitol Hill for profit or display, or the first critical line written on the works Americans have produced, I might be surprised at some recent things which have occurred, if I were not callous to that emotion.

It would transcend the object of this letter were I to answer your fresh remarks. I may state generally that as no critic in this country knows any particulars of what has really been done in American Musical Art, or has bestowed a moment's attention on the positive or relative difficulties of bringing it before the public, through opera-houses or societies, and keeping it before the public for a sufficient time necessary to make himself understood, it is useless for me to combat what to me are mere words. But I cannot refrain from stating (apropos of what you have said) as follows:—that I have, as a composer, never asked any approval from any one, not even critics; that the public never demand any new pieces,—they wait always until such pieces are presented; that likewise they do not demand Spohr's, Spontini's, Meyerbeer's, Winter's, Weber's, or any works of Europeans more than mine; and it is no argument against some of these composers that their operas are not yet played at all in this country, or against others that they have been tried two or three times and then set aside: that comparisons drawn between me and another have no meaning until performances are as freely and frequently given to one as the other: that I have not sought the public press in this discussion, and only corrected errors, and given the explanations due to American Art; that it is not likely I shall trouble the press again, having for the last eight years thrown up composition, not writing any operas, and only three symphonies; but nevertheless I thought the time had come to say something for American Art, seeing how much attention is given to foreign Art, while our own is ignored: that the applause of Philadelphia is quite as good as that of Vienna—each for its "native Art," and of the two I prefer that of Philadelphia: that my innovations, if not "alarming" in comparison with Wagner's, can only be judged when they are studied, and not before, and then they will be

found to have worked a revolution in the lyrical and musico-dramatic capabilities of the English Grand Operatic Stage, having achieved what for one hundred years English critics pronounced impossible. I would add, too, that European composers in their capacity as "plebeians"—with the spirit of "humility" which society required of them, may lie quiet under any nonsense and falsehood that may be written about them. It may have suited them socially, and also their want of literary education may have prevented their holding a pen in competition with their assailants. This however is no rule for me. But I would add, that I would have remained quiet as I have done for fifteen years under attacks of foreigners whom I will not characterize, led on by a nameless journal; but that not wishing to see assertions in American Art journals that I had done this, that, and the other, when nothing of the kind took place, and the whole tendency of such writing was to keep us a Hessian colony, I for once, for the sake of American Art, broke through my rule of silence. I now relapse into it again.

Mr. Bristow, one of the directors of the New York Philharmonic Society, (see letter in the last number of the *Musical Times*), simply confirms what I stated on that point, and ought to show every American what are the chances of High Art in this country, and that no one can pursue it—even as an amateur. The composer, I would remark, with the strongest emphasis, stands alone among the followers of Literature or Art for the difficulties which attend him—first in reaching the public ear at all, and next in keeping possession of it for the time absolutely necessary for it to learn his works "by heart," and determine their value. In these days of cheap printing, every literary man can find a publisher, because a publisher can read literary MSS. But neither managers, nor singers, nor any of "the appreciative few," can read a Full Score. So, too, any man can buy colors, brushes, and canvas, or modelling clay and produce a painting or statue, and when the work so finished is exhibited it speaks for itself. Not so with the Opera or Symphony. When composed, until repeatedly played, it has for mankind about as much absolute existence as a statue or painting would have, if the moment it came from the artist's hand and unseen by other eyes than his, it were buried in the ground and left there to rot. As there are not twelve persons in the twenty-four millions in the United States who can read a full score, publication is out of the question.

In your journal was published on the 11th of February the following in an article on Beethoven: "He re-wrote two or three times his opera of *Fidelio*; for which, as we well know, he composed four overtures. A recital of what he had to endure to bring forth this opera, from the ill will and opposition of all the performers, from the first tenor to the contra basso, would be of sad interest." These oppositions are multiplied a thousand fold in this country, where alien influence controls opera-houses and concert rooms; the sole exceptions to which I have already indicated. An army of fools and imbeciles was found to oppose Beethoven's grand work; and the same fools and imbeciles will ever be found—fortified to the last degree when they find colonial deference on the part of American writers, as in this country. In an hereditary opera-house, in a country with musical traditions, in a capital boasting its Art, not one singer or player could be found who was not besotted, when it came to decide on *Fidelio*. This I think should be a lesson.

I venture on one more quotation, from your journal of the 4th of February: "Frequent performances constitute an essential condition for correcting errors of opinion concerning works conceived like those of Beethoven without the pale of the musical habits of those who listen to them." As I have not had those "essential conditions" awarded to me, your parallels touching my works and Beethoven's are of no weight, and should not have been made according to a common understanding of what is due to logic and all Art, to say nothing of the claims of living national Art.

I remain yours, faithfully,

WM. HENRY FRY.

To J. S. DWIGHT, Esq.

Mlle. CLAUS.—This young and talented pianist is at present at Berlin. She lately gave concerts at Elberfeld and Bonn, both of which were very successful; and, on her way from one place to the other, she again performed at Düsseldorf and Cologne. At Leipzig she appeared at two of the *Gewandhaus* Subscription Concerts, and at a *soirée musicale*. The first concert occurring on the evening before Mendelssohn's birthday (Feb. 3d), she played a concerto by that lamented composer. At the second, she gave one of Beethoven's. Mlle. Clauss intends to remain a fortnight or three weeks at Berlin, at the expiration of which time her further progress is still undecided. If the Emperor of Russia says "Peace!" he will be recompensed by hearing "little Wilhelmina" play some of the *Lieder ohne Worte* of Mendelssohn; if he says "War!" she will not go to Petersburg, and the Czar will be robbed of that pleasure. He had better make haste and decide.—*London Musical World*.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

From my Diary. No. XLII.

NEW YORK, March 11.—Perhaps I should not have gone to Eisfeld's *Soirée* last night. Nerves all in a jangle, a sonata or two in a quiet family circle, or even a few old favorite church melodies, would have soothed and calmed; but why trust myself at a concert? Because Haydn's and Beethoven's names were too powerful an attraction. Besides, I thought in that out of the way corner no one would disturb me; that there I might sit and give myself up to the influence of the music. But, no—the thing was on this wise:

Eisfeld is giving his series this winter in Dodworth's handsome room, in the building, the windows of which looked down into Grace Church yard—until they built the high wall to prevent the dancing master's pupils from gazing at the heaven-pointing spire. This hall is well up town and the concerts are becoming fashionable, and the hall is well filled and Eisfeld is successful, and so, besides the musical people, there is a smart sprinkling of those who neither know nor care anything about music, and who for want of any enjoyment in the performances amuse themselves in destroying the pleasure of others.

Before the concert began I was driven from my corner by my old acquaintance, Wyzaker, and his party. In my new seat I was just fair earshot from that big, redfaced man, who always will get near me, and always will talk out loud with that passable looking woman. Through his kind offices I lost the entire first movement of Father Haydn's Quartet (No. 73) in F. What it is all about I know no more than the man in the moon. I took a new seat, quite out of the way—there were but few left, and those not very desirable—but, no use! The Andante was murdered and "kilt intirely" and drowned, by the entrance of that party, which always comes late, stands at the door, during the pause between the performances, and then marches down the hall just as the listening part of the audience becomes fairly interested. During the Menuetto, the third movement, young Whiskerando and his lady love marched in and popped down exactly before me and entered into quite an amusing discussion of matters and things in general. In the Finale I ventured to hint by a gentle hiss in their ears, that their conversation was less amusing to their neighbors than to themselves; which had the effect to draw an unpleasant amount of attention upon myself and stop their noise for about sixteen bars. They were luckily beckoned to by Miss Sophronia Chatterbox and carried their agreeable society after the quartet to that lady, and unluckily to that other too, who long since won my notice by the way she listens to and appreciates music. I don't know who she is, but I pitied her during the rest of the concert, from the bottom of my heart.

"But, how did you like Haydn's Quartet?"

My dear Madam, I did not hear it.

Another piece on the programme was a Piano-forte Trio by Alexander Fesca.

"You liked that, I hope? Fesca is a pretty writer."

Well, Madam, the fact is, I was behind the piano—one of Chickering's Grands, which was played with about 20 donkey power, so that all I heard was a rolling thunder for some twenty-five minutes, with an occasional cry from a poor drowning violin and 'cello—what those instruments had to say, you see, I could not make out.

Madame Wallace Bouchelle sang an Aria from Mozart's "Figaro," which put me in mind of old times, and which I enjoyed much; also a song composed by Eisfeld, which had a good deal of delightful German Schubert-like dreaminess, and which went to the right spot. It

was called for again. By the way, why wont some one give us What's his name's "Day and Night," one of the most delicious little bits of sentiment!

Finally came the work of the evening. How delightful it was to have by this time a little company in our corner of listeners to Beethoven's Quartet in B flat, op. 74! This work was written about the time of the 7th and 8th Symphonies, say in 1808 or 9, following of course the three celebrated Rasumowsky Quartets. It was one of those works which astonished the musical people of that day, and met with severe criticism. One can say nothing about such a work upon a single hearing. The strangest interruptions, and breaks, the most unique mingling of the earnest and jocose, seem to characterize all the movements; and yet any one conversant with Beethoven's music feels that a few hearings would flood the whole with light, and that the composer would take his auditor captive and carry him a willing prisoner into his own fanciful realm.

I fear it is too great a happiness to hope for in this world—that of being able to attend a series of these soirées with the assurance of a truly sympathetic and appreciative audience—a series each subscriber to which has nought else in view than giving himself or herself up to the spirit of the hour, and sitting in willing subjection to the magic spells of the composer. Must every flock have its black sheep? Must there always be sheep and goats? If so, why not have them on separate sides of the room?

Oh, thou gentle spirit of Johannes Kreisler—*kapellmeister* Kreisler! art thou now in a musical sphere, where the annoyances and tribulations to which thou wast subjected here, are forever at an end? Canst thou now play the thirty variations of Sebastian Bach and give the free rein to thy fantasy when the theme of the last starts out before you and spreads away into the infinite, and find an audience to follow you with sympathy and love? Kreisler, I know not what power thou possessest now—if any, rap. (Not a sound!) But hadst thou power to send the deep and subtle spirit of music into the souls of Wyzaker, and Whiskerando, and the big man of the red face, and those others, whose very presence strikes a chill to the musical heart, and sends a shock through the nerves, thou wouldst have remembered thine own "Musikalische Leiden" and sent us aid. If thou hast no such power, thou wilt at least sympathize with us and pray the gods—to make them deaf!

Music Abroad.

PARIS, (Feb. 16).—The long and anxiously expected *Etoile du Nord*, the new comic opera of Meyerbeer and Scribe, is positively to come out to-night. No further delay, on any plea whatever, will be sanctioned by M. Perrin, who has been losing money for the last three months, and cannot afford to lose any more. A brilliant success is anticipated. Some go so far as to say that *L'Etoile du Nord* is superior to anything that Meyerbeer has previously composed. I believe that he has made use of two or three pieces from the *Camp de Silésie*, an opera of which he seems determined to let Paris know nothing. Among other things, the march, and the air of Vielka, with accompaniments for two flutes (which Jenny Lind used to sing so often), are spoken of as forming part of the music of *L'Etoile du Nord*. Mlle. Caroline Duprez has the principal rôle. Every place in the theatre has been secured long since; and it is expected that such an audience will assemble within the walls of the Opéra-Comique as was never witnessed there before. The Emperor and the Empress have signified their intention of being present.—In the Rue Lepelletier nothing is talked of but Spontini's tragic opera, *La Vestale*, which is being revived with the utmost pomp and circumstance for Sophie Cruvelli, who continues to draw great receipts to the treasury of the Grand Opera, much to the satisfaction of M. Nestor Roqueplan, whose good star, thanks to the young and gifted Teuton, is once more in the ascendant. M. Roger refused the part of Licinius, but, urged on all sides to accept it, he agreed to refer the matter to arbitration. A decision, without appeal, was to be pronounced by Messrs. Ponchard, Duprez, and Ambroise Thomas, when a letter from Madame Spontini, widow of the composer, induced M. Roger to change his resolution, without awaiting the decision of the referees. So that the matter is definitely arranged, much to the chagrin (so says scandal), of M. Gueymard, who is very jealous of M. Roger, and of whom M. Roger is very jealous.

At the Italian Opera there has been nothing new, but the debut of Mlle. Petrowich in *Lucrezia Borgia*. There appears to have been a cabal against the new German *prima donna*, from whom such great things had been anticipated. As much indeed is insinuated in the *feuilleton* of P. A. Fiorentino (*Constitutionnel*), from which the following is an extract:

"The debut of Mlle. Petrowich had excited a degree of public curiosity at once very lively and very dangerous. Never had an *artiste* been more talked about previous to making her first appearance in the natural and ordinary course of things. She was known to be the granddaughter of a celebrated Hospodar. This afforded great scope for the imagination. The question of the Danubian Principalities, before, during, and after their occupation by the Russians, was newly discussed, and so many reports were circulated, and so many stories related, that the most simple and everyday occurrences assumed the importance of political events. It almost appeared, indeed, as though the Eastern question had assumed a novel and unforeseen aspect. In the midst of a host of romantic details, however, connected with the past, present, and future of Mlle. Petrowich, there was one positive and indisputable fact, viz., that this was not Mlle. Petrowich's first appearance on the stage. She had already sung in Italy and at Vienna, and played *Lucrezia Borgia* ten nights consecutively at Dresden with Moriani, who is assuredly an admirable Gennaro. She came to Paris, furnished with the best recommendations. Romani and Bonola, two competent judges, guaranteed her success, and predicted that a brilliant career was in store for her. Lastly, those who have heard her at the piano, when she is not overcome by anxiety, declare that she possesses a magnificent voice, and the greatest capabilities for the stage. The Parisian public, especially when its curiosity has been too much excited beforehand, must inevitably produce on certain temperaments a profound and terrible impression—an impression which bewilders some, while others it strikes dumb, and petrifies. For my part, I confess, in all humility, that, if suddenly pushed on before the foot lights, I should be incapable of saying so much as "good evening, ladies and gentlemen." Alarmed and paralysed by the imposing and icy-cold audiences, of whom she had been told almost as many incredible stories as the public on its side had been told of her, Mlle. Petrowich was not sufficiently calm and collected in some parts of the opera to enable me to derive any opinion of her talent from this her first appearance."—*Correspondence Lond. Mus. World*.

There are concerts in plenty. Mr. John Thomas, the harpist (brother of the talented Thomas called "Ap," here in Boston), has been giving concerts with great success in the Salle Herz, assisted by M. Lefort and Sig. Ferranti.—Great things were expected of the debut of a boy-pianist, Theodore Ritter; but prodigies and wonder-children are growing common.—Vieuxtemps and Schullhoff, the pianist, are soon to be in Paris.—Blumenthal, the pianist, was to give a concert, *en route* for London.—Ferdinand Hiller had arrived in Paris for the winter.—Herz has finished a new Concerto (his fifth) which was to be played at his own concert.—Mlle. Clauss, it is said, goes *not* to St. Petersburg, but remains some time in Berlin, and will then return to England, *via* Paris, for the London season.

VIENNA, (Feb. 9th).—The third *Concert spirituel* took place in the room of the *Musikverein*. A new overture by Ferdinand Hiller, entitled *Phadra*, was performed; Herr Dachs played Beethoven's pianoforte concerto in E flat; and the overture to Richard Wagner's *Tannhäuser*, with a chorus from the same opera, was introduced for the first time in Vienna. A *Künstlerball* (artists' ball) is to take place on the 15th, under the direction of Strauss, at the *Sofienbadssäle*. There has been nothing new at the Opera. The *Huguenots* and the *Zigenerin* (Balfie's *Bohemian Girl*), have attracted the best audiences of the week. There have been a great many concerts, the most interesting of which was that of Léopold de Meyer on the 5th. Having entirely recovered from his long illness, this extraordinary player has regained all his mechanical dexterity, and has even added to the elegance which was always a characteristic of his style. He played several new compositions, among others a new gallop, and a *fantasia* quite as showy and difficult as the *Patinours* of Liszt.

On the 31st of January, a concert was given in the Schubert-Salon, by Heinrich Schmitt, solo-violoncellist and Herr Staudigl varied the concert with some of Schubert's *lieder*.—On the 2nd inst., a Madame Burovich-Bossi gave a concert in the Rooms of the *Musikverein*. According to the *Neue Wiener-Musik-Zeitung*, the whole affair was a miserable failure.—On the 2nd, J. A. Pachter, a pianist and composer, gave a musical *soirée* in the Schubert-Salon, and introduced several of his pupils to the public. The concert opened with a symphony of Beethoven. Fräulein Betty Bury sang some songs of Mendelssohn, Fuchs, and Schubert.—On the 2nd, a concert was also given in the Theater an der Wien, for the benefit of the "Krippen." The principal instrumental and vocal selections were: Suppé's *Dalmatian Overture*, Mozart's overture to the *Gärtnerin aus Liebe* (*La Finta Giardiniera*), the romance from the *Favorita*, sung by Herr Steger, the romance from *Euryanthe*, and the rondo-finale from *Cenerentola*, sung by Fräulein La Grua, Proch's song *An die Sterne*, and G. Hölzl's *Auf der Reise* (encored), sung by the composer himself, and Weber's *Concert-stück* for the piano, played by Fräulein Standach.—Spontini's opera of the *Vestale* will be produced at the Hofoper-Theatre, in the beginning of next month, with Madame Marlow as the Vestal, Madame Herrmann

as the High Priestess, Herr Draxier as the High Priest, and Herr Steger as Lucinius.—*London Musical World*.

CARLSRUHE, (9th February).—The directors of the theatre have lately devoted an evening to the works of Mendelssohn, on which occasion the one act opera, *Die Heimkehr* (*Son and Stranger*), the overture to *Fingal's Cave*, the finale from the unfinished opera of *Lorely*, and solos by Madame Howitz, were performed. The entertainment excited the utmost possible interest.—*Ibid*.

BERLIN.—A *Mutinée Musicale* was given on the 20th ult., in the Concert Room of the Opera, in aid of certain charitable institutions. The person who attracted most general notice was Madame von Boek (late Schröder-Devrient), who, although she has virtually retired from the profession of which, for many years, she was so distinguished an ornament, came forward to give her assistance on this especial occasion. She sang some of Schubert's songs, much to the satisfaction of the audience, who warmly applauded her. Mesdames Tuzcek, Köster, and Johanna Wagner were the other vocalists.—*Ibid*.

LEIPZIG.—(From the same Correspondent).—Two French musicians—Louis Lacombe and Théodore Gouvy—have been here, giving symphonies and other works of their own composition. The 15th, 16th, and 17th Subscription Concerts have taken place at the *Gewandhaus*. Mlle. Clauss, the pianist, played at the two last, and made quite a sensation. They call her "a second Clara Wieck." We hear news at Leipzig of an opera having been just completed by Franz Liszt, which will be produced at Weimar.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MARCH 18, 1854.

NEW VOLUME. On the Eighth of April our Journal will enter upon its third year, and with new assurances of public favor and success. Of course new subscriptions will be now in order. The majority of our subscribers will please bear in mind that their present subscription expires with two more numbers. We trust they will all notify us, before the month is out, of their intention to *renew*, and that subscribers at a distance will see the reasonableness of our terms as advertised, viz: two dollars per annum in advance.

☞ All who do not expressly notify us of their wish to stop the Journal at the expiration of their term, will still continue to receive it, and be counted as subscribers for another year.

☞ No subscription received for a shorter period than six months; and none for less than a year, unless paid in advance.

☞ We have enclosed bills to a large number of subscribers who have not yet paid for the year now closing, and beg that they will promptly remit by mail or otherwise.

APOLOGY FOR LOOKS. We have to ask the indulgence of our Patrons for the dingy looking paper on which this and the last two numbers of our Journal have been printed. Our stock became exhausted, and we were disappointed in the paper-manufacturer's promise of a new supply. The paper-market has been ransacked in vain for paper of our size and quality, and we must e'en put up with such as we can find. We trust the cloud will pass off in a week or two, and that our little sheet will again greet you with its shining morning face, as heretofore.

MENDELSSOHN.—We have had to suspend the conclusion of that interesting Biography for a few weeks, until we shall find it resumed in the paper from which we have copied it thus far, namely the *London Musical World*. From what source that derives it we are not informed.

A very enterprising paper, by the way, is that same *London Musical World*. Week after week it comes to us fraught with from six to ten columns taken bodily from this Journal; and in the majority of cases without one word of credit. This is returning stolen goods with a vengeance! For American musical news, it carefully ignores a source so independent, and draws from the *New York Herald*, and the wholesale puffing organs, that have pleasant things to say about its favorites starring in our verdant cities. But for articles of general interest it scruples not to borrow our selections, editorials and translations. In its New Year's number it made great parade of some articles from Berlioz about Mendelssohn, "translated expressly for the Musical World!" Said

translation, with the alteration of here and there a word, is almost identical with that that appeared in this Journal in September last. The "Maxims" of Robert Schumann are among the pieces thus appropriated.

For nearly two years has this gone on, and we have not felt in the mood to make allusion to it. After many copyings without credit, the *World* did finally, for the first time, credit us with a long article about Albani, one of its special pets. What was our surprise to find said article ingeniously compounded of several notices which we had written at different times, eked out with passages we never wrote at all, and whatever qualifying sentences we used entirely twisted round into wholesale eulogium.

Surely, better things were to be looked for from the leading musical organ of the great English musical metropolis!

Concerts.

GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY.—Two of the Saturday night concerts remain unchronicled:—one of the *classical*, and one of the *light* description.

The first, of the 4th inst., yielded almost unalloyed satisfaction. (*Almost* being a safe and prudent qualification in *almost* every case.) Every thing in the programme was excellent; there was not too much of it; and the various compositions (five in all) succeeded each other in such felicitous order, were so adapted to succeed each other, and to meet together in the same harmoniously varied programme, that there could be no sense of incongruity or of fatigue. The musical appetite had no chance to get blunted or demoralized by such promiscuous overfeeding as one is bidden to in nine concerts out of ten that hold out "great attractions."

The concert opened with one of the best of overtures, or opening pieces; with that unsurpassed old favorite of all true amateurs, Mozart's overture to the "Magic Flute," or rather to a whole world of enchantment. For such seems to be the invitation proclaimed in the bold, prolonged chords (in E flat,) with which it commences. We are bidden as by the potent spell of a great enchanter to enter an ideal world; at the wave of his wand the scales of common-place fall from our eyes, and bathed in the quickening dew of Art, we are as if face to face with an untried, marvelous, divine creation. What radiant, subtle forms of grace and beauty fill the air, and flit and sparkle, in and out, in mazes of an ever-shifting dance, as soon as the little fugue theme of the Allegro enters and begins to pass about from instrument to instrument, each helping to weave the shining thread into an exquisite and complex whole! But we have given an elaborate and graphic analysis of this overture already, in Vol. II. Nos. 4, 5, and 6 of this Journal, translated from Mozart's genial biographer, Oulibicheff. Suffice it to say, here, that this time it fitly precluded an evening made up purely of inspired marvels and masterpieces of Art. The promise was fulfilled in all that followed.

The fifth piano-forte Concerto of Beethoven (Op. 73), also started with the bold chord of E flat major, as if to prolong the same enchantment and prove its virtue to be ever fresh. But how soon it opened up new wonders, deep after deep, of quite another individuality; and after those childlike Arabian Nights dreams of the young

Mozart, you felt yourself in the strong and nervous grasp of Beethoven, magnetically thrilled with his great restless aspirations and prophetic moods, and reeling with his fine Bacchus frenzy. We were so interested and pre-occupied with the beauty of the work itself, hearing it for the first time, that probably it would have taken great imperfection in the execution to disturb us. As it was, it seemed finely rendered; certainly on the part of the orchestra; and Mr. HELLER marched through the difficulties of the piano part with ease and steadiness, rendering the letter faithfully, if not the spirit, of a music for which he never seems to have sympathetic fire or delicacy, or sense of light and shade enough, with all his *prestidigitation*—an apt term, that French one, for one who learned at the magician's trade the sleight of hand that now avails him as pianist! No Concerto, we are sure, was ever listened to with such delight in Boston as this fifth by Beethoven. For the beauty of its Adagio especially we have no words; and in the first movement (Allegro), and in the Rondo Finale, also, one felt new hopes continually excited and not disappointed, new surprises, new convictions of the great and good power working in and through all even the darkest seeming passages of life. Certain strains seemed like anticipations of that glorious pitch of enthusiasm at which the Choral Symphony sustains itself until it bursts from its material bondage and becomes vocal. But we must hear it again; long as it is in each of its three movements, like all the regular concertos before Weber and Mendelssohn, it kept the audience in rapt attention to the end.

The Scherzo by Schumann, (from the "Overture, Scherzo and Finale," op. 62) did not this time, as in several miscellaneous concerts before, flash past the audience unheeded. It came in fitly and took them in the listening and appreciative mood; and we do not think there were many doubts about the singular beauty of this very original morcean. Charming is the contrast between the light, quick, panting *staccato* of its main movement in six-eight, and the dallying repose of the episodic passage (Trio) in two-four, for oboes, flutes, &c. Some time we hope, under equally favorable conditions, to hear the whole work of which this Scherzo is a part.

Miss CAROLINE LEHMANN sang one piece only; but that was the noble Scena from the "Freyschütz," *Wie nahte mir der Schlummer*. She sang the musing recitative and prayer with much expression and true feeling, and in the rapturous *Er ist's!* &c., was fairly carried away, her audience with her, by her impassioned *abandon*. Perhaps, as a matter of strict taste, we should say, the display of feeling was a little too great, too little *en rapport* with so quiet, intellectual a concert, and too suggestive of that painfully stereotyped excess of feeling with which Italian opera singers are so wont to storm one's sensibilities into a habit of resistance that becomes callousness. But in this case it was *genuine* feeling; there could be no doubt of that; and that saved it. In style and finish this performance was a great gain and triumph on the part of this true artist; yet one felt that such energetic eloquence was hardly seconded by a sufficiency of voice; sometimes in rapid passages one only understood but did not fairly hear the sound of a few notes. The applause was tremendous; the lady curtsied profound thanks; and again recalled,

she curtsied even more profoundly; but no more singing was vouchsafed to us that night. There was a dignity about that which happily contrasted with the usual over-readiness in yielding to *encores*. Verily the *encore* business has got to be a nuisance, distorting the proportions of all programmes, spoiling the appetite for things to follow, and converting pleasures into wearisome excesses. We thank Miss Lehmann and the management of that concert for a more rational example; and none the less so, that we really longed to hear a *Lied* or two from her.

The second part consisted simply and purely of Mendelssohn's last and best symphony, the No. 3, in A minor, commonly called the "Scottish recollections." Never have we heard it given from beginning to end so satisfactorily. It is one of the most perfect specimens of the genus symphony; as perfect in the symmetry of its form and in the exquisite finish of its every detail, as it is poetic and original in its conception. In its every movement it is full of deep, pure sentiment, of fine imaginations, and of an all-subordinating, blending and correcting reason and unity of purpose. It is a thoroughly genial work. We commend it to our friend Fry, as evidence that the four movements of a good symphony are not so many separate and independent compositions. Great as the contrast is between the Allegro, and the Scherzo and the Adagio, and the Finale, here they are all intimately related,—and eloquently own one common bond, of musical as well as of poetic unity. There is no room here to enter into such analysis of this symphony as it should have, if it have any. That we leave to fitter time and leisure. It was repeated at the next Wednesday rehearsal with increased appreciation; and the Scherzo and Adagio movements again at the rehearsal on Saturday.

The fourteenth concert, (Saturday last) was "light," but not altogether trivial and worthless in the selection of the programme. What with the attraction of new singers, and of pieces of many kinds for many tastes, the audience was unusually large. Auber's overture to *Le Bal masqué* is a sparkling, pretty thing, suggesting Anna Thillon, and was neatly played. The *Hoffnungsstrahlen* waltz, by Wittmann, too, was fresh and buoyant, as its title indicated. Then came the delicious Scherzo from Mendelssohn's Scotch Symphony, —a touch of the *classical* light—which was applauded more than any item of the programme and repeated. Miss LEHMANN greatly distinguished herself in *Casta Diva*, a piece which has been allowed to slumber undisturbed through all this winter, so that it had actually recovered something of its freshness. We never heard the lady acquit herself so bravely in a thing of this kind; yet we must think it not in her own proper vein of song. It is an unfortunate fatality of *prima donna* life, that it nourishes the ambition to please so much at the expense of one's inward, best artistic aspirations. In an unpretending, genuine, really inspired German or Swedish song, we have hardly heard since Jenny Lind the equal of Caroline Lehmann.

The Trio from *Lucrezia Borgia* (orchestral arrangement) followed, and then came the German "MÄNNERCHOR," some twenty voices strong, marshalled and led by our friend "KREISSMANN." They sang first Weber's "Prayer before Battle," an earnest, sombre piece of harmony, involving some rather subtle modulations, which were not

executed with the certainty and nicety which we have sometimes heard from this choir. In the second part they gave the *Reiter's Morgenlied*, by Gade, of a livelier character. But neither rendering was very happy, or realized the last year's promise. The voices were not balanced, the first tenors shouting much too loudly, while the basses murmured feebly, and there was no palpable and solid middle to the harmony. Yet there was a good German flavor to it; and it was by no means an uninteresting performance, or such as should discourage from new trials.

Meyerbeer's overture to *Struensee*,—grotesque, fantastical and noisy, yet full of power and effective instrumentation, and Mendelssohn's *Andante Capriccioso*, played on the piano by Mr. HELLER, were the two notable features of the second part. We did not hear Miss LEHMANN sing Eckert's "Swiss Song," nor the overture to *Lestocque*, by Außer and one or two other light things.

In the last Public Rehearsals the Germanians have repeated the third symphony of Mendelssohn, and revived the lovely No. 4 of Beethoven.

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB. The *extra* concert, on Tuesday evening, drew a select and pretty numerous audience of music-lovers, amateurs and professors, to the beautiful Chickering saloon. The programme hardly realized the expectations caught from a hasty glance at it beforehand; yet we could only say this, measuring by the high mark which the Club has set. The Septuor, arranged as Quintet, op. 20, by Beethoven, is a work of most developed symmetry and beauty, and was in the main very finely and smoothly played. It is by no means one of the most strikingly original, and Beethovenish of that master's works; compared with the Trio in B flat, or in D, with almost any of his Quartets or Quintets, or with half of his thirty and odd piano Sonatas, it is elegantly tame (*comparatively*, of course). Then again, this public has grown so familiar with its movements, that if it covet any hearing of it, it is to hear it in the original form, with seven instruments.

Cherubini's "Ave Maria," a piece whose pure and lofty style of melody does not easily wear out, was sung quite effectively by Mrs WENTWORTH, with clarinet *obligato* by Ryan, and quartet accompaniment. It was encoored, and both times gave great satisfaction, only marred in one place each time by a common-place Italian opera cadenza, that seemed not akin to Cherubini's spirit. Mrs. Wentworth's highest tones are singularly pure and sweet and silvery; but in the middle register it seems another voice, less genial in quality.

Mr. CARL HAUSE had full field again for his distinct, unfaltering, even execution in a Piano Quintet by Ferdinand Ries, Beethoven's pupil, but not partaker of the master's divine fire, if we may judge by this his *opus* 74, which is of the brilliant, effective, execution-tasking order, while strictly in the classic forms, like much of Hummel's music, only feebler far than that. We were sorry to lose the opportunity for a comparison, presented by the last piece in the programme, which was the *Andante* and *Finale* from Hummel's Concerto in E major. That, as well as WULF FRIES's singing of the *Adelaide* on his violoncello, we had to forego. But we heard the dignified and deep *Adagio*, and the quaint, imaginative *Scherzo* from Mendelssohn's

fourth Quartet, in E minor, which was to us the most individual and satisfying thing of all. The song of Kieken: "Fly, my skiff," was prettily enough sung by Mrs. WENTWORTH, for so commonplace a specimen of German song. (N. B. Mr. F. F. MUELLER accompanied.)

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY. Rossini's *oper-oratorio* of "Moses in Egypt" still draws crowded houses every Sunday evening, and is announced again for the eighth time for tomorrow. We cannot blame the society for harping upon any string that vibrates to the chink of dollars. But it *would* be good to hear some solid choruses of Handel once more!

These could be heard, however, in a quiet way, in the Tremont Lesser Temple, and for a small price, at the Monday evening "Rehearsals" of the MUSICAL EDUCATION SOCIETY. Choruses and songs from the "Messiah," "Jeptbah," "St. Paul," &c., &c., have been rehearsed before such as love them by a large and good choir, and such singers as Miss DOANE and Mr. ARTHURSON, under the conductorship of Mr. KREISSMANN.

M'LE. GABRIELLE DE LA MOTTE has given three of her "Private Musical Soirées" at Chickering's Rooms, to the satisfaction apparently of a respectable audience. She has great energy of execution and shows an enterprising acquaintance with a wide variety of styles, her programmes embracing from time to time Trios of Mendelssohn, Sonatas of Beethoven, Songs without Words, and brilliant, difficult fantasias of Thalberg, Liszt, De Meyer, Prudent, and others. Her fourth and last Soirée will be next Monday evening.

Mr. APTOMMAS, with his long list of attractions, filled the Chickering room to overflowing at his last "Harp Soirée." His own unrivalled harpings charmed the most. But there was a good rich violin solo, by Mr. CARL GÄRTNER, on themes from *Freyschutz*, including the tenor song: *Durch die Wälder*, the Hunter's Chorus, &c., &c.,—really refreshing, compared with most such show pieces. And there was singing by Miss BRAINERD, of New York, who has pure and telling high notes, and who gave *Robert, toi que j'aime* (accompanied by the harp) with considerable effect. Sig. CAMOENZ, too, displayed his bluff voice to better advantage than usual in some songs suited to him. Mr. ROBERT HELLER, the pianist, played a duet with Mr. GÄRTNER, and a piece by Thalberg.

A Gewandhaus Concert.

[We translate the following letter of a correspondent of the *Augsburg Allgemeine Zeitung*, as being probably of interest to the readers of the Journal of Music.]

LEIPSIK, Feb. 5, 1854.

Until he has attended a Gewandhaus Concert, a stranger here hardly dares show himself in society, and will scarcely be able to learn anything of the state of business, of the influence of the German-Austrian tariff upon the Bohemian railroad, or the opinion of Saxony upon the Oriental question. I therefore hastened on occasion of the first concert after my arrival to the entrance of the musical purgatory; placed myself early, as I had been advised, at the little window of the office in the Gewandhaus; found already, considering the increased price of the tickets, a very fine, well perfumed, well behaved, and silent public waiting upon the steps; continued to steer

my way finally into the current to the office, and found that every place had been taken. The attempt to get in, however, had to be made again yesterday; for Jenny Lind—Goldschmidt by marriage—had promised to appear. Again was waiting, as has been the case through the whole season, in spite of the small number of strangers in town, a very fine public on the steps. In the pressure a hundred "excuse mes" were to be heard, for involuntary crowding; as one gentleman expressed his sorrow for the injury done to the ladies' dresses, an amiable young lady of fifty replied, the gentlemen must be a little more careful and we put up with it. However we reached the hall door happily without broken limbs, and proceeded to seek our places. It was a full hour before the concert and yet, save a few reserved seats, the entire hall was filled, and many of the ladies were forced to form in a line in an anti-room, and satisfy themselves with stools which kind hands had procured for them. The Gewandhaus without is an old, storm-beaten, unimposing building. In the lower story are wool and paper stores, in the next the city library and the students' fencing hall, and in the third finally the large and imposing concert hall. This is oval in form, and has a light gallery, fronted by a low iron railing running round, and will contain a thousand to twelve hundred auditors. The paintings which adorn it belong to the first part of the present century and are of no great account; but it is lighted in a very agreeable manner, namely, by four chandeliers with forty-eight gas burners, rendered milder by glass globes, and twelve wall burners for the orchestra. The newest fashion noticeable among the numerous well dressed ladies, seemed to be light colored silk dresses, with an orange colored or scarlet shawl over the shoulders. This dress suited their lively, pleasing faces extremely well—though I disclaim any insinuation that they knew this beforehand. In the conversation, Berlin jokes upon sitting and standing, waiting and tiring, seemed mainly to fill up the time, until at last David appeared as director at his stand.

A signal invited to silence, one more rustling of silk dresses, and a symphony by N. W. Gade (No. 4, B \flat major) began. The performance was characterized by a precision, which rendered right clear what a genial architecture of tones means; and afterwards the orchestra exhibited its full richness in Meyerbeer's overture to *Struensee*. After the symphony I heard among those standing near me

"Sie naht, sie naht, des Nordens stolze Flotte,"

and Mrs. Jenny appeared. The blonde Swedish Nightingale, who, after having fascinated the people and collected the dollars upon the banks of the Neva, the Spree, the Thames, the Delaware and Lake Erie, has established a quiet home beneath the Bruhl Terrace, had come over to combine charity and the spread of artistic enjoyment. She sang for the benefit of the Pension fund of the Leipzig Orchestra. She was received with great applause, and sang the Aria from Haydn's *Creation*, "On mighty pens," with a power and delicacy, and joyous solemnity, which filled the bosoms of her auditors as with morning light, and seemed a new act of creation of light and life. Afterwards Madame Goldschmidt vied with two flutes in the joyous Trio in Meyerbeer's "Camp of Silesia." She surpassed the flutes often in tone, and continually in feeling and emotion, but in passages where the wordless tones gave way to words, the delight was still greater. At the close she surprised the audience in several "Songs at the Piano" by the power of her voice as well as by a pianissimo,

which like the hum of bees flew through the hall, and still was distinct and melodious in the most distant part. It seemed, after each piece, as if the applause would never end; hardly a single cry of "brava," as is the custom here, was heard, but a tremendous labor of hands—some small, but still more large, if one may judge from the sound.

Jenny's magic operated, further, upon Herr Goldschmidt's performance upon the piano, and we had a musical evening during which politics for some hours completely forgot the discords of the *Concert Européen*.

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY. A note from Mr. William Scharfenberg, in Willis's *Musical World* of last week, states that the Directors of this body will probably, after their next meeting, publish a reply to the accusation of Mr. G. F. Bristow. We doubt not that they will present a triumphant vindication of the course which this high-toned and admirable society of artists has always pursued in the selection of pieces for its programmes. The Philharmonic Society, for all that we can see, has certainly a right to devote itself to the study and interpretation of such music as it chooses. It was formed by Germans and lovers of the great German music, and to the end of providing in New York opportunities for renewing and deepening the acquaintance with those noble works of Art, and of inspiring others with the same elevating taste. Mr. Bristow on the other hand has a perfect right to organize an orchestra purely or mainly for the production of native American symphonies and overtures. But why quarrel with a Society, nine tenths of whose members are Germans, or of German taste, for cultivating that they desire and love! If it were put to the general mass of music-lovers, whether one of the (only) four Philharmonic concerts in a year should be taken from Beethoven, Mozart and Mendelssohn, and given up to the trial of new American works, we doubt if many voices would be heard to call it good economy, considering how little we know after all of the best, and that "life is short and Art is long."

We feel a certain national pride in the existence of the New York "Philharmonic," which is altogether the noblest permanent orchestra that has existed in our country, and in some sense the mainstay of true, classical taste, among us, amid the novelties and fashions of the day. We subjoin a list of its members, and pray for the day, when Boston, with its five or six times as many symphony concerts, shall possess so large and effective a body of musicians.

ORCHESTRA.

Conductor.—Mr. THEO. EISEL.
Violins. Bahls, Besig, Bristow, Godworth, C. R., Dodworth, H. B., Ensign, Freising, Godone, Hansen, Helfenritter, Sr., Herwig, Hill, Kehl, Noll, Otto, Pazzaglia, Port, Prah, Reyer, Reiff, A. Jr., Schmidt, Siedler, Schneider, G., Thomas, Windmüller.
Violas. Boucher, Chevalier, Goodwin, Hirschmann, Lotze, Matzka, Schültinger, Unger.
Violoncellos. Berguer, Brannes, Eichhorn, Harbordt, Walker.
Double Basses. Herzog, Heinecke, Jacoby, Pirsson, Rehder, Schütz, Schneider, H.
Flutes. Kietzel, Wiese.
Oboes. Ohlmann, Stohr.
Clarinets. Groneveldt, Starck.
Bassoons. Eltz, Hochstein.
Horns. Knaebel, Schmitz, H., Trojsi, Weber.
Trumpets. Lacroix, Leis.
Trombones. Daga, Nast, Spier.
Tympani. Senia.

Total,

63

Board of Directors of the Twelfth Season.

H. C. Timm, President; U. C. Hill, Vice-President; L. Spier, Secretary; W. Scharfenberg, Treasurer; J. L. Ensign, Librarian; T. Eisel, G. F. Bristow, Assistants.

THE LAST CONCERT! To-night, (can we realize it?) will be the last of the series of Germania Concerts. We are to hear the CHORAL SYMPHONY of Beethoven again:—that is, the first three movements for the orchestra alone. We will be grateful enough for that; but what a pity that they cannot pursue the composer's grand and kindling thought to where it "breaks forth into singing;" up to that sublime climax of the thought of Universal Brotherhood and Schiller's "Hymn to Joy!" It is leaving out

the fulfilment, aye, and the key to the whole design. The difficulty we presume to be in finding singers. Singers generally shrink from music in which they cannot personally appear to much advantage; and that is hardly possible in the high-climbing choruses and difficult solos of Beethoven's symphony. Yet it would seem that there should be among singers enough disinterested zeal to bring out once a year a work of so sublime a character, to lead them cheerfully to sacrifice themselves in contributing their possible to make the thing complete. Beethoven in writing the voice parts so high, relied upon an enthusiasm in the singers, kindling with the inspiration of the symphony, that should lift them above themselves for the time being. We cannot but hope that the revival of an interest in the Choral Symphony to-night, will make another performance called for, which shall be with chorus.

The remainder of the programme to-night is quite rich. There is the *Tannhäuser* overture, too, which has been silent long enough to let us come to it with new ears and new powers of comparison. It will be eagerly welcomed. Then there is the Mendelssohn Scherzo, and the better portions of that glorious E flat Concerto of Beethoven; and there will be Miss LEHMANN; and a larger orchestra than usual.

There must be a full Music Hall to-night, to show the Germanians that the Boston musical public yet appreciate good things.

Advertisements.

BOSTON MUSIC HALL.

The Germania Musical Society,

WILL GIVE THEIR

Fifteenth Grand Subscription Concert,

(AND LAST OF THE SERIES.)

On Saturday Evening, March 18th,

ASSISTED BY

Mlle. CAROLINE LEHMANN,
Mr. ROBERT HELLER,

AND BY

NUMEROUS RESIDENT ARTISTS,
TO AUGMENT THE ORCHESTRA.

PROGRAMME.

Part I.

1. The Three First Movements from Symphony No. 9, in D minor,.....Beethoven.
Allegro non troppo.—Scherzo.—Adagio cantabile.
2. Aria, from Robert le Diable, "Va dit elle,".....Meyerbeer.
Sung by Mlle. CAROLINE LEHMANN.
3. Fifth Concerto, for Violin, (with orchestral accompaniment,).....De Beriot.
Performed by Wm. SCHULTZE.
4. Allegro non troppo, from Symphony No. 3, (Scottish Symphony,) by request,.....Mendelssohn.

Part II.

5. Grand Overture to "Tannhäuser," (by general desire,) Wagner.
6. Adagio and Allegro, from the E flat Concerto, for Piano, with orchestral accompaniment,.....Beethoven.
Performed by ROBERT HELLER.
7. Swiss Song, (by desire,).....Eckert.
Sung by Mlle. CAROLINE LEHMANN.
8. Overture to "Das Nachtlager in Granada,".....Kreutzer.

Doors open at 6½. Concert to commence at 7½.

Single tickets, 50 cents. For sale at the Music Stores, Hotels, and at the Door on the evening of the Concert.

All holders of Subscription Tickets are reminded that this is the last Concert at which those tickets are admitted.

Our Public REHEARSALS will continue until the 5th of April inclusive. Rehearsals to take place regularly on every Saturday and Wednesday Afternoon.

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Conductor....Mr. Bergmann. | Organist....Mr. Müller.

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A train from Newton and intermediate stations will be run, and tickets may be obtained of the Conductor.

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WILL GIVE HER

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On Monday Evening, March 20th,

Assisted by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club.

A Selection of Mozart, Weber, Mendelssohn, &c. will be presented. The Prayer of Moses by Thalberg, will be played. For full particulars, see the programme.

To commence at 8 o'clock.—Tickets, One Dollar, to be had at the door on the evening of the Concert.

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The SIXTH of these delightful Entertainments will take place

On Tuesday Evening, March 21st,

At Messrs. Chickering's Rooms, Masonic Temple,

On which occasion

MISS BRAINERD,

The distinguished Vocalist from New York, will make her second appearance in Boston.

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Violin.....CARL GARTNER.
Piano Forte.....Mr. ROBERT HELLER.
Harp.....Mr. APTOMMAS.
Conductor.....Mr. ROBERT HELLER.

Price of admission, Half a Dollar.

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lit tf

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P. S.—The above splendid work, which will prove invaluable to every professional musician, and to every amateur, will be ready this spring; we hope in the month of March. It has been delayed on account of the immense labor bestowed upon it, and the difficulty of stereotyping a work so full of examples. The delay, however, will enhance the value of the work.

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RESPECTFULLY gives notice to his friends and all who wish to receive instruction from him in music, that he is just commencing a new course of lessons on the **PIANO-FORTE**. Orders may be left at Richardsou's Musical Exchange, 282 Washington Street, at G. P. Reed's, or T. T. Barker's Music Stores, or at his residence,

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Jan. 21. 3m.

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oct 29

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VOL. IV.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 25, 1854.

NO. 25.

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Translated for this Journal.

Meyerbeer's New Opera "L'Etoile du Nord." From "La France Musicale."

The poem of *L'Etoile du Nord* is from the pen of M. Eugene Scribe. He could have written nothing more appropriate to the music of Meyerbeer. It is well known that *L'Etoile du Nord* comprises five or six pieces of a work represented at Berlin, under the title of "The Camp of Silesia." It being important to frame these pieces into the action, it was not an easy matter to find a subject in which they would not appear out of place. It would have been a pity to lose them, for they are the finest in the score.

Therefore M. Scribe imagined a drama, in which figure the historical names of Peter the Great, and Catherine. Whether we have, up to this day, looked upon the Czar and Czarina of Russia from a false point of view, or whether the historians have been led into error concerning the deeds of the carpenter Peter and his royal consort, we know not; M. Scribe, however, inspired by documents, doubtless, unknown, has presented to us, in a new light, this picturesque episode of Russian history.

The first act is laid in a little village of Finland, upon the banks of the Baltic Sea. Singing and dancing are going on, and the pastry-cook Danilowitz passes around, in singing, buns, and little pâtés. His song ended, enter Peter, a workman rather loose in manners, who shuns his companions to follow a pretty girl, cantoniere by profession. Peter is Peter the Great; the vivandiere is Catherine; this is understood without working violently upon the imagination.

Peter is brutal; he drinks, threatens, is suspicious, and his character is by no means in accord with that of her he loves. With them enter also two other lovers, George and Praskowia, who are to unite their hearts before the altar on that very day.

The rolling of drums is heard. Who approach in the distance? They are the Cossacks, bandits whose pillage strikes terror to every heart. "Cossack" and "bandit" are synonymous.

Peter seizes his axe to defend alone his friends against this troop of barbarians, ready to rush upon and overwhelm them. "Tis well," says Catherine to him; "you are brave, but—you lack common sense. Leave all to me. Let us return home; it is I who will save you."

The Cossacks, those bastards of the human race, arrive at last. Just as they are about to penetrate into the hostelry, with their wolfish howlings, Catherine appears, disguised as a gypsy, with a cloak spotted with stars, and prepares to tell their fortunes. She takes the hand of their chief, and having examined it, assures him that before long he will be corporal. This is sufficient to soothe the Cossacks. They retire peaceably.

Peter is dumb with astonishment. Henceforth his love and admiration for the young girl are unalterable. He will drink no more, he will be sober, will obey passively, and recognize no other will than that of Catherine. A drunkard's promise! We shall see how he keeps it.

Another annoyance. The intended of Prask-

owia, George, is drawn at the conscription. He must quit at the very moment of his marriage. Catherine, however, is still there; she will extricate him from his embarrassment. She assumes the costume of a soldier; her likeness to George is so striking, that on leading her away they do not perceive the mistake. The affianced lovers go to church, and while the ceremony is being celebrated, a distant glimpse is caught of the escort of soldiers leading off the false George, who thus sacrifices herself for her friend.

The second act introduces us to a mountainous ravine of fearful aspect. A tent is pitched to receive officers of distinction. Enter Peter, followed by Danilowitz, whom he has made his aid-de-camp. The drums, trumpets, armed soldiers, all announce that we are in a camp.

Catherine is indispensable to the action; she must, therefore, be on hand. There she is, with shouldered musket, watching over the safety of the Empire.

The corporal Gritzenko has placed Catherine on guard beside the tent. Do not let us forget that she has discovered from the corporal the secret of a plot against the life of the Czar, and that this plot is written upon a paper in her possession.

Peter does not care for plots—"Sit opposite me," says he to his aid-de-camp Danilowitz, "and let us see which of the two can drink the most."

Peter, in crossing the camp has spied two *piquantes* vivandières. He sends for them. Soon his reason becomes unsettled with wine; the orgy is at its height. The *sentinelle* is seized with the desire of peeping through the folds of the tent: judge of her surprise and emotion, on recognizing, under the costume of officers, the carpenter Peter, and Danilowitz, the pastry-cook! Her heart almost breaks at the sight of the two *vivandières* who pour out the intoxicating wine, and sing the barrack-song, (a very pretty song, by the way, which was encored.) The corporal surprises her, and cannot succeed in turning off her attention. Catherine, in a moment of impatience, gives the corporal a blow. This act of insubordination must be punished with death. The outraged corporal drags the culprit before Peter, and demands justice.

The unfortunate Peter has drowned his reason in wine. Catherine implores him; he hearkens not to her; he looks upon her and recognizes her not. "He had promised to drink no more;" he only replies, "let him be shot!" The order is

about to be executed, when suddenly the vapors of wine disappear; Peter remembers the voice he has heard, the eyes which looked upon him; it is Catherine whom he saw and heard. He summons the corporal; by a providential chance the undisciplined soldier has not been shot; she escaped at the moment when the balls were about to strike her. A stream was before her; she leaps therein, having first dropped a paper addressed to Peter. This paper encloses the ring the carpenter had formerly given her, and the secret of the conspiracy woven against Peter the Great.

The trumpets sound, the army is on foot. Peter advances, and fears not to declare himself to his soldiers. At the name of the Czar, the conspirators fall on their knees; Peter the Great places himself at their head, and leads them on to victory. O'er hill and dale their national hymn resounds; general enthusiasm. At this moment the spectacle is one of magic beauty; the stage presents one of the most magnificent tableaux the imagination can conjure up. The music is quite equal to the spectacle.

(Conclusion next week.)

Mendelssohn.

(Continued from p. 163.)

On the 26th of March, 1829, Felix wrote to Moscheles, from Berlin, an account of the performance of Bach's Passion Music. The proceeds of this concert had been generously handed over by the directors to the managers of two charitable institutions. In the letter alluded to, Felix told his friend of his intended visit to England, and we find him in London on the 20th of April following. His name was known already in the musical circles, since Moscheles, as conductor of the Philharmonic Society, had invited public attention to his rising genius, and the members of that body were eager to give him an honorable reception and a fair trial. We shall see that he did not visit England empty-handed. Besides a chorale in A minor, and a motet for sixteen voices, he brought his first stringed quartet in A minor. The overture to *A Midsummer Night's Dream* was performed for the first time in London, and repeated with great applause on the 13th of July, at a concert given by Henrietta Sontag. On this occasion, Felix and Moscheles played, from an unpublished score, a concerto in E major, for two pianofortes. A tour through Scotland, shortly after his arrival in England, suggested the thoughts of an overture to *Fingal's Cave*, or *The Hebrides*, which, I believe, was written in the same year, after his return to Berlin.* A curious story is told of this composition. His sisters asked Felix for some description of the cave. "Come, tell us something about the Hebrides." "I can't," said Felix; "it's impossible, except on the piano." He then seated himself at the instrument, and extemporized on those ideas which were afterwards condensed in the shape of an overture.

In the month of May, 1830, Mendelssohn went to Weimar, and, after staying some weeks with Goethe, visited Munich, where Fräulein Delphine Schaurrott happened to be giving concerts, and adding greatly to her reputation as a pianiste. Felix, who admired her playing, appears always to have felt a deep interest in this lady; and it is said he presented her with the song in Op. 19, "Bringet des treusten Herzen's Grüsse," which was composed at Rome. Hildebrand, Hübner, and Bendemann joined Felix in his journey to Italy, and he remained at Rome from the 1st of November to the April of 1831. During that period he set the *First Walpurgis Night* of Goethe to music,† and wrote the music to the 115th Psalm, several sacred pieces, three motets

for the nuns of Santa Trinita, and the first volume of the *Songs without Words*. In the February of 1832, he went to Paris, to conduct his overture to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. This was the third and, as far as I know, the last time in his life that he visited the French capital. He had been there with his father as a boy of ten years old, but neither the climate nor the people seem to have suited him. On the 22nd of April he returned to London, bringing with him three most valuable manuscripts—the *Walpurgis Night*, the overture to the *Hebrides*, and the concerto in G minor for pianoforte and orchestra. The overture was played for the first time on the 14th of May. In the latter end of the month following, Felix was once more found in Berlin. During his absence from Germany, the office of director to the Vocal Academy at Berlin had become vacant, and Felix became an unsuccessful candidate for the post, which was given to Rungenhagen. This was probably a job of the "Dii minorum gentium," whose appreciation and judgment have been alluded to in a former number. But disappointment failed to crush the ardent and active Felix, who gave a series of concerts in aid of charitable institutions, and seemed bent on winning the good will of the Berliners, if not by his genius, at least by his benevolence. A reward came soon, in the shape of an invitation to conduct the Düsseldorf Festival; and, Felix, after what had lately happened, acknowledged and accepted the compliment with gratitude.

A new period in Mendelssohn's life dates from his first stay in Düsseldorf. We have already sketched what we shall call the first two periods in his career: that of his early years, and the second, which he devoted to travelling. The third, at which we have now arrived, convinced the world of his great original powers. He had hitherto contended with much opposition. It is sad to think of the uphill work and misgivings of heart which are inseparable from all great and persevering spirits. In Mendelssohn's case, I believe that the firm friendship of a faithful few did much to alleviate his toil and cheer him on. Possessed of this, he was comparatively callous to the fact that "the world knows nothing of her greatest men;" and his friends played their part nobly, in assuring all around them that Germany knew not the value of her son. At Düsseldorf, Felix joined the society of those artists who had travelled with him through Italy. They all welcomed him as an old companion; and Wilhelm Schadow, who was the foremost among the number, became one of Felix's best and most intimate friends. Before, however, we follow Mendelssohn in this new sphere of action, we should not omit to mention another visit to London, remembering that the Düsseldorf Festival took place between his first and second journey to England in 1833.

He arrived in London on the 25th of April, and in two days from that time composed, jointly with Moscheles, variations on the "Zigeuner Marsch," from *Preciosa*; this was played in public by the two composers on the 11th of May, and so often (it is said) had these two artists played and studied together, so familiar were they with each other's thoughts and expressions, that in private circles they not unfrequently extemporized together on the same instrument. On the 13th of May, Mendelssohn's symphony, in A major, was given at the Philharmonic Society.* On the 15th, the variations from *Preciosa* were repeated.

After the Düsseldorf Festival, he returned to England with his father. On the 10th of June an overture, in C major, was introduced to the public, and, at this period, he showed Moscheles the manuscript of his beautiful overture to *Melusine*. A picture in Düsseldorf had suggested the subject of this music, which was given for the first time on the 7th April, 1834, and met with very qualified applause. It was performed again on the 8th of May following, at Moscheles' own concert, and was better appreciated than on the occasion of its first trial. Mendelssohn's reply to Moscheles, who wrote him an account of the earlier concert, is not without interest. He thanks

him heartily for the zeal and care taken in introducing the overture to a critical audience, and owns modestly to self-satisfaction after Moscheles' favorable opinion of its merits as a composition. "Your encouragement," (he says) "is essential to keep up my spirits; distrust of my own powers would ensue if you failed to encourage me; your applause is dearer than ribbons and orders." He then gives some hints as to further improvement. "The wind instruments *must* be kept under, and the leading idea in the overture be played *ppp*. Without boisterous playing the whole overture will be a different thing: it will sound *frischer*, and I shall be better pleased." Felix left London on the 25th of August, 1833, and took up his abode in Düsseldorf. At the great festival which introduced him as a conductor to the musical world at Düsseldorf, his Overture in C major, Handel's *Israel in Egypt*, the Overture to *Leonora* and Pastoral Symphony of Beethoven, an Easter cantata by Wolf, and *Die Nacht der Töne*, by Winter, formed the chief features of the programme. Felix played Weber's *Concert-Stück* with great applause, and the directors were so satisfied with the success of the whole undertaking, that they induced him to consent to remain for three years, during which time he would be required to lead the weekly meetings of the "Singverein," the Winter Concerts, and also the music in the Catholic Church. An unlucky circumstance at this period deprived the world of a treasure which, we believe, would have been "for all time." Immermann, a friend of Mendelssohn's, had, at the latter's request, prepared a libretto for Shakspeare's *Tempest*, which Felix longed to set to music; but the manuscript was declined by the musician, and, as no alteration was volunteered by Immermann, the whole project fell to the ground. What Felix would have made of this beautiful poem need scarcely be demanded by those who have heard his music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Can we doubt that he, who understood Puck and his gambols as well as any Englishman living, would have written just as fairy-like strains for the dainty Ariel? The solemn Prospero, and sweet Miranda, too—what subjects for one who loved to write of the fairy world, and to heighten the interest of a romance with his own passionate music! The wild, the ethereal, and unseen, "such stuff as dreams are made of," have been nobly treated in modern days, by two stars shining in the same sphere—Carl Maria von Weber, and Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy.

[To be continued.]

Choir Singing.

DEAR MR. DWIGHT.—I am led to think, from a somewhat dreary experience, that nothing is more rare than good choir-singing; and as scarce anything is more agreeable in its peculiar sphere, I cannot forbear giving you an account of some which I had the good fortune to hear recently during a visit to a neighboring town, in the hope that some one of those engaged in conducting choirs may derive a hint or two of value from the narration.

After mature reflection I am disposed to say that the essential requisites to good church music are good voices, good tunes and taste; perhaps this opinion is in a manner forced upon me by the fact that they were the attributes of the choir in question, and which produced the most pleasing music by far which I remember to have heard. Each of the voices was good in itself, one or two of them very valuable, and the four blended harmoniously, both from their own sympathetic qualities and from long practice together; they were so well balanced that the listener could trace each through the entire piece or get the full effect of the chords, as he pleased; and the evenness of tone, the taste and finish of the entire service, and the high character of the

* This overture, according to M. Berlioz, was composed at Rome.

† Which he afterwards almost entirely rewrote.

* The one which has now become so popular, under the name of the "Italian Symphony."

compositions combined to render it to me a memorable occasion.

I procured a list of the selections, thinking them very happy, which were as follows. (I should tell you by the way, that this society was not of the Episcopal denomination, and that the words: "Now unto the King Eternal," &c., were substituted in the chants for the customary *Gloria Patri*.) Morning: opened with Old English Chant, by Rev. T. Pears, from the collection used in the Queen's Chapel, Windsor; voluntary, after first prayer, from Quintet by Biery, "Hear me, O Lord," adapted from Novello's Collection of Convent Music; both hymns were from the "Beethoven Collection," published in New York. Afternoon: chant, *Deus Misereatur*, by R. Turle; manuscript hymn in 7s metre by one of the choir, a charming bit of graceful, flowing harmony; voluntary, *In Te confido*, Himmel ("In Thee, O Lord, will I ever trust.")

There has been much good sacred music written within the last two centuries, and some little continues to be composed even in our time, though one might justly be incredulous of the fact; and so entirely to avoid the ocean of trash, which has been poured into our country towns, as in the above selection, would seem to assure us that taste in choir-singing is not actually contrary to the fundamental laws of nature; it is however so remarkable that I have felt it my duty to call your attention to this most extraordinary instance; and I can only hope it may have the effect of suggesting to some of your readers the idea of using a choir for the production of such music as is really sacred. s.

[From Willis's Musical World and Times.]

The Philharmonic Society.

NEW YORK, March 9, 1854.

DEAR SIR:—In your journal of the 4th inst. appears a letter from Mr. George F. Bristow, in which he undertakes to censure the spirit and action of the N. Y. Philharmonic Society in such a remarkable and unjustifiable manner that the Board of Directors feel it a duty to the Public and their constituents to make a reply, which, they are sure, will set the matter right, and which they hope you will have the goodness to insert in your journal of next week. In fact, an answer on our part would hardly seem to be required, as in the short *Reply* you made to the above letter, you have already, in behalf of the Society, met satisfactorily the charges which Mr. B. proffers; yet there are several statements in that letter so utterly inaccurate and so unjust, that we cannot let them pass unnoticed, the more so, as by a mere reference to the records of the Society they can be thoroughly refuted.

First, then, Mr. B. finds fault (as we understand it) that during the 'eleven years' existence of the Society there have been played but *two American* compositions at the concerts and rehearsals, and these an Overture and Symphony of his. Now, the Society had existed *four* years, before *any American* composition was suggested to the members for performance, which at once reduces Mr. B.'s eleven years to a period of *seven* years, thus materially weakening his position, were it otherwise tenable. During the interval of the remaining seven years, several American productions by either native or adopted citizens of this country were brought to the notice of the Society and performed as follows:

Overture to *Marmion*, by Geo. Loder, (English,) performed twice at concerts.
Overture by H. Saroui, (German,) performed at public rehearsal.
Overture by F. G. Hansen, (German,) performed at public rehearsal.
Overture by Theo. Eisfeld, (German,) performed at public rehearsal.
Overture by Geo. F. Bristow, (American,) performed at concert.
Indian March by F. E. Miguel, (French,) performed at public rehearsal.
Descriptive Battle-Symphony, by Knäbel, (German,) at public rehearsal.
Symphony No. 1 by George F. Bristow, (American,) performed twice at public rehearsal.

Duetto for two Cornets, by Dodworth, (American,) performed at concert.

Serenade, by William Mason, (American,) performed at concert.

Several songs by W. V. Wallace, (Irish,) performed at concert.

Application was also made by Mr. A. P. Heinrich, (German,) for the performance of several of his compositions, and when he was informed that the society was ready, he withdrew.

All these compositions were written on American soil, it is true, but as does appear, not solely by native Americans: and we hold that only such a work is the production of American Art as emanates from an American mind, that is from a native of the country: but be this as it may, and waiving the point altogether for the sake of argument, we certainly think that the above statement sufficiently shows, that justice has been done as well to Mr. B. as to other American composers, either native or adopted citizens: and may we not add here, since speaking particularly of Mr. B., that his merits and talents as a musician and composer, have never for a moment, to our best knowledge, been called in question by any of the members of our Society. That, however, the directors of the Society do not hesitate to acknowledge the great superiority of the works of Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Weber, Spohr, Mendelssohn, Gade, Bennett, Schumann, Cherubini, Rossini, Spontini, Mehul, Berlioz, &c., &c., to those of Mr. B. or any other American composer, now publicly known, and that for the promotion of Art in this country they feel it their duty to cause the works of the former to be played *most frequently*, no one who knows anything about the matter, and is able to judge impartially, will for a moment find strange or unjustifiable. Were the tendency a different one, the Directors would betray the trust vested in them by the second clause of article I. of the constitution, which says that "the object of the Society shall be the *cultivation* and performance of *Instrumental music*;" and acting otherwise than they have done, the Society would most signally have failed in the honest endeavor to contribute in elevating Art, and raising the standard of Music in this country.

Secondly, Mr. B. says, that since the commencement of the Society there has been, on the part of the members and direction, little short of a *conspiracy* against Art in this country, and that there exists in the Society a *systematized* effort for the extinction of American Music. These charges, although made very positively, are really so absurd, that in answer to them we simply challenge Mr. B. to *prove* his assertions; for in his letter there is not *one* word to substantiate them.

The *third* fault Mr. B. finds is, that the execution of the Philharmonic performers was three years ago better than it is now, although at that time he says, the members individually were not as competent as they are at present. As to this point, we are willing to abide by the decision of those who have been in the habit of simply *listening* to our performances for the last five years, without allowing their minds to be disturbed by those rancorous feelings, which envy and jealousy, as well as disappointed ambition, sometimes call forth. We willingly admit, however, that much remains to be desired in the results of our performances, and only regret that circumstances beyond our control often prevent the execution of the pieces from being as perfect as we feel they ought to be. It is, after all, much easier to pass judgment and find fault than to do better.

Having thus met Mr. B.'s charges, which for his sake we wish he had framed in a somewhat nobler spirit, and on the weight of which he might have reflected more deliberately, we entirely refrain from taking any notice whatever of those parts of his letter which have no bearing on the subject in consideration, and which, we believe, have been pronounced as in exceeding bad taste and entirely uncalled for. Nor can we imagine, from the acquaintance and brotherhood we have had with Mr. Bristow for some time past, that all he said was the result of his own heart's convictions, but rather that he has been advised into pursuing this strange course by would-be-friends, whose advice and undue adulation he would much better have done without. To abuse is a very easy thing: but although Mr. B. has seen fit to take this mode of arguing, we certainly *cannot*, and *will not* stoop to it, and, with a simple statement of the facts, take leave of him, fearing and regretting that by so hasty proceeding on his part he may have alienated from himself sympathies, which hitherto have always been cordially rendered him.

We must finally be permitted to indulge in the remark, that in our opinion it would have been more manly in Mr. B., honestly and frankly to have laid his grievances, if he had any, before the

Society, for which he had ample opportunity, instead of writing and publishing a letter full of vehemence and passion, condemnatory of a body of musicians, of which he had been himself a member for many years, [and of late one of the leading men,] and in whose spirit and action he has always acquiesced from the commencement of his membership up to his late extraordinary attack in your journal.

Taking this opportunity of thanking you for the interest you have always shown for the welfare and progress of our Institution, we remain

Very respectfully yours,

H. C. TIMM, President.

U. C. HILL, Vice President,
L. SPIER, Secretary,
WM. SCHARFENBERG, Treas.
T. L. ENSIGN, Librarian,
THEO. EISEL, Asst. Dct'r.

Board of Directors.

At the regular meeting of the Society on Saturday, March 11th, the above letter was read and fully concurred in, and voted to be published in Willis's *Musical World*, there being only *three* dissentient votes. Of these, one was declared to be so because the voter preferred that no notice whatever should be taken of Mr. Bristow's letter.

Subsequently, Mr. B.'s resignation, as one of the Board of Directors and as performing member of the Society, was accepted, and Mr. Beames elected in his stead as Assistant Director.

On motion of Mr. U. C. Hill, Mr. Richard Hoffman was then duly elected an Honorary member of the N. Y. Philharmonic Society.

Music in Paris.

[Extract from a private Letter.]

PARIS, FEB. 21, 1854.

MY DEAR DWIGHT:

By the kindness of a friend, I had a ticket to the second concert of the Conservatoire Imperial. You may suppose that I eagerly embraced the opportunity of hearing one of these far-famed concerts. Let others run after operas and great singers;—for the truest and deepest pleasure, give me a concert of pure instrumental music. These concerts are not always accessible to non-subscribers, as the seats are taken and held year after year by the regular subscribers. So I considered myself lucky to get in. We had 1st, a symphony of Beethoven; 2d, a chorus from Mozart's *Idomeneo*, the solo part sung very fairly by Mlle. Boulard, one of the pupils of the Conservatoire, who has received a prize; 3d, a truly naïve and charming dance of Gluck, from *Iphigenie en Aulide*; 4th, a Trio from Haydn's *Armide*, sung by pupils of the Conservatoire; and lastly, the whole of Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream." The instrumental part of the performance seemed to me as perfect as one could desire. The last especially lingers in my memory as complete and soul-sufficing as Shakspeare himself. Never have I heard all those subtle, fantastic harmonies of Mendelssohn, those dreany, glancing lights and shadows which captivate one so from the beginning to the end of this work, so perfectly rendered. And the grand, exulting, barbaric movement of the Wedding March—where Theseus and Hippolyta pass by, with elephants and camels and barbed steeds, and all the splendor of Indian costume covering the grand Grecian simplicity of form—was never so truly represented by any orchestra.

At the Italian Opera I heard Mario again in the *Sonnambula*, when he poured himself forth in such bursts of magnificent, such impassioned, such tender tones as I have never heard approached by any other male voice. The *Elvir d'Amore* was very well sustained by Gardoni; a very tender and sweet tenor; Rossi, a capital Dulcamaro; Tamburini, who did the best he

could amid the ruins of his former voice; and Frezzolini, who did well enough as prima donna, but whom one hears as if he were hearing her on trial, and who, when she does anything in a manner approaching to *abandon*, is most kindly and patronizingly applauded.

Here you have the extent of my experience in the world of music in Paris. I hear all about me talk of brilliant successes. Cruvelli I hear of as the rival of Rachel in acting, but of her voice as not particularly sympathetic. Meyerbeer's new opera at the Comique, *L'étoile du Nord*, is praised highly in Galignani, and all seats taken for the representation for some time to come. Such things float about me as I oscillate daily between my lodgings and my atelier. When any of these drops of ethereal essence ooze into my ears, I will endeavor to make a distillation thereof, and bottle up something of their aroma for your use. c.

Letter from the Diarist.

Editor of Dwight's Journal of Music.

THREE PAIR BACK, March 19, 1854.

DEAR SIR,—Towards the conclusion of my XLth communication of jottings, published in your Journal of the 25th ultimo, there are a few sentences not "merely of an allusive character" as to the career of certain composers, which seem to have been considered "sufficient matter for comment." As you have admitted a letter into your paper of yesterday, two columns and a half of which are strictures upon those few sentences, and these strictures most decidedly "reflect upon my general accuracy," I feel impelled, against my will, to notice the matter and show that I was right.

Before "going in detail into the lives of those composers, which have been so often given," the following positions and facts may be set forth:—

1. A young composer must make a reputation before his musical abilities will procure him a subsistence—must have "praise before he gets his pudding;" if he strikes out a new path, he must expect to meet not only the opposition of those who already have the public ear, and are in possession of the stage, but that of the singers and musicians generally, to whom the greater the novelty the greater the labor; and when so much reputation is gained as to warrant his aspirations for an engagement either as composer or director, or both, he carries his commodity—his genius and talents—to whatever market offers a demand.

2. Of the four great German composers, Handel, Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven, two not only pleased the "appreciative few," but became popular, and enjoyed the benefits of popularity. The other two, in spite of their own utter want of all knowledge of economy and the value of money, were sustained, supported, and not allowed to "starve or live in garrets" by the "appreciative few."

3. He that follows Fétis in minor matters of historic detail, especially in relation to German composers, follows an *ignis fatuus*; and the Quixote who undertakes a tilt against facts and statements drawn from original German sources without knowing that language, is in precisely the position, in which the author of "A Letter to Mr. Willis" finds those critics of "Santa Claus" who cannot read the score.

4. "If this is a free fight, count me in."

The preliminaries being thus adjusted, I shall proceed to a somewhat particular discussion of the pecuniary condition of the four composers named above; 1. because this has never been done, 2. because their alleged poverty is harped upon so continually by fanciful and imaginative writers, and 3. "to show you how accurate I am in what I say of all, even the most trivial matters."

HANDEL. In 1698 he went to Berlin, where Attilio Ariosti used to take him upon his knees and hear him play the harpsichord. The Kurfürst—he had not then assumed the title of King—offered to send him to Italy, (rather appreciative that), but his friends thought a boy of thirteen had better go back to Halle to his father. His

father died and the boy in 1703 went to Hamburg and entered Keiser's orchestra at the opera as a violinist. Keiser got into debt and ran away. There were two harpsichords in the theatre, and the player of the second naturally took Keiser's place, but the boy put in a claim for it and actually took it from him as the best player of the two. This was the cause of the attempt upon his life; and all these circumstances together led the managers to put an opera into his hand for composition—he finished it in a few weeks and it ran thirty nights. He soon with Mattheson divided the directorship and wrote three other successful operas. The Prince of Tuscany heard two of them and invited the composer to Italy. In three years he saved money enough to enable him to travel respectably, accepted the Prince's offer and went to Florence. In Italy he made such a tour from opera house to opera house, visiting Venice, Rome, Naples, &c., as Rossini did a century later, and came home with plenty of fame and money. Hanover at that time was a leading German capital, and Handel paid it a visit. At this time the Elector was heir to the throne of England, and many of the English nobility were there worshipping the dull, old rising sun. Having money enough, Handel concluded to accept the invitation of these nobles and visit London. Just at this time, 1710, Baro Kilmansegg had obtained the appointment from George, of Handel as kapellmeister, with a salary of 1500 crowns a year. The young man refusing this, because of his intended London journey, he was told this should not interfere, he should have the appointment with permission to go where he would for a year. (Rather appreciative, for a young man of 23?) The history of the opera "Rinaldo" need not be repeated. After his return to Hanover, he stayed two years and then obtained permission to visit London again, on condition of returning at a specified time.

He broke his engagement, and when his employer came over, in 1714, this fact and another, which need not be mentioned, had banished the composer from court. Then came the "Water Music" story, which is fact, and Handel was reinstated in his place and salary. Appreciated? Why, he lived for a long time at Burlington House, and at another period in the family of the Duke of Chandos. Appreciated? In poverty? Why, £50,000 were subscribed expressly for the performance of operas at the Haymarket, composed by him, Bononcini and Attilio Ariosti. The "Royal Academy of Music" in a few years sunk its capital, \$250,000, (at a time when money was more valuable than now, and when the public was aghast that a great singer refused to come to London, though the offer of 1,000 guineas had been made!) but Handel had grown rich enough to join Heidegger in the attempt to carry on opera, and posted off to Italy and Germany to get singers. It would be a little singular if after all previous attempts to establish Italian Opera in London had failed, he should have succeeded. As it was, for a time things went on well; but a quarrel between him and his singers led to a breach with his noble patrons—the people had nothing to do with these things then—and soon a rival Opera was established. Both were bankrupt in 1787, and Handel had lost \$50,000 which he had previously saved. So that a want of appreciation of Handel's talents had nothing whatsoever to do with the comparative poverty of the few following years. During this year he had an attack of palsy and went to Aix la Chapelle, where he was cured in six weeks and returned to his favorite London.

Now comes the time of "the furious cabal against him in England" and "the empty benches at his oratorios." His last two operas had been composed in 1736–7, and the Earl of Middlesex had paid him for them \$5000—appreciative that? He began his new career with "Alexander's Feast," followed with "Israel in Egypt," "L'Allegro ed il Penseroso," &c., &c.; wrote music for Vauxhall Gardens, where a marble statue by Roubillac had been erected at an expense of \$1000; published Concertos for various instruments, and against all the opposition of his personal enemies, met with that sort of success with the appreciative few, that on the 14th of April, 1759, he died in the 76th year of his age, worth one hundred thousand dollars. "When a composer is duly appreciated in his own country, he does not expatriate himself or reside permanently abroad," says the writer in the last number of your Journal. I leave it to the common sense of every reader, if Handel expatriated

himself because of any stupidity on the part of the "appreciative few" in Berlin, Hamburg or Hanover.

HAYDN.—"After thirty years of labor, or fifty-four thousand hours of work (for he was singularly methodical in appropriating five hours every day to composition, beginning at six o'clock in the morning,) he had laid by the sum of five thousand francs, \$1000." I quote this to show that M. Fétis is not only a wonderfully accurate historian but a great, Laplace-like sort of a mathematician.

Joseph Haydn, the oldest of the twenty children of a peasant mechanic in an Austrian Dorf, from his 8th to his 16th year supported himself on the regular salary of a singing boy in St. Stephen's Cathedral at Vienna. When his voice broke, the boy could not well go back to his father, there being no chance there to get his bread by music; he could do nothing else for a living, nor could the peasant support his son in idleness. However, he had had good instructors in the St. Stephen's School, and determined to try his luck as a teacher. He hired an attic room in the house where Metastasio lived, and the poet employed him to give lessons to a Miss Martinez in singing and on the piano-forte. Through him Haydn was then employed to play the accompaniments, when old Porpora gave singing lessons to the lady-love of the Venetian ambassador. In the summer the ambassador and his lady went to a watering place, and Porpora of course with them. Haydn, anxious to retain the advantages of Porpora's instructions—not given to him, got them by being present during the lady's lessons—hired himself to the old master as a sort of footman, for six ducats a month, to board with the officials, not servants, of the Venetian. This lasted three months, during which time he gained the praise of Gluck and Wagenseil, and other great men, for his skilful accompaniments. He studied composition alone.

At 18 years, we find him in Vienna again giving lessons at two gulden (\$1) a month, which increases to five before long, and enables him to take better lodgings. He gets sixty gulden a year for musical performances in one of the convents, attends three services at different churches Sundays and festival days as organist or singer, getting seventeen kreutzers—about twenty cents—for each, and evenings goes serenading with some friends, generally playing music of his own. One of these serenades procured him an opera to set, as is well known, which gained him twenty-four ducats, a sum, as he said years afterward, which made him consider himself a rich man. At this time his room was broken open and all he had was stolen, but there was even then an "appreciative few"—and one gave him a black suit, another supplied him with shirts, and Baron Fürnberg took him into his house two months. This life he led until he was twenty-seven, 1759. Not knowing the value of his compositions, which he used to give his pupils, he threw away one source of income. This year he was appointed Music-director by Count Morzin, with a salary of two hundred gulden, free lodgings, and board with the Count's private secretaries and men of business—not his servants. It was at this time that he married the barber's daughter; not the one he loved, she went into a nunnery; but her sister; something like Mozart, though in Haydn's case the marriage was not happy. In 1760, twelve days before he completed his 28th year, he was appointed Kapellmeister by Prince Esterhazy, with a salary of four hundred gulden and other emoluments. This was a small salary and he worked very hard; but it was a life he loved, and though Gluck and other such men advised him to leave, and he had pressing offers from Salomon to visit England, yet he loved the Prince, was happy, and the mere offer of wealth did not affect him. Twice his house was burnt down and the Prince rebuilt it; and he had but to hint at leaving to get a present from Esterhazy any time. His conversations about this period of his life are on record, and they prove that it was no fault of the appreciative few that after thirty years of service, he was poor. At the death of Esterhazy, Sept. 28, 1790, according to Greisinger, a man who knew Haydn intimately many years and knew all about it, his property was 2000 gulden. A gulden is a florin, and an Austrian florin, says Murray, is two and a half francs, so that Fétis' thousand francs becomes 5000. Salomon was in Bonn or Cologne on his way to London when he heard that Esterhazy was dead. He turned at once towards Vienna, and reached that city in a few days. One afternoon, just as evening

was coming on, there was a knock on Haydn's door. "Come in!" and there stood his old acquaintance, Salomon, who had so urged him to come to London, and whom he had hitherto refused. The first thing the visitor said, as Haydn used to tell the story, was, "Come, get ready, in fourteen days you go to London!" Haydn—but there are some things which the musical reader is expected to know.

There is no one circumstance in Haydn's history that sustains the assertion that the appreciative few drove Haydn to England. All the sneers, and quotations from the Frenchman, and the logic (!), and the insinuations, and the rhetoric of your last week's correspondent to the contrary, notwithstanding. "The man who hired him having died, we (*do not*) find him obliged to seek a livelihood in a foreign land." The fact is, that Salomon was so afraid that he should not get him, that he gave him no time to try the Vienna public, and in eleven weeks after Esterhazy's death, he had him on the road—and this Salomon was one of the appreciative few Germans, and had only been in England nine years at the time. The King and Queen of England did all in their power to persuade Haydn to make England his residence, and the Queen promised him rooms in Windsor Castle for his summer abode. They offered to send for his wife, and urged him personally. [See Haydn's own Diary—those who can read German.] But he chose to return, as he expressed it, "to the household of his Prince," which, as we learn from your correspondent of last week, and from "his biographer—the accurate Fétis, I suppose—had always treated him so shabbily.

[Conclusion next week.]

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

From my Diary. No. XLIII.

NEW YORK, March 13.—The last two concerts, "Philharmonic" and "Eisfeld's Soirée," have called out some fine specimens of criticism from our press. An instance or two are worth recording. Beethoven's first symphony in C has for forty-six years been considered as a curious example of the influence of works of acknowledged excellence upon the forms and style of a young artist—as being curiously imbued throughout with the characteristics of Mozart and Haydn, being especially Haydnish in the Andante—not of course slavishly so in its musical ideas, but in the mode of their expression. Now comes the critic of the *Albion* and says:

"A symphony of Beethoven's, whether it be his first or his last, is a work that always must command the attention of the critic, amateur, and musician. In the present instance we have his earliest symphonic work under consideration, a work marked by all the vigor, power and originality so characteristic of this author. Without being as intricate and difficult as most of his subsequent symphonic works, it is at least equally as agreeable, flowing, and fresh, and if it has not the classical grandeur of many of the subsequent symphonies, it is at least as rich in natural, brilliant, and glowing forms. The *Andante* particularly is most stamped with the peculiarities of his genius; and by way of parenthesis we may add, that the last movement seems so especially marked by the peculiarities of Mozart's genius, that it might be called plagiarism in a lesser mortal than Beethoven."

Another paper, speaking of Eisfeld's Soirée, at which a quartet from Haydn and one from Beethoven were played, finds a piano-forte Trio by Fesca "the gem of the evening!" A third referring to the same concert, gives his opinion of Eisfeld's song, and adds:

"The other vocal piece was a beautiful *Ave Maria*, by Kneken, a charming composition, which was exquisitely sung by Madame Bouchelle."

The programme announced it as an Aria from Mozart's *Figaro*.

March 18. I notice that a correspondent of *Dwight's Journal* repeats to-day a statement derogatory to the good sense of the London Philharmonic Society in regard to their treatment of Beethoven's Symphony in C minor. That *Journal*, Vol. II. No. 21, contains enough in relation to its first rehearsal to render it unnecessary to say more than that the statement is an entire mistake, and that upon its public production it was received with extraordinary applause. Does that correspondent know when the work was written, first performed in public, and first rehearsed in London?

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MARCH 25, 1854.

NEW VOLUME. On the *Eighth of April* our *Journal* will enter upon its third year, and with new assurances of public favor and success. Of course new subscriptions will be now in order. The majority of our subscribers will please bear in mind that their present subscription expires with another number. We trust they will all notify us, before the month is out, of their intention to *renew*, and that subscribers at a distance will see the reasonableness of our terms as advertised, viz: two dollars per annum in advance.

☞ All who do not expressly notify us of their wish to stop the *Journal* at the expiration of their term, will still continue to receive it, and be counted as subscribers for another year.

☞ No subscription received for a shorter period than six months; and none for less than a year, unless paid in advance.

☞ We have enclosed bills to a large number of subscribers who have not yet paid for the year now closing, and beg that they will promptly remit by mail or otherwise.

MEYERBEER'S NEW OPERA. A friend, to whom we have several times been indebted for like favors, translates for us a description of this new opera, whose success has been so complete in Paris, as to have become the topic. Spite of its Russian subject, it seems to ride safely on the heavy sea of anti-Russian public feeling. The plot, it will be seen, is but a variation upon the old plot of Peter the Great in the shipyards of Zandaam, which has served Lortzing for his *Czar und Zimmermann*, Jullien for his *Pietro il Grande*, and even Donizetti, if we remember rightly, for one of his forgotten earlier works.

We are happy to be able to present our readers this week with a continuation of the life of Mendelssohn. The writer, be he English or German, evidently chimes in with that peculiar English enthusiasm about Mendelssohn, which is continually frothing over in the *London Musical World*. We apprehend, however, that for the real, clear, quiet liquid that underlies the foam, one could well go to Germany, even to the "Schumannite Jesuits" of Leipzig. By the way, what does this biographer mean by placing Weber and Mendelssohn in the "same sphere?"

Admiring readers of "Charles Auchester" will follow this narrative with eager interest; but with but small results in the detection of correspondencies between the Seraphael fictions and the literal events of the historical Felix.

An enviable correspondent crowns quite tantalizingly over a little oasis which he has discovered in the great circumambient Sahara of our New England "CHOIR SINGING." The list of pieces, which he kindly copies for us, is certainly encouraging. And this reminds us of a suggestion we have long wished to make. Why cannot the more cultivated choirs in our churches, of whatsoever faith, relieve sometimes the humdrum of the common market psalmody by a movement or two from some of the beautiful and truly religious Masses of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Cherubini, Hummel, and others? When we witness the real enthusiasm with which this music inspires the little circles of friends, who for several winters have met to practice it, in private houses (and there have been not a few such in this neighborhood), we are inspired with a longing to hear something of the sort in public worship. Such music *would* be worship! There is the real, vital language of

the religious sentiment in it, untrammelled and undeadened by set creeds and forms. But we should insist upon the Latin words. It is a prejudice that would exclude them. For centuries those same few pregnant and expressive words have been wedded with the same devotional and musical themes. In the *Kyrie*, the *Gloria*, the *Crucifixus*, the *Benedictus*, &c., we have all the phases of the religious, Christian feeling fitly expressed, in words admirable for music. These are immortal, familiar texts, to which the musical composers give continually new and fresh exposition. What if they are not in our own vernacular? It is better, since the *meaning* lies more in the music, that the words be fit and few, and always the same, and not in any vernacular, but in some sort of consecrated universal language, which Roman, Frenchman, German, American or Russian equally may understand. Now who does not know the meaning of the *Gloria*? of the *Benedictus*?—Generations that grow up hearing certain sentiments continually sung to these words, have a vital apprehension of their meaning, without learning Latin. And what if the Mass has been always associated with the Roman Church? Is not inspired music, are not those large and generous texts, more truly Catholic than any church, and therefore fit to be adopted by all worshipping Humanity in God's Church Universal?

Could we have our way, (without of course dictating any *one* way for all persons and all cases), we would seek greater edification in the would-be-musical department of public worship, by making every musical service to consist of these three kinds, alternating in due proportions:

1. Organ voluntaries, fugues, &c., of the highest and noblest kind, impersonal, pervading the place as with a holier atmosphere, and charming the thoughts upward, as by a sort of spiral Jacob's Ladder of the Fugue, to heavenlier and purer states.

2. At least one plain Chorale, simple, grand, time-hallowed, familiar, sung in unison or harmony by all the congregation who can sing. A dozen or two of these were better than the thousands upon thousands of newly manufactured psalm-tunes. In the simplicity and grandeur of the thing would consist its ever renewed novelty.

3. Singing by a small trained choir, of *artists*,—at least in spirit and in feeling, and in general culture and refinement,—of pieces of a more artistic character, whose beauty and deep sentiment should penetrate the soul of the listeners. For this what better than extracts from the masses, as above suggested? We might also mention many admirable motets, hymns by Marcello, quartets, trios, &c., from Mendelssohn's "Elijah," or "St. Paul," much of the old Church of England service, &c. &c. There is no lack of good compositions for the purpose, if choirs will but cultivate acquaintance with them, instead of ringing everlasting changes on the short form of a psalm-tune. Psalm-tunes and waltzes are subject to the same fatality in regard to indefinite multiplication; beyond a certain number they will sound all alike.

We merely hint this thought. Observe it is only *one* plan among many, which we have no doubt might be adopted for the better.

THE NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY have made, as we expected, a very satisfactory reply to the charges of Mr. Bristow, which will

be found on another page. The document is manly, dignified, and reasonable.

Our "Diarist," too, is making pretty thorough mincemeat of Mr. Fry's *facts*. We only regret that we could not give to-day the whole of his interesting and able communication.

Concerts.

GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY. The fifteenth and last of the Subscription Concerts, with a programme almost entirely classical, filled the Music Hall with one of the largest and best pleased audiences of the season. It formed a noble and a fitting close to a series of Concerts, which have been so frequent and in the main so excellent, that one is startled by the thought that what had come to seem a settled habit of our lives, and part of "human nature's daily food," *can* come to an end, even for a season, and that we must dream of its return not without reckoning the uncertainties of all futures. But one thing, we opine, is certain: the appetite and love for great orchestral music is pretty thoroughly awakened in this community; it is one of the permanent social facts; and it will crave and will have its periodical and frequent gratification, so long as there is talent in the world that can supply it. The Germanians, we cannot doubt, will still find their interest year after year in bringing their perennial products of the Muses to this market, which can never relapse into settled dullness, in spite of any slight and temporary fluctuations. Meanwhile they have not yet left our city on their usual summer tour, to sow the good seeds of true musical taste, (and also reap, we trust, in more substantial kind) throughout the Southern, Western, Northern States, and Canada. They have yet a few weeks left here, which we doubt not they will improve by at least one farewell concert, which should be a bumper. At all events, the music-lovers have still the public rehearsals to fall back upon, every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon, until the 8th of April; at these one always hears at least one good symphony and one good overture, with enough besides to tickle the heels of the waltzers, and revive the spirit of other days to the long fasting *habitués* and bouquet-flingers of the Italian Opera. (These latter, by the way, may ere long have their fling—not of bouquets indeed—at us tame symphony lovers; for do they not behold a stately edifice and Theatre of all their hopes looming before them in immediate prospect of completion,—substantial, made with hands!)

To return to the concert.

1. What an opening! The *ninth*, the Choral Symphony of Beethoven! We know not how many persons may have shared our own experience; but,—so we found it last year, and so it was again without the least shade of deduction, Saturday evening—this music was to us the most exciting, the most sense and soul-engrossing, the most satisfying, to which it has ever been our happiness to listen. Surely the most restless, far-yearning, unsatisfied, *blasé* being, that has tried all experiences, cannot fail, (if there be any spark of soul left in him,) to find something that recognizes and speaks to and speaks for all there is in him, in that grand Faust-like Allegro, which on the back-ground of a strange sense of emptiness (those naked fifths in the *tremolo* of the first bars) summons before us such giant shadows of Fate, and wrestles with them with heroic and

sublime resolve; the stern strife sweetened at intervals by themes of gushing tenderness out of the heart's truest depths. There is a grand note of preparation and of promise in that whole first movement, that shows us purple streaks of dawn as of a glorious day, even across all those colossal, Michael Angelo shadows of despair. Promise that cannot fail! Beethoven indeed always inspires you with that assurance from the moment that he takes you under his conduct, and no matter through what dark, mysterious depths he leads you. But never more strongly so than here. More than the ordinary developments of a symphony were foreshadowed in such a pregnant overture as that Allegro. (Most of our readers will recall Richard Wagner's really illustrative, if fanciful, parallel between the three first movements of this symphony and passages in Goethe's "Faust." Those hearers of the symphony who have not read it, will do well to refer to No. 18, Vol. II. of this Journal, where they will find it translated.) As for the performance, we could only wonder that so small an orchestra could bring out all the bold as well as the delicate outlines of such a piece with so much emphasis and clearness.

Equally successful was the quick-throbbing *staccato* of the joy-intoxicated Scherzo, full of the *abandon* of the natural, sensuous hey-day of youth and pleasure; and the pastoral humor (bassoon and oboe) of the episode where the time changes from triple to common. And after such vigorous trial of this kind of joy, this simple but not final solution of the great life problem, come the visitations of serener, sweeter, holier thoughts in one of the most heavenly of Adagios. This was rendered with most delicate expression. The first notes of the different parts in the first measure fall in one after the other, like sweet bells on the evening air. These prelude to the principal melody which, after the manner of a chorale, is given out in sentences or lines, the pause after each line being filled with an interluding echo of its last notes. And then with a change of key from B flat to D major, comes the second main theme, an unbroken stream of a more human and pathetic kind of melody, as of the private heart answering, in sweet tears of penitence and trust, to the consoling sentences of that more impersonal and holy theme. These two themes alternate throughout the Adagio; the melting melody runs into the most fine and exquisite divisions in the violins, which at other times by little pizzicato throbs and snappings of the strings break in upon the smooth flow of the general harmony only to testify their sympathy. How absurd and crazy this talk sounds indeed! And yet one who has the actual music still vibrating upon his spirit's nerves, will have felt what we mean and find some pleasure in the awkwardest tokens of another's recognition of it.

The Adagio was over; and one "recovered himself" (to speak common prose, which sometimes is just the opposite of soul's truth) with a sort of shudder to find that one of the most perfectly harmonious and brimming hours vouchsafed to this mortal life had passed. For with the heavenly comfort of the Adagio, this hearing of the Choral Symphony was cut short. No Choral climax followed; the completion of this grand poetic and musical design in the idea of Unity and Brotherhood, of the embrace of all the millions, and the merging of the human in

the divine in one universal hymn to Joy, was relentlessly withheld from us. It would have been far better to have had it, even with imperfect singing, if only to fulfil the expectation raised and heightened by each successive instrumental movement thus far. We longed at least to hear again the great, impatient recitative of the double-basses, trying over by turns and dismissing all the preceding themes, and finally their discovery of the Joy theme and its bursting forth into singing. The voices would, at least have answered for the frame work to hold the exceedingly interesting orchestral parts together, and help the imagination to sketch out the entire design.

Of one thing we could not but be conscious, even when most entirely absorbed in the music; and that was of the unusual degree of attention and interest with which the great mass of the audience listened. During no instrumental performance, at which we were ever present in a large assembly, have the signs of a pervading interest been more unmistakable. The presence or absence of such sympathy in an audience is something one can feel and measure without much scrutiny of outward demonstrations. That audience was ripe for the last great movement with the chorus, and would have followed it with eagerness we have no doubt. But instead of Schiller and Beethoven, we had to quench our eagerness in Meyerbeer; instead of the "Hymn to Joy" the expectant spirit had to adjust itself to

2. An Aria from "Robert le Diable;" a beautiful, pathetic, serious aria indeed, and sung with true style and expression by Miss LEHMANN. It was music enough to fill many a void, but not the void left by the non-completion of the Choral Symphony.

3. The fifth Concerto for violin, with orchestra, by De Beriot, was finely played by WILLIAM SCHULTZE. A spirited composition in the best style of its author, far less hacknied than most violin concertos, and not too long.

4. The Scherzo again from Mendelssohn's Scotch Symphony, which has become a great favorite, and welcome in all concerts.

5. Part Second opened with a revival of the romantic overture to *Tannhäuser*, of which enough has probably been said in this columns in the earlier part of the season. Suffice it to say that this time the charm did not fail, and that Richard Wagner, so far as this work shows him, has made a deep impression on our truest music-lovers.

6. Mr. HELLER repeated the two last movements, Adagio and Allegro, from the wonderful piano Concerto, in E flat, of Beethoven, which was first introduced to us entire at the preceding classical concert. The Adagio, of course, lost much of its effect thus unprepared by the first and principal movement; yet it has the peculiar virtue of a Beethoven Adagio. The brilliant Rondo produces a singular effect by an ambiguity of rhythm, the theme being in six-eight measure, with the phrasing of three-four; so that the former livelier rhythm, which is the true rhythm of the piece, seems struggling from the detention of the latter.

7. Some of the printed bills deluded their holders with the expectation next of Schubert's "Erl King." But no such hope was gratified. ECKERT's "Swiss Song," the pretty echo piece which he wrote for Sontag, to offset the Lind

echoes, was the piece now chosen by the LEHMANN, as if to show that not alone by Sontag could it be effectively presented. We certainly were surprised and charmed by the power and beauty of her rendering. But in *such* a concert one had reason to expect something higher in one of the songs, at least.

8. The concluding overture was of the modern, third-rate German, noisy, over-strained, struggling for much and coming to nothing order; now making desperate efforts at the pathetic, and then as desperately abandoning them for the lightest jingle. We mean the overture by Krentzer to *Das Nachtlager in Granada* (The night Camp in Grenada.)

MUSICAL EDUCATION SOCIETY. We had the pleasure of listening on Monday evening to one of the Public Rehearsals which this Society has been giving for some weeks past; and a very pleasant, richly varied, sociable sort of entertainment it was. We found the Meisonaon so crowded with listeners, both the floor and organ loft, that only standing places, and those scarcely inside the doors, remained for the late comers. At a little desk in front of the platform at the lower end of the hall stood Herr Conductor KREISSMANN, and on either side of him in lines across the corners, like two wings, were ranged the male and female choirs, a hundred, or hundred and fifty strong. Our ears were saluted, as we drew near, by the jubilant strains of the first chorus in the "Messiah." *And the glory of the Lord*, which was sung with much spirit and fine unity and balance of voices.

Then followed a charming duet by Miss DOANE and Mr. KREISSMANN, from Mozart, sung with rich, clear, penetrating voice on the part of the lady, and in excellent style on both parts. A chorus from Mendelssohn's "St. Paul" followed quite impressively. An elaborate Italian Aria, by Carafa, was sung by Miss DOANE; a bass song, by a gentleman whose name we did not hear, with a powerful bass voice; and a very beautiful sacred Quartet, of a cheerful character, by Novello, by four finely balanced voices, among which we were struck by the fresh and musical quality of a soprano, new to our ears. Mr. WILCOX added a fine element to the variety, which we wish were more common in musical soirées, in some good organ-playing; among other things he played that pathetic fugue, from the "Messiah," one of the very best things in the oratorio: *And with his stripes*, &c., for a conclusion to which he aptly appended the solemn close to the chorus: *All we like sheep*, viz., *And the Lord hath laid on him*, &c. Handel's jubilant chorus: *See the conquering hero comes!* and other choruses were sung.

The HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY gave another highly successful performance of "Moses in Egypt" last Sunday evening; and have now resolved themselves, again, for the time being, into Committee of the Whole for new rehearsals.

Mlle. DE LA MOTTE'S Soirées closed on Monday evening, with a rich selection. The lady herself performed one of the Trios of Mendelssohn, with the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB; and for solos, Thalberg's fantasia on the prayer in *Moise*, and Prudent's on *Lucia di Lamermoor*. The Quintette Club performed also a

Quartet of Mozart's (No. 8, in F), a Quintet with clarinet; by Weber, and one of Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words," arranged by Ryan.

Mr. APTOMMAS'S Harp Soirées also came to an end on Tuesday,—as we hear, with much éclat, although the harpist rose from a sick bed to perform his duty, which we are sorry to see he made doubly arduous for himself by the unnecessary old Simon Stylites sort of penance of playing on two harps at once!

GERMANIA REHEARSALS.—Last Saturday afternoon we had the Pastoral Symphony, finely played as far as the conclusion of the Storm, and there suddenly left hanging in mid air—as it was once by Jullien—by that sunny flute passage which forms the transition to the last movement. We wondered how it was possible to stop there.

On Wednesday last the Rehearsal opened with three of the four movements to Spohr's descriptive Symphony, "Consecration of Tones." The overture to *Die schöne Melusine* was also played to the great delight of all who appreciate Mendelssohn in his most romantic and unique vein. (See a paragraph about its origin in the biographical sketch on a preceding page.)

Musical Intelligence.

NEW YORK.—The ladies of Grace Church have recently given a complimentary concert to their chief singer, Mrs. BODSTEIN, better known in these parts as Miss JULIA NORTHALL. Niblo's saloon was "filled with the fashionable fair, whose favorite Mrs. B. has always been." Mr. BURKE, the violinist, and other excellent artists, assisted, and the whole thing is said to have been both choice and successful.

MUSIC IN THE SOUTH WEST. The shooting stars of our half of the musical firmament seem to have been all tending to a focus about New Orleans for some time. SONTAG has been giving concerts there, with Jaell and Camille Urso; and more recently has appeared in Italian Opera, as Rosina, &c. Mobile, Natchez, &c. have also had a share of her sweet singing. JULIEN has given concerts and *bals masqués* there, too, with great success, and was announced for three concerts in Mobile. OLE BULL and STRAKOSCH have been hovering about in the same region, and had got back as far as St. Louis. We read also of a contemplated operatic excursion of Mme. SONTAG into Mexico. BISACCANTI and Miss CATHARINE HAYES were still rivalling each other in delighting the excitable inhabitants of Lima.

But New Orleans seems to have been the brilliant musical metropolis of late, having its permanent supply of good French opera, and boasting triumphant performances of *Les Huguenots*, &c., in addition to the visitations of the stars aforesaid.

PHILADELPHIA.—In the absence of any imposing public performance of music here this winter, more attention than usual has been paid to private musical entertainments; and among others a series of soirées given by Mr. H. Thorbecke at Scherr's Saloon have given great delight to the limited but appreciative company that had the privilege of attending them. The closing one took place last evening. The programme included a septuor of Beethoven, a sextuor of Onslow, a trio of Mayseder, piano solos of Liszt, Mendelssohn, Henselt and Hummel, played by Mr. Thorbecke himself, and a couple of vocal pieces. The execution of all these was admirable, and the favor with which the instrumental concerted pieces were received shows a growing love for the pure and elegant works of the classic composers.—*Bulletin.*

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F. F. MÜLLER,

DIRECTOR OF MUSIC AND ORGANIST at the Old South Church; ORGANIST of the Handel and Haydn Society; ORGANIST of the Musical Education Society, &c. &c. &c.

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Translated for this Journal.

Meyerbeer's New Opera "L'Etoile du Nord."

From "La France Musicale."

[Concluded.]

The third act takes us to St. Petersburg, in the palace of the czar. Danilowitz has followed him, and has become his confidential friend. One thought haunts the emperor amidst his political preoccupations: he cannot believe in the death of Catherine. He speaks of her continually; sees her in all around him; and, that she may be ever present to his recollection, he has built in his

palace a cottage like that which he inhabited with her in Finland.

No, she is not dead. The poor girl has found an asylum; Danilowitz has concealed her in the imperial palace. But her reason has fled. Catherine no longer recognizes her friends. Nevertheless a ray of hope illumines the mind of Peter the Great; by means of a change of scene he brings us back to the first act, and discovers to our view the carpenter's workshop, the inn, the little shop of the pastry cook, and what is still more extraordinary, all the same characters, living and singing the same songs which we have already heard. There we see Danilowitz passing around his buns; George and Prackowia, the affianced lovers, and Peter the carpenter. Gradually Catherine recognizes her friends, and is saved; it is her brother's flute which she hears, and she replies to him; by her side she recognizes Peter and Prackowia. Now that she has recovered her reason there is but one means of proving that the love of the carpenter was sincere: at a signal from the czar, the doors are thrown open; the maids of honor and the chamberlains place upon the head of Catherine the imperial crown, amid cries of: Long live the Empress! and the drama is ended.

It would require an exceptional organization to render an account after a single hearing, of the contents of a score so considerable and so complicated as that of "L'Etoile du Nord." How is it possible to retain nineteen pieces of music which have each a different character, and which form, in their whole, the most extensive dramatic work that has ever appeared upon the boards of the Opera Comique? We follow the master with interest through his modulations and tonalities, varying at each moment; we seize now and then passages most striking by the originality of their form, by their unforeseen rhythm, by the melange of designs and stamps which undulate a thousand different ways in the orchestra. We exclaim: Here is a grand effect, a chorus, new and of iron stamp; a trio, a quintet, a finale with new attractions, which Meyerbeer alone is capable of writing. But to arrest the attention upon each page, to analyze each detail, and render an account of all the combinations drawn from the resources of science, is impossible, even with the memory of a Mezzofante.

It is easy to say: How fine, how admirable, how sublime; the critic can easily shirk his work with these words. Unless he have the score under

his very eyes, we defy the most skilful among them to define his enthusiasm.

Ah! let him say: Such a piece has produced an immense effect, such another has been applauded, such another has been encored; very well. But, once again, to say exactly how these nineteen pieces of music, cast into the mould of composition slowly and with extreme care, have been conceived, is beyond human power. We see a statue, a painting; the eye can rest as long as it likes upon the forms, the groupings, the colors. After having examined them, we may dispute upon their faults or merits, explain why there is here too much light, and elsewhere a shadow too strong and abrupt, why this arm is too stiff, this drapery too dark, or too light.

A few of those sounds which glide into the ear, and vanish upon the lightest breeze, we can retain in their flight; but to pretend to fix in the brain at the very first, all the effects which the musician has drawn therefrom, is by far too daring. It is only after a while, that taking, one by one, each idea enveloped in its forms, and its arabesques, we can feel and entirely comprehend what the artist has wished to paint or express.

The overture is that of the *Camp of Silesia*; it commences with several measures of the *Sacred march*; and various motives of the work are very skilfully enshrined therein. There is especially a very elegant phrase, which at the second reprise, played pianissimo, by the harps, the oboes and the flutes is of an extreme suavity. The end of this symphonic piece is vigorous and exciting.

In the first act the introductory chorus, and the verses of Danilowitz (Mocker) are fresh and smiling. The prayer and chorus which follows, accompanied by the continuous tolling of a bell, are of a charming stamp. The gipsy song of Catherine (Mlle. Duprez) with accompaniment on the tambourine, is a spruce, lively song, and the orchestra by its ingenious designs adds much to its attraction. The duo between Mlle. Duprez and Battaille, (Peter) which gives to the singer the opportunity to show the fineness and facility of her voice, without being entirely original, is nevertheless, interesting and agreeable. What must be praised above all in this act is a chorus of young girls; the wedding chorus, which is of a ravishingly melodious calmness; the verses in B \flat of Mlle. Lefebvre (Prackowia), and the whole finale in which the voice of Mlle. Duprez trips poetically through the caressing harmony of the orchestra.

The second act is by far the finest of the opera. It is varied and full of life. At first we have a dancing air, in which the composer, with that audacity which inspires us with an idea of power, has allied two instruments placed at the two extremities of the instrumental scale, the contrabass and the octave flute. It is rather shrill, it is true, but it is novel and happily imagined. Then follow some military couplets sung by M. Delaunay-Riguier, free in rhythm, and of a popular cast. They link themselves to other couplets sung by M. Hermann Léon, and reproduced by the chorus. The turn of their melody is charming; they were encored; the whole tent scene is treated in a most masterly manner; the song of the cantinières is piquante; it is original, delicate, imitative music, quite in the master's style; it is reproduced in trio, then in quatuor, and blends into a quintet which is certainly one of the most complete, and most happily conceived pieces in the score. Lastly the Sacred March, which is a German national hymn, crowns this act. The instruments of Sax, the drums and the orchestra uniting with the chorus in different tones, attain to a massive effect which is most prodigious. Never has a more formidable *tutti* echoed beneath the arches of the Opera Comique.

The third act has less musical importance. The duo of the three men, and the duo between Mlle. Lefebvre, and M. Jourdan: *Fusillé, fusillé!* might without loss be cut down a little. There would still remain, a romance for M. Bataille, some delicate and pretty couplets for Mlle. Lefebvre, which were encored, and the air of Mlle. Duprez, a little fatiguing, it is true, for the singer, but very brilliant, and requiring, to produce its full effect, the voice of a Jenny Lind.

We must praise the execution of the opera; the choral masses and the orchestra are on a par with the work, which, by its proportion exacted a display of forces, far beyond the habits of this theatre. Mlle. Duprez played the part of Catherine with wonderful intelligence, and her talent of vocalist has revealed itself in a new light. Mlle. Lefebvre, in a less important part, sang and played with that charm and dramatic sentiment which are always admired in her; Mmes. Lemerrier and Decroix, had only a few lines, but they sang them delightfully. Bataille, as Peter the Great, produced a great sensation; he is a warm actor, and a sympathetic singer; the creation of this part does him honor. Hermann Léon (the corporal Gritzenko) makes a good old man; he is as comical as the spirit of his part demands; his verses in the second act were perfectly sung. Messrs. Riguier and Mocker complete the execution, and come in for their share of the success. The costumes and scenery were of a dazzling richness and variety.

F. L. W.

Mendelssohn.

(Continued from p. 194)

In compliance with a general wish of the people at Düsseldorf, Felix, Immermann, and Uechritz undertook a joint management of the theatre, which for some time past had dragged on a miserable existence, and seemed likely to fall into decay, from the incompetency of the directors, and consequent failure of support from the public. As model performances Felix revived Mozart's *Don Juan*, and Cherubini's *Wasserträger*, besides Beethoven's music to Goethe's *Egmont*. He himself wrote two choruses, a march, and music of a military kind for a play of Calderon's. (I am not aware of these pieces having been

heard anywhere but at Düsseldorf.) Matters now began to wear a more favorable aspect, and, to ensure further success, a committee was formed consisting of eleven members, who consented to Immermann's assistance in the production of plays, and to the superintendence of Felix in that of opera, and whatever incidental music might be required. Julius Rietz, a pupil and disciple of Mendelssohn, promised his able co-operation, and everything seemed to augur well for the "Stadttheater" of Düsseldorf, which was reopened with all pomp and circumstance on the 28th October, 1834. But there is a fatality attending theatrical managers and caterers for public amusement, which in this case blighted all the fair hopes and expectations which had been raised by the energy of Felix, and the help and good will of his associates. We grieve to record, that Immermann and Mendelssohn quarrelled, and involved in their unhappy dispute the complete downfall of the entire scheme. They were confessedly unable to manage the theatre. Felix was accused of prejudice and exclusiveness, in selecting his singers from Berlin, and the operatic party retorted to the effect that Immermann attached an undue importance to the histrionic performances, thereby depreciating the value of the opera. Objections and arguments of all kinds were the preludes to a final separation. Weber's *Oberon* was twice given by Mendelssohn, and this is the last we hear of him as conductor of the opera at Düsseldorf. The theatre supported itself with much difficulty till the year 1837.

Most of our readers are aware of the existence of a school of painting at Düsseldorf. The names of Overbeck and other distinguished fresco painters might be here mentioned with honor, as having in their early years studied at this place; and let us add, with pride, that Felix could use his pencil with more than average excellence, and availed himself of the advice and friendship of Schirmer, a professor of landscape drawing at Düsseldorf. Felix dedicated to Schirmer his music to the 114th Psalm, "When Israel out of Egypt came," and his friend Klingemann has in his possession an album with several drawings by the musician, who was fond of illustrating poetry with pen and pencil also. Moscheles, I am told, has several humorous sketches by Felix in his possession, and though I would not contend that the sister arts found an equally worthy representative in the subject of this memoir,* the facts are worth recording, as illustrating that versatility of taste with which Mendelssohn was undeniably gifted.

The vocal institutions at Düsseldorf (the opera excepted) seem to have flourished chiefly in 1834, during the winter season, for we read of the performance of the *Messiah* and the *Seasons*, and other works of magnitude and importance; but the great event of this period was the composition of the greatest part of *St. Paul*; to this may be added the three *Capriccios* for pianoforte, Op. 33 (dedicated to Mr. Klingemann), several *Songs without Words*, the first volume of vocal pieces for soprano, alto, tenor, and bass, and three national choruses (*Volklieder*). The spring of 1835 found Mendelssohn on his way to Cologne, to conduct the festival, which was inaugurated with a performance of Handel's *Solomon*, with new organ accompaniments by Felix. So heartily appreciated were Mendelssohn's good services, that the musicians presented him with the London edition of Handel's scores, as a slight but significant mark of their gratitude, and upwards of six hundred signed their names to a written acknowledgment of the honor paid them.

Cities and towns seemed to rival each other in paying honor to the artist, whose name in Germany became the theme of every tongue, and Leipsic deputed some of the most influential members of her university to press on him the acceptance of a professorial chair. Felix modestly declined the honor, on the plea of his incapacity for lecturing, and the experience of after years proved that this was a proper distrust of his powers, and no affectation. Nothing daunted

* Mr. Sterndale Bennett and other friends of Mendelssohn have also some remarkable specimens of his talent as a draughtsman.—*Musical World*.

at his refusal, they prevailed on him to take the management of the celebrated Gewandhaus Concerts, which was to date at the expiration of his engagement at Düsseldorf. He presided at a farewell concert in the latter place on the 2nd July, 1835, and then took up his abode in Leipsic, which became the scene of his noblest achievements. He lived there almost uninterruptedly from September, 1835 to 1844, and from 1845 to the day of his death. That this was a glorious epoch in the history of modern music, and that Leipsic might justly boast of her adopted son, are matters patent to all who have wished to know anything connected with the author of *Elkiah*. His friends, moreover, and the whole atmosphere he breathed here, were admirably suited to favor and encourage him to persevere in his art. He found on his arrival great resources at his disposal, both orchestra and chorus comprising eminent musicians, amateurs and professional. Felix lost no opportunity of exalting the public taste and introducing a love of the highest classical music, and his influence, not confined immediately and exclusively to the society of which he was the leader, met with an abundant harvest, as the memoir will show. He was very conscientious in his selections of music to be performed before audiences of such acknowledged discernment; the oldest masters were not shelved, but the greatest works of each period were given in a series of historical concerts, so that the orchestra and listeners might become familiar with the noblest and best composers of all times.

Here was a liberal-minded conductor, and the cheers which greeted him on the 4th of October, 1835, the first occasion of his leading the Gewandhaus Society, were something more than the mere vulgar applause which is bestowed on public favorites in ordinary. Artist and connoisseur, one and all, knew the value of their lately acquired treasure. The concert began with the overture, entitled *Meeresstille und glückliche Fahrt*, followed by a scena from Weber's *Lodoiska*, and Spohr's violin concerto No. 11, with the introduction to Cherubini's *Ali Baba*. Beethoven's Symphony in B flat was given in the second part, and the precision and accuracy with which this great work was rendered commanded the immediate respect of the musicians who had hitherto been conducted by Mathäi, the first violin player in the orchestra. He had won applause as a conscientious reader of Beethoven, but his successor's was the master mind, and it would be unfair to draw comparisons of the earlier performances of this work with the one we are now dwelling on, which was always esteemed at Leipsic one of the happiest revivals under Mendelssohn's management. On the 9th of October, Moscheles appeared, and the two friends performed his duet *Hommage à Handel* on the 11th of that month, at a subscription concert. The delight of the audience knew no bounds. "*Es wurde*" (said one of the papers) "*von den beiden Freunden so feurig vorgetragen.*" We shall not give any further details of this series of performances, which continued to please all parties, and satisfy them of their wisdom in conferring the post of conductor on so active and zealous an artist.

Felix now sustained a severe loss in the death of his father, Abraham Mendelssohn, who died at Leipsic about this time. We could wish to know something more of the son of so illustrious a father, and father of so illustrious a son; though it is not to be wondered that the wisdom of the philosopher and genius of the musician should have eclipsed the inobtrusive piety and worth of a private individual in the eyes of the world. But let it be recorded to the honor of the elder Mendelssohn, that his practical benevolence was the means of alleviating his own son's sorrow, when that son was left fatherless, not friendless. It will be remembered by our readers that we stated in an earlier number that Ferdinand David was born at Hamburg, in the very same house where Felix first saw the light in 1809. Ferdinand lost his parents at an early age, and was adopted by the elder Mendelssohn, in whose house he received the chief part of his education. This circumstance naturally brought the two boys together, and both evinced proofs of remarkable

powers at a very early age. David practised on his violin, and was first introduced to the public, at Hamburg, his native place; but the real harvest of his triumphs was reaped in Berlin, where he had accepted an appointment in the orchestra of the Royal Opera House. This celebrated pupil of Spohr followed his vocation afterwards in the chapel of a wealthy private gentleman in Dorpat, and, after a separation of many years, we find him restored at a painful time to the friendship of his earliest and most devoted friend. On the death of Mathäi at Leipsic, in the February of 1836, David succeeded to his place, and has continued to hold this distinguished position in the Leipsic orchestra ever since. Thus the two friends met again, and I think it fortunate for the world that they did so. Grievings of a private nature weigh heavily on those who find a solid comfort in domestic sympathy, and the activity of a great man's mind, which has been proof against the scorn and caprice of the world, has often succumbed and yielded to the pressure of private sorrow. Mendelssohn had not yet fulfilled his mission, and he strove with a manly energy to forget his loss in the prosecution of his duties; while his friend was close at hand to cheer and assist him. The season of 1834 witnessed the production of several standard classical works, and Mozart's compositions seem to have been brought out with especial care. Of Mendelssohn's playing that master's concerto in D minor, the *Leipsic Journal* spoke in enthusiastic terms.

On the 11th of February, the memorable symphony on Schiller's song, "An die Freude,"* was revived. The preparation of this stupendous work is a severe task to any musician wishing to do Beethoven full justice in the interpretation of his magnificent music; but Felix had excellent materials to work with; and, confident of success, the symphony was performed to his own satisfaction, which is a sure guarantee for that of others. Nothing now could exceed Mendelssohn's activity and zeal in and apart from the actual duties of his office at Leipsic. He joined David Graban and others in a quartet association, and on one occasion played the tenor part in an octet which he had composed in early days.† Nor did he neglect his composition, since we find that his oratorio of *St. Paul*, which he had begun in Düsseldorf, was this winter completed at Leipsic, and the vocal parts were immediately forwarded to Julius Rietz, who put the work into active rehearsal for the approaching festival at Düsseldorf. On the 8th of May, 1836, Felix arrived at the early scene of his crosses and triumphs, and on Whit-Sunday, the 22nd of May, *St. Paul* was performed. The solo singers were Fischer-Achten, Graban, Schmetzer, and Werfing; and the oratorio was received with decided approbation, to the delight of the author, and the anxious witnesses of his trial, Mendelssohn's younger brother, and the accomplished Fanny Hensel, who knew and felt her brother's power. Of these three members of a happy circle, two have been taken away, the eloquent and gentle brother, "And she who at his side sat listening by, And thought to strains like these 'twere sweet to die"—she, too, is gone!

[To be continued.]

Thalberg.

We condense the following from Fétis's *Biographie Universelle des Musiciens*:

Sigismund Thalberg, the celebrated pianist, was born at Geneva, January 7, 1812. At an early age he was taken to Vienna, where his musical education commenced. He is said to have received lessons from Sechter and from Hummel; but M. Fétis states that Thalberg himself denied this, as well as the assertion that he acquired his talent by indefatigable labor. At the age of fifteen he began to excite attention in

saloons and concerts. At sixteen he published his first works, now regarded by himself as trifles, but in which there are indications of the peculiar style which he has since developed. One who knows Thalberg as he has since become, both as pianist and as composer, says M. Fétis, will find it interesting to examine his "*Mélange sur les thèmes d'Euryanthe*," (op. 1.) his fantasia on a Scotch air, (op. 2.) and his impromptu on motives from the "*Siège de Corinthe*," (op. 3.) which appeared at Vienna in 1828. Two years after this he made his first visit to England to give concerts. The journals of that day are full of him. He had written for this tour a concerto, (op. 5;) but it was not for this speciality that his talent fitted him; the constraint of the classical form and of the orchestra was too much for him. His thoughts then turned to the development of the sonorous power of the piano; to the combinations of various effects; and, above all, to a novelty of which the invention properly belongs to him. The old school of pianists was divided into two principal categories; namely, the brilliant pianists, such as Clementi and his pupils; and the harmonists, such as Mozart and Beethoven. Each of these schools was subdivided into several shades. Thus Dussek, by his national instinct, tended to the harmonic school, although he wrote incorrectly and must be considered one of the brilliant pianists. Kalkbrenner afterwards followed the same direction. On the other hand, Hummel, and then Moscheles, pianists of the harmonic school, gave more of brilliancy to their compositions than did Mozart and Beethoven. But in both schools we remark that song and harmony on the one hand, and the brilliant traits on the other, are always separated, and that these two elements of pianoforte music only appear one by one in turn, and in an order nearly symmetrical. In the brilliant passages of these two schools it is the scales that predominate; the *arpeggi* appear only at long intervals, and almost always in the same forms. In the singing and harmonious passages, if the two hands are brought together they occupy but one side of the key board; if they are widely separated they leave a void between them; the harmony is not filled up. Such was the state of piano playing when Thalberg conceived the idea of uniting song and harmony and brilliant passages in one, instead of letting them alternate with one another by a sort of formula. He sought to make the whole key board speak at once throughout its entire compass, leaving no void in the middle. This thought, gradually matured and developed, led him to the discovery of a multitude of ingenious combinations of the fingers, whereby the song or melody could always be heard strongly accented in the midst of rapid *arpeggio* passages and very complicated forms of accompaniment. In this new system the scales ceased to be a principal part in the brilliant piano music; different forms of *arpeggi* took their place; the fingering was greatly modified; and the frequent passage of the thumb became its essential characteristic. It was by means of the thumb, taken alternately in the two hands, that the melody established itself in the centre of the instrument.

In 1830 Thalberg made an artistic tour through Germany. In 1834 he accompanied the Austrian Emperor Ferdinand, as pianist to the imperial chamber, to Toplitz, to the meeting of his sovereign with the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia. There his playing awakened a warm interest. But his true European fame dates from his success in Paris during his first visit there in the latter part of the year 1835. Since then he has made frequent tours in France, Belgium, England, Russia, and Germany; and everywhere the precision, delicacy, and finish of his playing, the beautiful sound which he draws from his instrument, the brilliant effects which he combines, and the individual charm which he has put into his musical forms, have excited a general enthusiasm. These forms, imitated by most of the new school pianists in their compositions, or rather their arrangements of themes from operas, have become the fashion of nearly all the piano music of our time. Thalberg and Liszt stand preëminently at the head of this new school of pianists. Among the productions by which Thalberg and his pecu-

liar method have acquired the most celebrity, are his fantasias on themes from "*Robert le Diable*," from "*Les Huguenots*," from "*Moïse*," from "*Don Juan*," and from "*La Donna del Lago*." He has also published some charming *études*; and more recently in England (1853) a course of instructive exercises entitled "The Art of singing applied to the Piano-Forte." This very useful work is now in course of re-publication by Oliver Ditson, in this city.

Letter from the Diarist.

[Continued from p. 197.]

MOZART at the age of sixteen had made the tour of Europe, and returned to Salzburg just at the time that great brute, that villainous old monster, Archbishop Jerome, was installed. We know what the boy suffered until he arrived at the age of manhood; and this not because none appreciated him, but because he could not leave his timid father, who dared not leave Salzburg. As soon as he was of age we find him with his mother travelling toward Paris. At Augsburg he writes a long letter describing a *piano-forte* to his father, it being a new instrument, just then coming into use. This brings up the piano tuning story. He reached Paris March 23d, 1778, at the age of twenty-two, and was the Liszt or Thalberg of his time. I will not stop to discuss the question, whether there were any pianos in Paris at this time, as we have the tuning story upon the authority of "a venerable ex-professor of the Conservatoire, who knows all about it." Yes, rather venerable, as it is now seventy-five and a half years since Mozart left Paris, and the ex-professor must have been then some sixteen or eighteen years old to have his testimony of any value now.

In fact Mozart was set to work composing a *Miserere*, an operetta for the French Theatre, half the music to a ballet, a *sinfonie concertante*, &c. But let the reader look into Holmes's Life, made up mainly from Nissen's collection of Mozart's letters, and see the history of these—years?—of these *six months and three days*! Yet during this half year he obtained a duke's daughter for a pupil, was invited into the highest society, where he made many influential friends, and had the place of organist at Versailles, with a small salary of only three hundred dollars, it is true, but with six months leave of absence annually, and of course with plenty of time to write operas, instrumental music and what he pleased. It strikes me that the "appreciative few" wished to keep him in Paris. He would not take anything under a Kapellmeister-ship, and none became vacant in those six months. He formed a great friendship for Le Gros, the director of the *Concert Spirituel*; and the same letter in which he says he will not write anything without fixing the terms beforehand, concludes with the announcement that Le Gros had engaged him to write an oratorio for the next Lent. "I am in wonderful favor with M. Le Gros." Le Gros performed his symphony and was delighted with it. This letter is dated in July after the death of Mrs. Mozart, and contains also this passage, in which he refers to that event: "I write this in the house of Madame d'Epinay and M. Baron de Grimm, with whom I am now staying, and where I have a pretty little room with a pleasant prospect, and am, as far as circumstances will permit, happy." Perhaps the old gentleman who knows all about it may be right, and that Baron Grimm's protégé did use to go about tuning pianos.

But the poor bereaved father wanted to see his only son. That son was of a slender constitution and ill fitted to make his way alone in the world, and so he gave up all to filial duty and went back at the end of the six months and three days to His Most

* The ninth (choral) symphony.—

† The splendid *ottello* in E flat, for stringed instruments, which, although composed at the early age of fifteen, is one of the most extraordinary and perfect works of Mendelssohn.—*Musical World*.

Gracious Reverence, the villainous, contemptible Archbishop of Salzburg. He was nearly four months in getting there, having arrived January 11, 1779. In 1780 he got leave of absence and went to Munich to compose *Idomeneo*. See how he writes from there, and judge whether the "appreciative few" must bear the blame of his being ill treated in a little, out of the way country town, at that time of eight or ten thousand inhabitants perhaps, by a miserly, thick-headed archbishop:

"You know, my dear father, that it is only my love to you that keeps me at Salzburg; for, by Heaven! if it rested with me, I would have torn up my appointment and relinquished my situation before I came away." * * * "The distinguished patronage I have here would well supply my wants, to say nothing of what might accrue by deaths, for which nobody can wait—and yet these are no disadvantage to an unemployed man."

How *Idomeneo* was received need not be stated; Fétis—he is a good critic—considers it the basis of all the music of our day. Mozart did make up his mind to stay in Munich, but it is supposed that Count von Seau concealed this from the Elector. In March 1781, he was ordered from Munich to Vienna, and was there on the 17th of that month. The indignities heaped upon him by the Archbishop he bore for two months only in spite of his father, and in May resigned. For two years he was happy and not pressed for money. And for several years his receipts from lesson giving, from playing at concerts, and from subscription concerts of his own were very large. (See his letter to his father, March, 1784, Holmes, page 246.) The Emperor Joseph was an old ass in music as in every thing else, and nothing pleased him but the namby pamby, thin scores of a set of Italians then in Vienna, which was unfortunate enough for Mozart. The composer was arrested once for thirty florins, about fifteen dollars—not five—not from want of a good income, but because he and his young wife knew not how to take care of money. In 1785 he gave a series of six subscription concerts, and at that of March 12, cleared 559 florins. The "appreciative few" did all they could for Mozart, but the Emperor alone had the power of appointing to a kapellmeistership worth having; Esterhazy's being filled by Haydn. In 1786 he produced the "Marriage of Figaro," and this was not well received by the Viennese. This troubled him pecuniarily. His own sickness and that of his wife—she was sick a year and a half—brought him to poverty. The success of *Don Juan* did not much help him. Two years after he might have been permanently situated—better than any other composer in Germany, as four years before he might have gone to England under the best auspices. It was in 1789 that the king of Prussia offered him personally three thousand dollars a year, to go to Berlin, and gave him a year to decide in. And the reason he did not go was similar to Haydn's for not leaving Esterhazy. He personally liked the Emperor, and therefore remained, living by giving lessons and upon the miserable salary of chamber composer, hoping for better times. One year and a half of deep poverty, but of immense productiveness, and then an opening was made for him in the Kapellmeistership of St. Stephens, and commissions for works in various parts of Europe came pouring in. But his good fortune was too late. The "appreciative few" had sustained him ten years against the Emperor and the Italians, until success was sure; but his feeble constitution had given way, and he did not live to enjoy that success. This was the bitterest pang of his dying bed. Mozart was a new man—his style was new and opposed to all the preconceived notions of the Emperor and his musical

toadies. In his great work for the Imperial Theatre, *Figaro's Hochzeit*, he failed of course, for he undertook to write a comic opera, when according to the author of "A Letter to Mr. Willis" he was utterly without comic power. The success of three works produced for other theatres than that of the Emperor, did open the eyes of old Stupid, and in less than five years from the time when Joseph preferred Martini's light, superficial *Una Cosa Rara* to *Figaro*, the author of *Figaro* received the finest musical appointment in Austria. The amount of it was this: Mozart was determined to conquer the prejudices of the powerful unappreciative few, and to stay in Vienna; and by almost superhuman exertions, in spite of the opposition of a whole army of Italian composers, singers and musicians, he did this after the failure of his *Figaro*, in the short space of four years. But such intense and uninterrupted labor was too much for a constitution to which severe illness and anxiety for his wife had already given so dangerous a shock.

[Conclusion next week.]

The New Metropolitan Hall.

Mr. La Farge has determined to rebuild the musical hall on its old site. He designs to erect marble stores on the Broadway front, precisely after the same beautiful design of those which were burned. The upper portion of the building will probably be finished as before, and appropriated to the same purposes, (hotel, &c.) though this is not yet definitely determined. The whole ground will be covered by the new building. This lot has one hundred feet front on Broadway and Mercer street, and is one hundred and fifty feet in depth. But while the public may felicitate itself upon this added ornament to the "palatial" structures that already grace Broadway, it is a far greater subject of gratulation that New York will soon be able to boast of a Musical Hall, which she can point to with pride and pleasure as the most elegant and best adapted to this purpose of any in the country.

The new Hall will have one great advantage over the old one, and over most others, in being upon the ground floor. It will be provided with ample means of egress, in case of fire. There will be nine doors on Mercer street, all opening outwards, and one main entrance from Broadway, twenty-five feet in width. There will also be another entrance from Broadway, seventeen feet in width, in the centre of the building, to be used in case of fire or other emergency. The main stairway will be eleven feet wide, and will be closed with a heavy balustrade.

The capacity will be greater than that of the old hall, and it is designed to accommodate five thousand persons. The parquette will be elegantly finished and furnished. There are to be three tiers of boxes, richly ornamented with decorations of white and gold. The drawings of the proscenium boxes, are among the most beautiful and elaborate we have ever seen. These are doubled, having two on each wing of the first and second tiers of boxes, making four on each side, and eight in all. They are to be of the Renaissance order of architecture, the most beautiful and appropriate known for this purpose.

The stage is to be fifty-five feet deep and ninety-six feet in width—about the same size as the Broadway Theatre stage. The ceiling is to be surmounted with a magnificent dome, forty-five in diameter. This is to rest upon a richly ornamented balustrade which is to run all around it, and which is admirably adapted for ventilation. In fact the whole ventilating arrangements of the hall are after the latest and most improved plans. The height of the interior, from floor to dome, will be sixty-eight feet. The side walls, ceiling and dome are to be superbly painted in fresco by Gutesini, the same artist who designed and executed the frescoes in the old Hall.

The extreme dimensions of the new Hall are to be ninety-five feet by ninety-six. There are to be many features unlike anything that has hitherto been attempted in this country. These are the

creation of J. M. TRIMBLE, Esq., the architect and builder. He was the architect of the old hall, the Broadway Theatre, and the Metropolitan Theatre at Buffalo. There are various other monuments to his skill and taste, and he has determined that this shall eclipse them all.

His professional pride is piqued, and he is incited to greater ambition than he has hitherto felt, since the projectors of the new Opera House in Fourteenth street would not look at him, simply because he had never been to Europe. He proposes to furnish something now that will prove that American architects understand their business quite as well as foreigners. An examination of his plans makes us confident of his success.

We may also notice in this connection, that the idea of building a new Theatre on Broadway, near Fourth street has been abandoned, in consequence of the rebuilding of Metropolitan Hall. Perhaps it may not be out of place to say that the subscription for stock to build the new Music Hall, which was to have been erected, under the same name, on the site of the Academy of Design, progresses but slowly, and that the project may fall through altogether. But one we must have, and we care not which.—N. Y. Mirror.

From the Bizarre.

The Sultan as a Critic.

As soon as any artist who has given a series of concerts in Paris things it expedient to make a tour, he immediately begins to torment every unsuspecting individual, who has not had the sense to conceal the fact of his having foreign acquaintances, for letters of recommendation. Letters must be written to some innocent banker or amiable ambassador, or generous friend of the fine arts, stating that Monsieur A——, or Madame B——, is about to give concerts in Amsterdam or Copenhagen, and hoping that the recipient of the letter will be so kind as to give them some encouragement and assistance. This system of tactics has in general the most lamentable result, particularly for the person recommended.

I heard a story last winter when I was in Russia, of a singer and her husband, who having done St. Petersburg and Russia without much success, nevertheless thought themselves sufficiently meritorious to ask for letters which would give the entrée to the court of the Sultan. The fact of Russia having shown them the cold shoulder, they thought an additional reason why they should try their fortune under a more propitious sky. Our couple set off, well recommended, following, like the three wise men, the perfidious star which guided them to the East. They arrive at Pera, their letters produce the desired effect, and Madame is informed that she will be allowed to sing her ballads before the Commander of the Faithful. A concert is to be given at the Court—four black slaves bring in a piano, a white slave (the husband) follows with the music and shawl of the fair songstress. The candid Sultan, who had no idea of what he was doomed to hear, seats himself on a pile of cushions, surrounded by his principal attendants. His narghilé is lighted, and as it sends forth a volume of odorous smoke, the cantatrice begins this plaintive ballad of M. Panseron:—

"Je le sais, vous m'avez trahie,
Une autre a mieux su vous charmer;
Pourtant, quand votre cœur m'oublie,
Moi, je veux toujours vous aimer."

"Oui, je conserverai sans cesse
L'amour que je vous ai voué;
Et si jamais on vous délaisse,
Appelez moi, je reviendrai."

Here the Sultan makes a sign to a dragoman interpreter, and says to him—with the well-known laconicism of the Turkish language: "*Naoum*"—whereupon the interpreter, turning to the husband, says: "His Highness orders me to tell you that your wife will have the goodness to stop."

"But she is just beginning—it would be such a mortification."

During this dialogue the lady, rolling her eyes, still continues the plaintive ballad of M. Panseron:—

"Si jamais son amour vous quitte,
Faible, si vous la regrettez,
Dites un mot, un seul, et vite
Vous me verrez a vos cotés"

Hereupon a new sign from the Sultan, who, stroking his beard, throws over his shoulder a remark to the dragoman: "Zeick." Whereupon the dragoman to the husband (the lady still singing the plaintive song by M. Panseron): "The Sultan orders me to tell you that if the lady does not stop immediately, he will have her thrown into the Bosphorus." This time the trembling husband hesitates no longer, and clapping his hand on his wife's mouth, rudely interrupts the touching refrain,

"Appellez moi, je reviendrai,
Appellez moi, je——"

An awful silence ensues, only broken by the sound of the drops of perspiration which fall upon the piano from the brow of the husband.

The Sultan remains immovable, and our two travellers dare not retire; when suddenly a new word, "*Boulack*," breaks from his lips in the midst of a cloud of smoke. The interpreter addresses the husband:

"His Highness orders me to tell you that he wishes to see you dance."

"See me dance?"

"No other."

"But I am no dancer—am not an artist. I merely accompany my wife to carry her music and shawl, and really—"

"*Zeick Boulack*," interposed the Sultan, exhibiting signs of impatience.

"Sir his Highness orders me to tell you that if you do not immediately begin to dance, he will have you thrown into the Bosphorus."

There is no alternative, and so our poor wretch commences a series of the most absurd capers, which he continues until the Sultan, stroking his beard for the last time, cries with a terrible voice:

"*Daioum be boulack Zeick*."

And the interpreter: "Stop—his Highness orders me to tell you, that you and your wife may retire, and must leave Turkey to-morrow, and that if you ever return to Constantinople, he will have you *both* thrown into the Bosphorus."

Sublime Sultan, admirable critic! what an example for us! Why, oh why is not the Bosphorus in Paris?

I did not hear whether the unfortunate couple pushed on to China, or if the tender cantatrice obtained letters of recommendation to the Celestial Emperor. It is more than probable, as nothing has been heard of them. In that event, the husband has either perished miserably in the Yang-tse-kiang, or has become *danseur* to the son of the Sun.

Verdi.

Since Rossini, Bellini, and Donizetti, this composer has been the reigning star of the Italian opera. Yet though his operas have been for several years the fashion and the rage in every theatre throughout the world, where operas are heard, it is in vain that we have searched for any satisfactory notice of his life. The following from the *Illustrated London News*, for May 30, 1846, is all that we can find:

GIUSEPPE VERDI was born in an insignificant village of Lombardy, called Busseto. His family was poor, and unable to defray the expenses of a musical education for the young Giuseppe, who derived his first ideas on the subject from the organist of the village church. He soon found, however, friends and appreciators of the extraordinary talent he manifested; and by the intervention of these he was at length sent to Milan. At an unfortunate season, at the Scala (1839), he brought out his first opera, *Oberto di San Bonifacio*, a work which, though unequal in its parts, and displaying many of the faults of a young composer, nevertheless contained portions of extraordinary merit. But the young, unknown and almost unbefriended composer was not likely to meet a better fate than all the other writers,

whose works that year had met with defeat at La Scala. The work was for a time buried in oblivion, but at length exhumed by the kindness of a zealous friend of Verdi, named Pasetti la Marini. Mrs. Shaw, Salvi, the tenor, and Marini, the basso, all appeared in this opera, which created, on this, its second appearance, such a *fanatismo* as can only be witnessed in Italy.

An opera buffa was the next work undertaken by our composer; but during its composition he lost his beloved wife, and certainly, after that, his thoughts tended rather to the *serio* than the *buffo*. This work however has been reproduced at Venice with a success that would not have been expected, considering the circumstances under which it was written. But Verdi's day of triumph was approaching. "*Nabucco*," known and admired in England as "*Nino*," created a degree of enthusiasm extraordinary even in Italy. It was performed sixty times running, and, on each occasion the actors had to retrace their steps from twenty to thirty times before the curtain, after the fashion of Italian theatres. "*I Lombardi*," the next work brought out, enjoyed perhaps still greater triumph on account of the brilliant talent of Frezzolini, whose style of singing is admirably adapted to do justice to the works of Verdi's school. "*Ernani*" is another of his most popular compositions. Then followed "*Giovanna d'Arco*," also performed in by Frezzolini, a magnificent work and brilliantly successful, "*Alzira*" and "*I due Foscari*," the latter hardly equal to those we have named. The last work (1846) of the great maestro is "*Attila*," a highly dramatic and most original composition, with a degree of local coloring and effectiveness quite new to the lyrical stage. This opera, brought out at Venice with Loewe, Guasco, Marini and Constantini, enjoys that favor which the works of this master always command among his countrymen. The enthusiastic appreciation in Italy of a composer of Verdi's stamp would appear strange to those who have imagined Italian musical taste to be represented by the sickly, sentimental compositions until lately classed as "Italian music" *par excellence*; but Verdi's works show that the "fatherland of song" has newer and more vigorous resources.

The writer adds that Verdi was then (1846) thirty years of age, though looking much older. The traces of care and illness, as well as of deep thought, were visible on his countenance. He lived quiet and retired; his active mind, however, was always employed, and he devoted a large portion of time to his musical and literary studies.

Verdi's operas have been among the most prominent and popular of those presented by Italian troupes in this country, also, since "*Ernani*," the greatest favorite of them all, was first presented in Boston and New York about the year 1847, by such singers as Tedesco, Perelli, Vita and Novelli. "*I Lombardi*," "*Nabucco*," "*Attila*," "*Macbetta*" (a later work than either of the above named, in which Bosio and Badiali rendered the principal parts), have also had their turn of favor. The last opera of Verdi, which appears to be enjoying great favor in the European theatres at this present time (1853), is "*Rigoletto*."

A MODERN COMPOSER APPRECIATED. We commend the following, which we clip from a Philadelphia paper, to the attention of our friend Fry:

William Vincent Wallace, the talented and popular composer, has four original operas nearly completed, two of which are for Mr. Beale, of London, and two for a Paris house. Mr. Wallace is to get from six to eight thousand dollars for each of these works, the titles of which are the "*Maid of the Wreck*," the "*Spirit of the Rhine*," "*Il Corsare*," and the "*Amber Witch*." The opera of "*Maritana*" has yielded its author, up

to the present time, very little short of \$20,000. Mr. Wallace, who has been residing in this country during the period necessary to obtain his naturalization and secure the copyright of his works, is shortly about to visit Europe.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 1, 1854.

NEW VOLUME. With next Saturday's number the JOURNAL OF MUSIC will enter upon its third year. Of course NOW IS THE TIME TO RENEW OR TO COMMENCE SUBSCRIPTIONS. Subscribers will see the reasonableness of our terms as advertised, viz: \$2.00 per annum, by mail, and \$2.50 by carrier, both IN ADVANCE.

☞ All who do not expressly notify us of their wish to stop the Journal at the expiration of their term, will still continue to receive it, and be counted as subscribers for another year.

☞ No SUBSCRIPTION RECEIVED FOR A SHORTER PERIOD THAN SIX MONTHS; AND NONE FOR LESS THAN A YEAR, UNLESS PAID IN ADVANCE.

☞ We have enclosed bills to a large number of subscribers who have not yet paid for the year now closing, and beg that they will promptly remit by mail or otherwise.

☞ The Title-page and Index for the volume now completed, are already in type, and will be supplied together with the next number.

☞ Bound volumes of the past year's issue, as also of the first year, will be ready in a week or two. We can supply single back numbers of any volume to those who wish to make their files complete.

Our "DIARIST," we are grieved to learn, is ill with fever in New York, and has thus been frustrated in his design of sending us this week the conclusion of his letter about the world's treatment of the great composers. It yet remains for him to speak of Beethoven.

Our Journal of Music has now lived two years, and with good spirits and assurance of much sympathy prepares to start next Saturday upon another twelve months' voyage. Two years, in such a journal, implies some measure of success. Ours has been moderate, and yet we count it as success. Outwardly, the Journal has done something more than pay its way; and were its bad debts (!) guaranteed, the editor would have a decent remuneration left for his own labors, after all the rest are paid. Our Journal can at least take comfort in the thought that it has lived two years and owes nobody.

Our success in making such a Journal of Music as we from the first aspired to make, and felt to be most needed, has, if we may trust the many favorable assurances from good quarters, been somewhat better than our success in selling it. And yet the most we dare presume upon is credit for having given as good as we have received. With more means, more subscribers, we could have done much more. Double our list and you supply us with the means of enriching our columns both in amount and quality of matter; of engaging other minds and talents to lend fresh variety of interest; of securing a more regular correspondence from the chief centres of the musical world; to say nothing of organizing an outward business machinery (by many deemed the prime condition of all success in journal enterprises) for advertising and pushing our paper into circulation, and relieving the editor, who has work enough in editing, from the annoying and distracting daily drudgery of book-keeping and dunning—Heaven save the mark!

One thing we feel we *have* accomplished. We have demonstrated the value and practicability of a high-toned, independent, candid musical journal; one that need not cater to low tastes and prejudices, and speculate upon the interests of persons, instead of holding up the real interests of Art, as something quite impersonal and holy. In doing this, we could not fail to make some enemies; but we have also made more, or at all events more valuable friends. Of marketable commodities, and of convenient notices of such, others will take care to supply enough. But what the earnest and truth-seeking musical public *did* want, was an organ that should treat Music always as an Art and not as a trade. Our readers will surely give us credit for so much. If we have failed at any time to utter the true word, to render justice to all schools and tastes, to see beyond our own idiosyncrasy (of which every mortal has his own), to truly recognize and successfully describe the strong or weak points of a performer or composer,—it has always been too clearly at the cost of our own outward interest, where we lost favor with the great world that pays, and where all we had to gain was credit with the rightly-seeing, sober few, for upright purpose.

This in the long run we have thought to be the only solid basis of success in such a journal. It may lack a thousand most desirable qualities of tact or knowledge in its editing; but if it be animated by the real earnest spirit and love of Art, and show determined candor, these other requisites are pretty sure, so we have fancied, to become its own in time. The editor in this case knows his own limitations and short-comings; but if he succeed, as in some measure he has already done, in establishing a journal of the right tone and character, that shall seem obviously fit to live and grow and become richer and better,—why, every talent that it needs will surely flow towards it,—for such is the economy of nature. And this hope, so far, has been by no means feebly justified in the valuable communications, often from various sides and points of view, that have been volunteered to the enriching of our columns, and the thought of which causes us to feel that in one sense at least we *do* owe somebody.

We trust that we shall still continue to merit and receive these favors. And we again renew the invitation to all those, who have earnest thoughts to utter about Music or about other arts, or Art in general, to make these columns their medium of communication with a large number of the right sort of readers: the reception of such articles being subject, of course, to those fitnesses of things which the editor alone can fully appreciate. Especially do we renew this invitation to sincere and courteous representatives of different sides of mooted questions from our own, or of schools of Art to which we are not partial, and of which we cannot speak so often or so enthusiastically as to satisfy their warm adherents.

We are fully aware that we have been (though sometimes we have only seemed to be) at issue with some formidable parties. The Italians in musical taste think us too German; chiefly because there has been little besides German for the year past to talk about; the opera, in which alone one does not miss the essence of Italian music, having kept aloof from us, in waiting, we suppose, for our new Theatre. The "Native American" party, of which there are recently two branches, not much in sympathy with one another—the

psalm-book makers, and those who put forth novel claims in the high walks of symphony and opera—accuse us of entirely too much talk about the foreigners;—as if Mozart and Beethoven could be *foreign* in any sphere where music's power is truly felt. Some of the psalmists charge us with magnifying Art above Worship (witness the *N. Y. Musical Review* of this week):—as if a low idea of Art were essential to a high idea of Worship, and as if a true artist could be and not be religious;—whether according to another person's type and pattern of religion, is another question. And generally we have found ourselves, by a fatality to which we are quite reconciled, continually at issue in our criticisms with the merely money-seeking views of those engaged in music. Public performers love praise; they think it their chief capital and fortune; and so exacting of it are the adventurous concert-givers who come here, and above all some of our young and native singers, that no report appears to them to do them justice which does not lavish praise more absolute than the world's greatest artists can command in Europe. The kindest mention of a slight defect, or the failure to express positive enthusiasm, is taken as a wilful wound inflicted by a spirit of harsh and arrogant criticism. It has been our happiness to notice, however, as a general rule, that the best, the truest artists, are the least sensitive to candid criticism.

But we have not room here to review our entire position. Before long we intend to consider fully this whole subject of criticism. Meanwhile, if we have dwelt perhaps too exclusively upon what are recognized as the world's highest models in musical Art, and have shown less interest in a thousand new things that engage individuals so eagerly, our justification may be found in this: that there were organs and orators enough to cry up all that was done for music in the mere marketable way, and that we thought it legitimate to enter a sphere that seemed comparatively unoccupied, that of the calm discussion and interpretation of the higher forms of Art without regard to individual or party interests.

Concerts.

For one week we have enjoyed an almost unbroken lull of the concert fever. So much the more refreshing was the Germania Rehearsal, on Wednesday; and doubly so, that we were treated, without warning, to a programme worthy of the best kind of regular concert. So far as the selection was concerned there was not one piece which anybody could find fault with. First came Beethoven's Seventh Symphony entire. Next ROBERT HELLER played two piano pieces of Mendelssohn, namely, a "Song without Words" and the *Rondo Capriccioso*. Then to the agreeable surprise of everybody, came the overture to *Tannhäuser*. Miss LEHMANN sang, and with great power and beauty, too, the arch song from "The Barber," *Una voce paco fa*, and when recalled, the pretty Swiss echo song of Eckert. A spirited set of waltzes by Lanner, and the "Wedding March," completed the entertainment.

By the way, we cannot resist the temptation to lay before our readers, some of the anonymous requests addressed to "Dear Mr. Bergmann," which have fallen into our hands, and which in this case certainly were quite sensible, and de-

served to be complied with as they were. It certainly speaks well for the progress of musical taste when "we girls" call for seventh symphonies.

YOU DEAR MR. BERGMANN,

If you do not play the Seventh Symphony next Saturday we never will forgive you in the world, and by the way we hope you will play the Wedding March at the same time.

"ONE OF YOUR MANY LADY FRIENDS."

Monday.

DEAR MR. BERGMANN:

Will you be so kind as to have your delightful Germanians play the Wedding March next Saturday. We girls have been dying to hear it, and you have hardly played it all winter. Do pray, now, wont you? that is a good man. Yours, &c.,

S—B—.

Monday, March 27, 1854.

CARL BERGMANN, ESQ.:

SIR,—By having your esteemed company play Beethoven's Seventh Symphony at the next Rehearsal you will greatly oblige a large number of your lady friends.

Yours respectfully,

Boston, March 25, 1854.

JOHN SMITH.

CONCERTS AT HAND. This afternoon another GERMANIA REHEARSAL, and again next Wednesday.

On Monday evening the MUSICAL EDUCATION SOCIETY give another of their pleasant rehearsals in the Meionaeon. The music will consist of noble oratorio choruses, and songs, duets &c., from pleasant singers, for whose names see advertisement.

For Thursday (Fast day) evening the HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY, announce an extra performance of the ever popular "Moses in Egypt."

On Saturday evening of next week our concert season will come to something like a formal close in a FAREWELL CONCERT of the GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY. Besides the aid of Miss LEHMANN and Mr. HELLER, they are to be assisted by the MENDELSSOHN CHORAL SOCIETY, who will sing some choruses from 'Elijah' and the 'Messiah.' We hear also that a repetition of the Choral Symphony is contemplated, besides other fine things enough to make it the richest concert of the season.

THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB give a Sacred Concert in Salem to-morrow evening, assisted by Mrs. Wentworth, Mr. Arthursen, and the there resident brilliant pianist, Mr. CARL HAUSE.

Communications from "K.," and from "A constant and sympathizing Reader," shall receive attention.

Musical Intelligence.

LONDON.—STERNDALE BENNETT'S SOIREES. The second of these came off on Tuesday evening, before a brilliant and fashionable audience, that filled the Hanover Square Rooms to the Walls. The programme merits quoting:

Programme.—Part first: Quintet, E flat—Mozart; Sonata, E flat, piano-forte—Haydn; "The Spirit Song"—Haydn; Sonata, op. 23, A minor, piano-forte and violin—Beethoven. Part second: Sonata Duo, op. 32, piano-forte and violoncello—Bennett; Aria, "O! cara Immagine"—Mozart; "Lieder ohne Worte," No. 4, 7th book, Andante Sostenuto—Mendelssohn, No. 4, op. 2, Allegro molto vivace—Fanny Hensel; Songs, "Day and Night"—J. L. Hatton; "Summer"—Joseph Robinson;

Selections, Capriccio, A minor, Tema e variazioni—piano-forte—Bennett.

The fresh and unartificial quintet of Mozart (which was composed in 1784), delighted everybody. The parts for oboe, clarinet, horn, and bassoon, were efficiently sustained by Messrs. Grattan, Cooke, Williams, Hardy, and Waetzig, Mr. Bennett himself being at the piano-forte. Equally welcome in its way (though not half so good a composition in the same key) was Haydn's Sonata, dedicated to Madame Bartolozzi (mother of Madame Vestris), which Mr. Bennett played to perfection. The divine (though little) sonata of Beethoven, could not fail to delight, when executed by two such players as Mr. Bennett and M. Sauton. The sonata of Mr. Bennett, for piano and violoncello, improves on every hearing. A more faultless performance of this charming work than that of the composer and Signor Piatti (to whom the sonata is dedicated) was never heard. The beautiful *Lied* in D, from book 7 of the "Songs without Words," was charmingly played by Mr. Bennett, and the sparkling composition of the same class, composed by Madame Fanny Hensel (Mendelssohn's lamented sister, whose sudden death was followed so speedily by that of the great composer himself), was encored. It was new to the audience, and Mr. Bennett, to whose style of playing it is peculiarly suited, did well to introduce it. The selections included the quaint capriccio in A minor, and the *Tema con variazioni* in E, two of the latest compositions of the author—both bagatelles, but both of the most refined.

The vocal music was well chosen and well sung. Mr. Herbert (who lately replaced, at a few hours' notice, the renowned Sims Reeves, in *Elijah*, at Exeter Hall) sang Mozart's lovely *aria* very gracefully; and Miss Dolby was more charming than ever in Haydn's "Spirit Song," and the two pretty ballads of Mr. Hatton and Mr. Robinson. Mr. Harold Thomas (pupil of Mr. Bennett) accompanied the songs exceedingly well. The concert was altogether delightful.

MUSICAL WINTER EVENINGS. Mr. Ella commenced his winter series of Chamber Concerts, the *avant-courier* of the Musical Union, on the evening of the 23d ult., before an audience less numerous than select, and more attentive than enthusiastic. The following was the selection:—

Quartet, E flat, No. 80—Haydn; Duet, piano and violoncello, B flat, op. 45—Mendelssohn; Quartet, E minor, op. 45, No. 2—Spohr; Trio, piano, violin, and violoncello, E flat, op. 70—Beethoven; Selection, piano-forte solo—Chopin and Mendelssohn.

The players in the quartets were MM. Molique, Goffrie, Hill, and Piatti. The quartets of Haydn and Spohr were well contrasted, besides being favorable specimens of the masters. The execution was little short of faultless. The finish, precision, and chaste refinement of Herr Molique's playing, make him quite invaluable in quartets. Mr. Goffrie is one of the best "second violins" we know; and Mr. Hill is still unmatched at the viola. Signor Piatti is the greatest violoncellist in Europe—which has often been said before, but must re-suggest itself on every fresh occasion of hearing him. In Mendelssohn's fine sonata (the first of the two violoncello duets), he "shone like a star;" his execution was, indeed, incomparable. The trio of Beethoven, a mighty work, was marvellously well given by all three performers. The pianist was Mr. Charles Hallé, one of the grandest players in the world; and the piano-forte was one of those gorgeously-toned instruments that have lately issued in such profusion from our great English manufactory, which set competition at defiance, and, in the future history of music, will entitle the makers to a place beside the Straduarii, Guarnierii, and Amati, of Italy, whose violins and violoncellos have never been equalled. Mr. Hallé (who may be styled pianist to His Highness, the Director of the Musical Union—so often does he play at Mr. Ella's concerts—and he cannot play too often for the pleasure of the subscribers and our own), was equally successful in the duet of Mendelssohn and the trio of Beethoven. His playing was intellectual, and his mechanism unerring. The short solo pieces, introduced by Mr. Hallé at the end, comprised one of the *nocturnes* of Chopin, and one of the *Lieder ohne Worte* of Mendelssohn—No. 1, Book 6, in E flat.

The Record of Mr. Ella continues—as chatty, critical, *noif*, and pleasant as ever. Neither the Winter nor the Summer "Sittings" at Willis's Rooms would be themselves without it.—*London Mus. World*, March 4.

PARIS. The correspondent of the *London Musical World* furnishes the following chronicle of musical events during the latter half of February:

Mlle. Wertheimer appeared for the first time on the 13th instant, at the Opéra, as fides in the *Prophète*. She was tolerably successful, but could not have appeared at a less favorable moment, as Mlle. Sophie Cruvelli engrosses all the attention of the public. A new opera called *Maitre Wolfgang* has been accepted at the théâtre Lyrique. The music is by M. Ernest Reyer, and the *libretto* by Messieurs Méry and Théophile Gautier. The management of the Théâtre Italien courts alternately the comic and the serious muse. The *Sonnambula* has been succeeded by the *Elisir*, but, although the style of the operas vary, the principal actress remains the same. Under the delicate and coquetish features of Adina, we recognize the tender Aminta, although greatly altered. Her lips, which opened but to pour forth her sorrows, are wreathed

with smiles; her eyes, formerly drowned in tears, flash forth sparkling light, and her voice, smothered by sobs, has recovered its freshness and brilliancy. Such a transformation belongs to great artists alone; it is a gift which Mlle. Frezzolini possesses. If this charming *cantatrice* would but determine not to substitute her own music for that of the composer! Rossi was Duleanara; Tamburini, Belcore; and Gardoni, Nemorino.

The third concert of the *Société Sante Cécile*, under the direction of Messrs. Seghers and J. B. Wekerlin, took place on Sunday week. Weber's *Preciosa* formed one of the attractions. Mme. Nissen sang an air from Spohr's *Faust*. The *Minuetto* of a quartet by Mendelssohn was then executed by all the stringed instruments (!), and the concert concluded with Mozart's eighth, and least-known, symphony (in D).—The new symphony of M. Lefebure-Wély was executed on the same day by the orchestra of the *Jeunes Artistes*, under the direction of M. Pasdeloup, in the Salle Herz. It was successful.—Mme. Ugalé has returned to Paris, after an absence of five months. She is said to have derived great benefit from her trip to the South. Félix Godefroid and Emile Prudent have also come back. M. Erard's Saloons are to be shortly opened in honor of Mlle. Rosalie Spohr, the harpist, a relative of the celebrated composer, Dr. Spohr.

Madame Tedesco passed through Paris last week en route from Brussels to Lyons. M. Roqueplan has refused to prolong her *congé*. Madame Bosio has achieved a great success in Rossini's *Mohse*. Made-moiselle Dameron sings the music of Amenophis charmingly, and looks very interesting. This splendid opera, with Madame Bosio, Mlle. Dameron, and Messrs. Obin, Chapusi and Brignoli, helps to back up the still increasing success of Sophie Cruvelli in the *Huguenots*. The admirers of Spontini are awaiting impatiently the production of *La Festale*, which, it is expected, will be brought out next Monday. The receipts of the *Huguenots* continue at their maximum. M. Gounod's opera is in full rehearsal. The two principal parts are confided to Mlle. Poinot and M. Gueymard. *La Nonne Sanglante*, it is expected, will be ready about the middle of May. Sophie Cruvelli's *congé* begins on the first of June.

At the Opéra-Comique, besides the two-act opera of M. Bazin, a new work in three acts, by M. Victor Massé, author of *Galatée* and the *Noces de Jeannette*, has been rehearsed.—*La Fille Invisible*, a new opera, in three acts, music by Adrien Boieldieu, *libretto* by M. de Saint-Georges, has been given at the Théâtre-Lyrique with success. The music of M. Adrien Boieldieu (son of the great Boieldieu) is much in the same style as his former works—neither better nor worse.—A comic opera in three acts, from the combined pens of MM. de Leuven, Brunswick, and Louis Clapissin, for Madame Cabel and M. Laurent, will succeed *La Fille Invisible*. Donizetti's *Elizabeth* still continues its career. In less than two months it has been performed thirty times. An opera, in one act, by M. Reyer, composer of *Sélang*, has been accepted.

At the Italiens, *Don Juan* has been revived with immense success. The cast was powerful—Madame Frezzolini, Donna Anna; Madame Cambardi, Elvira; Mad. Alboni, Zerlina; Signor Sussini, the Commandant; Signor Della Aste, Leporello; Sig. Mario, Ottavio; and Sig. Tamburini, Don Juan. Mario created a *furor* in "Il mio tesoro;" Alboni sang all her music exquisitely, and was encored in "Batti Batti," which, as well as "Vedrai carino," she gave in the right key. Tamburini is still the *beau idéal* of Don Juan.

Madame Rossi-Caccia has arrived in Paris. She will sing shortly at the Salle Saint-Cécile, in a concert given under the immediate patronage of some ladies of high distinction. Mad. Rossi-Caccia, during her absence from Paris, has been singing at several of the principal towns of Europe. In 1853, she was at the Theatre San Carlo, at Lisbon, when she appeared in *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Linda di Chamouni*, *Anna Bolena*, *I Martiri*, and an opera composed expressly for her by Mignone. Madame Rossi-Caccia, we are told, has declined a very lucrative engagement at the Theatre Royal, Turin—where, by the way, the opera is shut up. The concert of the Juvenile pianist, Theodore Ritter, attracted a large assembly. This little fellow is, in reality, an extraordinary performer. He is a true musical phenomenon, and, if not spoiled by over praise and over work, promises to rise to the highest eminence in his art. He played a *Fugue*, *Garotte*, et *Musette*, of Bach, and obtained a rapturous encore. He was also forced to repeat a *morceau*, founded on the cavatina in Verdi's *Ernani*. He displays a real feeling for music, and his playing exhibits both taste and expression. In short, he is a prodigy, and must be heard.

HAMBURG.—Auber's *Marco Spada* has been produced with success. The *prima donna*, Fraulein Babinig, leaves shortly for Rio Janeiro, where she is engaged at an annual salary of 30,000 francs. The next musical novelty is to be Mr. Pierson's music to the second part of *Faust*. Mr. Pierson is the author of the oratorio of "Jerusalem," which was brought out two years ago at the Norwich Festival.—Theresa Milanollo has given four concerts to crowded houses.

VIENNA.—The representation of *Don Juan*, on the 17th, was the 34th in Vienna. The house was densely crowded. On the 17th of February, the third concert this year was given by the Akademie der Tonkunst. It was to have taken place on the 3d of February, in cele-

bration of Mendelssohn's birthday, but was unavoidably postponed. The programme consisted entirely of works by that great master. The various pieces, vocal and instrumental, were entrusted to pupils of the Academy, and, as the latter has not been long established, the execution (of the instrumental pieces especially) was a task beyond the strength of the performers. The first part, consequently, went off in anything but a satisfactory manner. The second was far superior. The choruses: *Herbstlied*, *Lerchengesang*, and *Es wird ein Stern aus Jacob aufgeh'n*, were admirably rendered. Fräulein Purkinje sang two songs, *Sonntagsglied* and *Frühlingslied* (the latter in the Suabian dialect), very well, and was unanimously encored. Fräulein Haueis was equally successful in the charming *Erlentied*, and the incomparable "Da liegt' ich unter den Bäumen," found among Mendelssohn's papers after his death. The choruses were under the direction of Herr Storch. On the 19th of February, the second concert of the violoncellist, Heinrich Schmit, from Moscow, took place in the Musikvereinsaal.—M. Vieuxtemps lately gave his third concert in the Theater an der Wien to a very crowded audience. He played his concertos in E major and A major, his *Norma* fantasia on one string, the *Caprice-Fantaisie*, the variations on *Yankee Doodle*, *Les Arpèges*, the *Andante Spianato*, and the *Carnival of Venice*. M. Vieuxtemps was rapturously applauded in all of them. The programme was varied by some overtures, under the direction of Herr Suppé with songs by Herr Rudolf, Messdames Rudini and Schiller.—Herr Stockhausen's first concert took place on the 26th of February. The principal attractions were Mlle Cruvelli, sister of Sophie Cruvelli, (whose singing produced quite a sensation,) and M. Vieuxtemps.

Advertisements.

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY.

The CLOSING CONCERT OF THE SEASON will be given

On Thursday Evening, April 6th,

AT THE

BOSTON MUSIC HALL.

The highly successful Oratorio of

MOSES IN EGYPT,

will be presented, with all the talent of the Society in the Solo and Instrumental department.

Tickets for this Concert, at 50 cents each, may be obtained at the principal Hotels and Music Stores, at the doors on the evening of performance.

The front and elevated seats in the First Balcony will be reserved at \$1 each.

J. L. FAIRBANKS, SECRETARY.

EXTRA PUBLIC REHEARSAL,

The Musical Education Society,

In compliance with the general wish of its patrons and the public, will give an Extra Public Rehearsal

At the MEHONAON, Tremont Street,

On MONDAY EVENING next, commencing at ¼ before 8 o'clock.

Selected choruses from the most popular Oratorios, will be presented by the Society. Songs, Duets, Quartets, &c. by

Miss DOANE, Mrs. HILL, Miss FRANKLIN, Miss BURTON, Messrs. KREISSMANN, BROUGHTON & HUTCHINGS.

Organist, . . . W. R. Babcock. | Conductor, . . . A. Kreissmann.

Persons holding tickets to the series who could not gain admission at the last Rehearsal, are notified that such tickets will be received on Monday evening.

Tickets, 25 cents each, may be obtained of the Secretary, 29 State street, and at the door on the evening of performance.

JAMES D. KENT, SECRETARY.

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We have just published a beautiful Book for your use, entitled

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A complete collection of Hymns and Tunes for Sabbath Schools, Families, and Social Gatherings.

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RESPECTFULLY gives notice to his friends and all who wish to receive instruction from him in music, that he is just commencing a new course of lessons on the PIANO-FORTE. Orders may be left at Richardson's Musical Exchange, 282 Washington Street, at G. P. Reed's, or T. T. Barker's Music Stores, or at his residence,

No. 6 Acorn St., (between Chestnut and Mt. Vernon Sts.)

Mr. F. is permitted to name the following references:
Judge Geo. Tyler Bigelow, 126 Tremont St.
Mrs. Smith, 46 Mt. Vernon St.
Mr. Nathan Appleton, Winter St.
Dr. Winslow Lewis, Boylston St.

TERMS—\$30 per quarter, at the residence of the scholar.
Feb. 18.

MANUEL FENOLLOSA,**PROFESSOR OF MUSIC.**

MUSIC-ROOM, No. 17 Gray's Block, corner of Washington and Summer Streets.

References.

Messrs. Chickering, J. P. Jewett, Geo. Punchard, Boston.
Messrs. George Peabody, B. H. Silsbee, Salem.
Jan. 21. 3m.

PUBLIC REHEARSALS.

THE GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY will give PUBLIC REHEARSALS at the Boston Music Hall every WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, at 3 o'clock, commencing Oct. 26.

The full Orchestra will perform at the Rehearsals.
Admission:—Packages containing eight tickets \$1, to be had at the Music Stores, and at the door. Single tickets 25 cents.
Oct. 29

CARL HAUSE,**PIANIST AND TEACHER OF MUSIC,**

OFFERS his services as an Instructor in the higher branches of Piano playing. Mr. H. may be addressed at the music stores of Nathan Richardson, 282 Washington St. or G. P. Reed & Co. 17 Tremont Row.

REFERENCES:—Mrs. C. W. Loring, 33 Mt. Vernon St.
Miss K. E. Prince, Salem.
Miss Nichols, 20 South St.
Miss May, 5 Franklin Place.
Feb. 18.

LESSONS IN SINGING.**FREDERIC RUDOLPH**

RESPECTFULLY announces his intention to remain in Boston and give instructions in the art of Singing.

Orders may be addressed to him at his residence (United States Hotel), or at the music store of Mr. Wade or Mr. Richardson.
3m Feb. 11.

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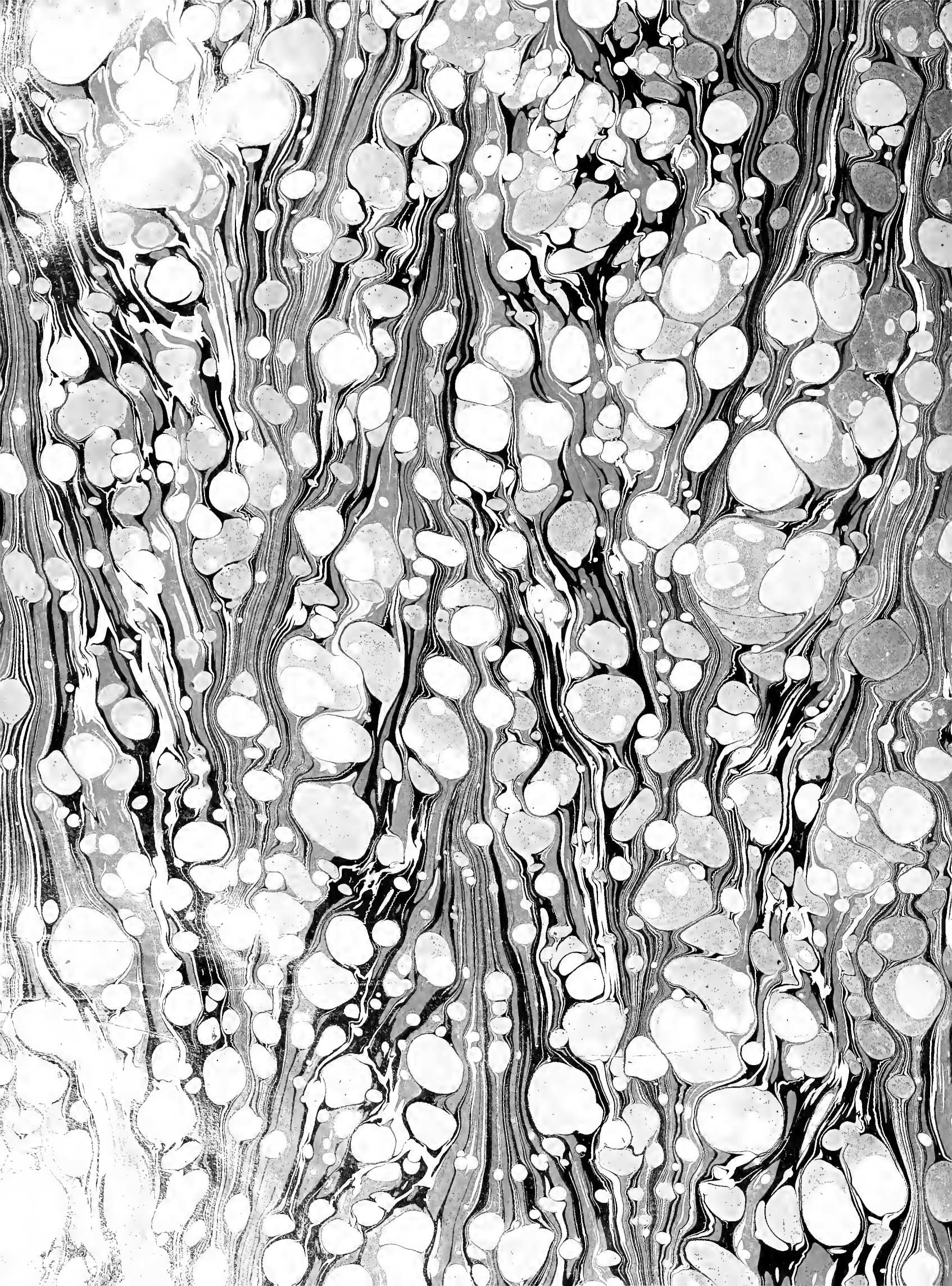


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